

*Wilkin*  
*W&W No 2 (3)*

# LITTLE FOLKS:

A Magazine for the Young.

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NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

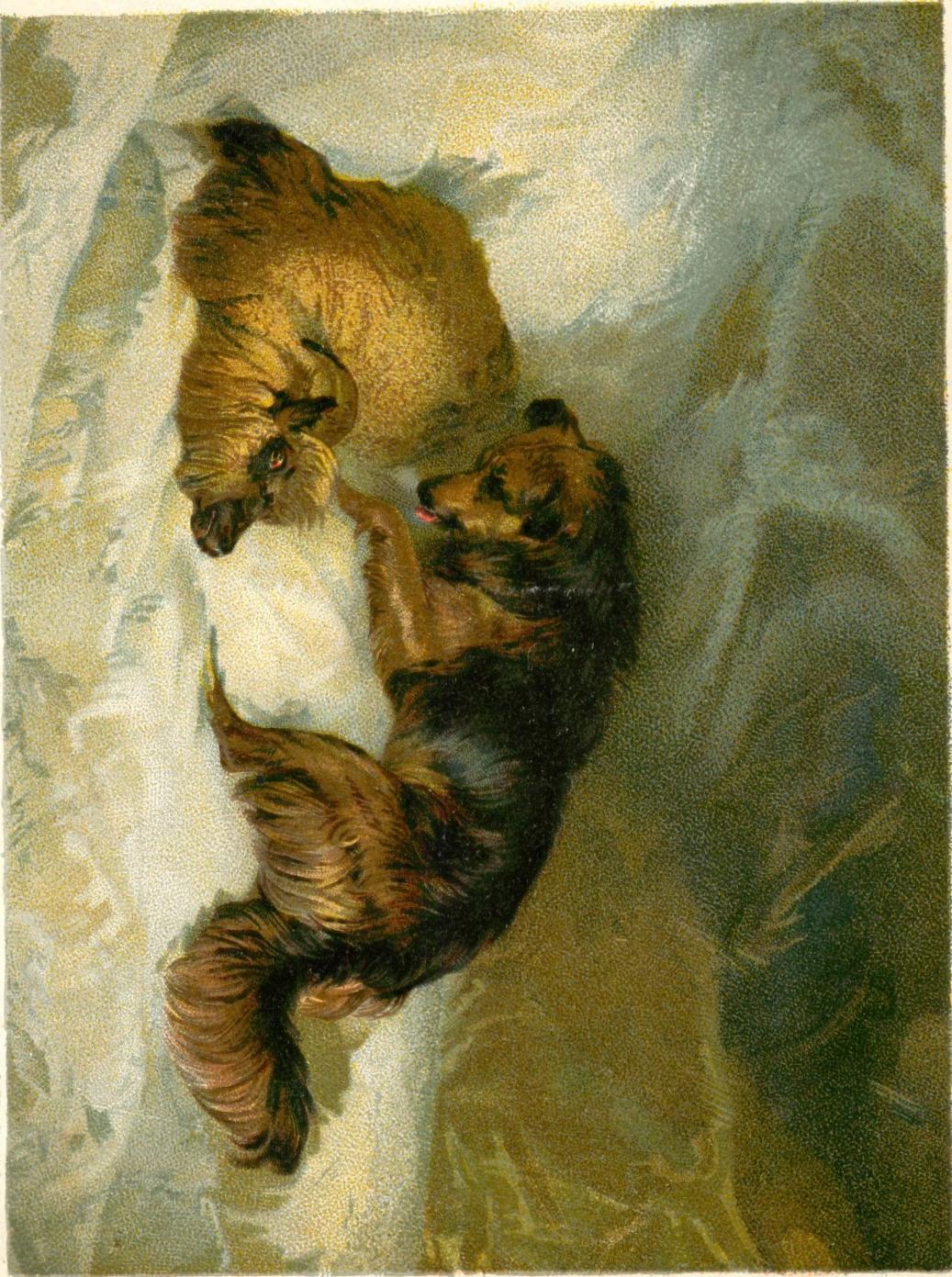
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CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

Vassell Petter & Galpin, London.



## THE RESCUE.

(AFTER A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.)

Th. Dupuy & Fils, Paris & London.

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# LITTLE FOLKS.

## TWO FOURPENNY BITS.

By the Author of "Poor Nelly," "Tiny Houses," &c.

### CHAPTER I.—CHELMSLEIGH HOUSE.



WHEN I grow up I mean to be a dancing-master,' said little Emmy Montague.

"Mistress, you mean," replied her cousin Floss, laughing. "A master must be a man, little goose, and mistress is a woman."

Emmy's countenance fell.

"No, that will not do," she said, sorrowfully; "I wouldn't care to be a mistress; I want to play the fiddle, and glissade about in that delicious way while I do it—with thin black legs—and hop and pirouette. Oh, Floss! don't you think I might grow into a dancing-master when I am quite grown up?"

"No, you never could," replied Floss, laughing, "not if you grew up ever so much; you will always be Emmy. Now you are wee Emmy, and then you will be big Emmy, but a dancing-master you can never, never be."

"I am very sorry. I do think that a dancing-master is the happiest creature in the whole world. Sometimes when Monsieur De Bois' fiddle goes squeak, squeak! with those sweet little squeaks just exactly as if it were himself, and he twists round on the tips of his toes while he squeaks, or leaps wildly forward on one leg, with the other up in the air, I hold my breath with longing to be him, and I do think nothing can go beyond it. Oh, Floss! don't you think so too?"

But Floss laughed with all the superiority of her age, and calmly remarked that she had "always considered a dancing-master a very unimportant personage."

Emmy was only eight years old, and Floss was fifteen, so their views of life were naturally very different.

When Emmy heard what Floss said, she shook her head sadly, but with much resolution.

"You must be joking," she said; "you can't really mean what you say. It's *dancing-masters* I'm talking of!"

"And it's *dancing-masters* I'm talking of," mocked Floss; "besides which, I've no doubt that *dancing-masters* may be just as unhappy as anybody else."

"Oh, Floss! Unhappy! Dancing-masters! Why, I would just as soon believe that a fairy could be unhappy!"

"There are no fairies, my dear."

"No; but there are *dancing-masters*; and really and truly, if I had the choice, I believe I would rather give up fairies than *dancing-masters*. That is," she added, correcting herself, sorrowfully, "if I could ever have been one. But if you are right—if you are quite *sure* that I never can, then of course it doesn't signify."

"I am quite sure."

"Oh, very well! Then I need not think about it any more; but I never can believe I shall ever be as happy as a *dancing-master*. If I could just once do what Monsieur De Bois is *always* doing I should be content."

Floss Seymour and Emmy Montague were cousins, and were living at the same school; though, indeed, I am hardly correct in calling it a school, for Mrs. Midhurst's little establishment could scarcely be reckoned as one. That lady only took six pupils, and the terms on which they lived with her were exactly those that would have existed if they had been her own daughters. Everything was done at Chelmsleigh House to make the six children who resided there happy, healthy, and good. Mrs. Midhurst herself attended to their education. She taught them English in all its branches, read with them, and, what was better than all the rest, explained to them what

they read. Then there was Miss Martyn, the pupil-teacher, a girl of eighteen, who both learned and taught, teaching music and learning everything else. Music, and of the best sort, was thus secured within Chelmsleigh House ; and Mrs. Midhurst engaged masters for other accomplishments, such as languages, drawing, and dancing.

The pupils were of different ages, varying from fifteen to nine. Floss was the eldest of them all, and *Emmy* the youngest. Adelaide Lester was fourteen ; her father was a Yorkshire baronet. Louisa and Charlotte Hopkins were fourteen and twelve, daughters of a London clergyman, who thought country air was essential for his children's well-being ; and Louisa Lincoln, who was called Louie to distinguish her from the other Louisa, was the new girl, she only having joined the school two days before our story commences. She was a niece of Mrs. Midhurst's, and had been sent to her from the West Indies, where her brother, Louie's father, an officer in the army, was quartered with his regiment. She was nearly fifteen, but wanted a few months of being as old as Floss Seymour, who therefore remained after her arrival, as she had been before it, the head girl of the school.

There had been a great deal of curiosity among the other five children—all of whom had lived long enough together at Chelmsleigh House to feel like members of the same family—concerning the new arrival. Some of them were glad she was coming, and some of them were sorry. Some thought a little novelty would be pleasantly exciting, and others that a stranger would be a torment. But when Louie Lincoln arrived there was only one feeling about her.

Mrs. Midhurst had sent a servant to London to meet her and bring her down to Chelmsleigh House, and the whole party were assembled in the drawing-room on the evening when she was expected. When first it was known that a girl from a West Indian island was to arrive, Emmy had grasped Floss's hand tightly in her own, and said in a loud whisper, "She won't be black, will she ?"

Reassured on this point, Emmy made no objection to her coming, as she regarded her merely as a new friend—all the world being composed only of friends for Emmy, as far as she was acquainted with the world.

Perhaps every heart in the Chelmsleigh House drawing-room beat a little faster than usual when the well-known cab from the station was seen approaching the door, and the new girl got out of it.

Floss saw in a moment that Louie was not as

tall as *she* was, and felt glad thereof, though why she felt glad she might have found it difficult to explain, even to her own satisfaction.

Louie Lincoln was not tall for her age. She was plump, and had rather a pink face ; she had a small nose, a very little inclined to turn up, a wide laughing mouth, and large melancholy blue eyes. Her hair curled in short, crisp, light-brown curls all over her head, and she looked the picture of good humour and innocence. Everybody took a fancy to her the first moment they saw her, and gave her a kind and cordial, if a rather shy, welcome. Emmy felt as if the new-comer was almost as young as herself, and Floss doubted whether she should find in her the companion she had hoped for.

Louie Lincoln looked round on them all and smiled. Her smile was extremely broad and good-natured, and made a favourable impression on everybody.

"Surely you are not all of you my cousins?" she said.

Mrs. Midhurst was not in the room, as the cab had arrived sooner than had been expected, but she came hurriedly in now, and kissed her niece affectionately. She looked earnestly in her face, and said, "You are not like your father, my dear."

"No," said Louie, "I am like mamma."

Her mother had died four years before, and the girls were full of pity for her when they thought of this.

Then Mrs. Midhurst named the pupils to her, and said she hoped they would all be good friends, and very soon get to know and like each other ; and Louie looked so pink, and fair, and blue-eyed, and innocent, that Floss gave her a kiss, while she said she was quite sure they should. Louie kissed her again heartily, and then she voluntarily kissed Emmy, who regarded her with gentle intentness. "Why, this little thing is not a pupil, is she?" she asked. Emmy was pleased by the kiss and by the kind notice.

"Yes, I am a pupil too," she answered, confidently. "I am the youngest pupil, and Floss is the oldest. You know, there *must* be a youngest as well as an oldest," she added, almost as if she were apologising for the fact of her existence.

"Are you older than I am?" said Louie, addressing Floss. "I thought I should be the eldest girl here—I am almost fifteen. I shall be fifteen on the twenty-third of August ; and fifteen is rather old to be at school."

"Oh no ! it is the age at which most girls are sent first to school, for when they have learned all they can at home they are sent afterwards to learn all they can at school ; but I have been here three

years, because I am the only one at home, and mamma thought it was better for me to have companions. I am older than you are, for I was fifteen on the sixth of April."

"Do you like England or Jamaica best?" asked Adelaide Lester.

Louie did not answer that it was rather a foolish question to ask her, considering how very short a time she had been in England, but she said instantly, and there was satire in her voice, though not in her smiling, beaming face, "Oh, England, of course! It is a beautiful country; and that was a beautiful carriage I drove here in."

"What, the cab?" said Adelaide, astonished.

"Is it a cab? I did not know its name. We have nothing like it in Jamaica."

"Why, what have you there?"

"Only large carriages, open or closed, drawn by four horses."

"Four horses!" echoed Emmy.

"That must be delightful!" said Charlotte Hopkins, staring with surprise and admiration in a way peculiar to herself. "I never drove with four horses."

"I never drove with less before to-day," replied Louie, calmly; "and I think that cab—is it that you call it?—quite delicious."

"I am glad you like England," said Mrs. Midhurst; "but you have not had much opportunity of judging about it yet. I hope you will find you like it when you have. Did you bring me any letters from your father, my dear?"

"No, aunt; papa never writes if he can help it—he hates writing; but he sent you his love, and said that he hoped you would make me very learned and very accomplished before he saw me again."

"I must do my best, and you must do your best," replied her aunt, cheerfully. "We will not disappoint your papa if we can help it."

Then the girls went up-stairs to show the rooms to Louie, and that she might take off her things and make herself comfortable before tea-time.

Two days had passed since that evening, and the girls all declared they liked Louie Lincoln very much indeed; she was always good-natured and smiling, though sometimes she said things they did not quite understand, and sometimes there was that ring of satire in her voice contradicted by the beaming smiles on her face. None of them, however, were very close observers, and they were all inclined to take her on trust and like her, and she made herself very pleasant among them so far.

While Floss and Emmy were talking together now, Louie sauntered into the room.

"There seems some very interesting conversation going on here," she said.

"Yes," said Emmy; "we are talking about fairies

and dancing-masters; which do *you* think is best?"

"Which is best? I don't know what you mean. How best?"

"Which do you like best?"

"I never saw either," replied Louie.

"*Nobody* ever saw fairies out of books," cried Emmy, "but *everybody* has seen dancing-masters."

"I haven't, then," said Louie, with composure. "Neither of the articles grow in Jamaica. I never read a fairy tale or had a dancing-lesson."

"Never read a fairy tale! oh, you poor girl!" cried Floss; "we must look up all we have, and you must read them as fast as ever you can. How astonished the girls will be!"

"Why, they are great rubbish, are not they?"

"Rubbish!"

"Yes, I don't care about them," and Louie turned up her little fat nose with a scornful movement. "Fairies are silly things."

"Oh no, *indeed* they are not!" began Emmy, earnestly; "they are very, very nice, and much prettier than we are; and they are quite wise, they know everything."

"And you really never learned to dance?" interrupted Floss. "Well, I suppose you will begin to-day, then. Monsieur De Bois will be here at four to give us a lesson. This is Wednesday, you know."

"And then when you've *seen* him and *read* a fairy tale you will be able to judge," cried Emmy.

"I have something better than either one or the other here," said Louie, in a soft, murmuring voice; and as she spoke the two girls saw for the first time that she was concealing something under her apron.

"Better than fairies and dancing-masters!" cried Emmy, shaking her head. "Oh no, Louie, that is impossible!"

"But what can you have got?" said Floss, her curiosity excited.

"Ah! what can I have got? That's just it; look and see!"

Then Louie threw back her apron and displayed a soft, crinkly-looking paper parcel, which she opened at once, and within lay four raspberry tarts, the delicate sugared crust dividing temptingly into flakes, and giving glimpses of the delicious preserve that nestled underneath.

"Tarts!" cried little Emmy. "Oh, Louie! are you going to give me one?"

Instantly Louie held out the parcel for her to make her choice, and after Emmy had eagerly seized on one, she extended the favour to Floss. Each girl gladly accepted a tart, but while she was still eating hers, Floss asked if Mrs. Midhurst

had given them to her. Louie shook her head in a very mysterious manner.

"That would be telling!" said she, looking slyly.

"Yes," said Emmy, surprised, "but Floss *wants* you to tell."

"Mrs. Midhurst did not give them to me."

"Who did, then?"

"Nobody!"

"But you couldn't make them!" cried Emmy.

"I *bought* them," said Louie, triumphantly, with her mouth full of flakes and jam. "A woman was passing down the lane with a basket full of them, and I bought the tarts, and told her to come again on Friday."

Emmy put down the bit of tart she had not yet eaten. "Oh! but you must not," she said. "What a pity Mrs. Midhurst does not allow it!"

"Not allow it!" cried Louie, eating faster than ever.

"C'est défendu!" explained Floss, who, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, had finished her tart before she heard how the nice thing had been procured.

"She ought to have told me," said Louie.

"She never did tell me—so how could I know?"

"She could not guess that the tart-woman would pounce down upon you in that way immediately; but I am sorry to say it is true. Her tarts are delicious, and we are not allowed to buy them. We have puddings, you know, every day at dinner, and Mrs. Midhurst says that is quite as much of that sort of thing as is good for us, and also that it is a foolish way of spending our money. I am not at all sure that I agree with her, but I can't help that."

Louie looked very earnestly at Floss. "And what are we to do with the fourth tart?" asked she, and gave rather a queer little laugh.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Floss. "I think you had better tell her all about it, and ask if you may eat the fourth tart."

Louie looked at her more earnestly still, when she said this. "Oh!" was all she answered.

"I suppose," said Emmy, turning a pair of anxious inquiring eyes upon Floss, "I suppose I had better not finish mine?"

Floss felt very sorry for Emmy. Even to her, such a tart as that was a great treat, and she knew quite well that the pleasure of eating jam tarts increased at an immense rate with the diminution of years.

"Well," she replied, reluctantly, "I am afraid you had better not."

Emmy gave a little sigh, but did not say another word; and Louie wrapped up the *fourth tart* and her piece, which she heroically offered to her, in the paper which she had so recently opened in order to display her treasure.

"That seems to have been a false move," said she. "Perhaps Mrs. Midhurst will eat it herself if I give her the chance."

And again she gave that odd little laugh.

"No, that I am sure she will not," answered Floss. "I think she will let you eat it, but I dare say she will advise you to keep it till to-morrow, as you have had one already, and they are so big; and she will certainly desire you not to buy any more, the more's the pity!"

"Oh!" again said Louie Lincoln, and again that was all she did say.

After a pause she suddenly exclaimed, "I think I will give all that is left to a beggar, and not say anything to Mrs. Midhurst about it. I don't yet know her well enough to like talking to her, though she is my aunt."

"Shall I tell her?" asked Floss, good-naturedly.

"No, thank you; if she *is* told, I shall do it myself, so don't you or Emmy say anything about it. I knew nothing of the rule, you know, till you told me; and now I have heard of it that's all that signifies."

"I'm glad that a beggar will have my bit, however," said Emmy, with a little sigh, but at the same time an air of satisfaction; "it's next good to eating it myself."

At which remark Louie burst out laughing, and



"THE NEW GIRL GOT OUT" (p. 2).



"SHE LOOKED EARNESTLY IN HER FACE" (p. 2).

said, "Oh, what a sentiment! you ought to rejoice in a beggar having it *rather* than you."

Emmy looked very grave indeed. "Yes," she said, "I know I ought, but I don't; I hope I may when I get older, but I don't yet."

Louie began to laugh again at that. "What a quaint little old-fashioned thing you are!" she said lightly.

Emmy coloured up; she did not quite like this, though she liked Louie very much indeed; but few children understand the kindly sort of way in which people older than themselves laugh at them, and Emmy was not one of the few.

"I hope Mrs. Midhurst has not a great many rules that I don't know, and that I shall be always breaking till I do," said Louie, fixing her melancholy blue eyes on Floss, but smiling very much at the same time.

Floss reflected a little before she answered this, and then she said, cheerfully, "No, I don't think so. This is a rule it would not occur to her to tell you, for she could have no idea that you would make acquaintance with the tart-woman directly."

"I think the tart-woman is such a nice-sounding name," said little Emmy; at which remark, and the pathetic earnestness with which it was made, both the elder girls laughed.

"I'm sure you will hear all the other rules before

you can break them," continued Floss; "but really there are not many, for Mrs. Midhurst says it is a bad plan fencing children round with laws—it is almost like inventing faults for them to commit. You know all about the hours for getting up, and study, and exercise, and play."

"Yes, and for putting bedroom candles out at half-past nine, which I think is a savage thing to do."

"I don't know," said Floss, laughing; "I am often nearly asleep before then; if we have to get up at six, we ought to be asleep by ten. We must sleep some time or other, and eight hours is not too much, is it?"

"Not for a fool," replied Louie Lincoln, calmly; and when Floss stared at her, she added, "Don't you know the old saying, 'Six hours of sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool?'"

"Eight for a child it should be, though," replied Floss. "While every bit of us is growing we require ever so much more sleep than we do after we are all grown up."

"It's an immense pity we don't require more tarts," said Emmy, gravely.

"The great duke—the Duke of Wellington," said Louie, "used to say that when a man wanted to turn *in* his bed it was quite time for him to turn *out* of it."

"What could the great Duke of Wellington mean by that?" asked Emmy, greatly interested.

"Some young officer had complained that his bed was so narrow he could not turn in it, and that was the duke's reply. My papa has told me that he has seen Apsley House, when the great duke was alive and lived in it. It is a grand house in Hyde Park, and it was just quite full of beautiful rooms—splendid drawing-rooms, of course, and the bedrooms quite as splendid in their way, with rich carpets and silk curtains, and marble and gilding, and all the rest of it; and then, after he had seen all these magnificent things, he was shown the duke's own bedroom, and it was such a place! There were bare boards for the floor, and small plain camp furniture, and no curtains at all for the little iron bedstead, which was just as narrow as a little iron bedstead could be; and nobody could turn in it without turning out of it instead; so you see the great duke practised what he preached."

"That is just what my verse-book says," cried Emmy:—

"If you would be truly great  
Do not live in pomp and state;  
Study hardships to endure,  
Just as if you were but poor."

"I am not at all fond of hardships, though," said Floss, "not one bit fond, whatever the great duke may have been. To be sure, there is something grand in an old hero being so hardy and strong, but I am not an old hero; and I love pretty things so very much, and I am afraid that, above all, I love pretty bedrooms."

"But there is no need for you to be like the Duke of Wellington, Floss," said Emmy, consolingly.

"I should like to furnish my bedroom beautifully," continued Floss. "I should like to have blue—sky-blue—curtains, with a soft, flowing, satiny look, and an oak floor, polished so that I could not walk on it, only slide; and Persian rugs thrown about, and an Indian paper, all flowers, and birds, and butterflies; and a marble washing-stand, and all the furniture of ebony inlaid; and I would breakfast in bed every morning in a lace cap trimmed with blue ribands, and—"

"Oh no, Floss, don't breakfast in bed!" cried little Emmy, who had been listening to her descriptions with delighted attention; "that would be as if you were ill."

"Very well," replied Floss, good-naturedly, "I won't breakfast in bed, then."

"Have a delicious easy-chair instead, and a little velvet table with gilt legs—do, please, have a velvet table with gilt legs; and sink down in the one in a lace dressing-gown trimmed with blue ribands, while your breakfast is laid on the other."

"In a tiny silver tray, and with rose-coloured egg-shell china," assented Floss.

"Oh, Floss! may I breakfast with you sometimes?" cried little Emmy.

"Yes, I will invite you to breakfast with me very often," laughed Floss, "if you dress yourself very nicely indeed."

"And Louie too?" urged Emmy, not laughing at all, for she was a great deal too much interested to see anything to laugh at.

"No, I shan't come," said Louie. "I don't approve of breakfasting out of my own house. I shall be having a splendid breakfast and a large party at it in a breakfast-room full of gold and silver plate." At the very mention of such magnificence, Emmy's eyes sparkled with pleasure and delight.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE OCCUPANTS OF CHELMSLEIGH HOUSE.

MRS. MIDHURST was the widow of an Indian officer, who had left her a widow, with one little girl, and nothing to live on but his pension. It was necessary that she should in some way increase her income, and an ardent desire to give her daughter a good education, and also the feeling that an only child is greatly in need of companions, first turned her thoughts to taking pupils.

She selected Chelmsleigh House as a quiet and pleasant residence, and Lucy Martyn was her first pupil. At that time Lucy's father, who was a clergyman, had a good living; but being a widower, he thought his only daughter would be better with companions, just as Mrs. Midhurst thought about her only daughter, and so he gladly sent her to that lady, whom he had known for many years.

Two other girls were all that Mrs. Midhurst commenced school with. Lucy Martyn and Ellinor Midhurst were nearly of an age, and great friends; and when Lucy's father died, leaving little or no provision for his daughter, Mrs. Midhurst gladly kept her on as pupil teacher, in which position we find her at the commencement of our story.

Mr. Crawford, the rector of Chelmsleigh, took a great interest in Mrs. Midhurst and her establishment, which interest, after Ellinor grew up, became still more lively. He was a good man and a sensible one, ten or twelve years older than Ellinor; and it was an unmixed joy to Mrs. Midhurst when she found that they were attached to each other, and she gave her pretty Ellinor, only seventeen years old, into his keeping. By this time she was too much interested in the task she had set herself, and too fond of her pupils, to think of relinquishing her school.

Ellinor lived only a mile and a half from her ; and Ellinor's husband was a true friend, willing to assist her with advice, or with any kind act to her or her little family that she could want or wish for. If she parted with her pupils she could not continue in her present comfortable home, and for the present, at least, she gave up all idea of parting with them, although the reasons that originally had induced her to take them no longer existed.

Chelmsleigh House was a most delightful house delightfully situated ; the long schoolroom occupied an entire side of it. It had three French windows, which opened on to a broad gravel terrace, at each end of which was a swing. Beyond this terrace was a large lawn, on which was a tennis ground, and a croquet ground. Fine chestnut-trees here and there adorned this lawn, with seats under them ; and beneath these trees on fine summer evenings tea was sometimes laid, and many pleasant hours were passed there. Next the schoolroom was a small but very pretty room called the afternoon parlour, and it was here that the conversation we have related between Floss, Louie, and Emmy took place. This apartment was considered to belong to the girls, and when their daily studies and engagements did not compel their attendance elsewhere, it was here they were allowed to meet and to do what they liked. Mrs. Midhurst never sat there, but she came in and out from the drawing-room, which communicated with it, whenever she pleased.

This afternoon parlour and the drawing-room looked out on a small but extremely pretty flower-garden that was, when the season permitted, a lovely confusion of brilliant colours ; geraniums, calceolarias, salvias, heliotropes, lobelias, and all the prettiest foliage plants made gay and brilliant masses on a neat sloping lawn ; a long wide border extended along the whole length of the lawn, where the slope terminated in level ground, and this border was full of roses and flowering shrubs ; beyond this stretched out a large and well-filled vegetable and fruit garden, while the whole little demesne was bounded by an orchard and a paddock. All was pretty, all was kept in good order, and all afforded either pleasure to the eye or promise to the taste.

Above the schoolroom and afternoon parlour were the bedrooms allotted to the six girls. They were three in number, and their windows looked over the garden and lawn, and commanded charming views of the more distant country. These apartments were good-sized, cheerful, and airy ; they were comfortable in themselves, and comfortably furnished, though it must be admitted

they were not in the least like the bed-chamber Floss had so enthusiastically described. They were all just alike ; the walls were of a light green colour ; the furniture was of polished pine ; there were two dressing-tables, two washing-stands, two chests of drawers, and one large hanging wardrobe, in each room, and, in addition to all these, a table and three chairs. The little beds hung with white dimity curtains looked neat and pretty, while the curtains of the window were of the same spotless white.

In each of these pleasant rooms two of Mrs. Midhurst's pupils slept. Here they all came upstairs to bed when the occupations of the day were over, and here, at half-past nine o'clock, their candles were taken from them, in the savage manner commented upon by Miss Louie Lincoln. Here at six in the morning a great bell was heard sounding through the house, which wakened them from their slumbers, and told them that they must rise at once, although a whole hour was allowed them for the toilet, the bath, and the morning devotions, for it was not until seven o'clock that they were expected to appear downstairs.

Floss and her little cousin Emmy occupied one of these bedrooms together. Louie Lincoln and Adelaide Lester slept in the room next to theirs, and Louisa and Charlotte Hopkins in the one furthest off. Miss Martyn's room was opposite Floss's, and it was her duty to see that the candles were removed at night and the girls all in bed by half-past nine.

Charlotte Hopkins was rather a slow, indolent girl, and her brisker sister, Louisa, had difficult work sometimes in getting her up in the morning, but she never objected to going to bed as early as ever she could at night. She certainly was a child, according to Louie Lincoln's definition, for she hardly considered eight hours of sleep enough. However, at seven o'clock she was bound to be in the schoolroom preparing for lessons, after drinking a cup of milk and eating a slice of bread, which every girl found on her desk at that hour.

At eight all the girls went into the dining-room and read the lessons and Psalms for the day with Mrs. Midhurst, after which they joined in family prayers. Charlotte was the only one of the party who made any objections to the early hours ; but Emmy was always fast asleep at six o'clock, and Floss had to wake her after she was up herself. Then Emmy would open her sleepy eyes, and say, "Oh, is it really time, Floss ? it can't be six o'clock yet ;" but when Floss assured her that it was, she would not complain any more, but

get quickly up, rejoicing that another happy day had begun for her.

Emmy was so much younger than the other girls that she was the pet and plaything of the whole house, and no one in the least objected that

founded on the Sermon on the Mount. Charlotte being slow, and rather blunter in her feelings and perceptions than the others, was the one most difficult to make see questions of right and wrong with the keenness that Mrs. Midhurst strove to



"WITHIN LAY FOUR RASPBERRY TARTS" (p. 3).

this should be so. Of course she was Floss's own especial child, but everybody loved her, and she loved everybody. She was an affectionate child, and generally a very good one—very earnest, eager, and sensitive, and requiring all the love that she got. Her pupils had been carefully trained by Mrs. Midhurst in high principles, and had been given a lofty standard of what was right, reverently

inculcate, and some anxiety would occasionally cross her friend's mind about her. The others had of course their faults and failings, but Mrs. Midhurst marked with sincere pleasure their earnest endeavours to choose the right and the good, even when personal feelings might tempt them the other way.

(To be continued.)



THE COMING OF THE SNOW. (See 4, 10.)

## THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

**D**OWN, out of Cloudland, comes the snow,  
Like feathers idly floating.  
Come, in good earnest, snow, and give  
Old earth its winter coating.  
Thicker and faster fall the flakes ;  
The trees and fields are whitening ;  
And at the nurs'ry window here  
The children's eyes are bright'ning.

Says Frank—"The witches in the North  
Their feather beds are shaking."

Says Dick—"They must be plucking geese,  
This pother to be making."  
And Sophy thinks, the droll old dame  
Who, in a basket flying,  
Went up to brush sky-cobwebs down,  
Her broom is surely plying.

Then Cousin May (she's quite grown up)  
Lets fall a crumb of science :  
"Snow's frozen vapour." No one heeds,  
For Dick thus hurls defiance :  
"If only all this snow will lie  
Till after school this morning,  
I'll snowball ev'ry one of you,  
So now I give fair warning.

"As Cousin May is fond of balls,  
*She shall have half-a-dozen.*"  
Then loudly laughs the saucy boy,  
And merrily his cousin ;  
The sun, too, smiles from out a cloud  
On Dick in fancy pelting.  
What will he do at twelve o'clock ?  
For see—the snow is melting !

ST. SWITHIN.



## TINA, THE WILFUL CRICKET.

LOWLY but surely Father Cricket was dying, and his children stood round his bed disconsolate. Poor little long-legged creatures, what tears they shed, their sorrow all unknown to larger mortals ! They were in a cranny in the wide fire-place at Sally Day's; the firelight flashed in upon them once and again, like the moonbeams falling so gently without.

There would be no cheerful singing on the hearth to-night, for death is death even among crickets.

"My children," said dying Father Cricket, "don't forget your duty when I am gone."

"No," promised the young ones, with sobbing breath ; "but tell us, father, what you would like us to do."

"Well, children, I fancy we have lived too much in a cluster ; families should divide, and go right and left with their mite of help to throw into the weary world."

"But, father, you have often told us to hold together," remarked one.

"Ah ! yes, hold together in love ; the unity of love is strength ; but go out, one here, another there, and scatter your seeds of kindness.

"What, then, must we do ?" queried one, and all hushed their sobs to listen.

Then he bade some go to a certain hollow tree near a public road and at the foot of the downs, to cheer with their song the passers-by, especially at eventide ; others were to take up their station in the churchyard wall, and sing over the graves of the dead ; some here, some there, till the whole family were disposed of, save one wee mite, the tiniest of them all—in fact, she was called Tina.

"And me, father, what for me ?" piped her shrill voice, excitement making it quiver and shake. She had long panted for change, that restless little one.

"To you, my child, I give the noblest task of all stay in the old home, sing the old song, till the end."

The end ! Father Cricket's end was come now ; he gasped, drew up his long limbs, and his life and wise commands were no more. Then followed cricket grief, cricket wailing, and then a tiny funeral passed out into the moonlight, nobody seeing or knowing aught of it, for the world slept. It is a true saying, "If one cricket dies ten will come to his funeral," for a long, long train wended their way to the last resting-place of Father Cricket. It was all over, the mourners dispersed, the solemn night dreamt on, and by-and-by the day broke, and folk came and went, as they did yesterday, and only a few crickets were sorrowful.

It was a glad morning in May ; the wind sighed and whispered among the trees, so fresh and



“FATHER CRICKET WAS DYING” (p. 10).

beautiful in their new spring robe of green ; and up on the downs was the golden sunshine, where the crickets' cousins, the grasshoppers, kept perpetual holiday. And at the foot of the downs stood the hollow tree, where some of the orphan crickets were to begin their new work, their life-work. They threw off their sadness as the day smiled in their eagerness for the delightful change, for it would be delightful, a perfect existence of bliss, like one long, long holiday without end, romping all the day with their cousins, and singing out their joy at eventide. And then those churchyard watchers, singing over the graves of the dead, they would sing of life, beautiful, glad, throbbing, thrilling life, of sunshine, summer, and glowing skies. And the rest, they all went out from the cranny, with a sort of happy flutter, that very morning, out into the sunlight, among butterflies, bees, gnats, and moths, the songs of birds leading them on like voices which called them.

And the poor little home-stayer was left alone, really alone, desolate and sad, in the silent cranny. How she quivered, wept, and panted, she who had craved for change, for noble work ! Her little heart alone knew the half she had yearned after ; and now she was left alone to sing the old song, in the old home, to one old woman, till the end.

“ Hallo, Mrs. Cricket ! what's the matter ? ” It was Mr. Spider that asked the question, peeping slyly round the corner, as was his wont.

“ I'm tired of life ; but I beg to say that I am *not* Mrs. Cricket.” That was a sore point with Tina, the mistake about her age.

“ Ah, well ! *Miss Cricket.* ” And Mr. Spider made a courtly bow, for he aped the ways and doings of the grand of the earth, because, as he boasted, some of his family were in king's palaces. “ But why tired of life ? ”

“ I am tired of work, at least such work as mine,” replied Tina, somewhat sulkily, for she hated his mock politeness above all things ; still, she could not help telling out her troubles to some one.

“ Humble work for little workers,” quoth Mr. Spider.

“ How do you know ? Who and what are you, that you should dictate to me, you who never did a good turn for anybody in your life, nor any of your family either ? ” Tina turned up her nose in disdain, as well as a cricket can turn up a nose.

“ Not so fast, Miss Pert ; our family has had a great deal to do with royalty in its time. Did you never hear of that great Scotch king who was encouraged by a spider to fight and win a great battle ? ”

“ No ; and don't believe it now.”

“ Then disbelieve it, you little drudge. 'Tis hard to make the ignorant believe anything truly grand or great.” With this Mr. Spider went on his way.

“ Drudge, indeed ! you sly, grizzly fly-eater ! ”

“ Fie, Miss Cricket ! ” said a peaceable woodlouse who chanced to be passing ; “ don't call names.”

“ When one is miserable one doesn't care what one does,” was Tina's lame excuse.

“ Why should you be miserable ? ” queried the

simple insect, halting to take breath, though its pace was slow.

"You wouldn't understand me!" moaned the



"MR. SPIDER MADE A COURTELY BOW" (p. II).

little cricket. Oh, she was so unhappy! And now into the cottage swept the spring breezes; it seemed to her that she could hear the voices of her brothers and sisters borne in to her. They were happy, and she should never be so there, never, never be able to sing the old song, if she stayed.

Up she sprang, knocked over the woodlouse in her haste; a few bounds, and she had left the post appointed her by her dying father. Out and away, she would be free, as the rest were free! Oh, the butterflies! Oh, the spring loveliness! Oh, the romping breezes! She was free! On, on she went to the happy downs. She could sing at eventide to weary travellers as well as the rest, such a song as the world never heard before for joyousness. On, on, and on, and the downs were reached. It was, as she had imagined, glorious up there, amid the laughter of the flowers, the hum of the bees, the flush, the radiance, and the chirp of the merry rompers, her friends.

Thus Tina burst her bonds, the bonds of her dying father's commands, and chose her life-work for herself, with her nook at Sally Day's silent and deserted. And oh, how joyfully the summer passed! What if the night winds made her shiver and shake? what if her voice was hoarse as from cold, and her young heart trembled as from fear of something, she knew not what?

But at length the frosts came on, the frosts of early winter, which made them all shrink and shiver. As for poor Tina, one stinging frost took

away her voice, her remaining energy; the others gathered around her in the early morning and thought her dying. But when the sun rose they carried her out into the pleasant warmth, and she revived, poor ambitious mite! who had chosen her fate and disobeyed her father. She could only pant, and look into their faces.

"I shall go back to Sally Day's," she faltered, with the sunshine all around her.

The others looked at her in silence. Could she travel so far? No, they feared not; still, they did not persuade her not to go; it was the only thing which would save her, the warmth and shelter of Sally's hearth.

"Father was right; he knew I could not bear the cold." A passion of tears shook her little frame; they could but weep with her, and wonder what would be the end.

"I will go home and take up my duty." It was pitiful to hear her weak voice, to note how tottering and unsteady were her leaps.

They watched her go; they may not quit their post—nay, she waved them back herself.

"Don't be like me; obey father. I will go back; perhaps I may not be too late to begin again."

But she was too late. A cricket lay stiff and dead at Sally Day's door the next morning. One more night in the frost had been too much for poor disobedient Tina—the ambitious cricket lay dead, her duty never taken up.

Take warning, children; stand by duty, though



"THE AMBITIOUS CRICKET LAY DEAD."

it may hold you in humble places, in unsunny, unknown crannies; but there lies your post of service, for a wiser than you has placed you there.



## THE STORY OF SANTA-CLAUS.

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all  
through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with  
care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be  
there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their  
beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their  
heads;

When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the  
matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;  
When what to my wondering eyes should  
appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver! I'd no need to pause,  
I knew in a moment 'twas good Santa Claus!"

ALMOST all our little English folks have of late years made the acquaintance of that celebrated but mysterious personage known here as Santa-Claus. His annual visit is eagerly watched for and reckoned upon in many a home, though when, whence, how he comes—whether down the chimney; by the road, in Germany and France; or in the invisible "miniature sleigh with eight tiny reindeer," with which, under the name of Kris Kringle, he rattles across the snow in America—they neither know or care; so that he fills their long stockings for them they are satisfied. This same sonage. In old times he was much honoured in England as the patron saint of boys and scholars; and on the 6th of December,



St. Nicholas' Day, in each year, a boy bishop was elected in Salisbury Cathedral, with many ceremonies, who, with his boy dean and prebendaries, held a kind of jurisdiction, which lasted until Childermas Day, December the 28th. St. Nicholas appears to have been very popular in most countries. He is the patron saint of Russia, and most of the Czars are named after him. He is also the patron of New York city, which was first settled by the Dutch, who hold him in *high esteem* in their own country; while in England, I am informed, there are three hundred and seventy-two churches named in his honour.

Wonderful tales are told of the doings of this saint, who, by his piety and industry, rose from the position of humble citizen to that of Archbishop of Patara, in Asia Minor. Should you one day visit other lands, you will find in the Continental churches many pictures commemorating his kind deeds, and particularly the one to which he owes his character as the children's friend. Over the altar of St. Nicholas, at Ghent, he is represented standing in full episcopal dress, and crozier in hand, holding two fingers up in solemn warning; close by are three youths in a tub, who appear to be praising him. These, the quaint old legend goes on to relate, were three little scholars who were cruelly murdered and hidden in a tub; by means of the good man's supplications they were brought back to life, and, as the picture shows, at once sat up, and would have thanked him had he not bidden them worship none but God Himself.

Later on he became very rich, but he gave all his money to the poorest and most deserving of his fellow-citizens. He was so truly charitable and unostentatious that he always tried to do this in such a fashion that the recipients of his gifts should not know who was the giver, going about at night, and secretly leaving his alms where they were most wanted.

So you see St. Nicholas is an old friend to the young people; though, in his new character of Santa-Claus, he has only been known to us of late years. I think he came from Germany, when our Queen first had her little children to please—at least, I never heard of him or of Christmas-trees before.

Here is a notice of the new trees from a letter written from Ratzeburg, in North Germany, about that time. It alludes, not to Christmas Eve, but to St. Nicholas' Day, which falls on the 6th of December. "There is a Christmas custom here which pleased and interested me much. The children make little presents to their parents and to each other, and the parents to the children. For three or four months before Christmas the girls

are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money to buy these presents. What the gifts are to be is kept a profound secret. The girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it: such as working when out on visits, or getting up early in the morning. Then on Christmas Eve, or rather St. Nicholas' Day, one of the rooms, into which the parents must not go, is lighted up by the children. A great yew bough is fastened on to the table at a little distance from the wall, and a number of little tapers are fixed on the bough, but not so as to burn it, and coloured paper hangs from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift, and then they bring out the remainder one by one from their pockets to offer them to their brothers, sisters, and friends, with kisses and embraces."

I must say I like this simple fashion of each child really "making" a little present. I would rather have the clumsiest pen-wiper or the roughest of ties, put together by loving fingers, than the grandest of bought ornaments—unless, indeed, as sometimes happens, the buying involves self-denial. I fancy all parents and real friends would be of the same opinion. There are so many things neat-handed young people can make—fancy needle-books, pen-wipers, neckties, warm knitted or crocheted cuffs, or spectacle-cases for the older ones. With a little gum, a few coloured scraps, and plenty of patience, any old cardboard box, being first neatly covered with black paper, can be transformed into quite a handsome collar or handkerchief box for papa's dressing table. A few skeins of bright wool or braid become a pretty mat or tidy for mamma; while any little cheap doll will look charming, and be sure to please the other youngsters, if they see that its clothes have been neatly put together by their big sister; any roughly home-rigged carved boat will please better than any bought one—at least, it ought to do so; and those who think otherwise are, to my mind, not worth a present at all. I have heard of some lucky children who have so many toys they don't know what to do with them. All I can say is, remember that there are always a great many young folks who would highly prize the oldest and most battered of toys. Think, if you do not know, of some such that Santa-Claus most likely has never visited, and do you then be his representative, kindly and unobtrusive as he was, and, if possible, help to make this a happy Christmas-time to them, as your kind friends will, I doubt not, try to make it to you.

## CHRISTMAS DAY AT SEA.



O some of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS who have always spent their Christmas Days in their quiet homes, it may be interesting to hear how we spent ours on board ship on our voyage to New Zealand, down in latitude 44° south. We had had a beautiful voyage, no storms, but now and then rather long calms, which are very tantalising when you want to

get quickly to the end of your voyage to see the dear friends who are waiting for you. We had had some amusements on the voyage—concerts, either on the main deck or in the saloon, sometimes twice a week. But the great entertainment was to be for Christmas, and it was decided, with the captain's permission, that a Christmas-tree should be prepared, and that a very nice tea, with plenty of plum-cake, jam, and other good things, should be given in the saloon to the nineteen children who were on board. Christmas Eve was fixed on as the night for the festivity.

But little folk on land will perhaps say, "How could they have a Christmas-tree on board ship? Fir-trees don't grow in the sea." No, little folk, they certainly do not; but some people are very clever in contriving. Now I will tell you how we managed. Some ingenious passenger twisted wire rope into the shape of branches, and cunningly fastened tufts of tow on to them to make some resemblance to leaves; then another clever person knew how to make little candles, and we fastened on a great many that the tree might be very brilliant. It was wonderful how many devices were thought of, and how useful many little things generally thrown away were found to be. One young lady embroidered flags with the gold thread that she had taken off a packet of chocolate, and holly was made by cutting leaves from an old green calico blind, and the berries were made of red sealing-wax.

People were very busy before Christmas getting ready their presents, and the sailors, who were a very nice set of men, took a great interest in the tree, and often came to those who had the charge of it, sometimes bringing a knife, a foot rule, a set of draughts, or something else which they had carved, to be placed on or round it.

At last Christmas Eve arrived, but the day had been too stormy to allow any hope of having the tree that evening, and the pleasure had to be put off; but still there was Christmas Day to be prepared for.

On Christmas Eve a notice was placed on the mainmast that the post-office would be open for letters up to nine p.m., and that there would be an early delivery on Christmas morning; so all posted their little presents and Christmas cards. At midnight we were awakened by the waits coming round and singing Christmas hymns. That sounded very sweet; there were five singers and one performer on the cornet. Christmas Day was a most lovely day, bright blue sky overhead, and bright blue sea below, with little white crests to the waves. We all put on our best dresses in honour of the day, and on going on deck had very kind good wishes from the sailors. Then at breakfast-time we heard the postman's horn and double knock, and he (one of the steerage passengers) came into the saloon with a large bag and delivered round his letters; then he delivered those which were addressed to the second and third class passengers, and then those intended for the sailors. One of the young ladies had sent each sailor and each child in the steerage a Christmas card, with which they were much pleased. At eleven o'clock there was church service in the saloon, and we sang a number of Christmas hymns. So we had much to remind us of Christmas Day in dear old England. Some of the sailors and a good many passengers were present, and the singing was very hearty.

The next day all was excitement about the Christmas-tree. About four o'clock in the afternoon the children were mustered in the saloon, and the piles of cake, bread-and-butter, and bread-and-jam soon disappeared. Many an eager little pair of eyes looked about, and many an eager little voice asked, for the tree, but patience, patience was the word. At last they go on deck; behold, a tent has been made there, ornamented with the ship's flags! In the centre of the tent stands the long-expected tree, covered with presents and glittering with lights. But who is this who stands by the tree? A tall old man with a red face and a long white beard; he is muffled in a long cloak, and see, his cloak is sprinkled with snow! It is—yes, it must be—Father Christmas! Imagine the delight of the little ones when Father Christmas turns out to be the captain! Then there is the distribution of the presents; every child gets four or five, and every passenger and sailor gets one or more. All are pleased; then three cheers, and then three cheers more for the captain and the promoters of the entertainment; and so end the Christmas festivities at sea.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS AT SEA. (See p. 15.)

"LITTLE JACK HORNER."

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD RHYME.



 F all the boys that e'er I knew,  
Jack Horner was the worst;

In all the mischief boys would brew  
Jack Horner was the first.

The cook one day a pudding made,  
So large and fat and round ;  
Jack on the pantry made a raid—  
No pudding could be found !

But when at last they found young Jack,  
So snug up in a corner,  
Of plums, which once it did not lack,  
No pudding was forlorn !

And then, as tho' 'twere not enough,  
With twinkle in his eye,  
He'd say to ev'ry plum he'd stuff,  
"No boy so good as I!"

M. A. S.

WHAT ARCHIE SAW THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

I.—THE HYDRA.



"Now I mean to see what it is," said Archie, decisively, to himself. Papa's microscope stood on a side table, and, drawing a chair close to it, he mounted and peeped carefully down through the glass.

It was only a long, slender green thing, standing upright on a bit of duck-weed. At the top of it was a little opening, and round this opening

waved a number of fine filaments, like threads of jelly.

"Hum!" said Archie, doubtfully, "if that is what papa calls a remarkably fine specimen, I don't think much of it."

"Then you must be very stupid or very ignorant," said a voice from somewhere.

Archie looked round; but no one was to be seen.

"I am a very fine specimen," continued the voice. "I never saw a finer. Look at my arms."

"Oh!" said Archie, going back to the microscope, "are you talking?"

The slender filaments were waving to and fro, and Archie watched them a little while in silence.

"Are those your arms?" he asked.

"Yes, they are," said the thing, snappishly. "I don't know what you mean by saying you don't think much of me."

"I did not mean to offend you," said Archie, who was naturally a kind-hearted little fellow. "I thought you were only a bit of weed."

"A weed, indeed! I am as much an animal as you," was the indignant reply.

"Oh no, you are not," said Archie, positively; "you have no legs."

"That doesn't matter. I can walk, or, at least, crawl; and I have a great many more arms than you have—I have six."

"I'd like to have six arms," said Archie; "what fun it would be! Is that little hole at the tip-top of you your mouth?"

"Of course it is. I call that a silly question."

"Well, I never saw a—a—animal like you before," said Archie, apologetically. "What is your name?"

"Hydra!"

"Oh, I know about Hydra! Hercules killed it; it had nine heads, you know, and when he cut one off two more grew. He had to burn them, all but the middle one, which couldn't be killed. It is all cut out in marble at Naples—Hercules killing the Hydra, I mean, and the Hydra is something like you, so it is! It has a long body like a tail, and the nine heads grow out of the top like your arms. Was he your great-great-grandfather, do you think?"

"I don't know, I am sure; but if you cut off *my* head I shall grow another, and then there will be two. That's not very wonderful."

"Wouldn't you die if I chopped off your head?" asked Archie, opening his eyes.

"Certainly not! Cut me in half and try. Cut me in four quarters, if you like. Your papa cut my brother in two the other day, and he did not care a bit. He went on eating as if nothing had happened. The other half grew another head, and then it began to eat too!"

"It is the funniest thing I ever heard in all my life!"

"I will tell you something funnier than that," said the Hydra, feeling very proud of himself. "If you turn me inside out I shall go on eating and living, just the same as ever. I saw that done once to one of our family. He tried to turn himself back, but couldn't manage it."

"What did he do then?"

"Why, made his outside his inside—that is all. It didn't matter."

"I should not like to be turned inside out," said Archie. "I think it would matter very much. Where do you live?"

"I came from the pond in the meadow. My own family live in fresh water, but we have cousins who prefer salt. Are you hungry?"

"Yes!" said Archie. "I generally am. Are you?"

"Very! I don't think it is right of your papa to keep me here without food; it is cruelty to dumb animals. How would he like to be kept without his dinner?"

"Not at all. What would you like? I'll feed you," said Archie, in a great hurry.

"Well, a fat water-flea would be nice, wouldn't it?" replied the Hydra, thoughtfully. "Or a worm—I like worms best, I think. But I don't mind a little piece of meat for a change."

Archie went off, and presently returned with some small pieces of meat.

"There!" he said, throwing them down on to the glass where the Hydra was, "see how you like that." Then he jumped up on the chair, and looked through the microscope. A piece of meat, which looked very big through the glass, was gradually drawing near the Hydra. The long tentacles, or arms, were spread out in readiness to seize it as soon as it came close enough.

"It is too big!" said Archie; "you must not eat that."

"Not at all too big; I like plenty to eat. I can eat a worm bigger than myself."

The piece of meat floated nearer, the long arms folded round it, drew it close, pushed it into the Hydra's mouth, and it disappeared.

"That is less trouble than a worm," said the Hydra.

"Why?"

"Because it does not try to come up again. The worms try to wriggle up, and will not let me eat them in peace. I am obliged to swallow one of my arms to hold them still inside me while I digest them."

"That is funnier than ever!" said Archie; "but does another arm grow instead?"

"Oh, I don't digest my arm. I draw it out again as soon as the worm is digested. If you swallowed your arm, couldn't you draw it back?"

"No! I could not swallow it at all," and Archie looked doubtfully at his sturdy brown fist. Then he looked at the Hydra again, but could think of nothing to say. At last he asked it "Archie's question." It was called "Archie's question" in the family, because he put it to every one who came to stay with them—"Have you had any adventures?"

"No!" said the Hydra. "We don't care for that sort of thing. Did your brother ever eat you?"

"Eat me! Tom! He couldn't!" said Archie, staring very hard at the waving tentacles, and wondering if the Hydra were right in his mind.

"I swallowed my brother once," went on the Hydra.

"How could you? Why, that must be an adventure! Please tell me all about it."

"It was about a worm—the quarrel was, I mean. I caught one end of it, and he caught the other and would not give way."

"Was he older than you?"

"No; younger and smaller. I pulled, and he pulled, as hard as we could."

"But didn't the worm break?"

"No; it stretched dreadfully! We swallowed as fast as we could too, and at last we finished the worm. Half of it was inside me, and half inside him."

"What did you do then?" asked Archie, with interest.

"Well, the worm would not break, and it was not very likely I was going to give up my half! My brother would not give up his half either, so I swallowed him too. I was obliged to!"

"I call that wicked!" said Archie.

"It didn't hurt him," said the Hydra, crossly; "he had the best of it."

"How?"

"After I had swallowed him, he set to work inside me, and ate up the other half of the worm—my half. I call that mean. Of course I could not digest him, so I was obliged to have him out again, and he walked off with the whole of the worm."

"You were punished for being greedy, you see."

"I don't see," said the Hydra, sulkily. "I have no eyes."

"I should like to know how you are made. There is your mouth, on the top of you, and there are your arms, and there is your body—that is all."

"And enough too. Your papa called my body a sac. Sac, indeed!"

"If my papa said it, it must be true," said Archie, decisively. "What makes you so green?"

"That's the chlorophyll," said the Hydra, proudly. "You don't know what chlorophyll is!"

"Tell me."

"I dare say! it is a secret which belongs to the vegetable kingdom. I and one other animal have found it out. My friend Stentor, he belongs to the Infusoria."

"To the what?"

"Infusoria. Haven't you heard of them?"

"Oh yes! I know," said Archie. "The little things that live in water, and can be seen through a microscope! There are thousands of them in one drop of water."

"Millions, you mean. Well, Stentor and I have the chlorophyll secret. It is the colouring-matter which makes plants green, you know."

"Do tell me how you make it."

"No, indeed! I have not told my own brother Fusca. He would think it very unkind of me to tell *you*, one of the mammalia!"

"I am not a mammalia!" said Archie, indignantly.

"Yes you are. I wish you would go away now. I am so tired of talking to you!"

"Tell me one thing, and I will go. Have you any other name besides Hydra? I have two names."

"So have I—Hydra Viridis. My brother is Hydra Fusca. He is brown and I am green. But his arms are so long!" And here the Hydra gave a little sigh of envy.

"I wonder what he feels like;" thought Archie. "I'll just touch *viridis* (natural size)."



MK. HYDRA  
VIRIDIS (natural size).

There was a long, fine knitting-needle lying near, and Archie thought it was the very thing! Taking it up, he touched the filaments gently with the point, and immediately they began to shorten, and then, together with the whole body, shrank into a tiny round mass like jelly.

"Oh dear!" said Archie; "what shall I do!"

Ah! what indeed! There lay the Hydra apparently dead. What would papa say? Archie went down-stairs and peeped in the drawing-room. Papa was talking to some gentlemen.

"You must come and have a look at him," he was saying. "The finest specimen I have ever seen."

He meant the Hydra, of course. Archie felt queer all over. The sooner he told all about it the better. So he went into the room, and stood on one foot, as he was rather in the habit of doing when in disgrace.

"Well, Archie?" said his father, inquiringly; for the attitude was the beginning of a confession.

"The Hydra, papa."

"What about it?"

"I have killed it!"

"Hallo! little Hercules!" said one of the gentlemen; but Archie's father looked very grave.

"How came you to touch the Hydra, Archie?"

"Well, papa, he got cross, and tired, and wouldn't talk, so I just poked him with the needle, and he died."

"Let us go and see the dead Hydra by all means," said one of the guests; so they went up-stairs to the study.

"Come and look, Archie!" said his father, lifting him on the chair. Archie peeped down, and there was the Hydra as large as ever.

"Why, I thought you were dead!" he cried.

"Pooh! it takes a great deal more than a knitting-needle to kill a Hydra!" was the calm reply, and the tentacles waved slowly to and fro.

"Talk to papa," said Archie. But the Hydra took no notice. "Tell him about the chlorophyll," continued Archie. Still the Hydra was silent.

"There, there; run away and play," said Archie's father. And Archie went.

## "HIDE-AND-SEEK" IN A MANOR-HOUSE.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.



"HOW THEY SHOUTED AND BOUNDED AWAY!"

**I**T happened many a year ago,  
When the earth was waiting for the snow,  
That a joyous company looked out  
From a window wainscoted and low ;  
"The garden is dim and cold," they said,  
"And the yew-tree nods its aged head  
As the snowflake slowly strays about,  
And the moonless sky looks stern and grey,  
But our hearts are blithe, and a game we'll  
play—  
Such a game as we never have played  
before—  
Through chamber and hall and corridor!"

Then off they ran in frolic and glee—  
In truth 'twas a dainty sight to see—  
Four little maidens in high-heeled shoes,  
And ribbons and kerchiefs of many hues ;  
Three tall brothers, all bragging and bold,  
And gentle Sir Christopher, seven years old.

How they made the oaken floors to creak  
With the hurry and skurry of hide-and-seek!  
How they shouted and bounded away  
Through gallery long and dusty room,  
Where rose-leaves hid amongst the gloom,

Where mi ' danced up to their tripping feet,  
And armour clashed at their passage fleet,  
Rattle of dagger and coat of mail,  
Till the moon must throw off her cloudy veil  
To watch them all at their play.

At first 'twas laughter and sport and fun,  
But fancies strange came one by one ;  
For thrice they thought, where the shadows  
spread,  
That they saw the form of a tiny head ;  
And twice whilst the wainscot deep they scanned,  
Did surely beckon a wee white hand ;  
And once, where the moonlight broader shone,  
They caught the gleam of a face unknown.

Said Lily to Roger (guests were they),  
" 'Tis an odd and a wildering game we play,  
For eight were we and now we are nine !"  
Said he, " 'Tis a trick of the white moonshine."  
Then Dorothy too her thoughts must say,  
But Launcelot laughed all her fears away,  
And Geoffrey vowed that the sport and race  
Were wilder far for a phantom face.  
To Alice, who towered right over his head,  
" I too have seen," Sir Christopher said,



"TAKE COURAGE, AND LAY YOUR HAND IN MINE!"

" Yet though we were eight and now are nine,  
Take courage, and lay your hand in mine ! "

Then Muriel spoke with a touch of scorn,  
" Tis here I have dwelt since I was born,  
I know each cupboard and cranny and nook,  
And where to hide and where to look.  
By moonlit wall or by flickering hearth,  
No phantom child may cross our path."

They poked at the armour, they peered in each  
nook,  
And curtain of broidery rare they shook,  
Nor knew, so engrossing the guests had grown,  
That a stranger followed, alone, alone !

Beside the bright hearth again they met,  
Save Christopher only, who lingered yet ;  
For far in the gloom did the maiden stand,



" Four little maidens in high-heeled shoes, and ribbons and kerchiefs of many hues;  
Three tall brothers, all bragging and bold, and gentle Sir Christopher, seven years old."

Then some for frolic and some for fear,  
Till the moon was gone, sought far and near,  
Till they met once more in the ruddy shine  
Of the spluttering fir and the fragrant pine,  
And they heard from the wider banquet hall  
Glad sound of voices rise and fall ;  
For friends long parted there were found,  
Who passed the toast and the pledge around,  
And prayed for tumult and strife to cease,  
And cried, " Long live King George in peace ! "

At dark, on the morrow, in joyous train,  
The playmates rushed through the house again,

With the shining eyes and the wee white hand.  
Then a childish voice, in accents clear,  
Asked, " Why do you hide, little maiden, here ? "  
Her eyes replied that she might not tell ;  
With a wave of her hand she said farewell,  
And away she ran through the wildering place,  
And he followed her steps—'twas a fairy race !  
For she taught him magic of tapestry,  
And steps in the deep of the earth to see .  
At a low, dark door she beckoned to him,  
And they entered a chamber cold and dim.  
A sorrowful man sat there asleep,  
And his wife beside him watch did keep,



"THEY PEERED IN EACH NOOK,  
AND CURTAIN OF BRODERY RARE THEY SHOOK."

And she wrung her hands in wild despair  
At sight of the boy, so young and fair !  
"Oh, child ! what have you done !" she cried ;  
And the weeping maiden low replied,  
"Away from the gloom, whilst my father slept,  
Up winding stairs I groped and crept,  
Till far to a gallery long I strayed,  
And watched how a troop of children played ;  
In race so glad and free they came,  
I could not choose but follow the game ;  
One playmate lingered, too, behind,  
But I fear no ill from a face so kind !"

In wonder stood Sir Christopher there,  
Till the lady pointed to the chair,  
And said, "Yon hapless fugitive,  
By your grace alone may die or live,  
For a price is set upon his head,  
And our friends are all in prison or dead.  
And the prince we deem our king by right  
But three months since was saved by flight.  
The squire, God bless him evermore !  
To our urgent need hath opened his door,  
And granted us here to wait in dread  
Whilst two long days and a night have sped.  
For we are sorrowing outcasts all  
Who dare not walk where sunbeams fall.

Yet still, this night we hoped to flee  
To a safer land beyond the sea."

He knew that his father, brave in strife  
With the Stuart prince, had given his life ;  
But as he stood, no questioning  
Perplexed his mind of rightful king ;  
The ready childish tears must rise  
As he looked at her with his loyal eyes,  
And he only said, "This night I'll pray  
That you may safely flee away.  
And I will pray that the snow may fall  
And hide your parting steps from all."  
And then he bade them all good night,  
And groped his way to the warmth and light.

In sleep his eyelids scarcely fell,  
He feared in his dreams the tale to tell ;  
But something said, when the night had passed,  
That the sorrowful ones were safe at last.  
And full four hours o'er meadow and park  
The kind soft snow had lain in the dark !

They talked in the manor-house many a year  
Of their moonlit sport and their foolish fear ;



"FAR IN THE GLOOM DID THE MAIDEN STAND" (p. 21).

But the secret wrung from a game of play  
Sir Christopher kept to his dying day.

H. P.



## THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

## CHAPTER I.



Get away, can't you ; girls are always coming where they are not wanted."

The tears stood in Maggie's eyes, but still she lingered a minute.

"It's about those little Carsons. Oh, Philip, if you only knew what a hole they lived in, you wouldn't be so cross with me !"

Philip failed entirely to see the logical connection between the two ideas ; but Maggie very rarely cried, and at the sight of coming tears he relented. So pushing back his cap, he looked up from the kite he was mending to say, rather sharply, "Well, what's the bother now ?"

The two children were playing in an outhouse adjoining the rectory, and they made a fine contrast as they stood there for a moment looking into one another's eyes—Philip, with his head thrown a little back, and Maggie half turning towards the open door. They were both sunburnt, and roughly dressed, but Philip was thickset and black-eyed, while his sister was a slim little thing, with hair of that rich colour which the old artists painted for gold.

"Well, you see, it isn't so very long till Christmas," said Maggie, hesitatingly.

"Nearly three months," interrupted Philip.

"But we only get fourpence a week, and I was thinking if we could save up."

"Oh, good gracious, Maggie ! I want to buy myself a paint-box—I must have one, in fact."

"Very well," said Maggie, with a little half-suppressed sigh. "Then I suppose I must manage it alone."

"I SAY, Philip!"  
"Get out of my way, Maggie. You're treading on the tail of my kite!"

"I beg your pardon; I am very clumsy; but, Philip, I have a scheme."

"Oh, well, that's nothing new, you're always having schemes. coming where

"I do wish you wouldn't make such mysteries, Maggie. What has all this to do with the Carsons?"

"Why, father went to see them yesterday, and he says that now the father and mother are dead, that little Milly does all the work, and starves herself to feed the rest."

"Why don't they go into the 'house?'" suggested Philip.

Maggie shuddered. "You haven't been *into* the town lately, Philip ; you forget what the 'house' looks like. Besides, their father made them promise they wouldn't before he died."

"Did he!" said Philip, and with that he went on mending his kite.

Maggie had taken up her jacket from the bench in one corner, and was preparing to go.

"I thought," said Philip, "that they were being helped out of the poor-box."

"So they are," said Maggie, with a fierce flash out of her grey eyes. "And they've help from the parish too, if you want to know ; but that isn't much for six children to live upon, and only Bob earning anything. And I think it's a shame, Philip, to talk as you do. If you'd like to live on bread-and-cheese and potatoes, as those poor things live, I'm much mistaken," and with that she swung out of the room, and banged the door, only opening it again for a moment to put her head inside, and shout out, "No butter, mind !"

## CHAPTER II.

"FATHER," said Philip, a day or two after, "what are you doing to help those Carsons?"

Mr. Leighton looked down rather wistfully into the frank boyish face that was lifted so earnestly towards his own. Since his wife's death his children had been his constant care and delight, and he was not slow to discern their thoughts.

"I pay for the baby at the *crèche*, my boy, but that's all I can afford just now."

"Father, you know that you promised that if I would save up three shillings towards a paint-box, you would give me the other three?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, should you mind if I used the six shillings for something else?"

Mr. Leighton glanced down at him sharply. "Please yourself, my boy."

"Thank you, father ; how good you are !"

They were busy planting shrubs in the rectory

garden, while Maggie finished her French exercise in the schoolroom.

Presently Mr. Leighton called Philip's attention to a fine fir-tree. "I think this must be what you had for your Christmas-tree last year. By-the-by, perhaps you think you are growing too old for Christmas-trees; would you like to make some other use of it this year?"

"Might we carry it down to Milly Carson?"

"Do just what you like with it, Philip; I am not afraid to trust you or Maggie either."

### CHAPTER III.

IT was a cold windy night in December, and Milly Carson sat darning socks by the light of a farthing dip. She shivered a little, for the fire was very low, and she had no more coal. The baby sister who had been at the *crèche* all day had come home for the night, and Milly was rocking the little wooden cradle with her foot. She was only fourteen, and very small for her age, but by this dim light she looked like an old woman. Her threadbare dress was neatly mended, and the room was scrupulously clean, but the supper set out on the deal table looked as if it would hardly have satisfied one of the three hungry children who sat round it. Milly herself did not join in it, for there was Bob still to come, and she knew he would be hungry after his day's work. It was the day before Christmas Eve, and she could not help thinking of this time last year, when her father was alive. She remembered how he had come in with a heap of bright holly on his shoulder, and a pile of wood in his arms, his pockets full of groceries for the Christmas pudding, and his purse heavier than usual. With the holly they had made together what the children called "a tree," and covered it with bright flags, and oranges, and apples; the wood was to make a real Christmas fire; and the heavy purse had enabled Milly to choose little Christmas gifts for everybody next day. But this year the cupboard was empty, and the purse was empty too, and there was no father to come home and kiss them

all. Bob would bring eight shillings, but six were owing for rent, and the other two would have to go for bread and firing. She cried a little quietly to herself, for she had always meant to save enough to give the children their Christmas dinner; and then, just when her little earnings had reached the right amount, Bob had sprained his ankle and lost a week's work, so that her money-box had to be emptied. Bob had never been told the secret purpose for which this money had been intended, and now that he was able to go to work again he hoped in time to be able to replace it.

"There's Bob!" said little ten-year-old Esther, springing to the door. Louie, the next child, was a cripple, so she had to sit still in her high chair, but she had the first kiss from Bob, after all. Willie, who was Esther's special pet and plaything, looked up in the middle of his crust, to say—

"Tiss Esther too—see opened de door."

"Esther's always a handy little lass," said Bob, patting her on the head as he set down the loaf on the table.

Milly had brushed away the tears at the sound of her brother's step, and was now busy stirring the contents of a saucepan over the fire.

"Come and warm thee hands, Bob," she said; and then in an undertone

she added, "what about the rent?"

The boy, who was two years younger than Milly, threw up his cap with a laugh before he hung it on the peg. "Why, Milly?" he said, "my hands are as warm as hot buns, and the rent's all in the right place; but, I say, what do you think my master's been up to? Come, now, three guesses for you each."

"Oh, Bob!" said Milly, with a sudden scared look, "he hasn't been a-turning of you off, has he?"

Oh, how Bob did laugh! it did one good to hear him; and then all the little Carsons laughed, and finally Milly laughed too.

"P'raps he has given you another book?" said the little cripple; "I hope it's got pictures in it like the other."

"Try again," said Bob, as he sat down to his hot porridge.



"MILLY CARSON SAT DARNING SOCKS."



THE ARRIVAL OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE. (See p. 27)

"Is it a pair o' boots?" suggested Esther.

"No; but I'll tell you what it is," said Bob, bringing down his spoon on to his plate with ringing emphasis. "It's a good ton o' first-rate coals; that's what it is, so there!" And certainly the most first-rate embers ever lighted could hardly have flashed more brightly than did Bob's eyes at that moment.

"Oh, Bob!" exclaimed the breathless Milly, "then there's one-and-six to spare, after all, for thou did not have to buy firing."

"I should think," said Louie, as her dreaming eyes watched the snowflakes come down outside, "God must have known it was going to be a cold night."

Esther now put her curly head close up to Bob's ear, and said, in a low whisper, "Could us get Willie a new cap?"

"Esther's dot no fings herself for Sundays," observed Willie.

"I was thinking about a Christmas pudding," Milly ventured to suggest.

Bob had given Esther a mild shove back into her place at table, and now he turned to Milly as the only one whose suggestion was worth answering. "Yes," he said, "that's just what I want to talk to you about. First of all, I thought I'd have a bit of a holly-tree for the children (Bob was just twelve), and then it seemed that was a silly notion, being as we'd scarce enough to eat; so I did think I'd get some stuff for a pudding, but I've changed my mind," and Bob folded his arms in a very decisive manner. The little ones were all watching him, and Milly looked up anxiously.

But still Bob was silent for a minute. Then he broke out in a half-combative way: "Look ye here, now; we *are* poor, I don't deny, but has there ever been a day when we hadn't bread to eat? I don't say as we've had milk every day, or taters every day, and lard of course is 'extry'; but I should like to know if there's ever been a day as we haven't had a crust of bread?"

"We used to have meat sometimes," said Esther.

"Now, look thee here, Esther," said Bob; "I wouldn't be greedy if I was thee. I've been hearing this night about they folk in India what's dropping down dead i' the street for want of bread and water. Yes," he continued, as the children turned towards him with horror-struck faces of pity and amazement, "Yes, Esther—dozens of them, men and women an' little babes—an' if they're not helped their country will be one big graveyard."

There was a solemn stillness in the room, and then little Louie said, "Let's give the money to them, Bob."

"Bless thee heart, Louie!" said Bob. "That's just what I was thinking, and that's why I didn't get the stuff for the pudding. The men in our shops clubbed together what they could spare, but I wouldn't give them our one-and-six till I'd asked you all at home, because, you see, it's yours."

"It's thy earnings," said Milly; "but it was kind to wait, and I do think the poor Indians want it the most."

"Hindoos, Milly, not Indians," said Bob.

"Sall I send 'em my top?" said Willie, at once bethinking himself of his greatest treasure.

Then there was a laugh; but Esther said, "Well, it was very kind of him, I'm sure! And Bob needn't have called me greedy, because I should like to send them the money as much as any of you." And when the children knelt down that night, they all prayed for the poor starving people, but they somehow forgot to ask anything for themselves. Only little Louie said softly, at the end of her prayer, "Please, God, I should so like Willie to have a new cap—some day."

#### CHAPTER IV.

AT about three o'clock in the afternoon of the following day Milly was startled by a loud rap. The snow was falling heavily, and she was rather startled when she opened the door, to see Maggie and Philip standing out in the cold with a heavily-laden market basket between them.

"Are the children all out?" Maggie asked, in an eager whisper.

"They're all at school, except Louie, miss, and she's reading to the blind old lady next door; would you please to step in, miss?"

"Thank you," said Maggie; and then she blushed and frowned, and said to her brother, "You explain."

Philip set down the basket inside the house, took off his cap and shut the door, and then said rather abruptly, "Please, don't be offended, but we should like to empty our basket."

Milly's brown eyes opened wonderingly. "Can I help you, sir?"

"I wish you would!" said Philip. "Just take this 'grub' off to the larder. Stay, I'll carry the meat myself; it's rather heavy. The groceries will do for you to take; we thought they'd come in for a plum pudding."

"Yes, they're all for you," said Maggie, with a bright smile. "Father sent the beef, and the apples and pears and potatoes are out of the garden; but Phil and I bought the groceries ourselves."

Philip turned crimson, and thrust his head into the cupboard.

As for Milly, she looked for a minute as if she were going to be shot, and then she burst out crying and laughing together.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she said, "there must be some mistake; it can't be *all* for us. Why, we haven't had a real dinner with meat and pudding and everything since father died!"

"Look here, Milly," said Philip, "you must make haste and put the things away, for there's something else coming."

"There it is!" said Maggie, springing to the door. There stood the gardener with a beautiful fir-tree in his arms, and a box of tapers and reflectors in his pocket.

"If you don't much mind," said Philip, "I think you'd better not light up the tree till to-morrow night, because we want you to invite us to see it, and we're to dine with father to-night."

#### CHAPTER V.

WHEN the little Carsons came home from church the next morning they were puzzled beyond measure to see the table set for dinner, with knives and forks, and to smell various suspicious and delightful odours suggestive of important cooking.

"My dears," cried Milly, with a little scream of delight, "there's roast beef and plum pudding, and potatoes and apples, and—"

"Oh my!" screamed Esther, "she has been keeping all them things in the yard, and that's why we mightn't open the yard door."

"Is I to have a little taste too?" said Willie, "or is there only a little of it?"

"Thou shall have twenty tastes, my precious," said Milly. "There's more than we can eat in a day, I do believe."

"Do you think," said Louie, "we might send a little taste of the pudding to the blind lady?"

"Let's ask her in," said Bob. "But, I say, Milly, where did it all come from?"

"I'll dish up now," said Milly, "and you can all guess afterwards."

The secret was all explained at dinner-time, and when Philip and Maggie came to tea, no king or queen ever received a more adoring welcome, and certainly kings and queens have seldom felt so happy as they did.

When the tea-things were all cleared away Philip begged Bob and Esther and little Willie to run to the end of the street and post him a letter. Louie might stay, he said, on condition that she shut her eyes and stopped her ears. Then he and Maggie opened the back door and carried in the tree out of the yard, Milly helping them.

When the children came running in, and Louie was allowed to open her eyes, that little bare room became a veritable paradise. The blind lady had been allowed to stay, and Philip had rushed out before tea to fetch a favourite kitten expressly for her. The tree was radiantly beautiful, and covered with bright pretty things. There was a cap for Willie, a book for Louie, and a bright scarf for Esther. Best of all, there was a great-coat which Philip had outgrown, and which Mr. Leighton had offered him for Bob, besides a beautiful warm jacket which had once been Maggie's, and which just fitted Milly. As the tapers died out the children all sang a Christmas hymn, and when it was over Mrs. Gordon kissed them all and said good-night. "I think," she said, "the Lord Christ is glad to have his birthday kept so."

As Maggie and Philip were walking home in the starlight, Philip put his arm round his sister's neck and kissed her.

"I say, old girl," he said, "I don't think I ever had such a happy day in my life."

"I don't know what we should have done without your six shillings, Phil!"

"I say, Maggie."

"Well, old fellow?"

"Let's do it again."

A. M.



AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.



## HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

**W**E mounted the coach in haste and glee  
When the winter day was dawning,  
And we dashed on our way up hill and  
down,  
By frosty meadow and red lit town,  
All boys were we, as merry and free  
As birds on a fair spring morning.  
All merry and free, so you had said,  
And hearty, had you seen us !  
Yet Phil and I sat head to head,  
And a shadow there was between us.  
My way I lost in each class he crossed ;  
By ready wit he won.  
Was I to blame that he reaped the fame  
Ere half my task was done ?  
Up hill and down, away we dashed,  
Hearts bound and hearts aloof,  
Till the sun on the old church steeple flashed,  
And we greeted the stork on the roof,  
And the noisy ducks on the frozen pond,

And the laughing village maiden,  
And the pompous beadle shaking his wand,  
And the children holly-laden.

And then we wound to the lonelier road,  
Nor speed nor whirl abating' ;  
At our song and our shout the rooks flew out,  
From the fir-trees calmly waiting.  
And a sight I saw that pleased me well—  
My brothers and little sister Nell  
All welcoming in the snowy place,  
And above them sweet my mother's face.

Then quick with a tear to Phil I turned,  
And I wrung and wrung his willing hand ,  
For him on earth no mother yearned,  
And his father roamed in a far-off land.  
He answered me with his face aglow,  
For his was the finer feeling ;  
But my own head felt like melted snow,  
And it seemed as if bells were pealing.

## ROYAL PRISONERS.

## I.—THE STORY OF IVAN VI. OF RUSSIA.



HERE was a great stir and tumult in and around the imperial palace of St. Petersburg early on the morning of the 25th of November, 1741; there was the clamour of voices and the tramp of hurrying feet; soldiers with fixed bayonets stood guarding every door, others on horseback patrolled the street, every minute their united voices rent the air with shouts of "Long live our Czarina Elizabeth!" These, mingling with the beat of drum and blare of trumpet, awoke the silence and darkness, and even stifled the sounds of distress arising in the palace itself. Beyond the soldiers, in dumb silence and wonder, stood groups of spectators, attracted by the unusual noise to the spot, yet not daring to ask what it all meant.

From room to room in the palace a queenly-looking lady, with three attendants, went rousing the sleepers, telling them they were prisoners; these, terrified, hurriedly dressed themselves, dreading what should follow. In one room stood two little cribs, in which were sleeping a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy and girl; their nurse had been disturbed by the clamour, and when the door opened and the queenly lady with her attendants entered she was holding them clasped in her arms. The little boy was clapping his hands and laughing with glee at the sounds of the trumpets and drums and the shoutings of the soldiers. The lady, advancing, touched his cheek with her finger, and said, pityingly, "Poor child! Thou little knowest thou art joining in the noise that is raised at thy undoing."

Little indeed did the child know that the noise he heard meant that he had lost a throne and gained a prison, for the fair-haired boy laughing in his nurse's arms was Ivan VI. of Russia, and the pitying lady was the Czarina Elizabeth, who deposed him and reigned in his stead. He was too young to understand all the splendour con-

tained in the word *throne*, or the misery involved in the word *prison*; later on he fully comprehended the last in his own bitter experience.

Elizabeth was enthroned, and the deposed family, placed in a lumbering carriage, driven off to prison. This prison was the large and gloomy fortress of Riga, standing on the *shores of the* gulf of that name. Here they were confined in cold and miserably-furnished rooms, rooms forming a strong contrast to their late imperial residence. Their keepers were rude and unmanly, quick, in the exercise of their power, to visit them with all those subtle and annoying slights and indignities so pleasing to little, mean natures, from which the prisoners had no refuge, and against which it was useless to protest. Their privacy was invaded at most unseemly hours, their food ill-prepared and insufficient for their wants, their clothing scanty and ill-adapted to withstand the rigour of a Russian winter; often they were obliged to sit the whole day without a fire, their keepers having neglected to carry them fuel; they were prohibited from all intercourse with the world outside their prison walls; confined strictly to their own rooms, they were not even allowed to breathe the fresh air.

For a year and a half did their captivity last in the Riga fortress, when a change came, but only for the worse. One day their keepers told them to prepare for a journey, and that hastily, for they were to start at once. So the captives packed up their clothes and valuables; any change, they thought, was better than the misery and monotony of their present home. They left it without regret. Escorted by a troop of mounted guards, in a carriage with the windows closely shut that no curious eye might penetrate, they set forth, not knowing whither they went. All stoppages to change horses were made at lonely post-houses, the landlord not being allowed to approach the carriage, nor the prisoners to exchange a word with any stranger who chanced to be loitering near.

They had left one post-house miles behind, and the carriage was slowly lumbering through a wide, solitary waste, when the soldiers commanded the driver to pull up; several of them then dismounted, and, opening the carriage door, roughly told the prisoners to "come out!" Being slow to obey, fearful of their captors' intentions, one rudely seized the mother by the arm and one the father to hasten their movements, while a third, snatching little

Ivan from his seat, placed him so violently on the ground that the child fell and began to cry.

"How dare you!" cried the indignant mother, rushing to her boy; "know you not he is your Czar, Ivan VI.?"

"He is no Czar of ours," said one of the soldiers, with a coarse laugh, "and never likely to be."

Paying no further heed to the mother's words, the dismounted soldiers unpacked the prisoners' luggage to search for jewels and money. It was in vain to entreat them not to take what little they possessed, for the soldiers were deaf to their pleading; and when they had plundered the carriage proceeded even to strip the captives themselves of what valuables they wore about them.

Poor, friendless, and hopeless, the captive family entered their new prison at Dünamunde. Here their treatment was far more rigorous than it had hitherto been, and they soon began to regret having left Riga. The soldiers watching over them were more rough and cruel, treating them with far greater severity, would never recognise their royalty, and tried in all possible ways to make their lives miserable, and in this they were eminently successful.

Thus poor little Ivan was very early acquainted with misery; he was too young when snatched from his throne to comprehend what he lost, but he was not too young to know something of the sadness of a prisoner's lot. His mother continually impressed upon his mind the fact that he was Ivan VI., the rightful heir of all the Russias, but the words conveyed little, if any, meaning to his mind. He would, when asked, call himself Ivan VI., but only as he would have called himself by any other name had his mother so desired.

From Dünamunde the prisoners were removed to a place named Ranienburg. Here their condition was much improved; instead of rough, unfeeling soldiers, who delighted in increasing their wretchedness, a kind and humane officer, named Korf, became their keeper. His heart was touched with pity for his royal captives, and he did all in his power to make their lot endurable; he gave them books to read, he saw they were well supplied with food and clothing, he even permitted them to walk in the open air, and never addressed them but with respect. But in doing all this he was stepping beyond the line of his instructions, and when it became known in St. Petersburg he was reprimanded and instantly dismissed from his post. This was bad, but worse followed.

Ivan was separated from his parents and sister, never in this world to see them again. Those he so much loved were sent to the island of Dvina, to the south of Archangel, and himself,

at the age of six years, left a lonely prisoner in a strong fortress, guarded by unfeeling men, who paid no heed to his pitiful cries. Yet one heart was touched with pity for the little sufferer, and that beat beneath a monk's gown. This good man often saw Ivan; he spoke gently to him, would take him upon his knee, carry him in his arms, try in many ways to amuse him, he would even play with him so as to beguile him from his sorrow. Though he had no children of his own, his heart went out in love to the little captive, whose winning ways so worked upon him that he at length determined to effect his escape.

To do this he knew would be most difficult; the fortress was well and strictly guarded both day and night, and if the attempt failed punishment would be swift and sure; but having a bold as well as a kind heart, thoughts of the danger he himself should incur did not deter him—whatever the risk, he would make the attempt. So one day, when he found little Ivan wandering listlessly about in one of the courts of the fortress, he took him up in his arms and inquired, in a whisper, whether he would like to see his mother. The sad little face brightened in a moment, and such a wistful look came into the child's eyes that the monk was obliged to pass his hand over his own, for a sudden mist seemed to veil them. "Oh, I should!" were the words which followed the look; "will you take me to her?"

"Hush! not so loud, little one," replied the monk, putting his hand over the child's mouth, and looking guardedly round to see if any one was near. "Not so loud; you must whisper in my ear."

Ivan reiterated his desire with his lips close to the monk's ear.

"You must not tell any one what I say, Ivan, or they will not let me see you again. Can you be very quiet and keep a secret?"

"Yes, yes!" was the eager reply, "if you'll take me to my mother; I do want to see her so badly."

"Well, then, you must be very careful, so that no one may suspect, and when it is growing dark I will come for you and carry you away."

During the rest of the day little Ivan was so restless and had such an expectant look in his eyes, that had his guards examined him closely they must have seen that something unusual had or was about to take place. As the day was closing, the monk, true to his appointment, made his appearance; he was very pale, but his lips were firmly pressed together, as though he had made his mind up for the worst and there was no going back.

"Now, Ivan, listen to me," he whispered. "I am going to try and take you away from this place,

but if any one discovers me I shall be punished and you will be brought back; so you must not speak a single word or cry out, even should I hurt you. Will you promise?"

"Oh yes!" said the child, "I won't say a word or cry the least. I will be brave."

"Very well. Now it is time to go."

The monk then untied the girdle which secured his long gown, opening which, he enveloped Ivan in its folds in such a way that the little one's head came up to his breast, while his feet were two or three inches from the ground; bidding the boy clasp him round the body, he, putting his own arm down, held him close to his side. The boy was very thin, yet when the gown had been properly adjusted the appearance of the monk was somewhat singular, but he trusted to the deepening shadows to preserve him from prying eyes. Pulling his cowl more over his face, with a firm step he made his way to the gates of the fortress. The little ex-Czar, though far from comfortable, being half stifled, uttered not a word; as he pressed his cheek against his friend's breast he could feel his heart beating violently against it. Fortunately they met with no interruption till they reached the gates, which they found a soldier securing for the night, but when he heard the monk he opened them just wide enough to allow him to pass through.

"You are late, father," said the man.

"Yes, my son," was the quiet reply as he walked past him.

"Good-night, father."

"Good-night, my son." The gates clashed behind; while the sentinel on the wall, hearing voices, looked down to see who it was.

When he heard the gates shut the monk drew a long breath of relief, but until the increasing distance and deepening shadows completely hid him from the eyes of the sentinels he maintained his slow and even pace. Directly, however, he deemed himself secure from detection, he began to run, and did not cease till he gained a large grove of trees, where stood a sledge and two horses. Laying Ivan down at the bottom of the sledge, he stepped briskly in, and seizing the reins, applied the whip to the horses' backs, which, breaking into a mad gallop, soon left the prison far behind. Fast as the horses were going, with voice and whip he continued to urge them to increased speed. He well knew it would not be long before the little prisoner was missed and men following in pursuit.

All night long did the fugitives flee, only stopping once to change horses at a solitary post-house, when Ivan was carefully covered that no one might see him. When day dawned they found

themselves near a serf's hut on the banks of a river; here they stopped for rest and food, and while satisfying their hunger with the coarse fare the serf's wife laid before them, the serf himself agreed to give them a pull on the river. The horses and sledge were abandoned, and they embarked in a leaky old boat, which the serf managed with a dexterity only gained by frequent practice. For days the flight was continued, now on foot, now in some rough country conveyance, resting at night in a serf's humble hut, the boy ever hoping to see his mother, the monk only wishing to get beyond the boundary line of Russia before his pursuers could overtake them. This, however, was not to be.

They were captured in a town many a long mile from the fortress whence they had escaped. The pursuit had been swift and eager as soon as the flight was known; and when overtaken, Ivan was torn shrieking from his friend's arms, while the brave monk himself met with a swift punishment, being secretly put to death. The royal boy whom he had attempted to save at such cost was subjected to a horrible fate. At an age when other and happier children are watched over with tender care by loving parents this lad was flung into a dreadful dungeon, where he dwelt in perpetual darkness, so that he could never tell the changes of day and night. He was totally neglected; food was thrown to him, but his person and clothes were uncared for. The continual darkness and the terrible loneliness so horrified the poor boy that he became partially imbecile. How the mother's heart must have ached when she knew of her son's sufferings!

Twice only during these long years did he see the light; on each of these occasions he was taken from his prison and conveyed in a close carriage to St. Petersburg, and there was seen by a lady dressed in male attire. It was the same lady who years before had pitied him when she hurled him from his throne—the Empress Elizabeth. He never knew who she was, and after each interview was thrust back again into his horrible dungeon to darkness and loneliness.

When Peter III. ascended the throne he had the curiosity, disguised and accompanied by one or two other persons, to visit Ivan. The visit was made in great secrecy. The captive's condition had been altered for the better a short time before, and the visitors found him sitting in a cell, simply but cleanly dressed. The Czar asked him whom he was; he answered, "I am Czar Ivan VI." And when he inquired how he knew that, he said his parents had told him, and when he spoke of his parents tears streamed from his eyes. In all

his long years of degradation and misery he had not forgotten them. He also said that he remembered that when he was with them one of their keepers, named Korf, was very kind, and did all in his power to make them happy. On hearing this, Korf, who was one of the visitors, was obliged to retire lest his emotion should betray him. The result of this visit was to increase the comforts of the poor captive. But when, a few months after, Peter III. was deposed and killed, and the Czarina Catherine II. reigned in his place, she became uneasy about Ivan, and a plot was formed to compass his death.

In the same chamber where Ivan was confined were two officers, who had orders to kill him should an attempt be made to effect his release. Such an attempt was made, to which it is supposed the Czarina was privy. On the 4th of July, 1764, an officer and fifty soldiers forcibly entered the fortress, and making their way to the chamber of Ivan, demanded his release, at the same time trying to batter

down the door. Hearing the tumult, the two officers inside immediately drew their swords and fell furiously upon the helpless prisoner. Ivan fought for life with all the energy of despair; at first he implored for mercy, then, though unarmed, he struggled fiercely. He attempted to seize the sword of one of his assailants, and though wounded and his poor hands dreadfully cut, succeeded and broke it in two pieces across his knee; but while doing this, the second stabbed him through the back from behind, when he fell and was quickly dispatched.

Thus at the early age of twenty-four, after a life of so much misery, Ivan died. His body, dressed in a suit of sailor's clothes, was publicly exposed to view. Thousands went to gaze on that still face, and as they gazed were touched with sorrow and indignation at his unmerited sufferings and untimely fate; and many, doubtless, were thankful that they themselves had not been born in an imperial palace.

## HARRY MAXWELL; OR, SCHOOLBOY HONOUR.

### CHAPTER I.

"While face to face in hostile ranks *they* stood,  
Who should have dwelt in peace and brotherhood."



are Mary and Esther quarrelling away in the kitchen. I ran in for some food for my chickens, and I could not get either of them to attend to me. I say, Bertha, I'll tell our grandmother to be careful what she says before you."

"No, you won't, Harry; you know better," said a tall, fair girl of about sixteen years, who had

come into the "children's room," as it was called at Heathfield Cottage, unperceived, and now laid her hands on the shoulders of Harry, a bright, merry-looking boy of eleven. "You won't tell our grandmother, because she is not young, like we are, and it is not good for her to be troubled and vexed."

"But Bertha has made such fearful mischief in the kitchen," cried Harry. "I can't get any chicken's food, and they'll be starved; and Esther is as cross as two sticks. How could you," continuing his attack upon the culprit, "be so stupid as to tell her that she was too old to wear bright bows and things! What a bother women are, to be sure! And how vain! Why, I don't care a brass button about a bow!" And the boy gave his head a toss and drew himself up. "Fancy thinking about a *bow* when living creatures were crying for food!"

"I didn't," sobbed the humiliated Bertha. "I didn't tell her that she was too old to wear bright bows. I only said that grandmother said she was surprised that Esther should care so much about bright ribbons at her age."

Jessica's silvery laugh rang through the room. "I'm afraid Esther was not much more flattered by your way of putting it than if you had said she was too old, Bertha."

"You're quite silly, Bertha!" said Harry, in his



OVERHEARD. (*See p. 38.*)

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straightforward, uncompromising tone of voice. "Sometimes I think you have no sense at all. Now, Jessica, you dear old girl, come along to the kitchen with me, and appease them, and make them give me some food for my chickens."

"Chickens can't want food at this time of the afternoon," was growled forth from the sofa.

"Oh, don't be cross," said Jessica, "don't be cross! I'll see what I can do." And off she went to the kitchen, Harry after her.

To herself, Bertha said, "They call me silly; but I speak the truth, and take care to tell every one the truth too." And nodding her head after this oracular speech, she left the room.

#### CHAPTER II.

"He knew that England's mandate says,  
When life and duty point two ways,  
The whole world shortly witness can  
There's but one choice for the Englishman:  
Saint George for merry England."

HENRY and Bertha Maxwell were the orphan children of an Indian officer, and had been sent to England when very young to be under the care of their grandmother, who lived in a pretty little cottage, in a pleasant country village, in the west of England. Jessica Faulkner was their cousin.

The day after the scene in the children's room with which this little tale begins, Bertha was sitting in a low chair with a small table by her side, on which was spread a variety of shreds, cuttings, and pieces, out of which she was laboriously contriving some frocks for certain minute wooden dolls arranged in a row before her. She was getting deeply interested in her work, when a very slow step coming along the passage leading to the room arrested her attention—a step that she knew to be Harry's, but yet so unlike his usual bounding, elastic tread, that she felt sure something had happened. The door opened, and in he came, with a most rueful countenance and downcast air, and taking off the strap containing his school-books from his shoulder, flung it and its contents on the sofa, and sat down, covering his face with his hands.

"What is the matter?" cried Bertha. "What is it, Harry?"

"Matter enough!" was the reply; "but you're no use. It's no good telling it to you; you'd go and tell the servants, and old Peter, and everybody."

Bertha saw the traces of tears on his face, and the sight checked the angry reply she felt inclined to make.

"Can't I do anything? Let me try."

"It's only a horrid row I've got into; and you know nothing but about stupid dolls' work and things!"

"Oh, but I do know about rows, Harry," was the meek reply; for, whatever Bertha's faults were, she was at heart devoted to her brother, and the least sign of his being in real trouble was quite enough to make her throw herself and her feelings aside. "I know all about rows," she repeated, "for I get into them with Esther and with old Peter, when I frighten the young ducks and eat the early strawberries."

"Yes, you're so greedy and so stupid;" was the uncomplimentary rejoinder. "You *deserve* your rows; but I'm in such a terrible mess through no fault of my own, and I can't see a bit of a way out of it anywhere. It's so hard!" and the boy, all his manliness deserting him, burst into tears. "There never could have been a boy in such trouble before. What do you think of my being disgraced before all the boys at Mr. Ayrton's, and not being allowed to go there any more before something is cleared up? And it's something that can never be cleared up—there! for I'm not a sneak."

"Harry, Harry! but what is it? Explain it to me."

"I'll tell you," said the boy, bitterly. "You know Ponto, Mr. Ayrton's pet dog." Bertha nodded. "He's dead—was found dead this morning in a ditch in Mr. Ayrton's field; he had been poisoned," and the boy shuddered. "Two or three days ago Ponto worried and killed three of my chickens, and I said I wished he was dead. And they say I killed him; and I wouldn't"—and he stamped with his foot—"hurt a mouse!"

"Who did it?" said Bertha, quietly, fixing her dark, intelligent eyes on Harry's face.

"Oh!" was the hasty answer, "I'm not going to tell you; that would be as bad as telling Mr. Ayrton, for you'd go and tell it all over—"

She held up her hand, saying in rather a dignified way, which astonished Harry into silence, "I want to help you, and you prevent me. Do you know who did it?"

"No, I don't," he said; "I only suspect a boy. But I can't believe," and he shuddered again, "he'd be so horribly cruel."

"When did you say you wished the dog was dead, and who heard you?" asked Bertha.

"I said it before all the boys at Mr. Ayrton's, so far as I remember, after the chickens were killed. I did not really wish the dog to die, but I was very provoked about the chickens. The poor dog was found at eleven o'clock this morning, and I was just in great disgrace with Mr. Ayrton about

my lessons, which he said had been very badly learnt for a week ; and then, when this dreadful affair was found out and laid at my door, he said it was no wonder that my lessons had been so shamefully neglected, if I had been treasuring up such a wicked and cruel design in my heart."

"And have you been learning your lessons badly?" asked Bertha.

"Yes, I have," was the answer ; "and I'm not going to tell a story about it to please anybody. But of course it had nothing to do with the dog. It's all those fowls ; they distract me so dreadfully, I'm afraid I shall have to give up keeping them. But," and his eyes filled with tears, "you see, I'm not to go there any more, so it's no use trying to do my lessons well and please Mr. Ayrton—it's all up with that. I suppose I've lost my way in life, like the people I've read about sometimes," and the boy knitted his brows in a way that would have provoked a smile from an older and wiser auditor.

Bertha thought it all very fine. Still, she considered something might be done before giving up all future prospects in life at the early age of eleven years.

"Who told Mr. Ayrton that you had said you wished the dog was dead?" she inquired.

"Mr. Ayrton's own little baby of a boy Johnnie told him so first. He was in the schoolroom when I said it. But he's only five years old, and I forgive him," said Harry, magnanimously. "A mouse of a thing like that does not know how he can hurt another fellow by what he says. I remember he cried out at me when I said it before the boys. And he looked up at his father, with his great eyes like saucers, and said 'Harry Maxwell said he wished Ponto was dead. Perhaps he did it.' And then the little chap burst out crying for Ponto. 'Can any boy throw any light upon this business?' asked Mr. Ayrton. 'Had any one a spite against the dog?' And then the cook, ill-natured, red-faced thing ! said that I had, because of the fowls. Stupid beasts the fowls are ! they do get me into such fearful scrapes. And then Owen Telsford said in an undertone, but I'm pretty certain he meant it to be heard all the same, that what Johnnie had told his father was quite true, and that I had, before all the boys, said I wished the dog was dead, and then Mr. Ayrton made him speak up. And there was a silence, and then the vicar asked, 'Can any boy tell me more?' and no one spoke, and Owen looked foolish and then cross ; and he burst out with, 'You know he said it, you boys, but you are afraid to speak.' 'Nonsense, Telsford!' said Hubert Jackson. We call him our head boy, you know, and he is a fine

fellow. 'Maxwell said it, sir, as any of us would have said it, because he was put out about his fowls, but I do not for one instant believe that he or any other boy in this house would have injured your dog.' And then he sat down. It was very good of him, wasn't it? Then up gets Anthony, his brother, and said, 'He's very much absorbed in poultry, sir, is Harry Maxwell, but a better fellow never breathed.' Some of them laughed—they couldn't help it, but I felt dismal enough ; and Mr. Ayrton said it was no laughing matter, and that it was a curious thing that when he was walking in the garden quite late last night, between eight and nine o'clock, his attention was attracted by a boy who was prowling about in his field. He said, 'I went to the gate which led to the field, and saw a boy keeping close to the hedge and rather stooping down, as if he did not wish to be seen, but he was too far from me for me to be certain who it was. But I cannot help thinking that, whoever that boy was, he had something to do with the death of the dog, as the poisoned meat was found just at the part of the field where I particularly noticed him.' 'I was the boy, sir,' I said, 'who was in the vicarage field last night.'

"Oh, Harry!" interrupted Bertha, "how unfortunate ! What did you go there for?"

"Don't you remember the fearful state of affairs in the kitchen here last night?" said Harry. "Unless I did something to propitiate Esther I felt sure my fowls would be starved, you had upset them so frightfully ! so I rushed off before I went to bed to see if I could get some mushrooms anywhere, because Esther does like them so ; and, unlucky boy that I am ! I went to the vicarage field to look for them."

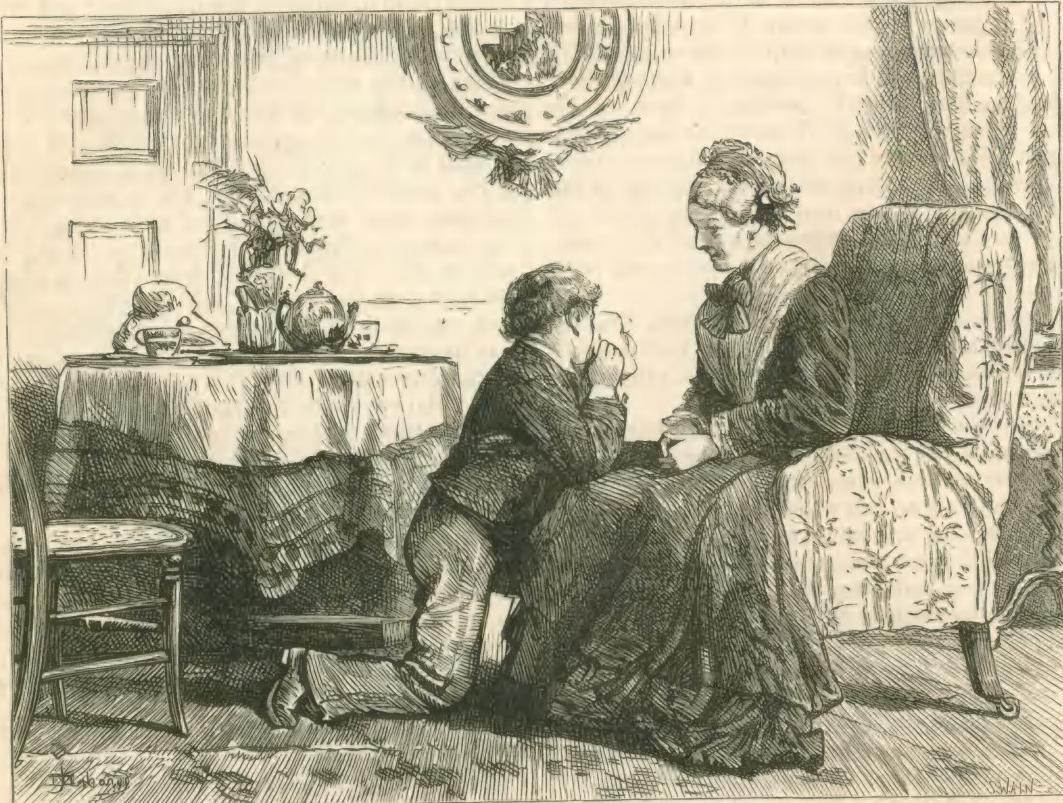
"Well, what did Mr. Ayrton say when you told him you were there?"

"He said, 'And what was your business in my field at that time of the evening?' I told him I was looking for mushrooms, and he looked as if he hardly believed me, and asked if I was very fond of mushrooms. And I said I was looking for them for the cook. Upon which Mr. Ayrton told me that he could not believe that I had been sent out for mushrooms at that time of night. My temper got up then, and I know I answered him in a rude way—'I wasn't sent, sir, I went of my own accord.' Just then, in came one of the servants there, who had been ferreting about, and she had in her hand one of my canvas bags that I had made myself to hold barley for my fowls. I've two or three of them, don't you know, Bertha ? and that bag she had found in the field, and it still had in it a bit of the poisoned meat that helped to kill that unlucky beast. It flashed across me when I saw it that I

had missed one of those bags the last few days. She gave it to Mr. Ayrton. He looked at it, and held it up before all the boys. And there was my name that I'd written myself upon it in great straggling letters. How I hated the name when I saw it! 'Henry Bertram Maxwell.' I don't wonder at persons being falsely accused now and innocent persons losing their lives. Mr. Ayrton said he was afraid there was a very bad case against me, and

anything to say? Isn't it a horrid scrape? Can't you comfort a fellow?"

" Didn't the boys say anything?" she asked; but as she spoke the door opened, and Mary announced "The Master Jacksons," and in came the Hubert and Anthony before mentioned—Hubert a fine, manly-looking fellow of about fourteen, and Anthony, his brother, a year his junior. They spoke to Bertha, and then ad-



"SOBRING OUT HIS TROUBLE" (p. 37).

I must go home that afternoon and not come again until I could either acknowledge the wickedness and cruelty I had committed, or unless—which he was afraid was not at all likely—I could clear myself from the accusation. I said I had not done anything to the dog or even seen it that night, but that I couldn't clear myself, I didn't know how. And I'm afraid I cried a little. What a nuisance that was, to be sure!"

Bertha's face, which had worn an expression of horror and amazement when Harry first mentioned the bag, had now changed to a curious, puzzled look, and she knit her brows and seemed in deep thought, till Harry burst out with "Haven't you

dressed themselves to comfort the downcast Harry.

"I say, old fellow," said Hubert, "you never had a hand in that nasty business?"

"I?" said Harry; "you know better."

"Well, who got hold of your bag, I wonder, and laid it all on your shoulders in this way? I say, Harry, have you a notion?"

Harry's colour rose to the very roots of his hair. "If I had I wouldn't tell to save my life. I'm an Englishman and a gentleman, and that's enough."

"I think," remarked Anthony, "that some of you English gentlemen may carry matters of this kind a little too far."

"Don't fire up so, Harry," said Hubert. "This is a nasty trick of a scoundrel, and ought to be exposed. I don't expect one of our fellows really did it, but I fancy some of them, it may be only *one*—"and he paused, looking at Harry inquisitively as he spoke, only to see his colour deepen more intensely—"know something about it. You'll tell me, old fellow, if you have any suspicions, won't you?"

"No," said Harry, with a look almost of agony on his poor young face. "You are the kindest fellows in the world, you two, but this must stick to me through life. I'll never be called a sneak, never!" And away he rushed, and Bertha heard in a few seconds his bedroom door closed and locked behind him.

"Well, this is a cheerful kind of business," said Anthony.

"The poor little chap is thrown quite off his balance," said his brother. "He is a manly, brave little fellow too—the stoutest heart among us, I do believe, for all the tears he shed to-day. Can you help us at all?" he inquired, turning to Bertha.

"I don't know," was the answer, in a very doubtful tone of voice; "he won't tell me anything more than you know; but perhaps it's not wrong in me to say, is it? It's not being what you call a sneak, is it? but I cannot help wondering if that boy Owen Telsford had anything to do with it."

"One would have thought so," said Hubert, "from his manner, but that he is such a coward. I never saw such a cowardly fellow; and I can't believe he would have dared to have any hands with such a piece of work as this from sheer cowardice, if nothing else kept him back. But to-day he certainly came forward in an odd way as a sort of accuser of Maxwell. Our first step, I think, will be to find out what boy has any grudge against or dislike to Maxwell, for it is certainly the work of some enemy of his."

### CHAPTER III.

"A strange, sweet path, form'd day by day,  
How, when, and wherefore, we cannot say;  
No more than of our life-paths we know  
Whither they lead us, why we go."

MR. AYRTON, the vicar of Heathfield, had so many pupils that they almost constituted a small school. The vicarage was a large old rambling house, with ample accommodation for the twelve boys he brought with him when he accepted the quiet country living four years ago. The curate, Mr. Pearson, and a Mr. Percival, assisted in the instruction and care of the eighteen boys who now assembled daily at the vicarage; and Mrs. Maxwell

had thought herself very fortunate in being able thus to keep her bright, high-spirited, darling grandson a few years longer under her own eye, instead of sending him off, all young and untried, to one of those much-dreaded large public schools.

Harry, though lively and mischievous enough occasionally, had never been known by her to do anything spiteful, malicious, or cruel, and her amazement was great at the story told her by Bertha, in much fear and trembling, when questioned as to the cause of Harry's non-appearance at tea. She at once sent for the boy, told him that she did not for an instant believe him guilty, and that the affair must and should be cleared up. Poor Harry felt a certain safety and consolation in her words. She had been his guardian and protector from a little child, almost the only one he had known; and for all his manliness, the poor schoolboy felt a relief in clinging to her and sobbing out his trouble; ending with, "And if I have a suspicion about who it was that really killed the dog, you wouldn't have me tell, would you, now? not if it was to save my life!"

"Well, I hardly know, my boy," said the old lady, who felt sorely inclined to smile; "I have never found myself in such a predicament. But I think I should be inclined, in your place, to trust to the truth being found out for me. Your sense of honour will not be shocked, I hope, by *our* trying to discover it?"

"You're laughing at me now, grannie; and I'm such a miserable——"

"My boy, my boy, take courage. Your father, Henry, was a brave soldier, with the heart of a lion. Be you brave as he was brave. You are named 'Bertram' after a comrade of your father's, a noble gentleman, high-minded and sensitive to a fault, but who lay for months, and allowed himself to remain under a false accusation in order to save the honour of a fellow officer. Remember this when you think of your second name."

"Was the officer grateful?" asked Bertha.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Maxwell, shortly, "he was not. But that does not signify to any one but himself. We are not to look for gratitude in this world."

"Well," Harry said, "I should have been grateful for that."

"I don't know, my boy," said Mrs. Maxwell, and what the children used to call "a far away look" came into her eyes. "There was One who suffered once under false accusations for our sake, and I don't think we are always grateful. But He is our example, and we have to follow His steps, though they may not always lead us by paths strewn with flowers."

Over Harry's face came a quieter look, and the old lady added—

"That is something for a last thought for you to-night, my dear boy. Don't you remember when you were a very little fellow that I used sometimes to give you 'last thoughts' for the night. I give you this one now."

And with these words she left him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"And she abode his coming, and said to him,  
With timid firmness, 'Have I leave to speak?'  
He said, 'You take it, speaking,' and she spoke."

"I SAY, Jessica, has anything been heard from the vicarage?" said Bertha to her cousin about a week after the death of the dog. "Harry's face grows whiter and whiter every day. He asks no questions, but don't you see how eagerly he looks up every time we come in, and how——"

"Yes, I see it all," said Jessica, interrupting her. "Don't speak about it, Bertha. Nothing has been heard, and we can find out nothing."

"What did Hubert Jackson tell Harry yesterday when he came? I asked Harry, but he told me not to tease, and that it was not likely he should tell me anything, because I—because I—it is really very unkind of him!" the poor child sobbed out—"because he says I should go and tell it to the servants and everybody, and I know he told you."

"Hush, hush, dear!" said Jessica, soothingly. "Never mind. Harry is irritable now under this trouble. You are a patient girl, and put up with everything like a model sister."

Bertha's face brightened up at the praise, gained so rarely.

"But seriously," her cousin continued, "I think it was more the fact that he had nothing to tell you, and the dislike he felt at letting you know that nothing had been discovered in his favour, that made him speak as he did, than any real fear of your gossiping. Nothing came of Hubert's cross-examination of the boys, and nothing could be made out of the one boy you suspected, Owen Telsford."

An hour or two after this little conversation, Bertha wandered off disconsolately down the garden towards a small plantation belonging to the house, which separated the shrubbery from the high road, or rather from a village lane. It was a favourite place of resort of both brother and sister, where they had played together ever since they could recollect anything. Bertha had vainly tried during the last week to get Harry to join her there. He was not to be diverted from his grief.

Play! It was not to be thought of! He quite scorned the idea. His fowls, too, would have been quite neglected, Bertha thought, if it had not been for her. She fed them just as often as Harry used to feed them, but felt the charge a great responsibility, she told Jessica, as Harry would hardly answer a single question she asked about them, though "I feel sure," she added, "when he gets out of this dreadful scrape, he will be as fond of them as ever, and then what will he think of me if anything has gone wrong with them."

"He ought to think everything that's kind of you, you dear little girl," said Jessica, whose appreciation of Bertha had greatly increased during the last few days.

The poor little girl now wandered through the plantation sad at heart, and after a while flung herself down in the shade and tried to go to sleep. Suddenly she heard voices, men's voices, close to her. She jumped up at first in a fright, wondering where she was, and then the sound of Owen Telsford's name, spoken of as "that there young Telsford," riveted her attention. She strained her ears to hear what they were saying. And they were certainly talking of Owen Telsford in connection with the affair of the dog. She could not see the men, but she felt sure that one of them was one of the worst characters in the village—Bill Atkinson by name, a poacher who had once or twice been in prison. The other man's voice she did not know. The speaker now was Bill.

"There now! this here business do just about worrit I. I wouldn't have had no hand in it, not if I'd been you. There, when I hear ye tell that you'd killed the parson's dorg for a young gentleman as was too fine, may-be, to do it hisself, I never think nothin' of it. Not that I bears any partic'lar grudge against Mr. Ayrton. And as for t'other one, the curate as they calls 'im, he do keep on at I. Why, man, you'd think I was his brother, to hear 'im. Why, he said to I, he'd do anything to put I in what he do call an honest way of business. Why, man, if I seed so much as the tail feather of a bird I should be after 'im directly, even if I was a fust-class grocer. 'Taint no good for such as I, that aint."

Bertha had listened so far, and then came the thought, "Is it wrong of me to listen? Would grandmamma say it was not honourable? I wish I knew," but it seemed to her as if her reason for listening justified her in doing so, if anything could. She almost felt, poor child! as if her brother might die if something was not done to clear him from this dreadful accusation.

This all passed through her mind far more

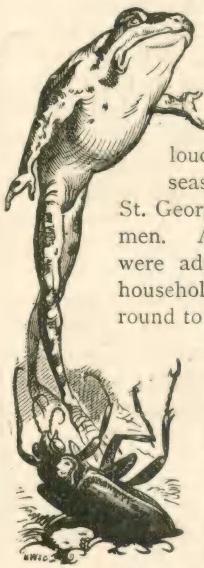
rapidly than I can write it, and then all at once her decision came. She would not listen to a word more; she would not stay. It might not be right. She would not do what was wrong. She hoped and trusted that if these men knew any-

thing, they might be brought to confess all about it. She must, however, tell Jessica, or perhaps grandmamma, all the circumstances, and full of this resolve, she quietly speeded away.

(To be concluded.)

### THE ANCIENT AND ORIGINAL MUMMERY OF ST. GEORGE AND THE TURKISH KNIGHT.

"Then came the merry masquers in,  
And carols roared in blythesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery.  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visor made.  
But, oh! what masquers richly dight  
Can boast of bosoms half as light?  
England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again."—SCOTT.



EVERY Christmas, in old times, and even in more modern ones, a strange motley party would arrive at the doors of well-to-do country folks, and loudly demand the privilege of the season for Old Father Christmas, St. George of England, and their merry men. Almost always these mummers were admitted, and family and friends, household and neighbours, gathered round to stare, and laugh, and wonder at the strange new-comers.

There was venerable Father Christmas, with a long white beard made of tow; there was St. George, in armour as bright as silver paper and tinsel could make it, and as fierce as burnt cork and red lead could make him; there was a turbaned Turk, with moustachios that curled so fiercely that it was a wonder they did not lift his head off; there was a dismal doctor, white with chalk and blue about the spectacles, which were of the biggest and heaviest; there was a solemn Oliver Cromwell, in a tall hat and wrapped in a big cloak; there were a pretty little girl or two, carrying a large bunch of mistletoe; there was—let me see—a whole troop of masquers, a kind of awkward squad, I believe, who kept in the background, but were generally supposed to represent the English nation assembled to watch and wonder at the feats of her great champion.

Once admitted into kitchen or parlour, the performance began by Father Christmas advancing and addressing the company generally, in these words:—

"Here come I, Old Father Christmas!  
I hope Old Father Christmas  
Will never be forgot.  
A room—make room here, gallant boys,

[Clears space with his holly wand.]  
And give us room to rhyme.  
We've come to show activity  
Upon a Christmas time.  
Acting youth or acting age,  
The like was never acted on this stage.  
If you don't believe what I now say,  
Enter St. George, and clear yourself the way!"

Enter ST. GEORGE, *flourishing his spear.*

"Here come I, St. George the valiant man,  
With naked sword and spear in hand.  
I fought the dragon and brought him to slaughter,  
And for this won the King of Egypt's daughter.  
What man or mortal will dare to stand  
Before me with his sword in hand?  
I'll slay him and cut him as small as flies!  
And send him to Jamaica to make mince pies!"

The Turkish knight steps up and says haughtily—

"Here come I, a Turkish knight,  
In Turkish land I learnt to fight;  
I'll fight St. George with courage bold,  
And his hot blood I will make cold!"

*St. George.*—"If thou art a Turkish knight  
Draw out thy sword and let us fight."

Here a desperate encounter follows, continued until the Turk falls prostrate, mortally wounded, to all appearance. St. George, like a noble foe, kneels down and tries to assist him, then rising, addresses the audience, pointing proudly downwards:

"Ladies and gentlemen,  
See what I've done,  
I've cut this Turk down  
Like the evening sun,  
Is there any doctor that can be found

[Looking about.  
To cure the knight of his deadly wound?"

DOCTOR *advances.*

"Here come I, old Doctor Grub,  
Under my arm I carry a club.

I have a bottle in my pocket [Produces large bottle.  
Called hokum shokum, alicampagne.  
I'll touch his eyes, nose, mouth, and chin,  
And say 'Rise, dead man, and fight again!'"'

He touches the prostrate hero on each feature as he speaks, and at the last word the Turk leaps up, and stands prepared for battle. Of this, however, St. George takes no present notice, but addresses the audience in a boastful strain:—

"Here am I, St. George, with shining armour bright;  
I am a famous champion, also a worthy knight.  
Seven long years in a close cave was kept,  
And out of that into a prison leapt;  
From out of that into a rock of stones,  
There I laid down all my poor grievous bones.  
Many a giant did I subdue,  
And ran a fiery dragon through.  
First, then, I fought in France,  
Second I fought in Spain,  
Thirdly I came to —

[Any place where the party are assembled.  
To fight the Turk again.]

He turns to the Turk, and a desperate encounter again takes place, in which the Turk is, of course, defeated, and falls at St. George's feet, who once more cries—

"Is there any doctor that can be found  
To cure this knight of his deadly wound?"  
And once more the doctor advances and says—  
"Here come I, old Doctor Grub," &c.

Once more he touches the eyes, nose, mouth, and chin of the patient with the contents of the big bottle, and then the Turk again rises, and stands in order of battle, when another character advances, who announces himself as Oliver Cromwell, though what brought him here or what his errand is seems rather difficult to explain. He himself does not do so, though he says—

"Here come I, Oliver Cromwell,  
As you may suppose;  
Many nations have I conquered  
With my copper nose.  
I made the French to tremble,  
And the Spanish for to quake,  
I fought the jolly Dutchmen,  
And made their hearts to ache!"'

He then drops his cloak and declares himself in altogether a different character.

"Here come I, Rub a dub dub!"

Then producing a bag or cap, he adds, taking off his hat and bowing—

"Ladies and gentlemen, our story's ended,  
Our money box is recommended.  
Five or six shillings will do us no harm,  
Silver or copper, or gold if you can."

While the cap or hat passes round, the actors fall in line and file out, generally singing some quaint old carol or seasonable song.

I myself saw the whole of this droll "mummery," as it is wrongly called (for a real mummery is all dumb show), performed in the kitchen of a gentleman's house in Dorset, and the next week the boys of the family gave us the whole thing over again in the nursery, which had been prepared for the occasion. They had learned their parts—the words of which are handed down orally, though I met with them afterwards in a book called "Traditions of Tenby"—from the dairy-maid's brother, who, it appeared, was no less a personage than St. George; and by the aid of silver paper, feathers, cardboard, and borrowed finery, they made quite a show. I think some of my young readers might amuse themselves and others one of these long winter evenings with this little mummery, which is so very, very old that it would most likely be quite a novelty to many.



FATHERLESS!

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

[NOTE.—The English verses are of course not intended as a translation of the French. A Prize will be awarded for the best translation of the French verses into English verse. All verses must be sent to the Editor before the 15th of January, 1879. Full regulations for this and all other "Little Folks" Competitions will be found on page 54.]

*Ce qu'espèrent les enfants :—*

Joyeux Noël et bonne Année !  
C'est le refrain de la saison ;  
De compliments une fournée,  
Et des étrennes à foison !

*A Merry Christmas ! a Happy New Year !  
Plenty of gifts to all little ones dear !*

*Ce que leur souhaite l'auteur :—*

Bonjour, bon an, bien du plaisir,  
Bien des bonbons, beaucoup d'étrennes,  
Bon appétit, point de migraines,  
Enfants, pour vous c'est mon désir.

*A Happy New Year full of pleasure,  
And rich with good gifts beyond measure !*

*Ce qu'ils chantent :—*

Chantons Noël, joyeux Noël !  
Que le bonheur partout abonde !  
Que l'an nouveau, pour tout le monde,  
Soit propice, et bénî du ciel !

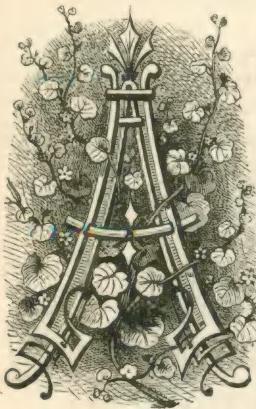
*Clash the joy-bells gleefully !  
Merry Christmas now sing we !  
Every joy the year imparts  
Wish we you from all our hearts !*

*Ce que dit l'Arbre de Noël :—*

Dansez gaîment, cher petit monde,  
Noël ! c'est votre fête à vous !  
Que sur vous pleuvent à la ronde  
Baisers, bonbons et frais joujoux !

*Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the Christmas-tree !  
That gives its good gifts merrily !  
And may it scatter far and wide  
Its joys this merry Christmastide.*

## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.



## BIBLE EXERCISES.

SUNDAY afternoon in December! Mother drew her chair to the table, while Frank and Clara placed themselves one on each side. They had bibles of their own, and little fingers turned the pages in readiness for the lesson.

"What is it to be today, mother? Are we to read where we left off last Sunday?"

"No, dear children; I have something quite new for you. You know the story of David and Goliath? You remember how sure David was that God would help him to kill the giant, as He had once helped him to kill the lion and the bear! David believed that God would save him this time because He had been so gracious to him before. Should we call to mind His goodness to us, and therefore hope for more? But the heathen who hope that their idols will save them from danger are sure to be disappointed. In the following questions the book and chapter are given, and you are to read the chapter carefully, and find the verse or verses that answer the question."

Frank and Clara thought it would be very

pleasant to look out for the answers; but as such young readers read slowly, mother proposed that they should take a week to prepare their answers, reading one or two chapters each night, and marking the verses with pencil. She promised to look at them on the following Sunday.

## I.

*"The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me."*—I SAM. xvii. 37.

Show that God's former mercies are a reason why we should hope for more.—Jud. xv. ; Ps. iii. ; 2 Cor. i. ; 2 Tim. iv. ; Ps. xxii.

Show that the hope of the heathen is vain.—1 Sam. xii. ; Jer. xvi. ; Is. xliv. ; Hab. ii. ; 1 Cor. viii. ; 2 Kings xvii.

## II.

*"Let not the king sin against David; because his works have been to thee-ward very good."*—1 SAM. xix. 4.

Is it right to return good for evil?—1 Thes. v. ; 1 Sam. xxiv. ; Matt. v. ; 1 Pet. iii. ; Rom. xii. ; Prov. xx., xxiv.

The wicked return evil for good.—1 Sam. xxv. ; Ps. xxxv., cix. ; John x.

Threatenings against those who return evil for good.—Prov. xvii.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## I.—THE PASTURE AND THE DESERT.

"The well, where often they  
In those calm golden evenings lay,  
Watering their flocks; and having spent  
Those white days, drove home to the tent  
Their well-fleeced train."

MONG the green pastures of Gerar, in the land of the Philistines, a great feast was being held. There, not far from the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, and almost under the slope of the Judean hills, were pitched the black goat's-hair tents of the shepherd chief, Abraham. It would have been a pleasant place in which to dwell had not the

hot summer dried up so quickly all the pools of water around; and in the south land, so near the deserts, were found no pleasant springs of clear water. Therefore, in many a shaded spot in the Vale of Gerar, Abraham's servants had already dug for themselves wells; and around the mouths of these they watered at morning and evening their crowding flocks. But on this day the men who toiled to dig fresh wells had laid aside their tools, and but few herdsmen were to be seen amongst the white sheep. On this day no swift-footed boys followed the long-haired goats that browsed high on the sides of the hills, for Abraham had called his servants to the feast.

Isaac was the only child of Abraham and of his

wife Sarah, and he was all the more precious because God had given him to his parents when they had grown old and had thought that they should never have a son. Two or three years had gone by since his birth, and now, according to the Eastern custom, his weaning was to be celebrated.

Kids were slain, cakes of fine flour were baked upon the hearth, and curds of goats' milk set on in great bowls ; every one feasted and rejoiced, and we can fancy how Eliezer, Abraham's faithful steward, and how all the other old servants who loved their master rejoiced to see little Isaac, whom God had sent to comfort him and their mistress Sarah in their old age.

Most likely there were only two faces which had no smile to give back to the bright laugh of the joyous little child. A woman slave named Hagar was looking on with angry eyes, and perhaps it was this look which encouraged her young son Ishmael in his dislike to Isaac, his half-brother, for Ishmael too was Abraham's son. There had been a time when Hagar had taught her boy to think that he would some day possess all the riches round him, would be master of Abraham's servants, and owner of his mighty flocks ; but now that Isaac was born, Ishmael was no longer the heir, and could only expect a part of his father's wealth.

Ishmael was a wild lad, fond of hunting and of shooting, and of all manner of sport—fond, too, of his own way, and violent with any one who opposed him ; and when the two brothers chanced to be alone after the feast, Ishmael began to tease Isaac, being jealous of the favour which was shown to him. Perhaps he struck or frightened the little boy in some way. We are told that he "mocked" and "persecuted" him, and all the while he thought that no one could see him, or could hinder what he chose to do to one so much weaker than himself. He did not know that Isaac's mother was near, and could see and hear him. She was very angry ; and going at once to Abraham, begged him to send Hagar and Ishmael away from the tents, for she was sure that the two lads would never grow up to divide the inheritance peaceably.

Now Abraham dearly loved Ishmael, and it made him very unhappy to think that he must send the boy away. That night, when all were sleeping, he went out, and alone under the stars he prayed to God.

Abraham knew that God was near. All his life he had lived with the thought of God in his heart, and many times God spoke to him, and told him how he should order his life.

Now, as he prayed and waited, again the Voice was heard. He was bidden to do as Sarah had asked him, and not to grieve over the parting with

Ishmael, for that God would be with the lad, and do him good for his father's sake. When Abraham knew what was the will of God he obeyed at once. As soon as the first light shone over the valley—most likely before Sarah and Isaac were awake—Abraham rose, and called Hagar and her son.

There were plenty of cakes in the tent, left perhaps from the feast ; and taking some of these, and a leathern skin full of water, Abraham gave them to Hagar to carry with her.

Naturally the mother and son turned their steps towards the south-west, where, far below them, lay the wild, wide desert of Beersheba.

They were in the desert ; the sun's fierce rays beat down upon their heads ; the hot rock scorched and burnt and glowed under their bare feet. The water in the skin was too warm to give them much refreshment, and yet, when they had spent it, all hope must go with it.

Here and there, even in this desert, wells had been dug, but Hagar knew not where to go to seek them ; and when the last drop from the leathern bottle had been poured between Ishmael's parched lips, both the boy and his mother sat down hopeless in the lonely desert.

There was no shade save the scant patches under the grey desert shrubs, and Ishmael was too weak to reach even one of these. His mother carried him in her arms, and laid him beneath the nearest ; and then in utter despair went away out of sight, that she might not see him die.

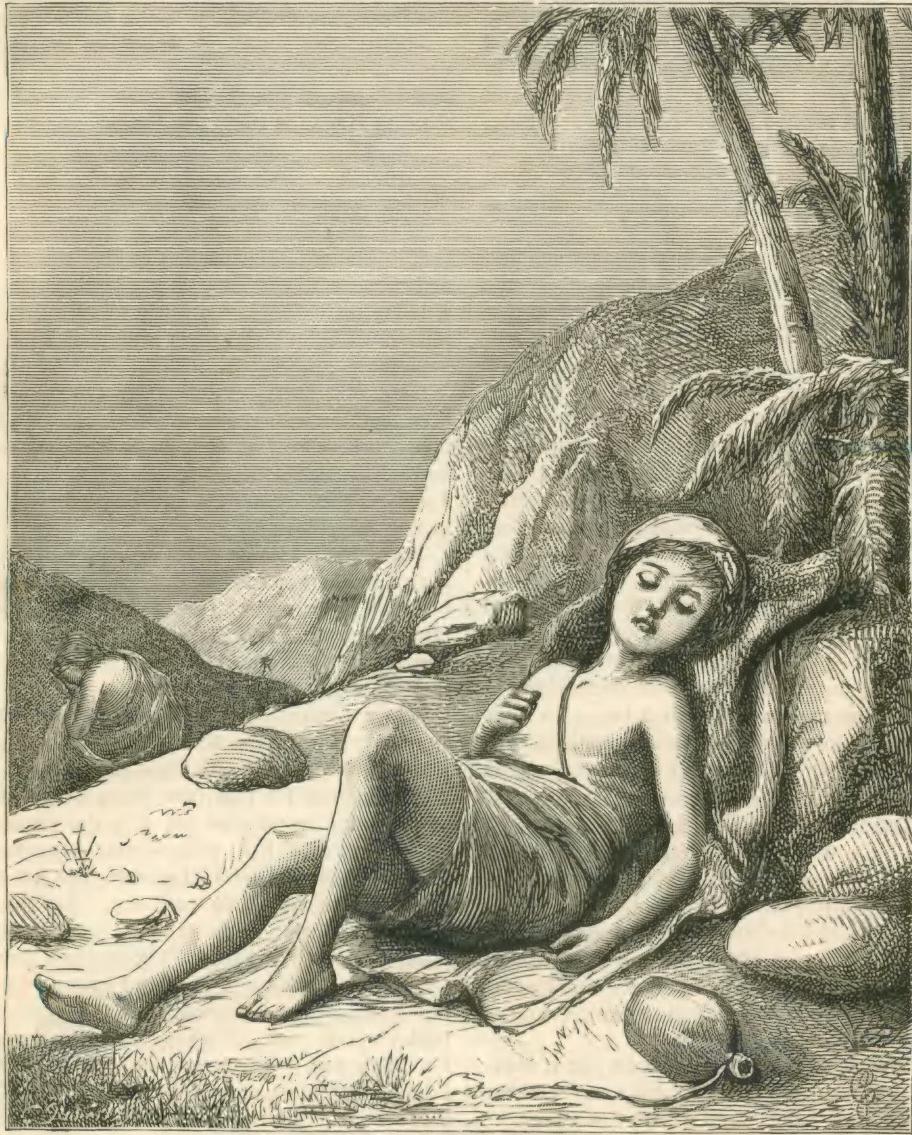
Hagar forgot, so it seems, to pray. It was strange that it should be so, for in old days, before Ishmael was born, God's angel had come to her in the desert, not far from the place where she now was, and had comforted her with the promise that her son should live, and become a mighty man. But in this new trouble Hagar seemed not to have remembered that God saw her ; she sat alone, weeping bitterly, while Ishmael lay helpless and fainting under the shrub. Yet the boy thought of God, even though his mother forgot ; perhaps all the lessons that Abraham had taught him came back to him now. Perhaps he remembered how his father had prayed for him and said, "Oh, that Ishmael might live before Thee !" and the lad, as he lay there dying, cried to God for help and succour.

Even as the prayer was on his lips, Hagar heard a voice calling to her, "What aileth thee, Hagar ? fear not ; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand ; for I will make him a great nation."

As she looked all round her, wondering whence came the voice which she heard, she saw before her a well of water. It had been there during all the

time of her despair, but she could not see it. The water-skin was still within reach. How quickly Hagar filled it now, and hastened with it to her son, so that the cool draught was at his

need, as when he fainted under the desert shrub, was yet under his Father's care. He stands there to remind us that God forgets none of all His children. The shadow of his earthly father's tent



IN THE DESERT. (See p. 43.)

lips almost as he prayed. He drank and rose up saved! And thus the first story of young life, which is written for us in the Bible, has in it the very first lesson which belongs to our own life—that of the fatherhood of God. Ishmael, the boy who in his fulness of active, vigorous youth hardly knew God, perhaps thought but seldom of Him, save in sudden

might not shelter him any longer; he must go away from the altar that Abraham had reared, must lose sight of the white flocks in the valley, and no longer hear the familiar speech of the herdsmen round the well's mouth; but he did not go away from God. There in the desert, just as in the pasture, God was with the lad.

### HOW TO COPY COINS AND MEDALS BY ELECTRICITY.

*By the Author of "The Microphone, and How to make One," &c.*



BOUT fifty years ago a discovery was made in electrical science which fairly took the world by surprise. It consisted in the curious fact that the current from an electric battery is capable of depositing different metals on surfaces properly prepared to receive them.

Before this new power of electricity was known, the reproduction of a medal or coin must have been a tedious as well as a costly process; but now the work consists more in preparation than anything else, for the electricity does the real part of it, slowly depositing the metal without our help.

We will suppose that some friend has a medal of which we want a copy. With his permission we will commence our work by obtaining an impression of it, which we will call a mould. First give the surface which we wish to copy a greasy coating by rubbing it with a piece of cotton wool which has been moistened with oil. Next wrap one or two thicknesses of writing-paper round it, so that a rim about half an inch high may be formed round its edge. This rim can be secured where the join occurs by a piece of gummed postage-stamp edging. The paper rim now forms a flat pan, of which the medal represents the bottom (see Fig. 1). By filling this pan with plaster of Paris we shall have obtained an exact but reversed copy of the medal.

The preparation of the plaster requires some

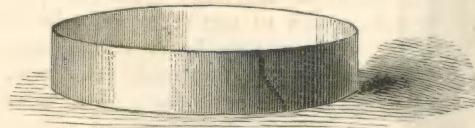


FIG. 1.

care, and must be used as follows. Fill a breakfast-cup with clean cold water, and sprinkle into it about two tablespoonfuls of the finest plaster of Paris, the exact quantity being, of course,

governed by the size of the object to be copied. The white powder will immediately sink to the bottom of the cup, and after it has remained there for two minutes, and has perfectly settled, the clear water must be carefully decanted from it, leaving the plaster behind like thick cream. This cream must be ladled on to the medal with a spoon, a camel's-hair brush being used to help it to run into every crevice, and to dispel air-bubbles. The operation must not be hurried, but at the same time it must not be delayed, or the creamy-looking plaster will quickly subside into a hard useless mass.

Having covered the medal with plaster up to the top edge of the paper rim, it must be put aside to set and harden, and should not be touched for an hour or two. The paper rim can then be carefully unfastened, and with a little gentle persuasion the plaster cast will separate from the medal. It should now be examined to see that no air-bubbles have found their way to the design, as, should this be the case, another mould must be made, and we must this time be more careful in our use of the camel's-hair brush, as it was doubtless our negligence in that respect which led to the mishap.

All being well, the mould must be put aside for as long as possible, in order that it may dry. In hot weather it will soon be ready for further treatment. This consists in a bath of wax, which is necessary to render it impervious to the water in which it is afterwards placed. The wax should be melted in a saucer, and the plaster mould should remain in it until it is thoroughly saturated, when it may be lifted out and allowed to cool. The mould should be placed on end while cooling, in case any superfluous wax should remain to obliterate the design. When cold, the design must be very carefully brushed over with the best black lead, such as is used for polishing grates. This is to give it a metallic surface capable of conducting electricity. The reason for this you will presently see.

We must now arrange our electric battery, which, for articles of small size, will be of a very simple description. Indeed, the apparatus and battery will be combined in one vessel. An earthenware pot or a gallipot must be three parts filled with a saturated solution of sulphate of copper—or blue stone, as it is commonly called. A solution is called saturated when the water used ceases to dissolve any more of the crystals of copper. It should be made by pouring boiling water upon the

powdered crystals, and occasionally stirring the mixture. It must not be used until cold.

Inside the gallipot must be placed a porous cell made of clay, which can be generally obtained at the chemist's. If this cannot be had, a little pot

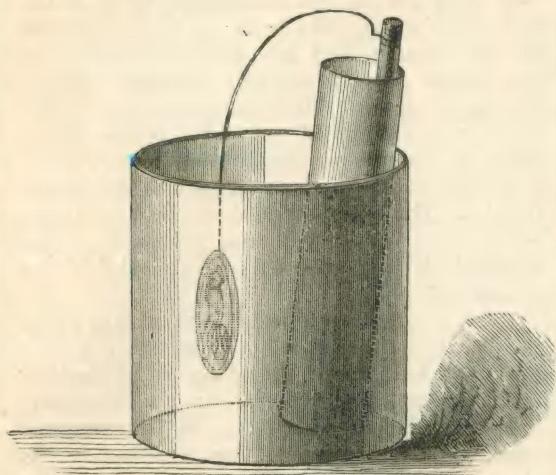


FIG. 2.

made by passing a few thicknesses of brown paper round a ruler, and fastening the bottom and sides with sealing-wax, will answer the purpose, but a proper clay cell is best. This porous pot must now be held in the larger pot, and filled with water which has been rendered sour by sulphuric acid, taking care that the level of both fluids must correspond. The proper mixture for the porous cell is one part of the acid to eight parts of water. It is best to obtain it at the chemist's mixed in these proportions, for in its crude state it is nasty stuff to handle. A single drop of it will burn a hole in carpet or any kind of clothing, and will make a bad sore if it touches the skin. It can be obtained at the oil-shop under the name of oil of vitriol.

A rod of zinc is now placed inside the porous cell. This rod should be previously dipped in the acid solution and then rubbed with quicksilver by means of a piece of flannel. It will then have a brilliant coating which will protect it from the corrosive action of the acid. A copper wire is twisted round the top of the zinc rod, to the end of which the plaster mould is fastened, the wire being of such a length that it will dip over into the outer vessel. The complete arrangement is shown at Fig. 2. The manner in which the wire is fastened to the mould is a point of some importance. It should be wrapped round the plaster as shown in Fig. 3. The shaded portion represents the blackened surface, and the darkened

line at the top of the figure indicates where the black-lead is purposely left on the edge to form a metallic connection between the wire and the mould; the rest of the edge should be scraped perfectly clean with a knife before it is placed in the solution, otherwise it will become coated with the copper deposit in such a way that there will be great difficulty in separating it from the electrolyte formed upon it. The corresponding portion of the wire should be coated with wax for the same reason.

Having taken all these precautions, which will, I dare say, seem rather tedious, but which are really necessary to success, and having taken the greatest care that our solutions have not been in any way mixed, we can place the mould in position, and put the apparatus away in some place where it will not be disturbed. In winter, a warm place should be chosen, as extreme cold almost stops the electric action. In from eighteen to twenty-four hours we shall find that the black lead surface of the plaster has become coated with a thick deposit of copper, which can easily be separated from it, and which presents an absolutely faithful copy of the medal with which we commenced our proceedings.

When the newly-made medal has been parted from the connecting wire, it should be heated to redness in a clear fire, and gradually cooled—for without such treatment it will be extremely brittle. The edges may now be trimmed and filed, so as to give it a good finish, and the face may be polished with rotten-stone and oil. The medal can afterwards be mounted on card, and placed in a cabinet as the first contribution to a collection of such works of art.

There are various other substances besides plaster which can be used for mould-making.

Gutta percha is one of the best, but some care is necessary in using it, and it can only be applied where the thing to be copied is capable of bearing great pressure. It should be softened in boiling water, and immediately applied to the object in a press. A mixture of two parts gutta-percha to one of marine glue will perhaps give better results, but in either case the mould must remain attached until quite cold. For very small objects sealing-wax can be used—seals can, in fact, be accurately reproduced by means of the apparatus, care being taken that they are attached to the wire and black-leaded in the manner described. Moulds can also be made of a fusible metal made of bismuth 2 ozs., tin 1 oz., and lead 1 oz., but it is



FIG. 3.

rather difficult to work. This alloy possesses the peculiarity of melting at a heat below that necessary to boil water. An old practical joke consisted in having a teaspoon made of it, and handing the same at table to some unsuspecting friend. Directly it was placed in the hot tea it disappeared from view, much to the friend's astonishment.

So far, I have explained the process known as the single cell method of electrotyping, which is all very well for reproducing medals and similar small articles. It is perhaps also the best system for workers who do not possess an electric battery. But for those who are more fortunate in having one, as those must be who have carried out my instructions how to make a microphone, there is a far better plan of operating. This I will now describe.

Referring back to page 171 of the last volume, where the microphone battery is described, you will notice that the three cells of which it is composed are joined together in a particular manner—that is, the copper coil of one cell is joined to the zinc plate of its fellow. For our present purpose we will place the three cells in a triangle on a piece of board. Fig. 4

shows the manner in which they must stand. It will be seen that the terminal wires are dipping into a fourth vessel of somewhat larger size. This last contains a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, as used in the single cell arrangement already described. The size and shape of this vessel are immaterial—it may consist of a gallipot, or if you wish to exert your ingenuity, you may make it yourself of wood, and line it with pitch, so that it may be water-tight. Should you adopt this latter plan the shape of the box should be tall and narrow, in order to economise as much as possible the solution of copper.

Having seen that the battery is in good order, and having placed the solution in its receptacle—be it box or gallipot—we will now try the simple experiment of placing the terminal wires in the solution and leaving them there for a night. But special care must be taken that they do not touch one another. If our battery be properly joined cell to cell, and if all the connecting parts be clean, we shall, in the morning, find that a strange thing has happened to the terminal wires, for that proceeding from the copper side of the battery has shrunk in size, while that belonging to the zinc has increased. The latter is in fact covered with

a beautiful crystalline mass of pure red metallic copper. If we allow the action to go on, the difference between the wires will become still more apparent, until the one is quite exhausted. If, previous to this experiment, we weigh the two wires, we shall afterwards find that the loss of the one is exactly counterbalanced by the gain of the other. It was the accidental discovery of this action upon the wires of a battery which led to the introduction of the art of electro-metallurgy. It now only remains for us to profit by this experiment. We can take a mould of plaster, wax, gutta-percha, or fusible alloy, and fasten it to the end of the zinc-plate wire, attaching to the other wire a piece of sheet copper of about the same size as the mould. The metal will then gradually deposit itself on the latter, and must be treated in every respect as in the former case.

Very good results may be obtained by copying the plaster of Paris medallions which are often sold

in the streets. They measure about four inches in diameter. In order to copy one of these, we must first soak it in water for half an hour. A rim of greased paper

about one inch high must then be fastened round it, and into this melted wax must be poured. It must not be separated from the wax until the latter is quite cold. This mould must be black-leaded in the usual way, and I may here mention that the very best kind of black-lead must be used, for the commoner kinds will not conduct electricity well, and the work may be much delayed in consequence.

The applications of electrotyping are most varied, and far too many for me even to enumerate in the space now at my disposal. But at some future time I may devote another article to a description of some of the things which may be made by its aid. With solutions containing gold and silver, all kinds of things may be coated with those valuable metals.

The silver and gold processes are not easy to work, besides being rather expensive; I will therefore say no more about them. Another reason why I do not describe them is that their practice necessitates the use of one of the most deadly poisons known to the chemist. A poisonous substance such as this is not fit for little fingers to meddle with; and I feel quite sure that when I tell you so you will agree with me to let it alone.

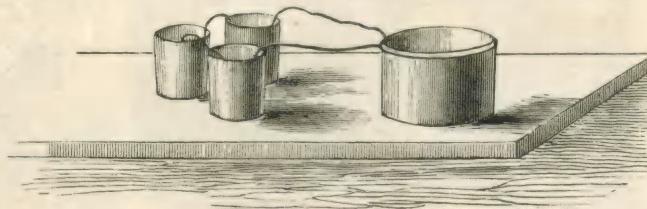


FIG. 4.



A TERRIBLE SCRATCH. (See p. 51.)



## A NEW CHRISTMAS GAME.

**Y**ES! we children love the long cosy evenings of the Christmas holidays, when it is dark soon after four, and yet nobody thinks of lighting the gas till tea-time. Very pleasant is the long hour when we are all gathered together round the fire in the snug parlour, and when the half-darkness gives confidence even to Baby Maud, so that her little tongue runs on unchecked by the fear of the "big boys," who tell those wonderful stories of what happened at school "last term."

Nevertheless, as the holidays run on we get a little tired of stories and games, and the pleasant "hour before tea" seems gradually to lose something of its charm. The fact is, as Charlie, the eldest of us all, says disconsolately, we want "something new." We have tried capping verses, but not with much success, for the younger members of the family do not find it amusing—it is so like lessons, you know—and Baby Maud was caught not only yawning, but "napping," with her curly head on Nellie's shoulder; so that won't do.

At last, Cousin Janet, who is a new addition to our circle, comes to the rescue. "Did you ever try Nursery Rhymes?" she asks.

"Nursery Rhymes!" cries Charlie; "why even the little ones know them all by heart. That's

nothing new!" And as if to prove the truth of Charlie's statement, Baby Maud, who has caught the name "Nursery Rhymes," and is eager to show her knowledge of the same, holds out her two fat little hands, and clapping them one on the other, begins to sing,

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,  
Bake me a—"

But at this stage of her song Baby Maud is ignominiously stopped. "That isn't at all what Cousin Janet means." So now, my dear little readers, I shall put myself in Cousin Janet's place, and try to explain to you the game of "Buried Nursery Rhymes."

It is very simple. One of the company chosen, either by lot or by vote, has to tell a story. In this story must be introduced all the personages and all the events of some nursery rhyme; the object of the person who tells it being so to disguise the well-known characters and the well-known plot that the audience shall not be able to guess what rhyme it is that is being told them, while the aim of the audience is, of course, to guess it at as early a stage of its narration as possible. The game is not too difficult even for a very small child, while, at the same time, it gives great opportunities for the exercise of ingenuity to the older

members of the family. One or two examples of "Buried Nursery Rhymes" will, however, illustrate the game better than any explanation ; so I shall proceed at once to tell you the following stories, under each of which a well-known nursery rhyme is concealed.

The night was dark and cold. A thick mantle of snow covered the face of the earth and lay deep on the frozen surface of the canals, whose course was marked only by the ghost-like forms of the snow-laden poplars. The town itself lay, like some city of the dead already robed for its burial, in a pall of dimly gleaming white. All lights, save that in the guard-house by the water-gate, had long since died out, and the stillness was broken only by the muffled tramp of the Spanish sentinel upon the battlemented wall. For the Spaniards were still masters of the Netherlands, and though the Gueux \* were rising everywhere, and were even known to be in the neighbourhood of the little town which is the scene of our story, the Spanish standard still floated on the walls, and Don Ruy de Guzman still held it for his Spanish Majesty.

Within the guard-house the captain of the water-gate sat in a crazy arm-chair before the log fire, now listening to the tramp of the sentinel overhead, now turning to the right or to the left to caress one of the pair of huge Spanish mastiffs that shared their master's vigil. No sleep might the captain know that night, for the times were troubrous and an attack might be made at any moment. It would not do to trust merely to the watchfulness of the sentinel ; the captain must watch too, and see that he did his duty, or he might perchance be overcome by the piercing cold and slumber at his post, and then——. Nevertheless, whether it were that his thoughts wandered to the skies of sunny Spain, or that nights and days of anxious watching began to tell even upon his stalwart frame, certain it is that the captain first closed his eyes, then let his head fall upon his breast, then dropped his arms over the arms of the creaking chair, and finally, ignominiously dozed off into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, in a little wood some two miles from the city walls the patriot forces were awaiting the hour for the assault. The ragged garments and rude arms of the majority of their number proclaimed them to be peasants of the poorer class ;

\* The Gueux, "mendicants" or "vagrants," was the name originally given in mockery to the National party in the Netherlands at the time when they revolted from the King of Spain. It was afterwards adopted by the insurgents themselves as a name to be proud of ; and even noblemen wore the beggar's wallet, as a proof that they were not ashamed to belong to the party of the Gueux.

but by the light of the few feeble lanterns which half illumined the scene a few figures might have been seen which contrasted strangely with those that surrounded them. Here the tall form of a patriot noble, wrapped in an ample fur cloak that yet did not altogether hide the silken doublet beneath ; there a well-to-do burgher, in a short gown of thick velvet girt with an ample girdle ; and further still, the buff jerkin and steel cap and breast-plate of a member of some city trainband, proved that if the rank and file of the insurgents were drawn from the lower classes there were not wanting men of higher rank and wealth to sympathise with and to lead them. It was a motley gathering truly, but those who composed it were one in their determination to conquer or to die for freedom and for fatherland.

\* \* \* \* \*

No sound was heard in the hushed stillness of the winter night ; even the sentinel's tramp had ceased, and the logs in the wood fire cracked no longer ; yet the great mastiffs slept uneasily by the side of their sleeping master. Presently one of them raised his head and listened ; then, with a low whine, aroused his companion, and the two sat with ears erect and every nerve strained in unnatural stillness. A moment they remained thus immovable, and then sprang to their feet with loud barks that re-echoed through the silent room. The captain started from his chair and rushed to the battlements, where the sleeping sentry was leaning against the inner wall. He peered out into the darkness of the night, caught far off between the rows of poplars the gleam of lanterns, and heard though the stillness the faint tramp of footsteps on the snow. "The Gueux were coming !"

The sequel of the story I shall leave to your imagination, my dear readers, for my nursery rhyme is already told, and I have no doubt that you have guessed long since that, under the disguise of a story of the Netherlands, I have only been telling you the old English verse—

"Hark ! hark ! the dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming to town,  
Some in silks and some in rags,  
And some in a velvet gown."

Now I will tell you one more "Buried Nursery Rhyme," and then you must try and bury the next for yourselves.

There was, once upon a time, in one of our northern counties, a country squire, who owned a large house and broad lands, and kept up a numerous body of servants. Now this squire was somewhat eccentric in his government of his

domain, and was perpetually devising new plans for making his servants, as he supposed, better able to do their work. Thus it happened that one day he summoned his two head gardeners, his two porters, his four farm labourers, his two valets, and his two poultry keepers, and informed them that he had resolved that for the future no one about his house should be kept continually to one employment, but that each should be everything in turn, and thus learn to turn his hand to any service that might be required of him.

Having thus addressed them, he ordered them to fall in in line, and proceeded to give the word of command—

“ Number !”

“ One ! two ! three !” &c. The numbers ran down the line, for the servants were well used to be put through their drill by their master.

“ Even numbers one pace to the rear !” cried the squire, and the even numbers obeyed. “ Even numbers one pace to the right !” The even numbers took one pace to the right, and were thus brought immediately behind the odd numbers, so that they now formed six files, numbers one and two being the first file, numbers three and four the second file, and so on.

Then the squire proceeded to give the orders for the day. “ The sixth file will act as gardeners ; and mind you don’t forget to dig up the new potatoes !” he added ; while the unfortunate valets, who formed the sixth file, shuddered at the prospect.

“ The fifth file will act as poultry-keepers ; and remember that a capon is wanted for dinner this evening !”

Now the fifth file was composed of the two porters, whose experience of poultry was confined to the demolishing of a fowl which had been neatly trussed and roasted for dinner.

“ The third file will take the waggon and go to the wood where the woodcutters are at work. They will take up a load of logs, and return with them to the farmyard, where the fourth file

will proceed to stack them !” bellowed the squire, regardless of the unwonted exertion to which he was condemning his poulters and head gardeners.

Only the two files of farm labourers remained ; of these the second was told off to do duty as porters, and were ordered to keep the front door closed, and inform all visitors that the squire could not be seen.

To the last file, *i.e.*, the first, was then assigned the duty of acting as valets for the day, and that they might lose no time in learning their duties they were bidden to attend at once to the fastening of the squire’s shoes, which had become undone during his speech.

Of course you have guessed that we have here only our old friend—

“ One, two, buckle my shoe,  
Three, four, shut the door,  
Five, six, pick up sticks,  
Seven, eight, lay them straight,  
Nine, ten, a good fat hen,  
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve.”

These examples will, I think, be enough to show how a nursery rhyme may be “ buried,” and how, in spite of Master Charlie’s criticism, some fun is still to be got even out of the old verses which we know so well. Of course, however, nursery rhymes are not the only things that can be buried ; the delicious songs in “ Alice in Wonderland,” for instance, or any others which are well known to the whole family circle, will do just as well as Baby Maud’s “ Pat a cake.” So that you need never be afraid that you will exhaust the whole list of songs on which stories may be thus, as it were, built up.

Whether the person who first guesses correctly the concealed subject is to tell the next story, or whether each member of the family is to tell a story in turn, I must leave my readers to settle for themselves. I will only, in conclusion, hope that they may get as much fun out of my “ New Christmas Game ” as I have often done.

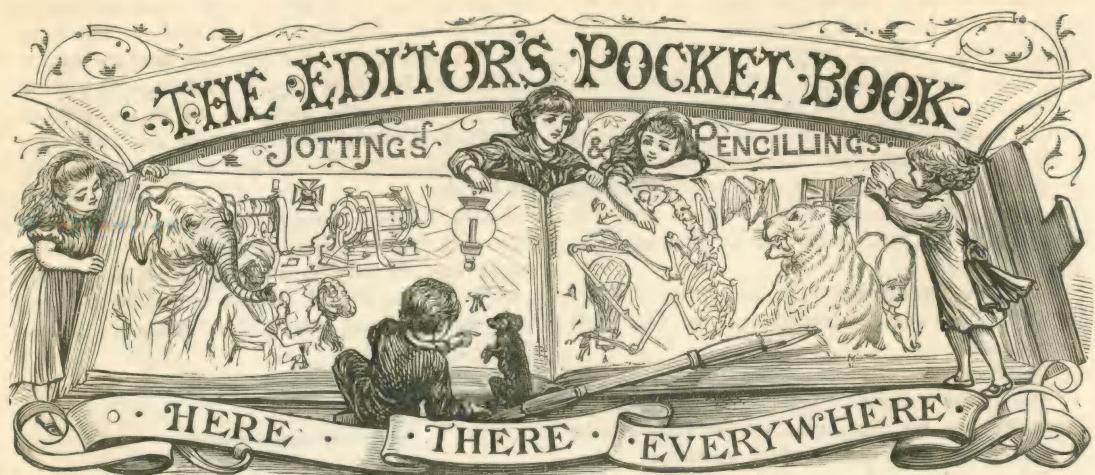
R. DE C. L.

### A TERRIBLE SCRATCH.

 H, pussy! you naughty, ungrateful old cat,  
To scratch me because I just gave you a  
pat

When you would not draw dolly across the floor.  
I had harnessed you tight with a scarlet cord,  
And had promised to give you some cream as  
reward,  
And a couple of sardines ; what could I do more ?  
Now Dolly’s as light as a feather, you know,  
And the carriage almost of itself will go ;

Yet you would not pull at it, but tried to get loose,  
And entangled yourself, and the carriage upset,  
And then the wheel broke, and you got in a pet ;  
And for your behaviour there was no excuse.  
Just look how my finger is bleeding. Oh dear !  
How it hurts me ; it will not get well soon, I fear !  
Now are you not sorry I am in such pain ?  
No sardines or cream you shall have, puss, from me ;  
And a very long time you will find it will be  
Before I play horses with you, puss, again. J. G.



#### Christmas Jottings.

In some parts of the United States it is customary for children to hang up a stocking at Christmas time on going to bed, which Santa Claus, the patron saint of good children at that season, is expected to fill. In Germany the children trust to the Christ-child to supply gifts to the Christmas-tree. But with the Christ-child they are taught, in many parts, to look out for an attendant who will correct those who have done wrong. "Jean de Drate" is one of the names given to such a personage in remembrance of a wicked baron, who used, some centuries ago, to persecute the people of Wissembourg. In the province of Alsace "Hans Trapp" is the avenger, and an "Angel" the good giver of gifts. As the clock strikes twelve, the "Angel," who wears a flowing white robe and a golden-haired wig, appears with Hans Trapp, who has on a suit of black, has a long shaggy beard, and is armed with a rod. The children stand in breathless expectation, and those who have been naughty are desired to come forward. But it is needless to say none respond, and then the "Angel," turning to the Christmas-tree, dispenses the toys, after which the two take their departure. In Sweden it is customary to give a Christmas-meal to the cattle, and in many countries a foolish superstition prevails that on Christmas night the cattle fall down on their knees in reverence for the night on which the Saviour was born in the stable. There is another superstition relating to the animal world, namely, that on Christmas night the cock crows all night long to keep away the spirits of evil, who dare not appear after cock-crow. This superstition is alluded to by Shakespeare in the play of *Hamlet*.

#### The "Little Folks" Exhibition.

The LITTLE FOLKS Exhibition of Dolls in Costume, Dolls' Houses, Rag Dolls and Animals, Scrap Books and Illuminated Texts, will be opened at the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, London, on Saturday, December the 21st, and will continue until January 11, 1879. The complete list of Prize winners is published on page 62 of this part. An account of the exhibition, with many interesting particulars of the groups of dolls, &c., will be included in the February or March part.

#### "The Rescue."

(See Coloured Frontispiece.)

This picture, which is a copy of a famous painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, will tell its own story to you all, I am sure. The sheep that has been lost on the mountains, and lies buried in a snow-drift; the Scotch Collie busily employed in digging out the sheep, and intent upon its rescue: these two figures in a picture painted by a master hand appeal strongly to all of us, and tell their own tale. Stories of the sagacity and bravery of dogs abound, and in an early number of this Magazine many such stories, never before published, will be gathered together in a paper which will, I think, be of great interest to all. Meanwhile, I shall be glad to receive letters from any of you, giving instances within your own knowledge and experience of the courage and sagacity of animals.

#### Feline Customs.

Cats are not supposed to have the intelligence of dogs, and yet if we observe them we find that they are capable of a great degree of reasoning. A cat belonging to us had a kitten, which, when it had learned to drink milk from the saucer with its

mother, was given to a neighbour. For many days after the old cat never drank more than a certain quantity of the milk given to her, leaving the rest for her kitten, which she hourly expected to return. After a time finding that the kitten did not come, she resumed her habit of drinking the whole of the milk placed in the saucer. We were calling at a cottage when an old cat came in. "Ah!" said the woman of the house, "she has been to see what our neighbour's cat has got for her. She is too old to hunt for herself, so our neighbour's cat will keep a mouse or a bird for her, and she goes regularly every morning to see what there is for her." Another cat we have seen who has been taught tricks in the same manner as a dog, and if her master places her on the table and says "Die," she will lie quite motionless, and not move a paw or her tail until he tells her to get up, when she jumps up immediately and is as frisky as ever.



A CLEVER CAT.

**A Ball of Down out of a Thistle-Head.**

Some people are very ingenious in finding out new uses for seeds, flowers, and other objects, and so to transform them as to give them an extra value. Some will cut little baskets out of cherry-stones, or so dispose melon-seeds on strings as to form birds fighting with one another. Beautiful sprays of flowers are made from the delicate rice-shells—a species of *Voluta* common to West Indian shores. And leaves which have so decayed that their fibres only are left, will make a bouquet of such exquisite tracery that the most skilful filigree-worker would find it difficult to imitate. But what will be said of the common prickly thistle being turned into a soft, silky, flossy ball, or tuft. This may be done by any one who will take a little trouble, and is willing to exercise a little patience. The thistle is composed of a hard green prickly cup (*a*, Fig. 1) out of which appears a tuft of purple bristles (*b*). Now these purple bristles are tiny florets, each on a separate stem and quite distinct one from another. These stems are fixed in the bottom of the cup,

the upper edge of which keeps them close together. The first thing to do is to cut away part of this

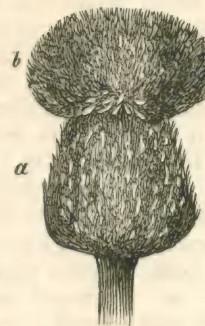


FIG. 1.

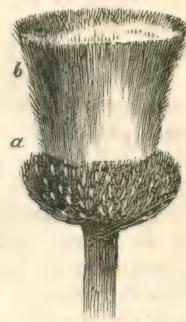


FIG. 2.

green cup rather more than half-way down, which must be done with great care for the cup is not all in a piece, but consists of very small scales which must be cautiously removed, as not only are some of them very delicate, but there are sharp prickles on each scale which are apt to wound. When this upper part of the cup is taken away the purple florets must be pulled off their stems, and when all the florets are removed the thistle will look as in Fig 2, the cup *a*, and the bristles or stems *b*. Perhaps a few silky streamers or hairs will come away with the florets, but this cannot be avoided. As soon as the florets are all taken away hang up the thistle by its stalk in the sun, or in a warm place in the house, and gradually the silky stems will puff out and expand, and in due time, in place of the hard thistle-head, there will appear a beautiful soft ball of down so light and fairy-like that you will wonder it could come out of the prickly thistle.

**A Comical Head.**

In something the same way that you make a ball of down out of a thistle-head, you may make a head out of a daisy. There are two kinds of flowers in the ox-eye daisy—the little yellow ones in the centre, and the white ray-flowers around it. Pluck out some of these white ray-flowers altogether, and clip others to make them look like a cap-border as represented in the illustration, and leave two whole ones in the place for strings. Then with a pen and ink draw eyes, nose, mouth, and hair upon the disk, and you will have before you a comical head made out of an ox-eye daisy.



### The Boyhood of Fenimore Cooper.

There is an old proverb which tells us "The child is father of the man," which means that in the child we see the same tastes that afterwards develop and sometimes make him famous. This was the case with James Fenimore Cooper, the American writer, whose nautical novels have given so much pleasure to readers of all ages, especially to those who have a love for the sea. On the Otsego lake he might be seen in his early boyhood "plying his oar lustily, or trimming his sail to the mountain breeze; and whenever he found a wave high enough to lift his little boat, his veins would thrill with a strange delight, and he would ask himself whether this was like those ocean waves of which he had heard such wonders." Then he would wander through the pine forests, and the starfled deer would bound away; and he would go on dreaming and dreaming, and his friends would warn him against straying too far, and tell him of Indians still lurking about and of bears and lost children; and so we are told his life passed. When he was thirteen he went to Yale College, but left it in his fourth year as his tastes for a sea-life were strong upon him. His first trial was in a merchantman in which he went "before the mast," and during his year and a half in the forecastle he gained an experience of hardships that he perhaps could have learned in no other way. Cooper's first voyage was to England, which it took forty days to accomplish. "It was at the time of the threatened invasion of Napoleon, and as the ship passed the Straits of Dover at daybreak they counted forty odd sail of vessels returning from their night-watch in those narrow seas." It was an exciting time for young Cooper. He had experience of the dangers of the Bay of Biscay and also of pirates, for his ship was brought to by a pirate vessel, and only saved by the appearance of an English cruiser. Lord Collingwood's fleet was off Cape Trafalgar, and here again was danger, and they might be run into at any moment. There was a sharp look-out kept, and in the middle watch an alarm was given of "Sail ho!" and a two-decker was descried through the dark bearing directly upon them. "The captain," says the narrator of the incident, "ordered the helm hard up, and called to Cooper to bring a light. With one leap he was in the cabin, seized the light, and in half a minute was swinging it from the mizen rigging. His promptness saved the ship." Thus we see that his youth was passed amidst the scenes that he afterwards portrayed, and the faithfulness of his descriptions is due to his having had some hard experiences of a seafaring life before the mast, as well as to his after career in the American navy.

### The "Little Folks" Legion of Honour.

For the benefit of those of my young friends who have only recently become readers of LITTLE FOLKS, it has been thought advisable to explain what the "Legion of Honour" really is, and who are eligible for its membership.

The "LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour" is, then, an ever-increasing body of all those who have distinguished themselves in any of our Prize Competitions, or who have contributed Original Letters, Poems, or Puzzles to the pages of the Magazine, and it consists of two grades—Officers and Members.

Every month we give a Picture Page Wanting Words, illustrating a variety of subjects. The best readings of each page are printed as soon as possible, and their authors are rewarded with handsome books and bronze medals, constituting them Officers of the "Legion." At the same time a list is published of the names of those boys and girls who have specially distinguished themselves, and all these are considered as Members of the Legion, and as such are entitled to receive and wear one of our Medals.

Medals of both grades are also awarded for deserving Letters on other subjects, and for Original Stories, Poems, and Puzzles, forwarded by readers of the Magazine of their own free will.

All readers of LITTLE FOLKS who wish to contribute Stories or Poems to our "Little Folks' Own Pages," or Puzzles to our "Puzzle Pages," must be under the age of sixteen years. The ages of competitors for the Special Prize Competitions for work, &c., are published separately. All communications must be certified as *strictly original* by some person of responsible position.

Full particulars of some Special Prize Competitions for 1879, when a large number of valuable prizes in money and books will be offered, will be found in the March number of LITTLE FOLKS.

In conclusion, I would assure you all that I am always glad to hear from any of you, and that your contributions of every kind will be most attentively considered, although it is, of course, impossible to promise to print all you may send.



# Little Bo-peep.

*Old Nursery Rhyme.*

*Met.  $\frac{6}{8}$  = 60. *mf**

**VOICE.**

I. Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;  
 2. Little Bo-peep fell fast a-sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleat-ing; But

**PIANO.**

*Music by CHARLES BASSETT.*

*f*

Let them a lone and they will come home, And bring their tails be-hind them.  
 when she a-woke she found it a joke, For still they all were fleet-ing.

*Resolutely.*

3. Then up she took her lit-tle crook, De-ter-mined for to find them; She

*dolorously. rall.*

found them in-deed, but it made her heart bleed, For they'd left their tails be-hind them.

*rall.*



## AMUSING TABLES FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

—  
A NURSERY DITTY.

**T**WICE one are two,  
Twice two are four—

Four merry mites in a row  
on the floor—

Twice three are six,  
Twice four are eight—

Trying their hardest to put the bricks  
straight—

Twice five are ten,  
Twice six are twelve—

As busy as men in the garden who  
delve—

Twice seven are fourteen,  
Twice eight are sixteen—

For nurse has some buttons she says  
must be "fixed in."

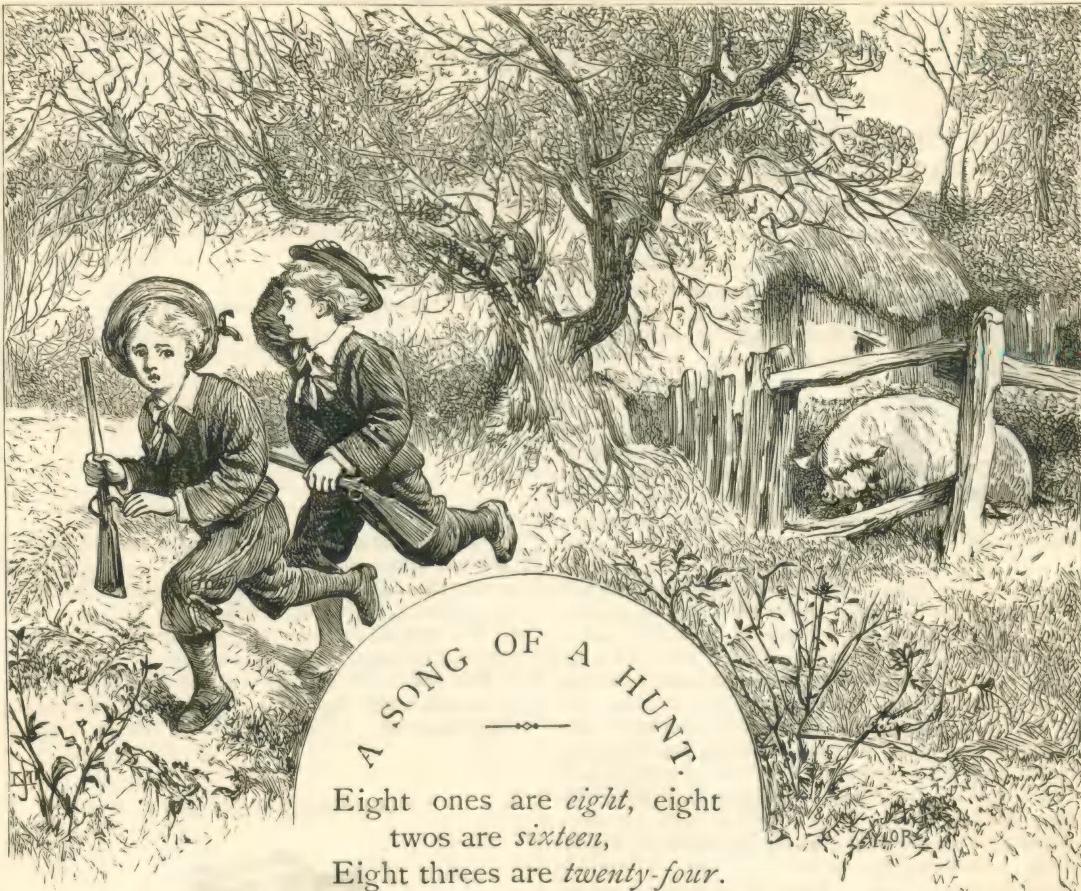
Twice nine are eighteen,  
Twice ten are twenty—

When she has done she'll bring  
sweeties in plenty—

Twice eleven are twenty-two,  
Twice twelve are twenty-four—

For the good children who played on  
the floor.





A SONG OF A HUNT.

Eight ones are *eight*, eight  
twos are *sixteen*,  
Eight threes are *twenty-four*.

Two little boys went out one day  
To hunt a big wild boar.

Eight fours are *thirty-two*, eight fives  
Are *forty*. Soon they cried,  
"If forty boars would only come,  
We'd shoot them in the side."

Eight sixes are *forty-eight*, eight  
sevens  
Make *fifty-six*, no more.  
Before they very far had gone

They heard a dreadful roar.

Eight eights are *sixty-four*, eight nines  
Make really *seventy-two*.  
Bill looked at Tom, Tom looked at  
Bill;  
And then away they flew.

Eight tens are *eighty*. "Oh," they  
cried,

"If only we were home  
We'd leave wild boars to hunt them-  
selves,  
And never more would roam."

Eight elevens are *eighty-eight*. At  
last

They reach their garden-gate—  
Eight twelves are *ninety-six*—and  
turn  
To see the boar so great.

Now only fancy what they'd done;  
These boys, who talked so big,  
Had run away, oh, sad to say,  
From Farmer Jones's pig!

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

ANSWERS TO PICTURE STORY WANTING WORDS (*Vol. VIII., p. 256*).

## FIRST PRIZE STORY.

## A HAPPY FAMILY.



"OOD morning, mother! what do you think has happened?" cried little Rose Trevor, as she ran into her mother's room. "Just think! My pussy has got three sweet little kittens; and where do you think, of all places, is their home, but in the old tub where Nero sleeps and growls all day long!" And, true enough, there, in an old tub inhabited by a large dog, lay a pretty white cat with three tiny little kittens, answering to the names of Tortoiseshell, Daisy, and Peterkin, the youngest of all.

One day Mrs. Pussy thought she would go out for a walk in search of some game, which would do for the little ones' supper; so she called them all round her, and as Tortoiseshell was the eldest, she left the other two in his charge. She did feel a little anxious at leaving them all alone, for Tortoiseshell was sometimes very careless. But as she was leaving the tub she heard a voice saying, "Keep your mind easy, Mrs. Puss, I will take care of your children!" and looking, she saw Nero watching them all with a fatherly care. After their mother had been gone for a little while Daisy got tired of lying in the tub; so as she was of an enterprising mind, she slipped quietly out of the tub, and the other two being asleep, no one heard her. After awhile Daisy got tired of running about in the wood, so she lay down under a tree, and soon fell fast asleep. As Rose Trevor was playing in the wood she suddenly came upon the kitten. Without thinking how Mrs. Puss would like to lose her child, Rose caught Daisy up in her arms, and ran into the house to ask her mother if she might keep it for a pet. Mrs. Trevor brought out a basket with some soft hay, and laying Daisy in it, left her beside the fire. After she was alone, Daisy began to think of returning home. She got out of the basket and went to the door, but, unfortunately, it was shut. She then tried the window, but, alas! it was closed also; so finding herself shut in she began to cry.

When Mrs. Puss had been out for about an hour she began to think of retracing her steps. As she came near home she found Tortoiseshell sitting crying, with little Peterkin by his side. "What is wrong, Tortoiseshell, and where is Daisy?"

"Oh, mother, mother! we all fell asleep after you left, and when I awoke Daisy had disappeared; but our friend, Mr. Nero, has gone to look for her."

Poor Mrs. Puss! this was sad news for her. Her grief was so great at losing her pet of the family. But let us follow Nero. He walked slowly through the wood, looking on all sides for poor Daisy, but he could find no trace of her. As he came near the house he saw something white at one of the windows, like a round ball. "Ah," thought he, "that must be Daisy, and I must get in and carry her away." He

went in at the back, and scratched at the door till some one opened it, and there lay Daisy, fast asleep; so he lifted her gently between his teeth, and carried her safely back to her mother. Oh, how glad Mrs. Puss was to find her daughter again, and no doubt Daisy had many a story to tell of her adventures.

C. W. BUCHANAN.  
(Aged 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)

Certified by J. Y. TURNBULL, Governess.

[The remaining Prize Story will be published next month.—ED.]



## SECOND PRIZE STORY.

**T**HERE lived once a young puppy and an old cat and her kittens in a stable-yard; and one nice sunny morning the dog woke up before the cats from where he was sleeping in the straw, and went out for a run; and the cats slept on; and soon after the dog comes and jumps over a barrel to wake them up, and makes them jump, and the little kittens get so angry, and put up their backs and get in such a rage, that the dog thinks them very stupid. The names of these kittens are Fluff and Tots and Topsy.

FLOSSY MEDLYCOTT.  
(Aged 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)

Certified by JULIA MEDLYCOTT.



## LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of "Little Folks" Legion of Honour:*—C. W. BUCHANAN (15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), 10, Moray Place, Edinburgh, and LILLIE HOSKYN (14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Withrooe Cottage, Birchington Road (*equal*). *Second Prize, with Officer's Medal:*—FLOSSY MEDLYCOTT (7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), no address. *Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal:*—MARION LOVE (15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), The Vicarage, Great Crosby, Liverpool; BEATRICE LEWIS (12), South-West London College, Putney; S. R. JONES (12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Gosport House, Langharne, St. Clears; ETHEL A. SNOWDEN (13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), 20, Leinster Square, Bayswater, London; TOM G. MATTHEWS (9), Shelton Rectory, Penrith, Cumberland; EVELYN M. FULLER (8), Dundrum, Co. Dublin.



## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

**W**HEN the following are correctly guessed, the letters read diagonally from the top of the left to the bottom of the right hand side of the words will spell the name of a large empire:—

- A division in poetry.
- A relative pronoun.
- A young person of either sex.
- A place for sports.
- A town in the north of Italy.

## LOGOGRAPH.

**I** AM the name (consisting of seventeen letters) of one of the well-known men of the day.

My 9, 14, 7 is a number.

My 3, 5, 4, 13 form a substance from which that thing now under the reader's eye is formed.

My 1, 5, 12, 9 is a mineral.

My 10, 8, 17, 5, 10, 7 form the first person plural of the present indefinite tense of a verb meaning to gape.

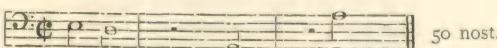
My 2, 3, 11, 7 is the most useful metal.

My 6, 5, 9, 13 are unwelcome barn visitors.

My 15, 16, 5, 3 form the name of one of Shakespeare's royal characters.

## MUSICAL PUZZLE.

Two Statesmen.



Gloucester House Academy, Kew.

LILLY BARNETT.  
(Aged 15.)

## CRYPTOGRAPH.

**X**MO Exxdwnes hero itbs qnpo ymo btqk ts ymo ktqi,  
Esi mnx htmtwyx bowo lqoernsl ns uzwuqo esi ltgi;  
Esi ymo xmoos tk ymonw xuowex bex qnpo xyewx ts  
ymo xoe,  
Bmos ymo gqzo beao wtggx snlmyqd ts iouu Lqengoo.

LUCY FANNY LOCOCK.

9, Cambridge Square, W.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials read downwards form the name of a county of Ireland, and the finals one of its towns.

1. A county of Ireland.
2. An old division of Spain.
3. A sea of Russia.
4. A river of Lapland.
5. A town of Devonshire.

ROBINSON B. WATSON.  
*West House, Stockton-on-Tees.*  
(Aged 10½.)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials and finals give the names of two naval heroes.

1. Islands to the west of the Malay peninsula.
2. A river in Spain.
3. A loch in the west of Scotland.
4. A mountain in the north of Wales.
5. Another name for Tahiti.
6. A province in the north of France.

FRANK CARVER.  
(Aged 13.)

23, Second Avenue,  
Brighton, Sussex.

## CHARADE.

**F**IRST, according as you read it,  
May at once command your aid ;  
Or may give a frank refusal,  
By the sternest word conveyed.  
Second, too, may show position  
Where your aid you're to commence ;  
Or you ask the place to find it,  
Seeking for its residence.  
Whole was never in existence,  
Or, assuredly now here,  
Never taketh an appearance,  
Or it happens to appear.

## GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

**A** REMINISCENCE of "the block."  
2. Intended for the past'ral flock.  
3. Pertaining to the grocer's stock.

C. BUSSEY.  
(Aged 15.)

16, Frederick Street, Vassal Road,  
Brixton.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials and finals form the names of two celebrated poets.

1. A town in Sweden.
2. A river in South America.
3. A state in North America.
4. An island in the Indian Ocean.
5. An island in the Atlantic Ocean.

FREDERICK W. PERRY.

25, *Osprey Road, Kentish Town.* (Aged 12.)

## WORD PUZZLE.

**F**IVE I's, three V's, C, N, D, and E,  
Make three Latin words that in history we see.

HARRIET EDITH WALKER.  
*Lound, Retford, Notts.* (Aged 14½.)

## BEHEADED WORDS.

- M**Y first is part of a cart ; behead me, and I am a part of your foot ; behead me again, and I am a river fish.
2. My first is to rebuke ; behead me, and I am the opposite to warm ; behead me again, and I am far advanced in life.
  3. My first is called a table at a bazaar ; behead me, and I am another name for high ; behead me again, and I belong to more than one.

E. V. JOHNSON.  
5, *St. George's Terrace, Chesterton Road,* (Aged 12½.)  
*Cambridge.*

## DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.

**T**HE initials and finals form the names of two Roman Generals :—

1. A covering for the head.
2. Latin term for "In the year."
3. A tree.
4. The juice of a tree.
5. A girl's name.
6. A town in Leicestershire.

II.

The initials and finals form the names of two colours :—

1. To roar.
2. One of Jacob's wives.
3. A neutral salt.
4. Vault of a church.
5. A vegetable.

III.

The initials and finals form the names of two cardinal points :—

1. The shining orb of day.
2. A river in North America.
3. Below.
4. A bird.
5. The mother of Samuel.

VICTOR JAMES HODGSON.  
*Brixton Villa, Brixton Hill.* (Aged 12½.)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form the name of a well-known poet, and the finals that of one of his poems.

1. A town in the north of France.
2. An ancient king of Norway.
3. A girl's name.
4. The land that was exempt from hail during that plague.
5. A fruit.
6. One of Tennyson's heroines.
7. An evergreen shrub.
8. One of the ten tribes.
9. The king of the fairies.
10. A beverage.

EDITH CHARLOTTE KILLEY.

11, *Church Road, Seaford,* (Aged 13½.)  
*near Liverpool.*

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

**T**HE letters read across form the name of a king of England.

- A consonant.  
An article.  
A sharp pain.  
A king of the Stuart period.  
An adjective.  
A drink.  
A consonant.

FANNY E. RENNELS.  
1, *Brandram Road, Lee, Kent.* (Aged 12½.)

## A SCENE FROM THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

**A**SHIP is seen approaching the land ; she has black sails ; a king is looking at the vessel attentively ; on perceiving the colour of the sails, he throws himself into a part of the sea which was afterwards called by his name.

CATHERINE SOPHIA WOOD.  
(Aged 13.)

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

- A**TITLE of Christ recorded by St. John.  
2. A title of Christ recorded in Revelations.  
3. A title of Christ recorded by Timothy.  
4. A title of Christ recorded by Zechariah.  
5. A title of Christ recorded in Corinthians.  
6. A title of Christ recorded in Revelations.  
7. A title of Christ recorded by St. John.  
8. A title of Christ recorded by St. John.  
9. A title of Christ recorded by St. Luke.

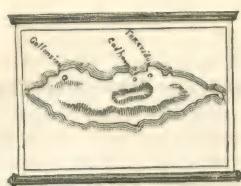
The initial letters of the above will give a title of Christ recorded by St. John.

## SQUARE WORD.

- A**N exclamation of sorrow.  
2. A large pond.  
3. Related by blood.  
4. Conveyed.

MAUDE ELLIS QUICK.  
10, *Somerleyton Road, Brixton.* (Aged 14.)

## PICTORIAL GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.



Ocean, chiefly inhabited by

is an



in the



and



Its



is a



round which a



of low



Its



are



and other gums. The



include



The trade is mostly with Mus



whence



are



im



ed.

The Ima



of Mus

has recently transferred the



to the British Empire.

## Prize Competitions for 1878.

### AWARD OF PRIZES.

*In each of the Competitions Three Prizes in Books were offered, of the respective values of, in Competition IV., £5, £3, and £2, and, in the remaining Competitions, Two Guineas, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea. In several cases the Candidates have been found so equal in merit that the adjudicators have been compelled to divide the Prizes. In Competition II., for Rag Animals, it has been found impossible to award more than two prizes; it will be seen, however, that additional prizes have been given in some of the other Competitions. All Prize-winners will receive, in addition to their Prizes, Officer's Medals of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour; and all Competitors honourably mentioned will receive Member's Medals.*

#### COMPETITION I.

For Rag Dolls.

- First Prize.*—Ethel C. Bashford (14), Copthorne House, Worth, Sussex.  
*Second Prize.*—Kate Warwick (14), 5, Castle Gate, Newark-on-Trent.  
*Third Prize.*—Nellie M. S. Robinson (14), Waterbeach Mills, near Cambridge.  
*Hon. Mention.*—Mary S. C. Cleave (14), Brandon House, Buckhurst Hill.

#### COMPETITION II.

For Rag Animals.

- First Prize.*—Constance G. Copeman (14½), 8, Blomfield Terrace, Harrow Road, W.  
*Second Prize.*—Alice A. B. Copland (14½), Hillcote, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.  
*Third Prize.*—Not awarded.

#### COMPETITION III.

For Single Dolls in Costume.

- First Prize.*—Helen S. Bertrand (11½), Alexandria, Egypt.  
*Second Prize.*—G. E. Johnson (8½), Buxton Villa, Boston, Lincolnshire, and E. M. Johnson (10½), Buxton Villa, Boston, Lincolnshire (*equal*).  
*Third Prize.*—Fréderique Teding Van Berkhou (12½), Buitenzorg, Java.  
*Extra Prize.*—Emily N. Carter (7), Douglas House, Tollington Place, Tollington Park, N.  
*Hon. Mention.*—Ada Miali (14), 9, Cathcart Hill, Upper Holloway; Maggie Hamer (14), Ladywell, Dartmouth Park Road, London; Amy Isabel Parry (11), St. John's Grove, Woodhouse Moor, Leeds; Alice M. Fitch (15½), Cromer, Norfolk; Kitty Spurway (13), The Rectory, Heathfield, Taunton.

#### COMPETITION IV.

For Groups of Dolls.

- First Prize.*—Florence A. Railton (16), Jersey House, Withington, Manchester; and Millicent E. Leslie (13½), 29, Clifton Road, Brighton (*equal*).  
*Second Prize.*—Gertrude E. Mercer (15½), The North Warren, Gainsborough; and Clara Simpson (16), 22, Cedars Park, Clapham Common, S.W. (*equal*).  
*Third Prize.*—Maria Slatter (16), 4, Stanhope Terrace, Hyde Park Gardens; and Henrietta M. Hall (16), 2, Brunswick Terrace, Brixton Hill (*equal*).  
*Hon. Mention.*—Emily L. Heathcote (16), 24, Brunswick Square, Brighton; Mary A. Fox (16½), Granville Place, Alfred Hill, Bristol; Francis T. Letts (15), St. Ann's

Vicarage, Stamford Hill, N.; Fanny M. Saunders (16), 16, Belitha Villas, Barnsbury Park, N.; Alexine S. Tinne-Berthon (13½), Southcombe, Paignton, S. Devon; Ella C. Letts (7), St. Ann's Vicarage, Stamford Hill, N.; Florence E. Cadman-Jones (16), 40, Craven Hill Gardens, Hyde Park; Rosa Ebsworth (16½), Warley Lodge, Upper Tulse Hill; Lucy H. Fox (15), Alfred Hill, Bristol.

#### COMPETITION V.

For Dolls' Houses.

- First Prize.*—Alice M. Burfield (13), Wye, Kent.  
*Second Prize.*—Frank E. Young (14), 93, Brown Street, Salisbury; and Frank S. S. Wright (13), Sutherland House, West Hammersmith (*equal*).  
*Third Prize.*—Agnes C. Barnes (13½), 3, St. Alban's Terrace, Hammersmith; and Alice J. Peele (13), Broad Street, Ludlow, Salop (*equal*).  
*Extra Prize.*—Violet A. Bonner (14), 2, Church Walk, Oxford.  
*Hon. Mention.*—Leonard W. Pickles (11½), 40, San Domingo Grove, Everton, Liverpool.

#### COMPETITION VI.

For Scrap-Books.

- First Prize.*—Hilda M. Letts (13½), St. Ann's Vicarage, Stamford Hill, N.  
*Second Prize.*—Evelyn M. Heathcote (12), 24, Brunswick Square, Brighton.  
*Third Prize.*—Susan G. Hughes (11½), Ystrad, Denbigh.  
*Hon. Mention.*—Susan K. Clarke (13½), Shanklin College, Isle of Wight; May Tanner (12½), Hillside, Cotham, Bristol; Janette P. Dryden (13½), St. Paul's Vicarage, Tiverton; Leonard C. Bartholomew (6), Grosvenor House, Walthamstow; Ethel D. Eardley-Wilmot (14½), 3, Church Terrace, Lee, Kent.

#### COMPETITION VII.

For Illuminated Texts,

- First Prize.*—Harrington Mann (13½), Queenslea Battle-field, Langside, Glasgow.  
*Second Prize.*—Mamie Brendon (14), Grove Hill, Camberwell, S.  
*Third Prize.*—Irene E. V. Petrie (14½), 14, Hanover Terrace, Ladbrooke Square, W.  
*Hon. Mention.*—Alfred E. Tarry (14), 31, Rivers Street Bath; Theodora C. Walrond (13½), Springfield, Taplow, Maidenhead; Ella M. Stead (11½), The Knoll, Baldon, near Leeds; Grace Godfrey Hayward (14), The Parade, Trowbridge, Wilts; Gertrude A. Lucy (13½), Farnham, Surrey; Mary A. Simpson (14), 35, Highgate, Kendal.



H. N. J. complains that he fails to obtain any electricity from the battery he has constructed for his microphone. [This is probably due to defective insulation of the copper wires in their passage from the bottom of the cells. Let him enclose each of them in a short length of glass tubing, and try again.—ED.]

C. J. TABOR writes—"In answer to T. B. RUSSELL's query, I may say that an ordinary Daniell's battery will do for a microphone; any number of cells from two upwards may be used."

JOHN CLARKE.—[Papers on electrical machines and galvanic batteries, and how to make them, will be published in early numbers of the Magazine. I should think the lens you mention would do for the camera obscura.—ED.]

J. B. F.—[See previous answer.—ED.]

CARRIE GRAY asks "Can any of your readers give me an idea of the cost of the glass lens described in the making of the camera obscura?"

F. V. WHITEHEAD writes—"In reply to J. B. F.'s question, 'How is the gum as used for postage stamps made?' Dissolve two ounces of dextrin in five ounces of hot water, and one ounce of cerotic acid, and one ounce of spirits of wine. And can you tell me whether the ground-glass as used in the camera obscura is the same as that used in the drawing-slates? And can any of your readers inform me of a method for removing scratches from the face of a lens?"

HENRIETTA S. BROWN answers ETHEL A. R.'s question in the November number as follows:—"The grass is called *Alpina variegata*, and is commonly known as Ribbon Grass. It is a native of England, and is much grown in the cottage gardens in the south of England." ETHEL R. says that the grass is a species of the *Arundo Donax*, and is a native of Italy; in England it is called Ribbon Grass, in Scotland Gardener's Garters.

KATE STAPLES writes:—"I send the answer to the riddle sent by MYRA, published in the "Questions and Answers" for November. I think she has made a mistake in saying 'A headless man a letter wrote,' as I have always seen it written 'a handless man.' However, this is the answer:—

A man with one hand a letter did write

Dictated by Mr. Dumb.

A man with one eye read it throughout,

And Mr. Deaf heard it done."

A. A. L. asks:—"Can any of your readers supply me with the story of the 'Willow-pattern Plate'?"

JEANIE W. MOLISON writes, "In answer to TIDDY and DOVEY'S inquiries as to the origin of eating roast goose on Michaelmas day, I have read that Queen Elizabeth was eating a goose when messengers came with the news of the

defeat of the Spanish Armada; so she desired that roast goose should always be served to her on the 29th of September to commemorate the event."

I. M. BYRNE writes:—"Can you or any of your readers tell me how to manage a tortoise in the winter? We have one which is kept in a box in the greenhouse, which is heated only just enough to keep the frost out; the box is three-parts full of soil. We expected he would burrow, but he does not. [A paper on tortoises will be included in a series on "Domestic Pets," to commence in the present volume of LITTLE FOLKS.—ED.]

G. G. asks:—"Could any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS recommend me a stocking-knitting manual that is simply written, and easily understood?"

CHICKY asks:—"Can any little folk tell me a pretty pattern for a toilet tidy?"

VERA; MARJORIE.—[Illustrations may be sent to me on approval, drawn upon wood or paper with pen and ink, or with pencil. The designs must be original.—ED.]

M. F. would be much obliged if any one could tell her whether old penny postage-stamps are of any use, and whether she can get anything for them. She has collected a great number, and would be glad to know to whom to apply to dispose of them. TAFFY also writes to the same effect. [See "Questions and Answers" in previous numbers on this subject.—ED.]

KATE ALLEN, Bryntyfryd, St. Melans, near Cardiff, South Wales, would be glad to assist May Tanner in the collection of postage-stamps, if she will send her her address.

E. H. F.—[See "Questions and Answers" for December last.—ED.]

C. C. FAITHFUL; MADELINE CROWDER.—[See page 54 of this Part, and "Questions and Answers" for December.—ED.]

A CONSTANT READER; E. L.—[All contributions must be certified.—ED.]

M. M.; L. BARRETT.—[See page 54 of this Part.—ED.]

MARIE wishes to know—1. Whether the rejected Puzzles and Answers to Picture Pages are returned to the writers? 2. If the Editor chooses the prize-book, or if a list of books is sent to the prize-taker? 3. If the Editor chooses the book, is it historical, poetical, &c.? 4. When writing an answer to Picture Pages or Riddles, is it necessary to give name and address, or will a *nom de plume* and address suffice? 5. Are the Picture Pages taken in any regular rotation? [1. No. 2. Ordinarily prizes are selected by the Editor; in special cases a list is forwarded from which books may be selected. In the March number of the Magazine some Competitions will be announced in which money prizes will be offered. 3. Of various descriptions. 4. Correct name and full address must be given. 5. No.—ED.]

## NATURAL HISTORY WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book, and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour, will be given for the best short and original description of this Picture. A smaller book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best description relatively to the age of the Competitor. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their letters must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of January next (the 16th of January for Competitors residing abroad). Further particulars of these competitions, and details of the "LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour," will be found on page 54 of this Part.

## TWO FOURPENNY BITS.

*By the Author of "Poor Nelly," "Tiny Houses," &c.*

CHAPTER III.—MONSIEUR DE BOIS.



ON SIEUR De Bois, the French dancing-master of whom Emmy had spoken with such enthusiasm, had come to the neighbourhood of Chelmsleigh about a year before for the health of his own little girl. He had lived in Liverpool, and had

plenty of pupils there, but the place disagreed with Eugenie, and the doctor he consulted recommended him to take her into the country, and to the warmer climate of the south of England. He had accordingly engaged a lodging in a farmhouse near Chelmsleigh, where, almost living out of doors, little Eugenie bloomed like a rose ; and this reconciled her father to few pupils and diminished means. By the next spring he thought she would surely be sufficiently recovered for him to take her to a town, where pupils would be numerous ; meantime, the school at Chelmsleigh House was a great blessing to him, and he gave lessons there twice a week. Occasionally Eugenie accompanied him, and joined in the dancing, to the great pleasure of all the pupils, and of Emmy in particular, for she was just Emmy's age, and they naturally were always partners. Emmy was quite unaccustomed to the society of children of her own age, and she thought this little French girl quite delightful.

"Don't you hope Eugenie will come to-day, and then Louie will see her. It is a long time since Monsieur De Bois has brought her here. Don't you think Louie will like to see her very much ?"

This was what Emmy said to Floss when they had gone up-stairs to prepare for the dancing lesson, after the conversations with which my story commenced.

"Any one will be glad to see Eugenie," Floss agreed, "because she is such a dear little girl."

"I wonder whether any girls are not nice," said

Emmy, with a reflective air ; "we are all nice, and Eugenie is nice. I suppose all girls *are* nice, Floss, except in story-books. What do you think ?"

"I am afraid there may be some who are not, even out of a story-book."

"No ! do you really think so ? I am sorry for that ; I hope I shan't ever know them. You see, here is Louie come all the way from the West Indies, which is such a very great way, and yet she is nice. So it really did seem most likely that *all* girls were nice."

"What do you think of the girl who did not darn her brother's sock when she was told to do it ; and then hid it, and said it was lost ?"

"Oh yes, I know—Leonora Cruikshanks, but she is a story-book girl. Everybody knows that those story-book girls are not all nice—I said that from the first, you know I did, Floss—and I am very glad indeed that they are not, for I always like reading about the naughty ones best."

"Do you know what I have been thinking, Emmy ? Where is poor Louie to spend her holidays ?"

"I am sure I don't know. It will be too far for her to go to Jamaica ; she would be all the holiday-time making the voyage, I suppose, and then she would have just to turn round and come back again, which would be very horrid. Perhaps there would not be time for her papa even to give her a kiss."

Emmy quite coloured up with the excitement of this idea.

"Don't be silly," was Floss's reassuring reply, "Of course nobody could go out to Jamaica twice a year, for the Christmas and midsummer holidays, and then back again to school. Now, she could be very happy here with Mrs. Midhurst, just as we are all very happy ; but still, nobody *can* like spending their *holidays* at school."

"No," replied Emmy very decidedly ; "nobody *can* like spending their *holidays* at school."

"Not even if home were not as nice as school ; still it's home, and that's everything in the holidays. But I am thinking of getting Louie asked to my own home at Christmas. Don't say a word about it, Emmy ; I know you can keep a secret, or I would not tell you. I shall talk to Mrs. Midhurst, and if she approves I shall write to mamma, but I don't want a word said till I have mamma's answer."

"That will be beautiful," said Emmy, "and

make it so nice and happy for poor Louie, who is away from her own papa ; I suppose Mrs. Midhurst being her aunt does not make any difference—it does not make this Louie's home."

Floss was startled at this idea. "What a sharp little thing you are, Emmy!" she cried ; "do you know, I had never thought of that. No ; I don't see how it could ; and yet I think very likely it might. You see, Louie never calls her aunt when she speaks of her, or seems to think of her as a relation, and so it did not occur to me ; but perhaps, after all, this is Louie's home."

"I think it must be very nice to be a West Indian, and see everything for the first time. I should like to be astonished at everything. Louie is astonished at our ringing bells, and playing lawn tennis, and at a great number of little things that even a baby is not surprised at, if it is an English baby. But, oh, Floss, I wonder whether babies *are* surprised the first time they see anything ! Why shouldn't they be, if West Indians are? Isn't it a pity we can't recollect everything that happened to us when we were babies ? Do you know, I *can't* believe I ever was a little soft, weak baby, with a wagging head ; it does seem impossible."

The young ladies were now summoned into the schoolroom for their dancing lesson. Monsieur De Bois stood ready for his pupils, his thin legs encased in black pantaloons, and his fiddle fondly clasped by one of his arms, while its end rested against his shoulder. The girls assembled in line before him. He made them a polite little bow, and they all were expected to perform beautiful curtseys in return for it. Then his fiddle began to squeak, squeak, just as if it were himself, as little Emmy had described it, and he glissaded forward, which movement his pupils all emulated with eager imitations ; and so the lesson commenced, and proceeded for some time in a serious silence, worthy of the dignity of the occasion.

During the first pause little Emmy whispered to Louie, "Do you think fairies can be nicer?" and fixed anxious eyes on her, awaiting her reply.

"That is a matter of taste," answered Louie, rather lightly, Emmy thought ; "they are so very different."

"Yes, they are," replied Emmy, gravely ; "but so are roast turkey and raspberry cream."

This was unanswerable, and Louie replied, with a solemnity worthy of the occasion—"Very true, Emmy. Well, for my part, I prefer fairies and raspberry cream to dancing-masters and turkeys."

Emmy was soothed by receiving a reply like this, which showed that the subject had met with due consideration, and was not being treated with contempt.

"Do you?" she said, with great interest. "Well, I don't know, I *think* I like dancing-masters best."

"And turkeys?" questioned Louie. Was there a suspicion of malice in her tone, as if she knew that the question was a searching one?

"I'm afraid I prefer raspberry cream, if it's sweet enough," answered Emmy, bravely, for she was a very honest child ; "but the two *needn't* go together, need they?"

"Attention, *s'il vous plaît*," said the unconscious dancing-master, little knowing the nature of the conversation he interrupted, and the girls at once resumed their positions.

However, the first possible moment Emmy whispered to Louie, as she passed her in the dance. "Need they, Louie—need they?" and Louie nodded her head, and answered, "Yes, yes," and frowned portentously.

At this Emmy felt very sorry. She looked anxiously at Monsieur De Bois, and felt as if she were being guilty of some disloyalty towards him. And then she thought to herself, "Turkey is very good, roasted quite hot, with beautiful gravy, and a great deal of stuffing. *Couldn't* I give up raspberry cream?" But as the idea of raspberry cream, with its soft rosy colour and delicious melting substance, came across her, she felt in her inmost heart that she could *not*.

Again the figure they were dancing brought her in contact with Louie, and comforted by a sudden hope, but *very* fearful of the reply, she said, "Louie, *can't* I choose raspberry cream *and* dancing-masters?"

She had to wait till the next turn in the figure for the momentous reply, and her wide-opened wistful eyes never left Louie's face during the interval, whilst by the time the answer came her heart was beating quite fast. She scanned her judge's features earnestly, but, alas ! she did not read anything favourable to her hopes there ; and when at last the answer came, "Certainly not, Emmy," with a ring that sounded like contempt in the voice, she listened painfully, feeling as if she had had no right to ask the question.

The lesson proceeded, and everybody was struck with the quickness and the grace with which Louie Lincoln acquired the knack of dancing. Was it possible that this was her first lesson ? Was it possible that she had not even seen a dancing-master before that day ?

Emmy's heart did not feel as light as usual. She wished she had not compared dancing-masters and fairies to turkey and raspberry cream. A vague idea of the injustice of keeping her to the types when she herself and she only had suggested them, floated through her mind, but assumed no tangible

form sufficient to rescue her from the position. She felt she could not truthfully say she preferred a roast turkey to a plate of raspberry cream. Then she dwelt to herself on all the merits of fairies, and when she shut her eyes she honestly believed she could give them the preference over anything merely human. But when she opened her eyes, and *saw* Monsieur De Bois, to say nothing of the violin, with its squeaky squeak, which might have been himself, she acknowledged with a deep sigh that she *could* not give up dancing-masters.

"If I could *see* a fairy it might be different," she admitted, sorrowfully; "but then the very best part of fairies is that you can't see them—that they are not real; if fairies were real and dancing-masters were not, it might be easier."

Her eyes here turned on Monsieur De Bois, and she earnestly perused his features, and then, to her immense astonishment, she discovered that Monsieur De Bois, while he squeaked and glissaded, and pirouetted, and squeaked, was all the time looking the picture of misery, and had large silent tears overflowing his eyes and running down his cheeks, though no muscle of his face moved, and he went steadily and composedly on with his work.

She also perceived that he seemed to be almost as much interested by her as she was by him, and that his eyes looked constantly in her direction, and regarded her with an almost pleading expression through the wonderful moisture.

Little Emmy gave herself a great shake, feeling almost as if she must be dreaming. She was still so young that it was difficult for her to believe that grown-up people ever cried at all; and that a dancing-master, her beau ideal of earthly happiness, should shed tears, and shed tears even while in the exercise of his delightful art, was a phenomenon for which she could by no means account. And that while he did so—while he cried and danced, and danced and cried—he should never cease to look at her, and to look at her almost pleadingly, as if she had something to do with him, most certainly was the greatest wonder of it all. Was she really awake? Was it possible that she was asleep and dreaming?

So she rubbed those astonished eyes of hers, and shook herself. But it was of no use, she found it quite impossible to awake, and for the very best reason in the world—that she was awake already. And so she went on looking at Monsieur De Bois and dancing, and Monsieur De Bois went on dancing and looking at her.

Certainly, he was unhappy. Yes, wonderful and incredible as it seemed in a dancing-master, he must be unhappy, and *very* unhappy too, or he would not cry. Emmy's belief in happiness at all seemed slipping out of her grasp, too weak to hold

it, since she discovered that a dancing-master could *be*, and not be happy. How could he be comforted? Could she do anything to comfort him? To her excited imagination it seemed that he was appealing to her as if she could.

But Emmy was a sensible little girl, and she asked herself if this *could* be the case; and she decided that it could not. Still though he could not expect comfort from her, she might try to give him some. She might remind him of his own little girl Eugenie, of whom he was so very fond—fonder than of anything else in the world, and who, when he brought her to the dancing lessons, used to waltz and galop always with her, because they were just the same height. Emmy had flaxen hair, a fair skin and blue eyes, and Eugenie's hair was jet black, her eyes deep brown, and her skin olive, which Emmy thought charming and pretty. She had always been glad when Eugenie came, and she had liked dancing with her better than with any of the home girls. One day Eugenie was said to have caught cold, and after that she had never come again. If dancing did not make Eugenie's papa happy—and if it did not Emmy began to suppose it might be better to be a fairy than to be a dancing-master—surely the recollection of Eugenie would, and so she thought she would remind him of her the first possible opportunity.

"If multiplication or verbs have forced me to cry, or if I have knocked myself hard," thought she, "I always try to think of my doll or my rose-tree, and then I get glad again easiest."

Full of this charitable wish Emmy eagerly waited till a pause occurred in the lesson, and monsieur, after marshalling his forces ready for the next stage, began in the little interval diligently to tune his violin, or fiddle, as Emmy, with no intentional disrespect, called the instrument. Fortunately for her, she was at the end of the line, which brought her nearest to him as he faced them, and still more fortunately he turned a step or two on one side to draw up the blind of a window, as the sun was then rather low in the sky. She took instant advantage of this, and on her part also, moving a step or two out of her place, she addressed him, saying very earnestly, though at the same time very timidly, "Please give my love to Eugenie."

Monsieur De Bois gave a start, and his chest heaved rapidly under the end of his fiddle. He shook his head, and his mouth twitched nervously. He and Emmy looked at each other solemnly for a moment of mysterious silence, and then he said, softly and suddenly, "Mademoiselle, Eugenie is dying." Emmy gave a hardly suppressed scream, so great was her surprise and her sorrow. "She is dying, mademoiselle," he continued, speaking with

rapidity, "and she asks for you always. She asks to see la petite mademoiselle. Is it possible? Would madame allow it? would you yourself visit her?"

"But Eugenie must not die," cried Emmy, with much distress.

"That is as God pleases," replied Eugenie's father submissively, "but could la petite mademoiselle come to see her?"

"Oh yes, yes!" cried Emmy, "I am sure Mrs. Midhurst will let me; I will ask Floss!"

Then Emmy ran along the phalanx of white frocks till she came to that especial white frock which belonged to Floss, against which she flung herself in great agitation, crying out almost angrily, "Eugenie is dying, and she wants *me*, Floss!"

Then the line broke up in dismay and surprise. The girls huddled together, almost as if to protect themselves from some enemy, and spoke to each other in low, anxious voices, while they looked with a sort of fear on Eugenie's father, very shyly, and not liking to speak to him, or to approach him.

Floss, as eldest, felt that the onerous painful duty of letting him know what they felt fell on her, and with slow steps she turned to him. "Dear little Eugenie," she said, reluctantly, and colouring very much, "we are so sorry she is ill; what is the matter with her?"

"She caught the English cold from the damp, and he settled upon her chest, voila tout," replied Monsieur De Bois.

"And she wants *me*," said Emmy, who was now softly crying herself, and no longer wondered at the tears she had seen coming down Monsieur De Bois' cheeks.

Floss looked at him inquiringly.

"She wants *her*?" she said to the dancing-master.

"She did ask for la petite mademoiselle," he answered, apologetically; "always she asks for her. She pretends, pauvre enfant! that it will fetch her well just to see her. What can I do? I made myself promise it to her. She is dying, and she did ask."

Several of the girls were crying too, and none of them had eyes that were perfectly dry. Floss stooped over Emmy's flaxen head and kissed her repeatedly, for the little girl was in great distress; but she did this more to hide her own tears than with any idea of comforting Emmy.

Then Monsieur De Bois glanced at the clock which stood on the mantelpiece and shook his head, gave a prolonged scrape with his bow on his violin, to finish the tuning, and said with decision, "We must perform his duties, every man of us. Attention, mesdemoiselles! We must do dancing."

The girls standing all huddled together separated at this, and looked pitifully in each other's eyes, as if asking, "Could this thing be?" but Emmy clung to Floss's white skirt and hid her face in it, and Floss turned pleadingly to the master.

"We can't dance, monsieur," she said, simply, "if Eugenie is dying."

Monsieur De Bois deliberately put his violin down on the table, covered his face with his hands, and wept. He was a Frenchman, let it be remembered, and the emotions of a Frenchman are more on the surface than those of an Englishman. A Frenchman cries or laughs, where an Englishman would only look grave or glad.

Adelaide Lester slipped out of the room, and returned very quietly with Mrs. Midhurst, to whom she had, in a few words, explained the state of the case, and who looked as sorry as any of the girls could look.

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which she spoke to Monsieur De Bois, soothing him and helping him to calm himself, before she asked him anything about his little daughter, and then gently leading him on to give the particulars of her illness. Eugenie had caught cold upon cold, and the doctor at last called in had said she could not live. He had only been summoned when the child appeared very ill, for Monsieur De Bois was poor, and could badly afford the expense of an illness in his house.

Mrs. Midhurst reminded him that while there was life there was hope, and he caught at the English proverb and translated it rapidly into French, the better to console himself.

"And there *is* life," he said. "Just now she is alive."

As he said there was no immediate danger, and Eugenie was likely to live some time longer, Mrs. Midhurst did not wish Emmy, already so much agitated, to go and see her that evening, but she promised Monsieur De Bois that the walk next day should be taken towards his farmhouse, and that Emmy and some of her young companions should pay his little daughter a visit, and that in the meantime she would send her some strong chicken jelly, for which she had a wonderful receipt, and which was an infallible remedy in all cases of weakness. Also she prohibited his continuing the lesson that day. It would be very painful for him, and she entirely sympathised in the feeling that made Floss say, they could not dance while Eugenie was dying; and so Monsieur De Bois took his leave, with some hope in his heart of what might be the result of the chicken jelly, and with smiles of gratitude on his face.

## CHAPTER IV.—A GOOD PLAN.

BUT little Emmy was not to be comforted. Her distress was extreme, and she threw herself into Mrs. Midhurst's arms, crying out, "Will Eugenie die?"

Mrs. Midhurst kissed and endeavoured to soothe

"Oh!" said Emmy through her tears, "are not you *glad* you knew of chicken jelly?"

The girls now all went out on to the terrace, as there was some time left before tea, owing to the unexpected breaking up of the dancing



"COVERED HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS AND WEPT" (p. 68).

her, but Emmy only repeated the question and cried anew.

"I don't think she will, dear," her friend replied, very kindly; "I really don't think she will. You see, Monsieur De Bois is poor, and though he loves her so dearly he cannot do all that is best for her. She has hardly had a fair chance yet. Plenty of nourishing food will make a great difference."

lesson; and the evening was unusually fine and warm.

"So that is a dancing lesson," said Louie. "How horrid it was—that Frenchman crying and talking of death!"

"Poor man!" said Adelaide Lester, who, sharing the same room with Louie, had grown more intimate with her than the other girls, and seemed

to be very fond of her. "How sorry I felt for him."

"How kind Mrs. Midhurst was," said Louie. "And will she really have chicken jelly made for her? and shall we have to go and see her? And is Monsieur De Bois only a dancing-master, or is he a reduced gentleman?"

Adelaide Lester stared a little at that. "I don't know anything about him," she said, "but he is very kind, and we all like him; and Eugenie is a little darling."

"You are queer people, you people at home," replied Louie, and her remark appeared to Adelaide to be apropos to nothing. "We always call England at *home* out in the Indies, you know. But I am beginning to think I was more at home in Jamaica."

"Yes; but you will be at home here after a little time. I should like to go to Jamaica and see the beautiful things you have told me about, and I should like all the people there, I am sure. I do like you so very much—I like you better than the English girls, a great deal better. I should like to be at home in Jamaica."

"And I like you—I like you of all things," said Louie, kissing her. "See here, I'll give you something nice to eat, if you'll promise not to ask me a question or to say a single word about it."

Adelaide laughed. "Of course I'll promise," said she. "But where could you get anything nice to eat from? You couldn't, you know."

"Come and see," cried Louie; and she led her into the parlour, where she had thrust the tarts into the table drawer, and opening it, drew out the pieces, and divided the contents between Adelaide and herself.

"Now you must eat it all up as quickly as you possibly can. Let's race."

Adelaide laughed and obeyed, and the two girls devoured the pastry at railroad speed.

"I've won!" cried Louie, almost choking herself with the last mouthful; while Adelaide, only a mouthful behind her, swallowed it more calmly. They then ran out again on to the terrace, where Emmy stood waiting for them.

"It is you I want!" she cried, eagerly, to Louie. "I do want you so much. It's the tarts; *don't* you think she would let you take them to Eugenie?"

"The tarts? What tarts?" replied Louie, quite coolly. "And who is *she*?"

"Mrs. Midhurst, to be sure, and the fourth tart and the bit of mine. Do let us ask Mrs. Midhurst; I am quite sure she will let us."

"Let us do what?"

"Why, take them to Eugenie."

"You little goose! they are gone. Tarts don't last for ever."

"Gone—don't last!" cried Emmy, dismayed. "Oh! but tarts *do* last, Louie—they last for days and days; these can't be gone."

"I gave them away."

"Oh! but you can't have given them to a beggar: you had no time, and there has not been a beggar."

Adelaide Lester had passed on to the other girls, for Emmy, in her eagerness, had drawn Louie on one side, and so she did not hear what was being said.

"They are not in the drawer, then. I believe you ate them yourself, you little greedy thing!"

"I ate them! Oh, for shame, Louie! You know I didn't. And you said you gave them away."

"Don't worry, child. To the best of my belief there were never any tarts at all, only just in your imagination, or if there were there are not now; so it all comes to the same thing in the end."

"I don't know what you mean, Louie."

"Who said you did? But never mind; it will be all the same a hundred years hence." And so Louie passed smiling on her way, leaving little Emmy with her heart full of astonishment, and feeling rather aggrieved into the bargain. Reflecting for a minute, the child ran into the house, and opening the drawer, found in it only the empty piece of paper.

"Were there really no tarts?" she thought, wonderingly; and it was almost a relief to her when she saw in the paper a piece of pastry with a dab of jam on it, which Louie must have accidentally broken off when dividing the tarts between herself and Adelaide. She took it up in her hand to convince herself that it was a real piece of pastry and jam, and as she did so Charlotte Hopkins came into the room.

"Why, Emmy," she said, "what are you doing here all by yourself? and what is that you have there? Jam! Who gave it you?"

In the confusion of the moment, feeling that she had no right to tell anything about it, Emmy hastily swallowed the morsel.

"Nobody gave it to me," she said.

"Oh, Emmy! you oughtn't to have taken it."

"I didn't take it. At least," she added, for Charlotte began to laugh at that, "it wasn't *it*, it was only its crumbs."

"Well, it's rather odd; but if it was only its crumbs it doesn't matter, I suppose. Come out, at any rate. Mrs. Midhurst said we were to stay out till tea-time, so we have no business here."

And the two children joined the others on the terrace. Floss was talking eagerly when they came out, and the rest were grouped round her.

"And so I propose" she was saying, "that we

make a subscription, and when we have seen her, and find out what she wants most, that we buy it for her."

"But what sort of thing?" "Yes, that will be delightful." "And how much must we all give?" "And who shall buy it?" cried out two or three approving voices at once.

"We will find out, or ask her herself, what she likes best, and if it is something to wear, or something to eat, or a book, or a toy, or whatever it is, we will buy it for her."

"I do hope it will be a toy!" cried Emmy. "But oh, Floss! what must we all give? I have only my two little fourpenny bits. I will give them both; but what *shall* I do if I ought to give more?"

"Let all of us give what we can, and not mind about more," said Adelaide Lester. "I will give half-a-crown."

"And so will I," said Floss.

"We have very little money—we can only give a shilling a-piece," said the two Hopkinesses, rather sorrowfully.

"That does not matter," said Floss. "We all give what we can, as Adelaide says, and your shillings are just as much as our half-crowns, and so are Emmy's two fourpenny bits."

"Oh, I am glad of that!" said Emmy, and her eyes sparkled, "because I suppose I like Eugenie the best of you all. I danced with her always, you know, so I can't help it."

"I shall give half a sovereign," said Louie, with rather a grand air.

"Half a *sovereign*!" cried the girls, almost appalled. "What, gold!"

"How generous you are!" said Floss, and they all looked at her with admiration and delight.

"Now let us write it down. We won't put names, but we will put the sums down, and then we will add it up, and see how much we shall have," said Floss.

She took a pencil and a bit of paper from her pocket as she spoke, and made a table of the plate of the sun-dial against which she leaned, whilst she jotted down the following figures:—

s.	d.
2	6
2	6
10	0
1	0
1	0
0	8
<hr/>	
17	8

"Seventeen shillings and eightpence! Why, that is quite a lot of money!"

"I had rather you had put mine down as two fourpenny bits," said Emmy, looking rather anxiously

at the list; "but I suppose it does not matter much."

"Now who shall be treasurer?" asked Louie.

"Oh, Floss! Floss! Floss!" cried all the others at once, for Floss was the head girl of the school, and everybody had perfect confidence in her. She always led them and they all liked her to lead them.

Louie looked a little disappointed. Perhaps she had been accustomed to lead also; but if so, she soon got over the feeling.

"My two fourpenny bits are in my little Tunbridge-ware box, you know, Floss," said Emmy. "Shall I run and fetch them?"

"No," replied the treasurer; "it is better that none of you give me the money till after we have paid our visit to Eugenie, and then I will take my own half-crown too, and we will put the whole together in some place we will choose."

"Seventeen shillings and two fourpenny bits!" said Emmy. "It is a great lot of money. How pleased Eugenie will be! I do wonder what she will choose, don't you, Floss? I know quite well what I should choose. It would be a doll, you could get a real large wax doll—a Soho Bazaar doll—just like a baby, for seventeen shillings and eightpence. I know you could. Sophy Harrison had a *beautiful* doll, that had sat on a chair of her own on a stall in the Soho Bazaar for ever so long, till Sophy's aunt bought her for a birthday present, and she cost fifteen shillings, and Eugenie's doll may cost seventeen shillings and eightpence—that is, let me see, two shillings and my two fourpenny bits more than Sophy's doll cost. What a beauty it will be! Oh dear, I quite forgot! We don't yet know whether Eugenie will choose a doll at all. What a pity! But I think she must, don't you, Floss?"

"I should not," said Louisa Hopkins. "If I were Eugenie I should choose a book—a large book, full of fairy tales or other nice stories, so that I could have something fresh read to me every day till I was quite well."

"That would be nice too," cried Emmy. "Oh! do let us each of us say what we would choose, and then it will be like a game when Eugenie really chooses, to see who is right and who is wrong. Floss, do tell us what you would choose."

"A bird," said Floss; and Emmy actually jumped and clapped her hands at the idea. "A singing bird of some sort—a canary, I think—a yellow canary in a good large cage. It would sing to me, and be a dear little companion to me, and I should get quite fond of it."

"Oh, Floss! that is the best choice of all. She can hang it up at the foot of her bed. I think I should *like* to be ill, if I had a canary bird all my

own hanging up at the foot of my bed," cried Emmy, her eyes shining like diamonds with excitement and pleasure.

"I should have flowers, beautiful flowers in pots, to make my room always gay and sweet," said Adelaide Lester.

"Those are all very nice choices," said Louie, a little contemptuously, "but they are every one of them choices for rich people—for ladies, you know. Now, if Eugenie is poor, and only a dancing-master's child, she ought to choose something a great deal more useful, and that will prevent her papa having to spend his money on her—a nice dressing-gown, or some port wine if she is ordered to drink it, as I was when I was ill in Jamaica, or something of that sort."

"Oh, I hope not!" cried Emmy. "It would be very horrid to have to spend our seventeen shillings and eightpence on port wine! wouldn't it, Floss? Do you think Eugenie *ought* to choose port wine?"

"No!" said Floss, laughing. "I think there is no *ought* in the matter, and that she may choose just what she likes, and we will give it her."

"Now, Charlotte," said Emmy, her mind greatly relieved by this assurance, "you have not said a word. What would you choose?

Charlotte Hopkins was rather slow always in her ideas, and she now stared about her and said "she really did not know *what* she should choose."

"Oh, that is not fair!" cried little Emmy. "We have all chosen, and you must choose too; you must indeed, Charlotte."

"It's not I who am unfair," said Charlotte; "it's all of you. You have all chosen first, and left me to the last with nothing to choose. I always am left to the last," she added, discontentedly.

"You should be quicker, then. I think you leave yourself to the last. We spoke because we thought of things; and I suppose you did not think of anything, and so you didn't speak," said Floss.

"I couldn't say the same things that you did, and I don't think there are any more things to say.

I could have said flowers or canaries if you had not, but I can't say anything that there isn't."

"Oh! but, Charlotte, there are only five of us to choose, there must be more than five things in the world to say," cried Emmy, at which all the others laughed, except Charlotte, who replied, rather doggedly, "There isn't, though."

"You might choose one of those monster Noah's Arks that are very expensive, and would amuse her for hours playing with it on her bed; or photographs of places, and of all the princes and princesses, and a book to put them in," began Floss; but Charlotte interrupted her almost eagerly.

"Now it's too bad, Floss; you are saying the only things that are left, so as to really leave me nothing."

"Well, then, make haste and say something yourself. We can't wait for ever, and the bell will ring for tea in a minute."

"It won't be my fault," said Charlotte; "it will be all of your faults for leaving me to the last."

"Oh, Charlotte! please don't mind; and do choose something," urged Emmy.

"Well, then, I should choose to have the money and spend it as I like best myself," said Charlotte, half de-

fiantly and half with an air of triumph at the brilliancy of the idea.

All the girls were silent at this, for the idea was a new one. And it was odd that a new idea should come from Charlotte Hopkins.

After a little reflection, Floss, as leader, spoke.

"Well, that is quite fair; and if Eugenie chooses the money, I don't see why we should not give it to her. It might not be a bad plan."

"It would be much *pleasanter* to buy her something," said Emmy. "I wish Charlotte had not thought of it."

"I don't think she is likely to choose it; and we won't put it into her head," said Floss, cheerfully.

"It would be nice for her if she did," said Louisa, standing up for her sister's notion, "and then she



"WERE THERE REALLY NO TARTS?" (p. 70).



"SHE MADE A TABLE OF THE PLATE OF THE SUN-DIAL" (p. 71).

could spend a little every day, just as she wanted things."

Emmy looked very sad, but she said, bravely, "If she likes it best, I *hope* I shall like it best too."

Then the great bell rang out cheerfully, in signal that the girls must all run up-stairs and take off their hats and smooth their hair and wash their hands for tea. Ten minutes afterwards the clock would strike seven, and at the first stroke they must leave their rooms, and then at the last stroke they would be in the dining-room, and a very comfortable meal, laid out on a nice white table-cloth, would welcome them there. Tea, and bread-and-butter, and plain cake, and wholesome preserve, and, for any one who was hungry enough, cold meat on the side table. No one was obliged to eat meat at tea, but any hungry girl who wished for it was allowed to have some.

The spirits of the girls were quite restored by the pleasure of the plan they had made about Eugenie; and since Mrs. Midhurst had said she might recover, not one of them for a moment feared that she would die. The idea, painful and affecting at the moment, had passed entirely out of their minds. Eugenie was ill, but that was hardly a grief to them, because they would enjoy so very much clubbing their money together and doing everything in their power to relieve her illness. And Eugenie would enjoy so very much what they

were going to do for her. Every one of them had been ill themselves, at some time or other, and the recollections of their illnesses were by no means disagreeable. Perhaps those recollections belonging to pain, or the swallowing of nasty physic, had faded away, while the presents of toys, and the long stories told in the twilight, and all the treats and joys that afterwards accompanied the convalescence were still vivid in their memories.

These young ladies lived happy lives, differing very little from an actual home-life where there are many children. Their evenings were always pleasantly spent—in needlework, with conversations or reading aloud, and occasional little concerts, when some pieces of music or songs, diligently practised beforehand, were performed. One of Emmy's chief ambitions was to know a piece of music sufficiently well to be allowed to become one of the performers at these quiet little concerts; and, indeed, this was also an ambition with the elder girls, who often took their part at them, for no one was allowed to sing or play in the evening who had not really perfected what they wished to perform, and received Miss Martyn's verdict that they could give pleasure to others as well as to themselves. And Miss Martyn was extremely particular. Really musical herself, she had no idea of allowing music to be made an affliction to her fellow-creatures, instead

of an enjoyment ; and from Floss to Emmy, all were anxious for her approval and proud of her good opinion. At the end of the half-year a real concert was given, when some of the neighbours were invited. But this was a grand event, and it never crossed Emmy's mind that she should be able to perform at *that*, though she was at present practising "*Partant pour la Syrie*" and variations with the greatest diligence, animated by the brightest hope that it might before long be mastered and played on one of their quiet musical evenings. "If it were not for the third variation," thought she, "I believe I could do it now." Oh, that third variation ! how many of us have been brought to a standstill in one way or another by the third variation !

"Do you really not like music, Louie ?" she asked this evening while they were taking their tea.

Louie smiled her broad good-natured smile.

"Do you really like it, little one ?" she asked in return.

"Yes, I do !" said Emmy, earnestly, "better than anything almost when I'm awake. It's like dreaming."

"What a queer little being it is, isn't it ?" said Louie, addressing Adelaide Lester.

Now Emmy, as the youngest, was the pet and favourite of all the others, so that "she was a queer little being" was quite a new idea to Adelaide, and she hesitated a moment before she replied, and then she only said, "Is she ? I don't know ;" at which Louie laughed.

"I have sometimes dreamed music," said Miss Martyn, smiling. "I once composed a waltz in my sleep. I was humming it, and jumping up, I ran to the piano and played it off, just as I am sure I had dreamed it."

"Oh, Miss Martyn ! and you have never played it to us," said Floss, reproachfully.

"I will at our next 'at home,'" replied she, smiling ; "but I am always afraid it may be something I only remembered, and did not really compose in my sleep, and so I expect to hear it somewhere, or to recollect it all of a sudden myself."

"That would be very hard indeed," said Emmy. "I do hope that won't happen to you."

"I once made some verses in my sleep," said Miss Louie, "which papa said were extremely good."

"And were they really your own," cried Emmy, astonished. "How very clever you must be !"

"I don't know about that," was the reply, uttered with an air of modest self-approval.

"And you are sure that *they* were not only remembered ?" inquired Miss Martyn.

"No. I have not read much poetry. Papa does not approve of poetry particularly ; he prefers prose,

except in a very few cases," replied she, with decision.

"In history or metaphysics, I suppose, he thinks prose best," said Miss Martyn, laughing.

"But, Louie, *couldn't* you tell us your verses ?" urged Emmy, with admiring interest.

"Yes, but not now—not with everybody listening," said Louie.

"Oh ! do let us make haste and have done tea, and then you'll tell me quietly ; won't you now, Louie ?" And Emmy filled her mouth with bread-and-butter with startling rapidity.

"Oh yes ! I will tell you as much as you, like after tea. But surely you must all of you agree that prose is much better than poetry ?"

"Not any more than that turnips are better than roses," said Floss. Both are good in their way ; but if I want to look at something pretty and smell something sweet, I prefer roses to turnips."

"That's nonsense, I think," said Louie.

"That's not argument, at any rate," replied Floss. "Why is it nonsense ?"

"Oh ! turnips are not a bit like prose."

"Roses are like poetry, and that makes turnips like prose, when required as an illustration."

"But they were not required as an illustration."

"That's begging the question."

"I'm not begging anything," said Louie, with some indignation.

"Oh ! I wish you wouldn't talk so very much," said Emmy ; "you'll never have done tea. And I've hurried so ; I've quite finished."

At last the meal really did come to an end, and Mrs. Midhurst said grace, after which the girls all rose and were ready to adjourn to the drawing-room. Emmy seized hold of Louie and dragged her into a window. "Now, please—be very quick indeed, or there will never be time. Tell me !"

Louie reflected for a moment, and then began :—

"Alas ! how slight a cause will move  
Dissension between hearts that love,  
A something light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken ;  
Oh, love that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this has shaken !"

Emmy listened with wide opened eyes and mouth, as if she heard with those features as well as with her ears ; but Floss, who, unintentionally concealed by the curtain, was taking her thimble and scissors out of a table drawer, heard too, and continued the poem :—

"And ruder winds will soon rush in,  
To spread the breach that words begin ;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness o'er all they said ;  
Till fast decaying, one by one,  
The sweetneses of love are gone.'

And then it is almost as pretty where it says :—

'Like ships that have gone down at sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity.'

Why, Louie, you are not pretending that you made those verses in your sleep ! They were made fifty years before you were born, I suspect, and I have them in a volume of extracts from the poets at home."

Louie coloured crimson and looked quite out of countenance. Was it at Floss's suspecting her of deception ? She was silent for a moment, and then she gave a queer little laugh, and said, "Of course you have ! Don't we all know that ? I was only making game of this baby. I wanted to see if she would believe me or not."

Floss laughed, satisfied with the explanation ; but Emmy only said, rather mournfully, "Oh ! then, Louie, do tell me the real verses you made in your sleep."

"Don't worry, child ! Are we to keep the others waiting for us in the drawing-room all night while we are talking nonsense ?" cried Louie, and turned briskly to go into the other apartment.

Floss never supposed for a moment that Louie had wanted to deceive them, or to make them believe that she had invented verses in her sleep when she really had not done so ; and Emmy only felt an earnest desire to hear the verses that Louie had invented in her sleep. But what was the real state of the case ?

When Louie announced at tea-time that she had made verses in her sleep, which her papa thought very clever, was she telling the truth ? And if Floss had not interrupted her, would she have allowed Emmy to believe that the lines she repeated to her were those which she herself had verily and indeed thus made ?

(To be continued.)

### MARTIN THE CLOCK-MAKER.



**H**E works all through the mellow autumn days,  
When golden in the window hangs the maize,  
And peasants gather down the stony ways  
That part the glistening vines.  
At fall of day his lamp at once he lights,  
And works whilst streams are sparkling on the heights,  
And whilst the moon half through the balmy nights  
Upon the blue lake shines.  
His touch is skilful, and his sight is strong ;  
His little brothers near, no day is long ;  
At night he has the grasshoppers' quick song  
To fill the silent place.  
Carved things the dusty shelves around him fill ;  
His hand for these by day is never still !  
Bread for the children three, who stray at will  
Around the grassy space.  
There with the fallen chestnuts they can play ;  
The great St. Bernard dog doth watch alway ;  
With simple prayer begun, glides by each day,  
Still free from care or shock.

And when the children, weary, sleep at last,  
Martin his carven frames aside will cast,  
With mind alert, intent, to fashion fast  
A great and wondrous clock.

The plan has filled for years so many dreams,  
On sunny mountain slope, by rushing streams,  
The clock with all its mystery—it seems  
His soul therein half dwells.  
So with the trusty knights he stands to wait,  
And with the warden opens wide the gate,  
And with the king and queen walks out in state,  
And rings at noon the bells.

Father and mother both to rest have gone !  
Mourning for tender love, so soon withdrawn,  
Oft-times the orphan boys had sat forlorn  
Amid the cypress gloom ;  
Till brother Martin, older than his years,  
Rose up and wiped away the children's tears,  
And working, triumphed over want and fears  
Within the lowly room.

And now the shining grapes have all been pressed,  
The vats are rolled away, the vintners rest,  
Long wreaths of vapour gather in the west,  
The yellowing leaves drop fast.  
Now, like a dusky cloud, the starlings go  
Southward above the lake in passage slow ;  
The lower mountain tops are white with snow ;  
The door swings in the blast.

Frames carven, and quaint tools unsought for lie,  
The passing stranger comes no more to buy ;

Dark days of scarcity are surely nigh,  
Unless the clock be sold.  
To-night his hand hath stirred with movement  
fleet ;  
In anxious mood, half tremulous, yet sweet,  
One touch he gives to make the work complete—  
The clock shall turn to gold !

Then straight he calls the children from their bed ;  
Still dazed, with slow and cautious steps they tread,  
The moon her light upon each ruffled head  
Pours in a silver shower.  
And, lo ! the carven figures march in time,  
The gate unfastens, and the sweet bells chime  
All jubilant, the clock in tone sublime  
Strikes loud the midnight hour !

With morning light the leaves lie moist and brown ;  
The clouds unto the lower  
hills come down,  
But Martin yet may reach  
the distant town  
Before the fall of snow.  
By little André's cot long  
time he prays,  
And on his bed a carven  
lamb he lays ;  
To cheer the other two  
again he stays,  
Then takes his clock  
to go.

Two days the children in  
the house alone  
Have heard the wind  
among the pine-trees  
moan,  
Have seen the snow-drift down the mountain blown,  
And still are brave and strong.  
How close they nestled through the chilly night !  
The great dog, watching, kept them well in sight,  
And saw the landscape gleaming white and white  
The darkened lake along.

Of bread and chestnuts there is yet a store,  
And still they think the Lord will give them more ;  
When, lo ! at dusk comes Martin to the door,  
And loudly they rejoice.  
With saddened eyes he looks around the place,  
Nor lifts him from the children's sweet embrace ;  
He finds such comfort in each joyous face,  
Such welcome in each voice !

Full many a question have they quickly asked ;  
"Now, brother, shall we have our goat at last ?  
Our field of corn, our vineyard full and vast ?  
Our coats for wintry weather ?"  
Then low he answers, " Half the journey through,  
And 'twas a weary way the town unto,

We went on bravely, though the storm-wind blew,  
My clock and I together.

"Then sudden snow-flakes almost hid the scene ;  
On, on I toiled, grim growth of pine between,  
And darkly saw adown the steep ravine  
The torrent rage and swell.  
A stranger wandering too would clear the pass,  
And as I helped him o'er the slippery grass  
My treasure, loosening from my hold, alas !  
Into the torrent fell."

In awe to listen have the children stood,  
But now they comfort him, and bring him food,  
And Martin heaps the fir-cones on the wood,  
And lights the fragrant pile.  
And soon the little ones breathe soft and low,  
Forgetful quite of sorrow and of snow ;

And Martin sees them  
sleeping in the glow,  
And weeps a little  
while.

Four times the vintners  
through the fields have  
sung,  
And passage birds midway  
in clouds have hung ;  
From Martin's door, where  
long the vines have  
clung,  
The days of dearth  
have passed.

No more half through the  
night he toils alone—  
His little brothers all have  
helpful grown ;

Soon shall they have a vineyard of their own,  
And corn to ripen fast.

'Twas a hard winter when the clock was lost,  
But when the early sunshine broke the frost,  
The stranger, whom he helped, the threshold  
crossed,

And guided him to fame.

Work lies before him for his hand to do,  
And clocks he fashioneth by genius true,  
With bells and figures, like the first unto,  
But never quite the same.

And yet in each design that he may trace  
A story seems to live—a nameless grace,  
For ever borrowed from that clock's quaint  
face,

By children seen one night !

He thanks it for the love that moved his hand.  
The lesson learnt of patience whilst he planned ;  
He knows that he shall clearly understand

Why lost it was to sight.

H. P.



"HIS TOUCH IS SKILFUL" (p. 75).



THE WONDERFUL CLOCK. (See p. 76).

## THE WEATHER-TABLES IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

A LITTLE PAPER FOR LITTLE THINKERS.

**M**ANY of our little folks know, probably, that our principal newspapers give daily a weather-table. It is the intention of this little paper to explain how these tables are to be read and interpreted.

Many may be inclined to ask what good the **tables are**, and what is the use of taking any notice of the weather at all, beyond taking an umbrella when it rains, or an overcoat when it is cold.

Now there is a great deal of use in keeping note of the kind of weather, for by this means we can connect the various changes with differences of temperature and air-pressure.

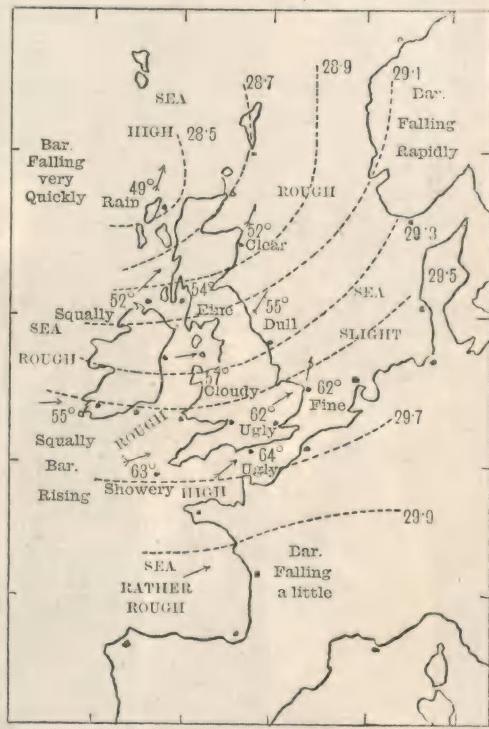
The astronomer foretells an eclipse, the time of high water, and the rise of the tides entirely from observations that have been made a good long time ago. We never think of doubting what the astronomer tells us to look for, because we always find that his predictions come to pass. If we observe the weather and the reasons of its variation for an equally long time, we may by-and-by, perhaps, be able to foretell something about it. We shall not, however, do so with the same reliable exactness, for it depends on conditions so different.

All the causes of change reside in the air, and they are moisture and wind. These causes depend on *temperature*, for a rise of temperature increases the amount of moisture that goes up by *evaporation*; it also heats the air and makes it lighter. Light air ascends; so that when the warmer air rises a colder stream sets in to fill the space left by the warmer: this causes a wind in that direction. This change of temperature is measured by the thermometer. The amount of moisture in the air also determines the air-pressure, and this we measure by the barometer.\* The principal records, then, in our weather-tables are the height of the quicksilver column in the barometer, and the temperature in degrees in the thermometer.

We append the tables for the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, and *Daily News* for the same day; and just to show the importance of observing the weather, we give a telegram that was issued from New York on that day warning us of a storm, in order that we might be prepared for it:—"A storm centre is crossing the Atlantic, and will probably reach the British and French coasts by the 18th, preceded and attended by rains. Strong south-east and north-west winds and gales will prevail." When this telegram was received at our weather-office messages

were sent to all the principal places on our coasts—"Barometer falling rapidly in north-west. Wind rising. Hoist south cone. Sunday, 9.20 a.m." And sure enough the storm came. What a good thing it was for our shipping that the warning arrived before the storm. Another good thing was that we had electricity to bring the message faster than the storm could travel across the Atlantic.

If we look at these charts we see they all agree,



"THE TIMES" CHART.

and the barometer shows a sudden and a great fall. In the *Times* chart, which gives us a map of the British Isles and the surrounding sea, with the western coast of the continent of Europe, we have a number of dotted lines, curving for the most part towards the northern part of the map. These mark the height of the quicksilver in the barometer at the places through which they pass, and as they connect all places having the *same* barometric pressure they are called *isobars*. The numbers attached to the lines show the height in inches at 6 p.m. of that day. The lowest isobar in the map shows that the height is 29.9, or very nearly thirty inches, which

\* A paper explaining "Why the Barometer Rises and Falls" was published in the number of LITTLE FOLKS for July, 1877.

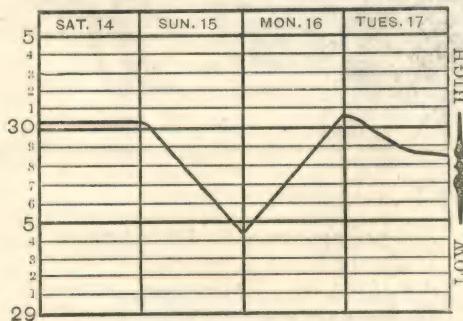
is fairly high ; the next shows 29·7 ; and so on, till the last shows a height of only 28·5 inches, a decided indication of very stormy weather.

We see by the lines that the decrease of pressure is much greater on the north and west coasts than on the south and east ; this points the direction in which the storm is travelling, for it always follows the line of *decrease* of pressure. The note in the corner says the "barometer is falling very quickly," while at the southern it is rising. At one glance the height of the barometer is seen all over the district, and the unsettled state of the weather judged of accordingly. The direction of the wind, which is shown by the arrows, differs very little from the isobaric lines themselves. In Ireland they point eastward—*i.e.*, they are blown by a west wind, for they are supposed to fly with the wind. As they reach the eastern coast of England they change their direction and run to the north, showing that the wind is more from the south, so that across the North Sea the wind is a south-wester, and blowing strongly. As the air-pressure becomes less the wind becomes stronger, and follows very nearly the same direction.

In the west the lines are closer together ; this shows that the winds are much stronger in that locality.

The storm was felt in its fury in the north of Scotland at one o'clock in the morning, but further south it was not felt till noon. In the west the sea is much higher and rougher than in the east.

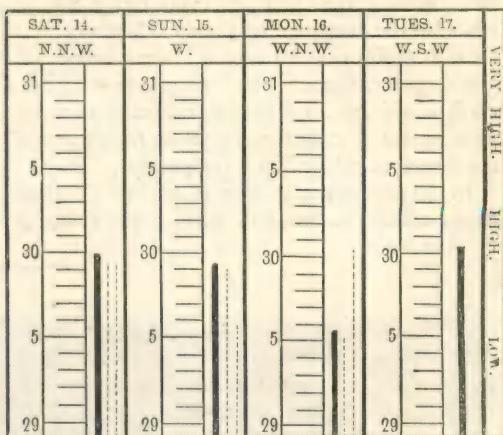
Let us refer to the barometer charts of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily News*. See in that same Sunday what a heavy fall there is ; the heavy black line marks it in the former, the heavy black upright lines in the latter. In these charts the inches are



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CHART.

divided into tenths, which can be read off on either side. These are not so complete as those of the *Times*, for they simply refer to the barometric indications of London and its neighbourhood. The *Telegraph* shows the lowest point reached by the barometer was at midnight, Sunday, that its fall of

more than half an inch—from 30·05 to 29·45—took place within the twenty-four hours ; while the *Daily News* records, by means of the dotted lines, the highest and lowest points registered within the



THE "DAILY NEWS" CHART.

twenty-four hours. These barometric readings are reduced to sea-level ; this is necessary, if we are to compare them, for if a barometer is situated at any great height above the earth's surface, part of the air is left below, and consequently the pressure on the quicksilver is less. For instance, a barometer that registered 30 inches in St. Paul's Churchyard would only register 29½ inches if carried to the top of the dome or to Shooter's Hill. Even if carried from the lower storey of a house to the upper a difference will be marked. Whenever there is a sudden fall, as is registered in our charts for the day we have mentioned, a storm of wind or rain, or both, may be with certainty expected, and very quickly too ; when it falls slowly, bad weather or wind which will last some days may be looked for ; when it rises slowly the reverse may be expected—that is, fine weather and a continuance of it. The notes which are attached to the charts of the *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily News* give in report what the *Times* gives graphically by means of its map.

The *Times*' chart gives in addition a temperature table, so that along these isobaric lines we have also a number telling us the thermometric register. Thus, on the line 29·7 the temperature is marked at 63°, while on that of 28·5 the temperature registered is only 48° ; this lower temperature is that of the stormy quarter.

In the *Standard*, instead of the graphic chart, we have a very carefully-compiled table, which gives the same amount of information, with the addition of the lowest and the highest temperatures, so that

the range of the thermometer during the twenty-four hours is at once seen by subtracting the lowest from the highest temperature.

There are several things which reduce temperature ; among the chief are evaporation and wind, and also the presence of clouds. The sky, if very clear at night, would cause a lower reading of the thermometer, because the heat going off from the earth would have nothing to reflect it back again, as it would if clouds were present. Clear nights are therefore colder than cloudy nights.

In the day it is also important that our thermometer should be hung in some shady spot, out of

the way of the direct sunshine, for the latter would not enable us to register the general temperature, but it would only note that of a special spot.

Here our chat for the present must end. We hope enough has been said to show our little folks the value of the weather tables in our daily papers. If any should have the means at hand of studying how the quicksilver in a barometer rises and falls every day, or how the thermometer is affected on a hot or cold day, we know they will find it an interesting as it is sure to prove a profitable use to which they can put a few minutes every day.

J. A. B.



**T**HE little bird upon the tree  
Has nothing now to say to me ;  
He does not meet me with a song,  
But silent as I pass along,  
He turns his head, as he would say,  
“ It is too cold to sing to-day.”

And I would say, but have no words  
To talk with little bits of birds—  
“ If you’ll come round to-morrow morn,  
When I give my young chicks their corn,  
I’ll put some seeds and crumbs of bread  
For you upon the chickens’ shed.”

#### TO A BIRD.

And perhaps you will. I'll look to see  
If you are sitting in the tree ;  
And if you are, I will not stay,  
But leave the crumbs and go away ;  
You'd think, if I stayed by the rail,  
I'd salt to put upon your tail.

And if you saw the cage I've bought,  
I think you'd perhaps like to be caught ;  
But I've a bigger bird than you,  
A coloured one, a cockatoo.  
So if you think you'd like the bread,  
I'll leave it for you on the shed.

THE STORY OF A SECRETARY WHO COULD NOT WRITE.

By the Author of "*A Hedgehog Family*," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

"S  
TAR of my life," said a magnificent secretary bird which was perched upon a tall baobab-tree in Senegambia, addressing the partner of his affections, "do you not think it is time for our children to make *some* attempt at learning to walk?"

"you are four months old to-day, and it is high time to begin. Come down at once!" So saying, he raised his graceful wings and swooped to the ground, followed by his awkward hopefuls, who, with an immense amount of fluttering against branches, trying to hold on to slender twigs which gave way beneath their weight, and chattering



"STAND IN A ROW! STEADY, ADVANCE!"

Mrs. Secretary tried to answer "Yes," but I grieve to say that her voice was completely drowned by the inmates of the nest beside her.

"No, no, please, father!" cried Horny-spur, the eldest.

"I'm afraid," murmured Long-legs, the second.

"Wait a little longer," croaked Black-crest, the third.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Secretary, remorselessly;

their remonstrances at length reached terra firma. "Now, attention!" said their instructor, with great importance. "Stand in a row! steady, advance! the right leg first; keep upright!" he shouted angrily, as the ungainly youngsters all rested on their heels, and clumsily tried to shuffle along, at the imminent risk of toppling over altogether, wagging their heads about in a vain effort to balance themselves.

"Oh! I'm down," cried Black-crest mournfully, as she presented the under side of her claws to her fond parent's vision, and went backwards head first into a thicket of wait-a-bit thorns, from which her mother presently extricated her without having suffered much damage, except to her sensitive feelings, which were so deeply lacerated by being "made an exhibition of," as she expressed it, that she *mounted* again to the nest, leaving the others still performing their ungraceful gymnastics on the plain below, having very much the appearance of walking on stilts.

"There, I have drilled them enough for one morning," said Mr. Secretary, with an air of satisfaction, as he ushered his pupils back to their domicile. "There is nothing like a good beginning, my dear; now I mean to go for a snake, as it is a long time since breakfast."

"Don't go far, dear, and do take care of yourself," cried the mother bird, who was rather timid. "I can't bear to lose sight of you."

"You are nervous, my love," answered Mr. Secretary, proudly, as he spread his handsome wings, which were armed with sharp spurs, and sailed away.

He flew a long distance before meeting any specimens of his favourite food, as he had pretty well cleared the land adjoining his dwelling of these noxious reptiles, and he rather despised the lizards and smaller fry which he encountered. At last, in a rocky hollow he descried the form of a large black serpent, which was coiled up fast asleep. Our hero at once swooped noiselessly down, and alighting close to the reptile, walked up, and springing off the ground, pounced down with all his force on the snake, which, of course, awakening instantly, writhed itself out of the claws of Mr. Secretary, with its glaring eyes distended, and made a venomous dart at its enemy.

The bird spread one wing as a shield in front of its body, and with the other, armed with its formidable spur, struck at the reptile. The powerful club-like blows seemed for a few seconds to overpower the serpent, but it was a large one, and reviving again, it sprang towards its assailant with a frightful hiss; however, Mr. Secretary was too nimble for it, for slipping aside, he cleverly inserted one wing under the snake, and throwing it some distance up in the air, it fell stunned on a stone, when the conqueror completed his performance, splitting the skull of his victim by a blow from his sharp beak.

Having made an end of his prey, Mr. Secretary's next proceeding was to demolish him (which he did whole), and having snapped up a few locusts, as second course, he began to think of providing

for the wants of his infant family. It would have been better for himself if he had flown home at once, instead of greedily waiting to satisfy his appetite, for his motions had been watched by a party of gentlemen who were out lion hunting, and one of them, a Frenchman, on seeing the combat between the bird and serpent became greatly excited, and cried—

"Ah! if my poor brother had one, two, half a dozen of those fine birds, how happy, how very much grateful he would be! *Chères amis*, lend me assistance to capture him."

"Surely, monsieur, if you like," said one of the men, good-naturedly; and making a running noose with a piece of cord, he crept silently up to where Mr. Secretary was gorging himself, and just as he had finished his meal, slipped the snare adroitly over his plumed head; it glided down to the end of his long, graceful neck, and a sharp jerk from the captor brought him struggling to the ground, to the great delight of Monsieur Sylvestre, who immediately secured his prisoner, and gave him to one of the black attendants, with strict injunctions to take good care of him.

Meanwhile the occupants of the baobab-tree became exceedingly hungry, and after vainly waiting for their accustomed dinner, their mother bravely volunteered to go and see what had become of their father, and scold him well for delaying so long.

"Don't stay talking, but bring us a snake," cried the young birds, in one breath, as Mrs. Secretary departed.

She flew off, passing groups of chattering monkeys and many other animals, occasionally alighting to explore some secluded spot; but, as you may suppose, her search was all in vain, and at last, after killing a snake, she turned towards home. But a great commotion seemed to be going on under the baobab-tree: near it on the ground was something that looked like a bird, only its movements were so peculiar that Mrs. Secretary could not at first believe that the strange object was one of her well-brought-up children; it flapped and rolled about in a most absurd manner, trying now and then to scratch its head with each claw alternately, and uttering doleful croaks, while two long necks were craned over the edge of the nest watching it anxiously. This was no other than Master Horny-spur, who, getting tired of waiting for something to satisfy the cravings of his appetite, had determined to forage for himself, and upon descending from the tree had, to his great delight, spied a small porcupine, who had stayed out too late that morning, and was scuttling home in a great hurry to bed. Master Horny-spur thought

he was sure of a meal, and hobbled awkwardly up to the animal, who, on seeing his approach, stopped in terror, and the bird, following the example of his dear papa, made a fierce peck at the skull of his expected prey, who, not seeing why he should let himself be killed, hid his head in his fore-paws and raised his bristles. Horn-spur missed his blow, and felt a most disagreeable pricking about his black crest ; and on trying another peck, one of the quills pierced him so close to his eye that it hurt him very much, and he immediately desisted from his attempted slaughter, and leaving Master Porcupine to hie away home, he rolled about on the ground in the manner we have described.

" Dear, dear ! " cried Mrs. Secretary, in despair, " this is always the way ; whenever I leave home for a moment something is sure to go wrong. Get up, Horn-spur ; how can you behave in such a disgraceful way, sir ? Be quiet at once ! "

" Oh, mother, my eye, my eye ! " chattered her promising son, scraping away vigorously.

" Let me look," replied his mother. " There, nonsense ! there's nothing the matter ; here is a snake for you to divide between yourself and your sisters. I cannot find your father anywhere, so of course I must provide for you," and she left Horn-spur, much consoled by the sight of food, and flew off again.

She did not return for some time, and then indeed she might have had some excuse for her late ejaculations, for the tree on which her domicile was situated was surrounded by men, who were just completing a most scientific tying they had placed round the legs of her darling children, whom they now consigned to captivity along with their father.

You will wonder how they had discovered the other secretary birds, but that is easily explained. In the course of their hunt they had approached the baobab-tree, and our poor hero, on perceiving his beloved home and the darlings it contained, struggled so frantically in the arms of the negro who carried him that the cunning black man at once announced that he " tought de serpent-eater wasn't far from his little piccaninnies."

So Monsieur Sylvestre, thinking a whole family of secretaries would be better than one, set about a search for the nest, which was, as we have seen, successful. When the bereaved mother bird beheld the destruction of her happy home she uttered a piercing cry and darted towards her darlings, but as soon as she came within range one of the sportsmen put a bullet through one of her long wings in order to disable without hurting her much, and in a few seconds she was also a captive, securely tied, in the hands of the Frenchman.

The astonishment and horror which Mr. Secretary and his family now felt baffles any description.

" This morning," wailed he, " we were all happy and peaceful, and now "—he could say no more.

" We are together, dear, at all events," said his wife ; and so they bemoaned their hard fate and petted each other, and at last made up their minds to endure their bondage as well as they could ; and when they were sent on shipboard and were allowed more liberty, Mr. Secretary made himself so useful in catching rats that the captain of the vessel took quite a fancy to him, and wished he could keep him instead of a cat.

However, I think it is now full time to let you know where the secretary family were going, and what had been Monsieur Sylvestre's object in capturing them, and in order to do this I shall copy a letter, written by the last-named gentleman, which was to be delivered, along with the birds, to a brother of his living in Martinique.

## Senegambia.

MY DEAR PAUL,—I was very sorry to hear of the death of your faithful servant in consequence of a bite from a Fer-de-lance, and also that you are thinking of giving up your dwelling on account of the prevalence of these most terrible reptiles. Be not so hasty, dear Paul : pause a moment before deciding, for by the same ship that conveys this epistle I am sending you a family of wonderful birds, which will, I can venture to say, clear your house and grounds of *all* serpents in a very short time. If they can obtain plenty of snakes they will not require any other food. Hoping that they may prove of use to you,

I remain, your affectionate brother,  
LÉON SYLVESTRE.

## CHAPTER II.

AFTER rather a lengthened voyage, the three peaks of Martinique hove in sight ; the ship was anchored in Fort Royal Harbour, and the letter posted to Monsieur Sylvestre, who, on receipt of it, hastened down to the town to receive his welcome present. Great was the old bachelor's admiration of the handsome grey-and-black birds, and the captain gave such an account of their usefulness that he thought more and more highly of their qualifications, and charged his black fellows to take the greatest care of them on the journey up to his plantation.

As soon as Monsieur Sylvestre and his attendants reached La Roche, the Frenchman gave orders that the birds (whose wings had been securely tied) should be set loose in his yard, in order that they might perform the double duty of keeping off the deadly rat-tailed snakes and killing rats, with which the offices were infested ; and then the old gentleman retired to rest with a more comfortable feeling than he had had for some time, and in blissful ignorance of the fact that secretary birds

with pinioned wings were useless, dreamed that his troubles with Fer-de-lances were over. Next



"HORNY-SPUR MISSED HIS BLOW" (p. 83).

morning, however, he was aroused at an early hour by a prodigious cackling, crowing, screaming, and shouting proceeding from the yard, and soon a half-dressed negro burst into his room, crying—

"Oh, massa! de birds! de birds!"

"Well, Cuffy, what about the birds?" inquired his master, anxiously. "I hope nothing has happened to them."

"Oh no, massa! but de great bird him eat up little chicken, big chicken, all kinds of fowls; him walk about so mighty grand on him long legs; crack, bang, one chicken skull split; too bad, massa!"

"Well, well!" said poor Monsieur Sylvestre, getting out of bed and stepping upon a centipede, which bit him viciously and made him scream with pain. "It's very provoking; surely they have not eaten all my pets?"

"P'raps one, two left, massa," answered the negro, consolingly; and monsieur, hurrying on his clothes, made his way to the yard, where the five secretaries were stationed, each guarded by a black man, and other negroes displayed in triumph the carcases of two plump chickens, two more having already disappeared down the throats of the culprits.

"Look, massa, look, very bad bird!" cried all the retainers, in chorus. "Let Sambo kill him, massa!" said one bolder than the others, advancing towards

Mr. Secretary in a threatening attitude; but the bird, breaking away from the negro who held him, ran round and round the yard with great swiftness, and finally, perceiving an open gate, stretched his long legs to so much advantage that he was speedily lost to sight among the trees and underwood that surrounded the dwelling.

Monsieur Sylvestre was greatly annoyed at losing one of his precious birds, and at once ordered a search to be made for him; he also locked all the gates, and put the keys in his own pocket, being determined to let neither the old mother-bird nor her children escape.

Mr. Secretary had, in the meantime, run on without stopping for an immense time, so great was his fear of pursuit, and at length took refuge in a deep hole where an ancient tree had once grown, hoping there to be out of sight of his enemies. He had only been concealed a few minutes when he saw, in a giant Ceiba-tree close to him, lying coiled up in the nest of some tropical bird, whose eggs he had just been demolishing, a hideous serpent, whose fierce glassy eyes were fixed upon our hero.

Mr. Secretary at first bristled up at the sight of



"A LIZARD OF A BLUE COLOUR" (p. 86).

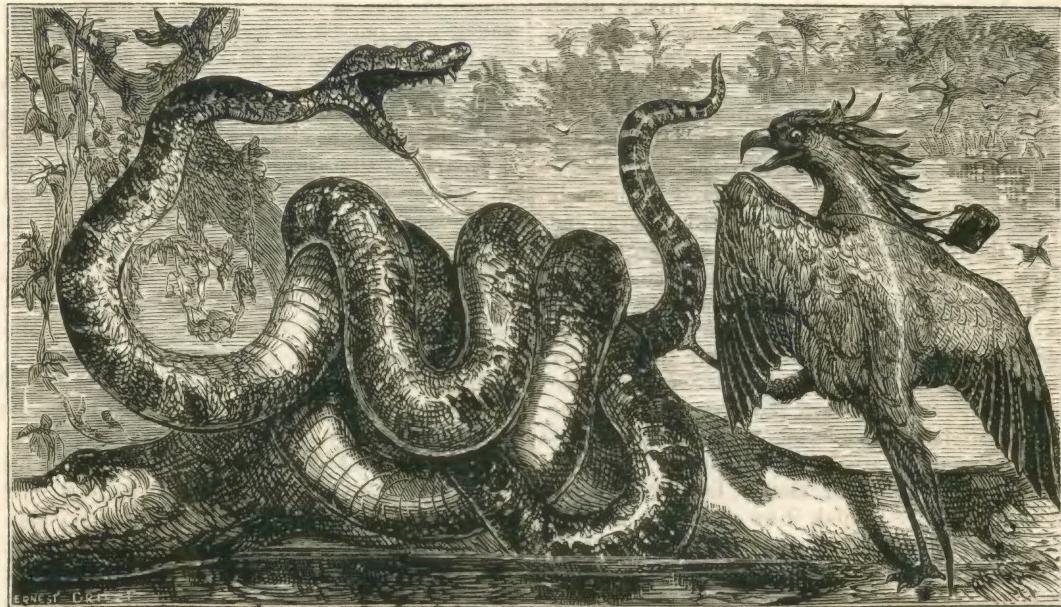
his most deadly enemy, and prepared for battle, but instinct told him that without the assistance of his formidable wings he would have no chance against the venomous reptile, which was no other

than a Fer-de-lance. So with much chagrin he was preparing to run off again, when the sound of voices approaching made him cower back into his hiding-place. Not so the serpent, which raised its ugly head at the sound, and coiled itself into a more comfortable attitude for making its fatal spring.

Soon the crowd of negroes, who had been dispatched to look for Mr. Secretary, came into sight, headed by their master ; and Monsieur Sylvestre had just stepped under the branch where the snake lay concealed, when one of his attendants,

up a brilliant convolvulus which twined round the Ceiba-tree, he attacked the Fer-de-lance in his stronghold with great vigour.

The rat-tailed snake did not seem to relish the sight of master Cribô much, but prepared to do battle as his adversary was only about his own size, and a fierce combat ensued, which, although it lasted for more than an hour, Mr. Secretary watched with great interest. At the end of this time the Cribô had put an end to the Fer-de-lance, and having first descended to the ground, proceeded to swallow his late antagonist head



"HE DARTED AT THE BOA WITH HIS USUAL FURY" (p. 86).

more quick-sighted than the others, perceived the open mouth and forked tongue of the reptile, and springing to his master, he drew him away with such force that they both fell to the ground. But he had succeeded in his object, for the Fer-de-lance made his dart fruitlessly, and in another moment master and men, with one accord, had fled for their lives, being quite persuaded in the innocence (or ignorance) of their hearts that Mr. Secretary had not come in that direction, or the reptile would not have been there. The bird, being partially concealed by a tuft of gorgeous ferns which hung drooping over the hole, had watched this event in safety ; and now, to his surprise, another serpent, about six feet in length and of a black-and-yellow colour, which had apparently been disturbed by the negroes, rose from the ground, and gliding

foremost. This was our hungry bird's opportunity. He waited till the conqueror had partially sucked in the dead body of his victim, and then emerged from his hiding-place, and with one peck put an end to helpless Master Cribô.

This you will say was rather hard, as the last-named serpent had done such a good work in dispatching one of the pests of the island, but Mr. Secretary was only following the dictates of his own instinct, and never paused to consider which —the harmless Cribô or venomous Fer-de-lance—was the one who best deserved death. He got a good dinner, at any rate; but two serpents, even though they may be six feet long, will not support a large bird for any length of time, and our poor hero, finding it quite impossible for him to obtain his accustomed food in his crippled condition, at

last determined to return at nightfall to the yard where his family were imprisoned, and ask if they could manage to release him.

Monsieur Sylvestre had in the meantime received a visit from the ship's captain, who induced the old Frenchman to untie the poor birds, and merely to clip a few feathers from each wing, enough to prevent flight, but not to cripple them. Since this wise precaution had been adopted no serpent had dared to show its glittering body near La Roche.

When the inhabitants were all wrapped in slumber, Mr. Secretary cautiously approached, and stealing up to one of the gates, through which he could see his family stalking about the deserted yard, he called in a low voice, "Wife, children, come here ; don't make a noise."

Mrs. Secretary and her companions rushed to the barrier, and squeezing their heads through the rails stretched their long necks outside.

Then ensued a scene of the most ludicrously affectionate description. The old father ran up and down the row, embracing his dear ones by twining his neck round theirs, which in bird customs does duty instead of kissing. There was also a great deal of chattering in subdued tones. When the family had been allowed to gratify their tender feelings to a sufficient extent, Mr. Secretary withdrew a little from the gate, and after explaining the discomfort he was enduring, begged his relations to give him the benefit of their advice.

"Well," answered the mother, looking critically at her husband, "I think if we all caught hold of the piece of cord which goes round your body, and gave it a good twitch at the same time, it would come off, and that would loosen the other tyings."

"Then try it," said Mr. Secretary promptly.

The four birds inside the gate inserted the sharp points of their beaks under the rope as well as they could, and pulled so vigorously, that the father was nearly thrown down, and had to hold fast by one claw to a stump for fear he should be dragged against the bars ; but the manœuvre was successful, for off came the first strand, and after that the rest was easy work.

The first use Mr. Secretary made of his newly-recovered freedom was to fly over the enclosure, and pay a comfortable visit to his family ; but when a short time had elapsed, he began to fear that some one would awake and come out, and bidding them a hasty farewell, he flew off joyously, for now no snake had any terrors for him, he only longed for an encounter with one in order to prove his powers. He determined to explore a little—for the new forms of life around him and the gorgeous tropical scenery presented a striking contrast to

the arid coast of Africa, which had been his birth-place. Being attracted by a little chirping noise proceeding from a cannon-ball tree, he looked at it more closely, and soon perceived what he thought at first, from the agility of its movements, must be a bird, but which soon stopping to rest and hang out its tiny tongue like a dog, he saw was a lizard of a blue colour, in fact, the great crested Anolis.

On hearing some strange noise Mr. Secretary turned away his head for a moment, and on looking back, could not for a length of time again make out the creature, though it was fully a foot long, but it had changed its colour like a chameleon, to match the hue of the branch on which it rested, and it was not till it had resumed its ordinary shade that our hero was able to capture it.

Mr. Secretary, as he went on farther, passed an absurd-looking crab, sitting at the entrance to his hole like any other master of a household, and beckoning to all passers-by with his long claw arm. At last our bird found a snake, and to his great satisfaction succeeded in killing him—indeed, he became so conceited after his achievement that I dare say you would have quoted that old proverb to him, "Pride will have a fall," and the poor Secretary's pride had a fall, inasmuch as his conceit led to his untimely end ; but I must explain.

One brilliant morning when our hero was near the beach on an uninhabited part of the island, he perceived some distance off at sea a curious object, which attracted his attention—it looked like a log of wood, and yet appeared to move as if it were alive. As it was, evidently, the bird flew down to the water's edge and waited patiently ; nearer and nearer came the cedar tree, and plainer and plainer it became that twined round its branches was the beautiful though dangerous form of a large Boa, which had no doubt been voyaging ever since some inundation swept its resting-place away from the south American forests.

Mr. Secretary at first quailed at the size of the reptile, but his natural courage and self-importance soon revived. The instant the tree came on shore he darted at the Boa with his usual fury, but ah ! poor bird, he had not calculated the strength or ferocity of his opponent; the serpent, raising its head, sprang upon him, beating down his shield by sheer force of weight, and wreathing its glistening folds round Mr. Secretary's body, crushed him till life had departed.

Mrs. Secretary and her family continued for a length of time to act as serpent hunters for Monsieur Sylvestre who often, when enjoying his siesta without any fear of danger, fell asleep murmuring, "Vraiment ! My good brother Léon did me a real service when he sent me those useful birds."

## MARGARET SHIRLEY'S HARD YEAR AT SCHOOL.

*By the Author of "Into the View," &c. &c.*

"MOTHER," Margaret said, breaking a long silence, with passionate trouble in her voice, "I don't believe I can go on bearing school any longer!" She had not long come in, and it was nearly dark in the little parlour, where her mother sat knitting by the fire. Margaret was a girl of about fourteen, with an eager face, large eyes, and features which were meant to express happiness and the vigour of life, but which circumstances had rendered sad and wistful.

"Tell me all about your trouble, Maggie," her mother said, in her quiet voice, stretching out her hand to bring her daughter to her side. They only saw each other every week on Saturdays and Sundays; the rest of the time Margaret was at Miss Holmes's school, which was situated in the neighbourhood of London. Margaret and her mother were very much alike, or rather, Mrs. Shirley had once been just the sort of eager, impetuous, sensitive, quick-tempered, generous girl that her daughter was now; but time and many a trouble had worn away the impetuosity, and calmed all into a noble steadfastness and patience. "What can't you bear? don't be afraid of telling me, dear. I suppose you mean that the girls speak unkindly of—of your father."

"Yes," Margaret said, under her breath.

"And some will have nothing to do with you?"

"Yes. Oh, mother, it is horrible! Emily Peacock told several of them not to associate with me; and she said quite loud that the school was not fit for gentlemen's daughters now that there were—" Margaret broke off with a sob.

"Were what? daughters of convicts?"

"Mother! how can you speak so calmly?"

"I'll tell you why I can, Maggie. I'll trust you with your father's secret; you are old enough now to understand and to be proud—yes, proud, and not ashamed—that you are his child, as I am to be his wife."

"Proud, mother?"

"Yes. Listen, for it will help you to bear your little troubles at school, as I do my greater ones at home. I suppose you believed with every one

else that your father did dishonourable things, used money that was not his own, and deserved to be sent to prison for five years."

"Mother, I didn't know what to think—of course I always loved him, but—but he did not say a word for himself."

"No. He took upon himself a punishment he had never deserved, and allowed people to think him guilty. And for this reason—it is only known to him and me and two others—your Uncle Henry, his partner, his brother, and my only sister's husband, was guilty, and it was to save his life your father took his place, and is bearing his penalty. You know how ill your uncle has been and is now, and how dreadfully delicate too my sister Isabel is. Your father knew that his brother could not live very long, and the misery as well as the confinement of the life would certainly kill him very shortly, and that if he had to go to prison he would never see Aunt Isabel again, nor the little baby that came since all this. And Belle was always a great pet of your father's—my only little sister, so pretty and frail; it was such a pleasure to us when Uncle Henry married her, only three years ago, when you were her little bridesmaid. Only three years, and they were so happy then!" Mrs. Shirley broke off, for the tears would come.

"And Uncle Henry let papa!" Margaret cried, with her eyes shining fiercely in the firelight. "Oh, how wicked!"

"No; he is not wicked, only very, very weak, and he allowed it for his wife's sake. Your father said as he was strong and well, he could bear it all, and be happy even in knowing his conscience clear, and I could bear it, knowing that I might be proud of the sacrifice, and glory in it."

"Then that is the reason you have been so brave. I could not think how you could bear it."

"Yes, that is the reason. You understand now, Maggie."

"And when—when the dreadful time is over, mother, what will he do?"

"There are a great many of our friends who have known him a long while, who are quite sure he could not have done wrong, and they have promised to help him."

"And that is the reason why Uncle Henry can't bear to see you, and why poor Aunt Belle cried and sobbed so last Sunday when you were talking, and kissed your hands and said you would both be rewarded?"

"Yes," Mrs Shirley said, with the tears coming fast now at the remembrance.

"With it all I am much, much happier than poor Belle. I fear she will only have her husband a little while longer, and while she loves him so dearly she can't respect him as I can and do your dear, dear father!" Margaret's mother held her head high, and spoke with a proud ring in her voice.

"Mother, mother, I am glad! But mayn't I tell the girls?"

"No, no, no! not for worlds! You must promise me never to do so. You must bear everything that is said, all the unkind looks and actions; it is part of what you and I can bear for his sake, and you ought to be proud to be something like him."

"I will try, but indeed it is very hard work."

"Miss Holmes is very kind, isn't she?"

"Oh yes, in a sort of pitying way. And the teachers are too, and some of the girls. But whenever a new girl comes, I see them whispering about me, and telling her who I am; and I feel as if I were on fire, and I want to fight them. The girls who didn't like me before make as much of this as they can, and the best of them have a patronising way sometimes. Indeed it is hard, mother! What would you do? One of the worst things is, I get so angry and cross it makes me disagreeable to every one and ill-natured. I'm losing even my friends, and I don't seem to care about anything."

Her mother stroked her head. "Poor child? I dare say it is hard. Well, if I were you, Maggie, I would begin and see if I couldn't make them like and respect me so much that you would win a place for yourself that nothing should lose you. Girls are very thoughtless and hard sometimes; they don't understand things, and that makes them judge wrong, but I don't think they mean to be cruel. Think the best of them and not the worst. Remember we have all—you and I, and father most of all—a hard trial to bear, and we must bear it nobly as he is doing, and when it is over, think of the joy of having him back and making life as happy to him as he deserves."

Margaret had never heard the same intense sweetness in her mother's voice before, never seen the same soft light in her eyes. She was generally so calm and reserved even to her children. She felt as if she had never properly loved either father or mother before. She put her arms around her, and they clung together. After a while Margaret said, "Mother, I will not mind—I'll do what you say."

"For father's sake," her mother whispered, as she kissed her.

The old annoyance began for Margaret on the following Monday when she returned to school. Emily Peacock was an ill-natured girl, and had always been a rival of hers; perhaps when Maggie had triumphed over her she had not been as modest and pleasant as she might have been. Margaret was a quick clever girl; she enjoyed learning for learning's sake, but she enjoyed being *first*. This was one of her greatest faults, and one which made the humiliation she had had to endure lately at school so intolerable to her. Now if she got on better than Emily, she was sure to revenge herself by some unkind speech, sometimes spoken outright, sometimes whispered loud enough to be overheard. There happened to be in the French reading some account of a prisoner who escaped from his cell. When Margaret's turn came to read, she saw Emily look significantly at her and then at her companion and intimate friend, Flora Matthews, a big, stupid girl, who followed blindly in Emily's lead. It had been difficult enough for Margaret to find voice to read her part calmly before, but now she felt herself crimsoning, heard herself stammer, and broke down altogether. The old French master looked up in surprise over his spectacles. Margaret was his best pupil, and he knew nothing of her story. "Eh bien, mademoiselle! Continuez donc," he said, but Maggie could not. She felt ashamed of herself, she longed to show them she was proud of her father, but all the eyes upon her were intolerable. She broke out into tears, and poor old M. Leblanc could not conceive what was the matter. His inquiries and perplexity made her worse, and she jumped up and ran out of the room. When she had shut the door, the remembrance of her mother's words came back, and she felt ashamed of having broken down in her good resolution so soon. She waited a few moments quietly outside, then opened the door and walked slowly and calmly back to her place. M. Leblanc asked her if she had felt faint or ill.

"No, sir," she said, looking him straight in the face. "I can go on quite well now." And she got through without a stumble. This was her first little victory, and she felt glad that she had done ever so little for *father's sake*.

The girls were surprised and rather impressed. "I thought we should have seen no more of Maggie at French to-day," Emily said to her own set in the evening. "I don't wonder she found it hard to read, but I did not expect her to face it out."

"It was brave of her," Flora said. She was a dull girl, and too much influenced by her sharp ill-natured companion, but she was not badly disposed.



R. & E. TAYLOR.

THE PRIZE DAY. (See p. 90)

"Very fine!" said Emily. "So you are going over to her, Flo. For my part, I don't believe in Miss Maggie. Papa says where there is bad blood it is better not to associate with people."

"It must be dreadful to have a *convict* for one's father," another girl said, in a tone of horror.

These unkind remarks were heard by a girl who reported them, with a few exaggerations, to Maggie. Her face burnt, and she looked very fierce for a minute. "I'll go and tell them," she began; "I won't stay to be insulted." And then the memory of her mother's words rose again. Her whole face softened, and the angry light died away. What were her little trials to *theirs*. Her officious friend wondered at this. "It does not signify what they say, Polly," Margaret said, trying to speak cheerfully. "I don't see the good of repeating disagreeable things. Some of you care a little about me for myself, I believe."

"Oh! Maggie, you are quite angelic," the admiring Polly cried, and flew upon her to kiss her.

Margaret laughed, and turned away. "Don't be silly, Polly; there's very little of the angel about me."

So it went on. Many and many an annoyance came to Maggie—annoyances she used to call great troubles; she saw that many girls avoided her, and there were disagreeable things very often said and repeated to her. But she had begun to feel a pride in bearing disagreeables without showing that they hurt, and even some who disliked her and were jealous of her success in her classes could hardly help respecting and admiring her in secret, though they did not leave off their small ill-natured ways. When she gave way to temper and allowed herself to be greatly troubled and irritated, it made her strong again to go home and see how her mother bore the falling off of "summer friends," and the snubs she got from proud, unkind people. Margaret felt she should be glad when her schooling was over and she might come home altogether and teach the little ones, but she knew she should do wrong to leave Miss Holmes, who was an old friend of her mother's and had been very kind.

When the half-year came round, Margaret was wonderfully successful in the examinations. She was at the head of most of her classes, and carried prizes and honours away from many older girls. Some of these, especially Emily Peacock, were exceedingly angry, and determined to revenge themselves for their defeat. One day before breaking up there was first a *vivâ voce* examination at Miss Holmes's school, and then a public prize-giving in the large schoolroom. It was the great event of their little world. Some learned gentlemen who knew Miss Holmes kindly undertook to examine,

the rector of the parish gave the prizes, and all the girls' fathers and mothers and many relations assembled to see the affair. Miss Holmes rather doubtfully asked Mrs. Shirley if she cared to go.

"Do, mother," Margaret begged. "I shan't have any one."

It was a great effort, but her mother consented. When she entered the room where all the girls and some of the visitors were assembled Maggie joined her eagerly, and a whisper went round—"Her mother!" All the girls stared hard at the handsome pale lady in simple black silk who sat down with a quiet dignity that became her very well. Margaret's heart burnt within her as she noticed the curious glances and the coldness on the part of some present who knew who Mrs. Shirley was. She sat quiet and lonely in one corner, and Margaret kept close to her with crimson cheeks, and eyes from which tears were not far. But when the examination began she had to leave her mother and take her place, and she determined that she would make her proud of her girl. She forced herself not to be nervous; she commanded her voice, and answered every question put to her so well that the examiners complimented her again and again. And when the prize-giving began it was "Margaret Shirley" who was called up more often than any other girl in the school. It was a sort of triumph, and many of her companions were full of envy and anger, but Maggie was in no danger of feeling elated. When she was spoken of in high terms of praise, and most of the girls clapped her as she went back to her mother's side, Emily's set gave a low hiss, and Margaret overheard that cruel whisper again—"The convict's daughter!" She bore it, triumph and shame together, beautifully, and her mother's proud tender look and farewell words were reward enough—all that she really cared for. When school began again Margaret found many opportunities for trying her mother's plan—that of making herself so much liked that malice would die away, but it took a long while dying. She had plenty of warm friends, and all the younger girls, the stupid and the snubbed, loved her dearly, for Margaret was always kind, thoughtful, and generous to those who were unhappy. She knew what it was to suffer herself. It was only Emily's faction who held aloof and kept up the unkind feeling—those who envied her success in school, and thought she wanted to know her "place." But the number of these got fewer.

One day Maggie happened to pick up an exercise-book of Emily's in the passage—one full of caricatures and very free and not complimentary remarks on every one. Margaret only just glanced

at it to make sure whose it was, and took it straight to Emily in the playground. "You dropped this; I think it is yours, Emily," she said, handing it to the girl.

Emily got rather red, and looked as if she could hardly believe her eyes. "You haven't shown it to any one?" she asked suspiciously. "It would get me into an awful scrape."

"I am not so dishonourable," Maggie said, with a proud look.

"That's awfully good of you," Flora burst out, irrepressibly; "after Em's nagging at you. You ought to thank her well, Miss Emily."

"I'm very much obliged," Emily said, half forced out of her ungraciousness.

"I don't want thanks," Maggie answered, simply. "Of course I never dreamt of doing anything with your book." And she turned in another direction.

Flora ran after her and took her arm. "Look here, Maggie Shirley," she said, in her awkward, good-natured way. "We've been *horrid* to you, but I mean to go in for being friends if you will let bygones be bygones. I am disgusted with Em."

"I shall be very glad to be friends," Margaret answered, pleasantly.

"And I for one shall never say another word about—about—you know what," continued Flora. "Will you give me a kiss?"

So Margaret Shirley's year at school slipped away, and as it went by her little hardships grew lighter. She could not feel gay and happy, for was not her dear noble father suffering his undeserved punishment, and her mother bearing her solitude and anxiety at home? But she felt that it was a good thing to be able to bear patiently, and to have strength and courage, and her mother was proud of her brave girl.

It was within a day or two of breaking up for the Christmas holidays, and Miss Holmes's girls were in a state of great excitement.

In the midst of all the gay chatter and fuss Margaret felt very sad, and she couldn't help it. What merry holidays she used to have, and this year how gloomy it would be at home.

She had not heard from her mother, nor seen her for a fortnight, for she had gone to help her sister to nurse her husband, poor Uncle Henry, who was dying, and she had no time even to write. Maggie did not know whether he was alive or dead; it was all melancholy, she thought, and it made it worse that it was Christmas time, and every girl in the school except herself seemed full of hope and spirits. She was sitting in a corner trying to read, but not noticing the words that her eyes followed, when she was called out of the room to see her mother. Mrs. Shirley was alone in Miss Holmes's

parlour, and as she ran in she held out her arms, and as Margaret clung fondly to her, burst into tears.

"Mother! mother! what has happened? Anything worse?"

Her mother struggled to speak. "Not altogether sad, Maggie. No; part is very, very joyful—so much joy that I can hardly bear it—but part is very sad. Uncle Henry died last night, dear."

"Did he? Oh, poor Aunt Belle!"

"Yes, poor Aunt Belle; but at first it is almost a relief to her that his sufferings are over. And, Maggie, before he died—oh, I seem choked as if I could not tell you—before he died he told all, and proved your father's innocence."

"Oh, mother!"

"Yes, darling, proved it to all the world. And he is coming home to us very, very soon."

"Coming home?"

"Yes; they have to grant a pardon before he can be released."

"What a shame! A *pardon* when he has done nothing wrong!"

"It is the only way, however, and it does not matter what it is called, for every one knows, or will know. I try to think of my poor Belle's sorrow, but it is impossible not to rejoice. And, Maggie dear, I shall be so proud to tell father what a good girl he has here. You have borne your troubles nobly."

"They were only very little troubles, mother."

"They did not seem little to you at first; and school-girls often think a great deal of small trials. I am proud of you, dear."

"I can hardly believe it is all over, and we shall have him back again. It seems too good to be true."

"But it means terrible sorrow to Aunt Belle," her mother said, with tears dropping fast. And they could say no more for a long while.

The news spread over the school like wild-fire that Maggie Shirley's father was to be let out of prison, and that, after all, he had never done anything wrong; and, though some few felt ashamed, nobody could help being glad of the news. Even Emily Peacock felt constrained to say a few words of congratulation, and every other girl nearly overwhelmed Maggie with eager questions, kisses, and kind words.

She had fought her way through all her difficulties very bravely, and she could go home now with her heart full of the deepest thankfulness for the great and unexpected joy that was coming to them all, and with a conscience that told her she had borne her share of the trouble at home honourably and courageously for "father's sake."

## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## II.—THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

"Dread was the mystery on Moriah's hill;  
Low on the ridge the cloud of morning lay:  
From each dark fold, along each gliding rill,  
Strange whispers from the mountain met our way.

"But we must wait below, and upward gaze,  
While toward the mount the Father and the Son  
Pursue their course, soon in that awful haze  
To vanish, till the appointed deed be done."



SHMAEL was gone from his father's tents, but we may believe that Abraham constantly thought about his absent son. No doubt from time to time he would hear of him. "Ishmael is living in the desert of Paran," some would say; he would be told of his strength and courage, and of his wild deeds.

After a time Abraham gave orders that the tents should be struck, and the flocks driven slowly southward, to where the green land of Palestine dies away into the hot desert. Perhaps the pastures of Hebron were no longer sufficient for his flocks; but it seems likely that Abraham may have had a further motive for choosing Beersheba as his encampment—that thus he might be near to Ishmael, and might perhaps even see him, and enter beneath his tent.

But even if it were so, and if we are thus shown how dear Ishmael still was to his father's heart, yet Isaac was far dearer. He was growing now into boyhood, and was the joy and sunshine of both Abraham and Sarah's heart. We do not know quite how many years had gone by at Beersheba, when there fell a very solemn day in the life of the aged chief.

It was again night, and once more Abraham was alone. The voice of God was heard by him through the solemn darkness, calling him by his name, that name which God Himself had given him when he promised that he should be the father of many nations, "Abraham."

Each time he heard that name it must have reminded the old man of the promise, and how it had begun to be fulfilled in the birth of Isaac his son, and to hear it now must have been a great help to him in the trial which was coming on him. And Abraham needed all his trust now, for when he had answered, "Behold, here I am," then came to him this message—

"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

How could Abraham obey this command? He had sent away Ishmael at God's bidding, and now must his tent be made quite silent, must he never hope any more to see his son's dear face, or lean on his strong arm? Must he never dream again of what it would be to see Isaac's children growing up around him and Sarah in their old age? Saddest and most terrible of all, must he himself be the one to stretch out his hand against his child?

Perhaps if Abraham had let himself dwell on all this he could not have obeyed; but instead of this he hastened at once to do what God bid him; he rose up early in the morning, and himself put the saddle upon his ass, and then he called two of his servants, and Isaac his son, and told them that he was going to offer sacrifice, and they must come with him. They carried wood for the offering, and fire with which it might be kindled, and Abraham had, with trembling hand, to fasten at his girdle the bright knife with which he was accustomed to slay the lambs as they lay bound on the altar; but it was not now a lamb that he was bidden to offer.

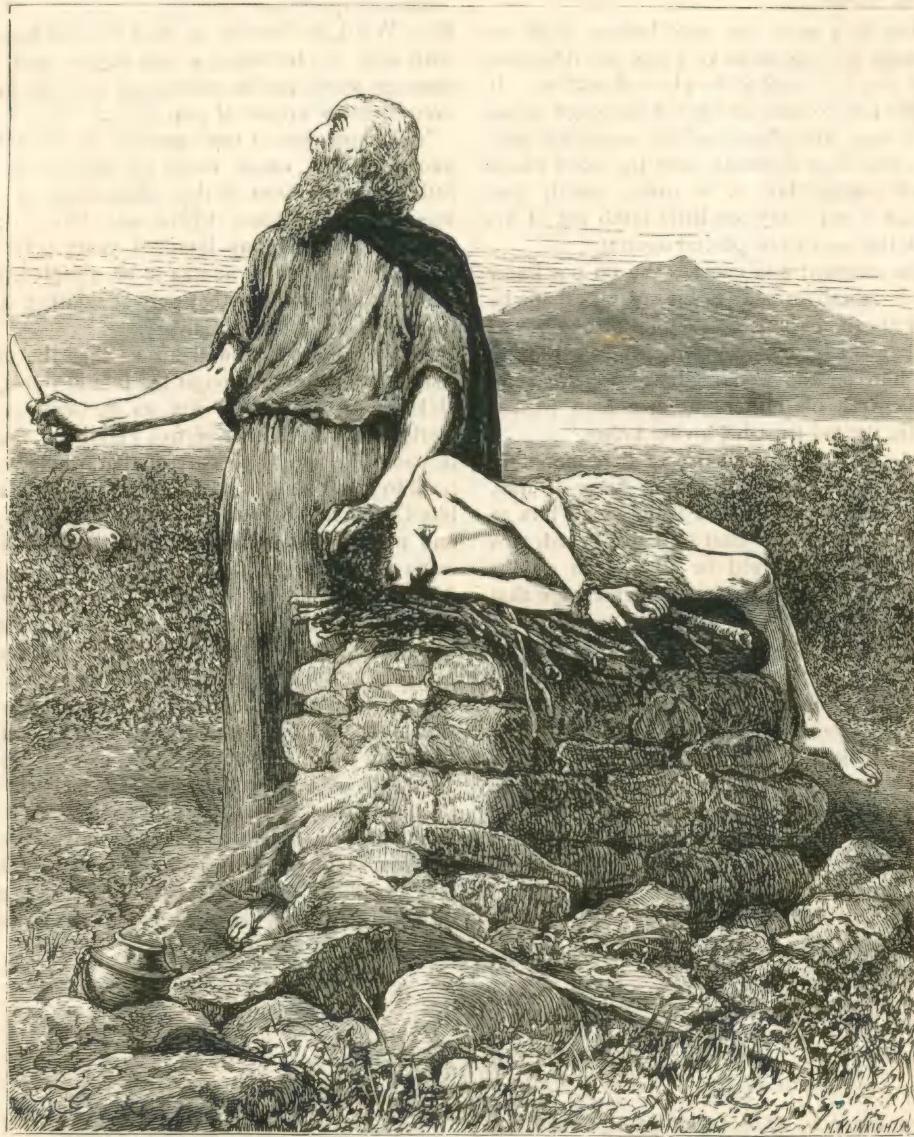
Three days the little company were on the road; what days they must have been to the old man as he walked slowly along, following his unseen Guide.

Sometimes Isaac would be beside him talking about the scenes around, or about what was going on in the tents at home, and if, when he listened to the voice he loved so well, Abraham even for one moment forgot the terrible deed which he had been commanded to do, there was the sound behind him of the feet of the ass which carried the hewn wood ready for the altar. Night would come, and when all was still around the sleeping company, Abraham, we feel sure, would be awake, praying with earnest, passionate longing that God would strengthen him and make his faith perfect.

And each day this faith did grow stronger; of one thing he never doubted, and that was that God's word would be kept, though all else might fail. God had said that Isaac should be the father of a great nation, and therefore Abraham felt quite sure that even if he were slain, if he lay dead upon the wood, if his body were burnt there to ashes,

still God could and would raise him up again. This it is that made Abraham's faith so very great, so that all through the Bible he is spoken of as

this that when, on reaching the foot of the hill, he bade his two servants remain below with the ass, he said to them that when the sacrifice was offered he



ON MOUNT MORIAH. (See p. 94.)

"faithful," that he believed that God could raise the dead.

Abraham had nothing of all our knowledge of the wonderful miracles performed by the prophets, and by Christ and His apostles, and yet he accounted that God was able to raise Isaac up even from the dead. So sure was he of

and Isaac would both return to them. They went up but slowly, for Isaac was laden with the wood, and Abraham was carrying in his hand the fire with which it was to be lighted. Presently Isaac spoke ; at each step they were going farther away from the pastures where the white flocks grazed, and yet his father had not brought up with him

any one of them that he might offer it to God. "Behold the fire and the wood," said Isaac, "but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?"

"My son, God will provide himself a lamb," was the solemn answer.

And now they were, we may believe, high on the mountain, perhaps at its very top, and Abraham knew that they had reached the place of sacrifice. It did not take long to build an altar of the rough stones which lay here and there on the mountain side, and upon this altar Abraham laid the wood which Isaac had carried, laid it in order, quietly and calmly, as if it were only one little lamb out of his wide flock that was to be placed upon it.

Then the moment was come. We do not know what words Abraham said to his son; perhaps he could not speak, perhaps he only in silence bound the lad's hands with his own girdle, and then lifting him laid him on the wood. Isaac, we are sure, was as silent as his father; as Abraham trusted God, so did the lad trust his loving father.

Suddenly, in the utter silence of that mountain top, a voice was heard. Abraham knew it well. It was that holiest voice which had bidden him to offer up his son, and now that he had obeyed, now that in his heart and will he had given up his dearest to God, it was a far different message that reached him.

"Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me."

Abraham looked up into the calm blue heavens from which the voice had come; but there was no sign there, no glorious presence abode upon the quiet mountain top, no light above the brightness of the sun shone over the now empty altar, from which the father had caught away his son. Only, close beside them, in a little thicket, a ram was struggling to free himself from the thorn bushes

in which his long horns were entangled. Abraham understood the sign; he at once took the ram and offered him for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.

This story of Isaac, written down for us in God's Holy Word, has besides all its wonderful lessons of faith and of obedience, a still deeper and holier message which can be understood and remembered even by the youngest of you, dear children.

You know what a type means. It is something like a shadow, which, when we see it, tells us a little about the form of that which casts it. Isaac was a type of Jesus Christ our Saviour; and through all the many hundred years before that Saviour should come he was to be a representation and foreshadowing of that perfect sacrifice once to be offered for us all on Calvary.

And therefore it is well for us that the story of Isaac should stand amongst the first of those of the children of the Bible. For as we seek in these stories the pattern of a perfect childhood, and find in each life some one part of that whole; so we need to learn thus, first of all, that it is only as it is like Christ, and only through Christ, that any pure and noble childhood can be. Each shines with some light caught from Him who is Light of Lights; Joseph is like Him in his love for the brethren who betrayed him, Samuel in the listening heart which heard the voice of God, Daniel in his purity, and David in his courage; but Isaac tells us of that sacrifice which none else but the sinless could offer, and through which alone any Christian childhood can be.

Side by side Abraham and his son went down the mountain. A strange new joy shone in their faces. Abraham's was lit with a gladness which seemed to tell even of more than of the life which had been given back to him; his faith was made perfect through obedience and sacrifice, and God had filled his heart with peace.

#### BIBLE EXERCISES.

##### III.

*"Jonathan went to David, and strengthened his hand in God."*—I SAM. xxiii. 16.

Should we encourage one another in God?—Prov. xxvii.; Is. xxxv.

Paul strengthened his converts in God.—Eph. vi.; Heb. xii.

David encouraged himself in God.—I Sam. xxx.; Ps. xlvi.

Is there strength in God?—Is. xxv.; Jer. xvi.; Hab. iii.

##### IV.

*"The Lord hath withholden thee from avenging thyself."*—I SAM. xxv. 26.

Is it God who keeps His people from doing evil?—Gen. xx.; I Sam. xxv.; Ps. cxxi.; Luke ii.; 2 Tim. iv.

We must not avenge ourselves.—Lev. xix.; Rom. xii.

Vengeance belongs to God.—Deut. xxxii.; Heb. x. God keeps His people from suffering evil.—Gen. xxxi.; Ps. xxxvii., cv.

## PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS.

## TO MAKE A WOOLLEN SHAWL.



OUGH and chilly are the fingers of the New Year! You, little maiden, can run about and thus keep yourself warm, in spite of fog and frost, but grandmamma and baby cannot do that, and therefore they need extra clothing to keep them comfortably warm. Neither grandmamma nor baby can make these necessary additions, for the hands of the one are too tremulous, and those of the other are too tiny for the work; so it devolves upon you to do it for them. Then follow me, and you will succeed in making a nice warm shawl, and one which is not too heavy, for neither grandmamma nor baby like to be burdened.

Icelandic wool is the material we shall use; it has a very silky appearance, which distinguishes it from ordinary wool; it is extremely warm, and particularly fine. It is sold in balls, and as it is so very thin two threads are used together. If you look you will see the ends of the twin threads, popping out of the middle of the ball; these two will pull and work evenly together.

I told you something about crochet last year, therefore you will be able to understand my directions without minute explanations; and therefore I shall give very abrupt orders. But first let me tell you something of the plan of action, and then you will know better what you are going to do.

The shawl is begun in the centre. From there you work round and round until the shawl is as large as you wish it to be.

Like shawls in general, this one has four corners; take care you remember those corners, for at each corner the hook must go twice through one link, and it is by doing this that the shawl increases in size, and also keeps its square shape.

Now to begin. Take an ivory crochet-hook of moderate size, make a chain of six links, join it by making a stitch in the first link. Make three chain stitches, put hook through next link of original chain, pull wool through, draw more wool through both loops on hook. Make three chain, put hook through next link, pull wool through, draw more wool through the two loops on hook.

Do this twice more; now you have got round the original chain, and ought to have four peep-holes. The second round is done thus:—Make three chain, put hook through the middle link of the chain you made last round, pull wool through, draw wool through two loops on hook; make three chain, put the hook again through the same passage, and make another stitch in like manner. Then make three chain, and go on to the next chain of the last round. Into the middle link of this you also go twice, making three chain between each stitch. When you have done this twice more you have completed the second round, and have got your four corners. After this the work is very easy, and is done thus:—At every corner the hook is sent twice through the same link, and three chain stitches are made between its two journeys. Between the corners the hook goes into the centre link of each chain that it comes to; but attend to this—whenever the hook passes through a link it must push through the lower part of it, and raise two threads on its back, for if it has one only that one will be too feeble to support the stitch which holds on to it, and a large hole will appear as a disfigurement. I can tell you of a little variety in doing this work; it is effected in a very simple manner, and enhances its appearance. A wee, wee rosette is made to appear where a stitch joins the chain. Supposing you have just made a stitch, now make three chain, and now put the hook through the *back* of the stitch just made, and make another stitch. Then make three chain and go on as usual. If you were to put the hook through the front and in the same link, why then you would have an extra chain peep-hole with an appearance just the same as you get at the corners, whereas by doing it the other way you get a tiny dot of a rosette. I do not make one of these at the junction of every stitch, only here and there.

Crochet of this kind should not be done tightly; the links of the chains should not be very close, but exactly of the same size.

There are several ways of making pretty the edge of the shawl; the simplest is that of making six chain between each stitch, and going twice into *every* centre link all round the shawl. This produces a frilling appearance. Another plan is to make a fringe—to tie a little bunch of threads into each centre link or at the junction where each chain joins the other. These do well for baby, but perhaps grandmamma would appreciate a more elaborate ornamentation. Then do for

her the following border which is made separately, and afterwards attached to the shawl by crochet links. Follow my plan, and try your luck first with thick wool before you attempt to manage the thin. One trial pattern will serve as a guide, and show mistakes when made. When the difficulty is mastered, the border proper can be begun. Wind wool half-a-dozen times round two fingers, do not break it off—it serves as a little ring which is to be a foundation for a wheel. Take the hook, put wool over twice, send it through ring, pull wool through. Now you have four loops on hook, take wool

through two again and again until one loop remains. Do this twenty-eight times, then the ring will be covered round with stitches. The second round is done thus:—Make seven chain; make a stitch in the link you see between those tall stitches in last round. Again make seven chain, and so in the next link but one. Do this all round, missing every other link. The third and fourth rounds are alike—seven chain and a stitch in the middle link of preceding. When sufficient wheels are made they are joined together, and then to the edge of the shawl, by the aid of the hook.

E. C.

### HARRY MAXWELL; OR, SCHOOLBOY HONOUR.

#### CHAPTER V.

"We talk, and plan, and scheme, as if we ruled  
And governed all our acts and their results—  
*He orders all.*"



BERTHA made a slight noise in running through the plantation, which attracted the attention of one of the men.

"I say, what was that there, Bill? were it a bird, or some one in there? Let's get up and see."

"No; I never don't go in there," said Bill. "Old lady, she's very good to me and mine; I don't intrude upon her. But now this here business! I never thought 'twas to get that there nice little chap as do live in at this very place into such a scrape. I haven't seen 'im in the village for the past week or more, ashamed to show his innercent face; to think of that, now! If I'd a thought that there young Telsford had done it for a spite against he, I'd have been on at you afore now to tell the rights on it to the parson. Young Harry Maxwell he's a genelman all over, every inch on him. Never passes I in the village without a 'How d'ye do, Bill,' 'Fine day, Bill,' when other folks only scowls. And when he hear from the curate that I was precious ill, as I was last year, what does he do, but comes down with

a couple of as fine chickens as you ever see, and asks if my old mother could cook 'em for me; you don't know nothing of this place, or you'd never have done it. T'other chap, he's Lawyer Telsford's son, down at Fairford, and a bad lot he is. But little Master Harry, why his father was the open-handedest genelman as I ever saw, and a fine soldier as ever stepped. If you don't go and tell the parson, or the old lady up there, or somebody, I tell'ee" said Bill, getting irate, "I'll fight 'ee within an inch of your life."

"Oh, come, now!" growled the other man, "you'd best not. I know summut about that there line of business, you know. But I say, what was it you said about the young chap's father being a soldier? Was he, now?"

"Yes, Colonel Maxwell, to be sure!"

"Colonel Maxwell!" shouted the other man. "Why, he was my colonel when I was a better man than I am now, and hadn't a thought of coming down to breaking stones on the road. Why, man, man! why didn't you tell me before; I'd have cut my right hand off sooner than have done any harm to his boy! He was the best, the kindest—" and the poor, rough stone-breaker from the casual ward at Fairford workhouse fairly broke down and sobbed like a child.

"Well, I heard," grumbled out Bill, touched at his companion's distress, but not liking to show that he was so touched—"I heard as how Henry Maxwell was on the bag Telsford give you to put the poisoned meat in."

"I never give it a thought; never so much as give it a thought," said the other man. "I see some writin' on the bag, but I never looked at it. I don't care if they put me in prison; but I'll go and tell all about it. Come along, and show us the way."

Bertha's eager tale, poured into Harry's ears the



BILL AND THE GARDENER. (See p. 98.)

moment she reached the house, found but little credence from him. He wished to believe it, poor boy! And "if any one else but Bertha—but she makes such mountains out of nothing," so he soliloquised.

She left him very downhearted to tell the story to Jessica, if she could get her to listen. Poor Bertha! How she had suffered the last few days from her old exaggerations and love of tittle-tattle. Now when she was trying with all her might to overcome these faults, and to be scrupulously truthful and honourable, now when it was important she should be believed, no one would believe her. She could certainly get little credit from Harry or the servants. And even grandmother and Jessica, kind as they were, were a little inclined to smile at her eager assurance and belief that all would be cleared up, and that Harry would go to the vicarage again directly.

"Man proposes, God disposes." Mark Rainforth, the discharged soldier, whose one glimpse of a better life, whose one gleam of brightness, had been given to him when he served under Harry's father, Colonel Maxwell, was prevented from carrying out his good intentions after his conversation with Bill in the lane.

Alas! how many times had opportunities of good turning-points in his life come to him, and he had passed them by. Now an opportunity presented itself again before him, and passed him by. When he said to Bill Atkinson, "Come along, and show us the way," they went up the lane to the turning that led to the vicarage, but they were not destined to get there.

At the end of the lane a policeman suddenly appeared, and laying his hand on Bill's arm, said, "Now you come along with me quietly, and don't you make any fuss. You've been at your old tricks over in Squire Jackson's woods, and you've just got to come along to Fairford with me."

"You might as well take me too while you are about it," remarked Mark Rainforth, satirically, "for I've been and committed a murder since I've been here, and I like a jail better than a workus and breaking o' them stones on the road."

"A murder?" said the policeman, inquiringly.

"'Twere nothing but a dorg, master," said Bill. "There, now, you go and set that there matter to rights, Mark."

But Mark Rainforth's better mind was gone by this time.

His only friend, the one man in the place who would speak to him, was taken off to prison. "Just my luck," he said to himself.

His whole spirit full of bitterness and hatred of

his fellow-creatures, all remembrance of the good man who had once cared for him, the man in whom he saw no fault, faded from his mind, as he turned into the nearest public-house; and the little son of the brave officer, whose body Mark Rainforth had helped to lay under the palm-trees in the eastern country far away, was left under the shadow of an unmerited disgrace.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Rough dost thou call him, rough and wild?  
So he may be. But still some light from God  
Shines on him. Reverence that light."

A MONTH passed by, and Bill was out of prison. Bertha, sent down into the village on an errand by her grandmother, encountered him. When she saw him, she would have given anything if she could have spoken to him; but her courage failed her, and she also thought that Mrs. Maxwell would not approve of it. But as she passed him, she looked at him so eagerly that the man, who would otherwise have passed by unheeding the small figure on the pathway as he slouched along, found himself wondering at her notice of him. Then, putting his hand over his rough, short hair, he soliloquised—

"Ah! 'tis that! Marks us they do, worse luck to 'em. Little miss, she wonders to see a feller who's been in jail, now. 'Tis a sight to she, I don't doubt. But there, I was always a good-tempered chap, and I takes no offence, not I." And then something—what?—the man's good angel, it may be—brought suddenly to his recollection the talk in the lane with Mark Rainforth, the story of the dog, and little Harry Maxwell's bright face saddened and downcast, as he had seen it a day or two before he was taken off to prison.

"Morning to you, Bill. I hope you'll keep out of trouble now you're free again." This from Mrs. Maxwell's gardener, old Peter, on his way home to dinner.

"I say," said Bill, by way of reply, "have ye seed anything of a stone-breaking feller who was about here afore I went, name o' Mark?"

"I did hear," said old Peter, "that a chap o' that name had been a-drinking very bad at the public, but I think he's gone off. Did he owe ye anything, now?"

"Not much to speak on," said Bill.

"I say, Bill, we've been good to you and yours. Now, do you think that that there chap had any hand in killing the parson's dog? He was here at the time 'twas done."

"However be I to know?" said Bill. "Parsons is parsons, and dogs do die sometimes; but what's that to do with I?"

"Well, there, I thought you might oblige a friend if you knowed anything ; but if you don't, it's no odds, and there's no bones broke, and no offence offered or took. There ! our place is uncommon dull without our little master, reg'lar moth as he was for mischief—in and out of every bit of it as he could manage to put his nose into ; but I never looked to see him get into such a bad scrape as this here, never !"

"Where is he, then ?" growled out Bill.

"Sent off to the say-coast. He's worried himself nearly ill about this precious business."

"Well, I'd never worrit myself about a mossel of a dorg, then."

"'Taint about the dog, man," said Peter, getting irate, "you never suppose he done that job, do you ? 'Tis their character genelmen looks to, you see, and the disgrace of it all ! Even a little boy as is a genelman born and bred knows 'tis a bad business to get into such a scrape as to be sent away from school, even tho' 'twere for a time—it sticks to 'em, don't ye see, it sticks."

"Wouldn't stick, may be, if 'twere proved as he hadn't done it ?" growled out Bill, inquiringly.

"Of course not, man," said Peter.

"Good arternoon to ye," said Bill. "I keeps such uncommon bad company, don't ye see, that there's not many things of this kind but what I gets to the bottom on ; and if I do hear anything I'll let ye know, Peter ; and you'll do me a good turn when you has the chance."

#### CHAPTER VII.

"Who, even-eyed, looks on His children, the black and the fair,  
The loved and the unloved, the tempted, untempted—marks  
all,  
And metes—not as man metes."

"TELFORD wanted in the vicar's study."

This announcement, made by Mr. Percival soon after the boys had assembled in their schoolroom one morning, made every one look up.

Not a moment of peace had Telford experienced since Harry had left them. The very boy whose disgrace he had with much labour and pains endeavoured to bring about, he would have given anything he possessed now to see again amongst them. For was there not a certain gloom over the whole house ? at every turn did he not hear the boys anxiously discussing the affair, and constantly expressing their earnest desire that it might be cleared up, and that little Maxwell might come back ? And then he had overheard some one saying that Harry was ill, and had been sent to the sea. Perhaps he would die, and then—but the

idea was too terrible to be dwelt upon. The boys all saw that something had happened, but one hour, two hours, passed, and they heard nothing. The vicar never appeared.

The play-hours came, the dinner-bell rang, the boys went in to their dinner as usual, looking with curiosity at the head of the table as they walked in—no vicar there. Mr. Pearson followed them, and took his place. No Owen Telford !

"I tell you what, Jackson," said John Armstrong to Hubert, when they were in the playground again, "the dog business has all come out, and Telford did it, you'll see. I have always thought so from that day we met here after it was done."

Nothing more passed between them on the subject till the bell summoned them all to the schoolroom for the afternoon. Then, as the door opened to receive them, and they saw the vicar in his usual place, John Armstrong whispered in Hubert's ear, "Now then, three cheers for Maxwell !"

"Boys," said the vicar, "I have a very painful duty to perform, and a very sad history to relate to you. I have one thing to tell you, however, which I think will give you all, as it gives me, unmixed pleasure. Henry Maxwell was falsely accused of killing the dog ; he knew nothing about the business from beginning to end. He was, I grieve to say, the victim of a deliberate plot laid to injure him in our eyes."

The last part of the sentence was not heard. Such a deafening cheer from the boys, that the old house rang again, and Telford, in the solitude of the vicar's study, trembled. He knew what the boys were cheering for—yes, he knew ; and ah ! how he hoped he should never have to face one of them again.

"I should like to give the fellow who did it a piece of my mind," one voice was heard to say just at this juncture.

"You will not be able to do that," said the vicar, gravely, "for he is gone to give account to a higher Judge than you or I for all his actions—he is dead."

The boys were completely awed into silence now, and Mr. Ayrton continued—

"I was sent for last night by the master of the Fairford workhouse to see a man who was dying. He said he did not think the man would live through the night, and that he would be very glad if I could come at once, as he seemed to have something on his mind, and could get no rest till he had told me about it. When I went into the infirmary ward where he was lying, I recognised his face as that of a man I had noticed about here within the last two months breaking stones on the

road. It seems he was a discharged soldier, who has of late years led a very bad life. He had been in Fairford workhouse some little time, and they sent him out to work on the roads in this neighbourhood. When he earned a little money he drank terribly, and two days ago he was brought into the infirmary, having met with a frightful accident—he had fallen under the wheels of a heavy waggon when he was in a state of intoxication, and the injuries he sustained were of so fatal a character, that he died this morning about six o'clock. He was in this village at the time my dog was killed, and he wanted to see me to tell me that he did it, and so to clear Harry Maxwell from the charge. It seems that Mark Rainforth, for that was the poor fellow's name, served in the regiment in India in which Harry's father was colonel, and he had a most loving and grateful recollection of him. He had no idea when he killed the dog at the instigation of, I deeply regret to say, one of your school-fellows, that it was done in order to injure any one of the boys here, much less the son of his old colonel. He said he thought the boy who asked him to kill the dog, simply wanted to do a bit of mischief, and he had no notion there was any particular spite connected with it. Some little time after he had done it, he found out in some way or other that the plot had been laid to get an innocent boy into trouble. Curiously enough, a poor rough fellow in this village, a man who is often in prison for poaching, found this out, and told him. I do not know how Bill Atkinson, the poacher, discovered it. I imagine that he *suspected* rather than knew the real truth of the matter, from putting one or two things together that he heard. When Mark Rainforth found, in the course of his conversation with Bill, that Harry Maxwell was the son of his old colonel, he said he started off directly to tell me all about it. Unfortunately, on the way to this house, Bill, who was with him, was seized and taken off to prison for poaching. This so upset Mark, as in losing Bill he said he lost his only friend in the place, that he forgot his good resolutions, forgot his old colonel and poor Harry, and has been leading a terrible life since that day, drinking whenever he had any money to spend, sleeping about under hedges and in old sheds, having no settled home or lodging. Alas! it is all over now, the poor misused life, given by God to be used in His service, and for His glory. But God's mercy is great. Soon after Bill Atkinson came out of prison, it seems he searched for him, for some time in vain. Then he heard of this accident, and started off for the Fairford workhouse, thinking the poor fellow who had met with

it, who was described to him as a tramp, might be Mark Rainforth. And so he found him. It appears that Bill has some liking for Harry, and some feeling of gratitude to Mrs. Maxwell for kindnesses she has shown him. So when he was admitted into the ward, he asked Mark if he would tell the truth now, and clear his old master's son, and he found Mark as eager as he could wish him to be to do so. Off the poor fellow trudged for me. I went to Fairford as fast as I could, and remained with the poor dying man about an hour and a half. I must say I was much touched, before I left him, at seeing Bill Atkinson come in and take his place by Rainforth's side, and the master told me that he had implored, with tears in his eyes, to be allowed to stop with him till he died. I said to him, 'Are you related to this man?' and he said in his rough way, 'Not as I knows on, sir; but anybody can't stop, when he sees another chap down in a ditch like, to ask hisself whether he's his brother or any kin to him afore putting in of a hand to pull un out.' I felt quite rebuked."

"You will all know, boys," the vicar continued, after a slight pause, "by his absence from amongst you, which of your companions it is that has done this evil thing. Of course I can no longer keep him here; he knows he is virtually expelled. But his parents are abroad, and I must wait till I can hear from them before I can send him home, as I understand their house is shut up. I must therefore ask your charity and forbearance for him for a few days. Do not reproach him; his own conscience is quite a sufficient reproach. I believe him to be very sorry for what he has done—indeed, to have been sorry for some time, but to have lacked the courage to confess the truth. He has acknowledged everything to me. Be merciful to him, boys. I trust you to behave like Christian gentlemen."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"O happiest work below,  
Earnest of joy above,  
To sweeten many a cup of woe  
By deeds of holy love."

"ORDERS from head-quarters. Do what the vicar tells you. Say nothing to that fellow Telsford about the dog business, but no boy speaks to him unless obliged to do so, and must report to the captain immediately if obliged."

Such were the orders given in the playground after the vicar's story had been heard. Such is the tender mercy of boys. Alas for Owen Telsford!

His inmost heart had been touched; his slumbering conscience had been awakened by all that had

happened, by all he had suffered, since Harry had left them—by the death of the man who had been bribed by him to be his partner in guilt, by the vicar's solemn words to him; but one day amongst the boys again spoiled it all. What he suffered! Oh, how he longed that his father would come and take him away!

Hating everybody, and feeling hard as a stone, Owen stood sulkily by himself in a corner of the playground as a loud cheer from the boys proclaimed that Harry Maxwell, who had been

to himself. "Why did I hate him so? only because he got before me in class! How foolish I was! What did it matter to the trouble I'm in now! I wish my father would send for me." And then he shuddered as he thought, "When I go home, how they will reproach me."

What is this! Harry Maxwell coming straight up to him with outstretched hand. Owen resolutely put his hands behind him, saying at the same time, "Don't you know that Jackson has ordered the boys not to touch me? I know he has."



"I STOLE IT," SAID OWEN. (See p. 102.)

expected all day, had come. He looked up; he saw the vicar, with his hand on Maxwell's shoulder, standing at the door which opened on the playground. The boys, how they did welcome him! All this Owen Telsford saw. He stood there as if in a dream, watching it. He could not take his eyes off the group of boys, but no one noticed him.

Poor Owen! They were all gone in, and he seemed to wake up fully to the sense of his own desolation. He had had just a faint hope, which he would hardly acknowledge to himself, that Harry might have come and spoken to him. He knew how generous-hearted the little fellow was; "but I can't expect him to be generous enough for that," he said,

"I dare say," said Harry; "but, you see, I'm not a boy—I mean, I'm not under his orders. I wasn't here. Come, old fellow, shake hands. I quite forgive you. I don't mean to say we can be great friends again just yet, but we needn't be enemies. I shall have forgotten all about it in a little while. I can't say my prayers, you see, unless I've made it up."

Owen was touched now; Harry's generosity completely broke him down, and he sobbed as if his very heart would break. "I've never told you I was sorry, and yet you forgive me."

"Oh, come! I know you're sorry," said Harry; and he had just seized Owen's hand, when the old

man-servant came towards them with the ominous announcement, "Master Telsford's wanted in master's study."

"It's my father come, I know," said poor Owen, and he nervously clutched at Harry's hand, as if to implore him to come with him.

The vicar looked surprised at Harry's appearance, but said nothing. Mr. Telsford hardly noticed him. He was an elderly man, and was evidently extremely worried and agitated about his son. Poor Owen answered his father better and in a more manly way than he could have done before his interview with Harry. Harry had given him heart, and made him believe that there was still some kindness and charity left in the world.

On Mr. Telsford's sharply receiving him with "What have you got to say for yourself, sir? Have you been guilty of this disgraceful piece of business?" he said "Yes, father. Everything the vicar has told you is quite true. I bribed a poor man with half-a-crown to kill the dog, and gave him one of Maxwell's bags to put the poisoned meat in, telling him to leave it in the field."

"How did you get the bag, sir?" thundered his father.

"I stole it," said Owen.

"A more audacious, hardened young villain—" began his father; but Mr. Ayrton interposed.

"If you will allow me to say a word for him, sir, I don't think he is so hardened." (The softer, more really humble look on Owen's face, which it had worn since Harry had spoken to him, had not escaped the vicar's notice.) "It costs him a great deal to make this ample and full acknowledgement of his faults—"

"Crimes, sir, crimes," interposed his father.

"Well, yes, crimes," said the vicar, sadly—"without, you see, trying in any way to soften down or explain away what he has done." (Such a grateful look did Owen give the vicar.) "He has given us all great sorrow and trouble, but I think he is sorry."

"May I speak, sir?" said Harry, who was bursting with impatience.

The vicar nodded, and Harry said, addressing Mr. Telsford, "If you please, sir, I'm the boy; and I've quite forgiven him, and I hope you will too. I'm all right now, you see."

Mr. Telsford started. "What, are you the boy my son injured? Well, you're a fine fellow, and I'd give something for such a son. Why, there never was anything like such a boy as you are at school in my day," and the old gentleman fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a five-pound note, which he thrust into Harry's hand.

"Oh no, sir, please, sir!" said the boy, crimsoning with shame, both at the praise, and at the idea of being paid for his good conduct. "Take it back. Thank you, but I don't want it, sir, indeed. Only forgive Owen."

The old man's face showed that he was relenting a little, but he only said, "I shall not take the money back. Give it to somebody who wants it, if you're too proud to keep it yourself. I never heard a boy refuse money before. Owen must show me by his future conduct if he deserves my forgiveness. Go and get your things ready, sir."

Owen slunk out of the room, while poor Harry stood with the most disconcerted air, holding out the bank-note in his hand.

Mr. Ayrton could hardly help smiling at his perplexity, as he said, "Go, my boy; what Mr. Telsford has so kindly given you will enable you to do something for your poor friend Bill Atkinson."

#### CHAPTER IX.

"He doeth much that loveth much."

MRS. MAXWELL sent old Peter to bring Bill Atkinson up to see her after Harry's return. When she began to thank him for all his exertions to clear her grandson from the accusation brought against him, Bill did not know what to say or where to look, but when Harry came forward in his eager, headlong way, with outstretched hand, and said, "You're a capital fellow, Bill Atkinson, and I always thought you were," his feelings found vent in words.

"Thank'ee, Master Harry. There's no need to thank I. 'Twern't nothing to do, not for them as has been good to me," with a duck of his head towards Mrs. Maxwell's chair.

"Is there anything we can do for you to put you in the way of—of—" the old lady hesitated. She had not sent for the man to lecture him, and yet she could not bear to let him go without any allusion to what his life had hitherto been, and to her earnest desire that he would amend his ways. She wanted to put it before the poor fellow as delicately and carefully as she could, but there was a difficulty in finding words. She tried again. A bright idea seized her. "You don't seem to get on as you would wish in the old country. We hear so much of emigrating nowadays. Have you ever thought that you would like to try your fortune in America or Australia?"

To her surprise Bill quite caught at this idea, saying, "Just what I do wish, ma'am, that there is; if I could but pay my passage, and had a friend when I got over, to lend a helping hand or say a word to me now and then, I'd be a different man.

I've no chance here. Nobody don't trust I ; old mother, she says she could die happy if I could but go to try my luck in the new country."

So in a few weeks everything was settled. Mrs. Maxwell had a friend in Canada who agreed to try Bill as a labourer on his farm. The vicar and Mrs. Maxwell between them found his passage-money, and Harry spent all his five pounds in setting him up in clothes.

Wonderful to relate, he *did* turn over a new leaf, became a steady, honest labourer, attaching himself with the greatest fidelity to his new master, in whose service he gradually rose till he became farm bailiff, and so was able, from time to time, to send home substantial presents to his mother. Whenever Mrs. Maxwell heard anything of him, Harry used to rush down to old Sally's cottage, and tell her the bit of news, invariably ending with, "Bill's a capital fellow, and I always said he was."

"There !" said old Sally one day, when talking

the matter over with old Peter, "There ! bless his little heart, 'tis all very well about Bill, but I tell'ee what—he'd never have been the man he is now, no, nor half the man, if it hadn't been for that there little chap. He always spoke to Bill a kind word or so when no one else would, and I know it used to hearten him up. There's summat in what the parson do say about loving all men, and 'tis fine to hear 'im preach, surely ; only I always gets the rheumatics so uncommon bad when I goes. 'Tis good to hear 'im say it, but there's summat more, Peter, man, in seeing any one doing of it, aint there, now?"

THE END.

[NOTE.—In the place of "Harry Maxwell," now brought to a conclusion, a new story will be commenced next month. It will be entitled "Over the Rocky Mountains," and has been written by Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, Author of "The Young Berringtons," "At the South Pole," and numerous other stories of adventure.—ED.]

### STORIES ABOUT MONKEYS.



I DARE SAY you have often seen monkeys in the Zoological Gardens or a wild beast show ; and no doubt you have noticed a poor little wretched creature dressed in a red coat going about with a man and his barrel organ. I am going to tell you something about them in their native woods.

The ape kind most nearly resembles the human form, and of these the Ourang-Ou-tangs, or wild men of the woods, are the most remarkable. They walk upright, have no tail, and their hands, feet, and ears have a considerable resemblance to ours ! I have, however, been told that they naturally go on all-fours, but that when taken their hands are tied behind them to make them walk upright. They are of different sizes, varying from three to seven feet in height. Specimens of the smallest kind have often been brought to England.

They have a wonderful power of imitation ; and Buffon, the great traveller, tells us of one that would "sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of the spoon and fork to carry food to its mouth, pour out its drink into a glass, touch glasses when invited, take a cup and saucer and lay them on the table, put in sugar, pour out its tea, leave it to cool before drinking ; and all this without any other instigation than the signs or the command of its master, and often of its own accord."

And I have heard of a monkey brought from Angola, in Africa, that after being used to wear clothes, became so fond of them that he would dress himself partly without any help, and if puzzled as to how to put on any particular garment, would take it to any one who happened to be near, that they might assist him.

Monkeys attach themselves warmly to those who show them kindness, and when brought away in ships from their native land, they often grow very fond of the sailors on board. I heard of one who had signs for the cabin-boys whenever he wanted anything, and if they failed to attend to him, he instantly flew into a violent rage, and would seize them and hold them down, and even bite them sometimes. Being ill, it was necessary to bleed him, and whenever after he felt unwell he used to hold out his arm in a touching manner, as if begging to be relieved.

A traveller in the province of Sierra Leone, in

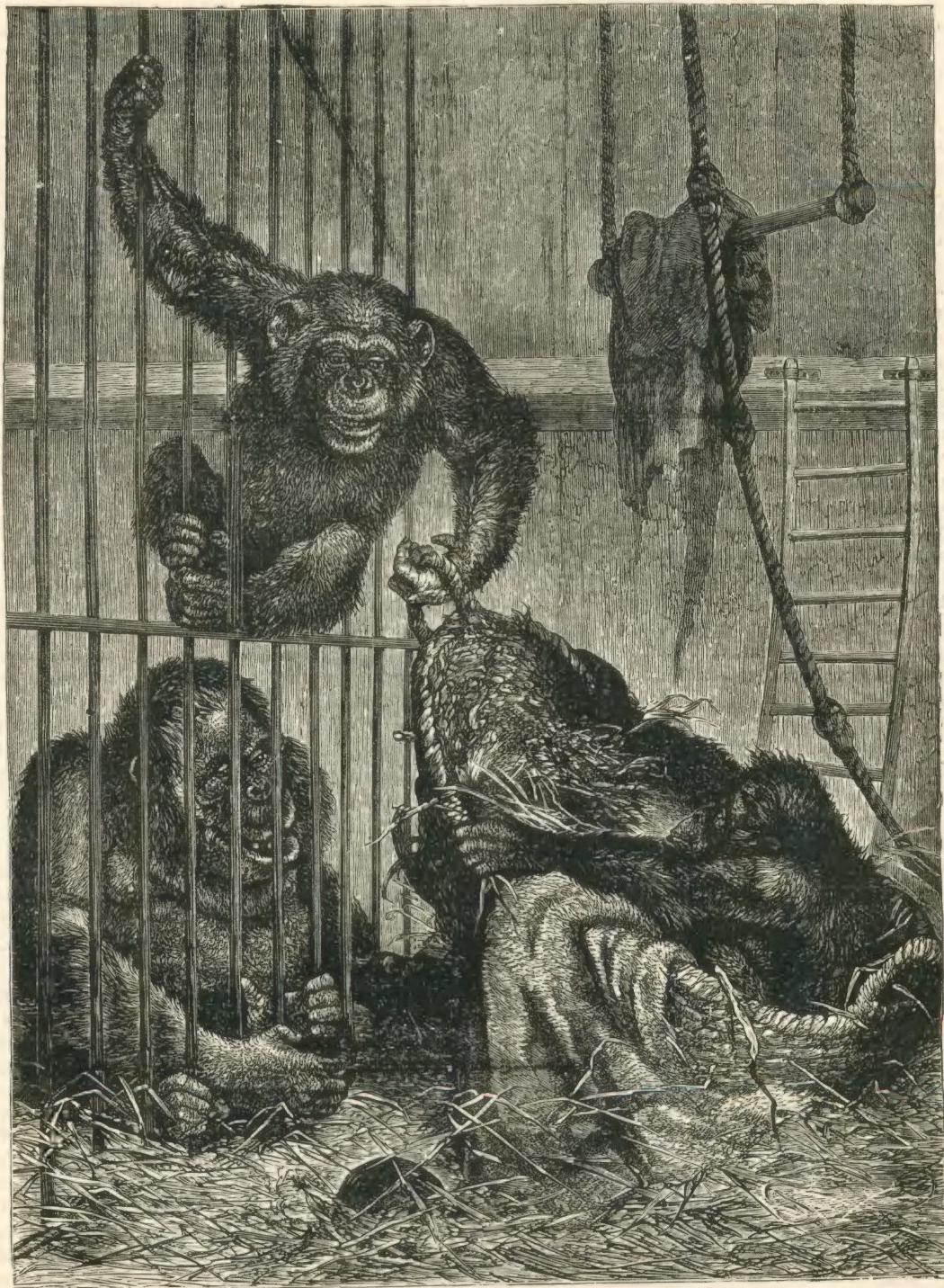


BULL TERRIER AND YOUNG GORILLA. (See p. 106.)

Africa, tells us of a kind of ape called Baris, capable, if well taught when young, of being made into very good servants. At the time he wrote, several years ago, the natives used to teach them to pound at a mortar, and to go to the river for water, which they carried in a little pitcher on their heads; but unless some one was at hand to receive it on their return, they would let it fall, and then cry like a child on seeing what had happened.

But the gigantic races of the Ourang-Outang are very different from those just described. They are only to be found in dark and gloomy forests, where they are masters of all around them. Many are as tall or even taller than a man; active, strong, cunning, and cruel. This terrible animal is found chiefly in Borneo, in which island people of high rank used to chase him as we do the stag, while the natives hunted him as they did the elephant and the lion. He is extremely swift of foot, and wonderfully strong. His face has a strange resemblance to that of a man; his countenance is stern, the eyes deep

sunk in the head, the nose flat, and the hair on each side extremely long. He sleeps under trees, and builds himself a hut, which protects him against the sun and the heavy rains which prevail in hot countries. When the negroes make a fire in the woods he will come near and warm himself, and when they have gone away will sit by the fire till the last ember has expired, not having the sense to keep up the flame by adding more wood. Ourang-Outangs go about together in large numbers, and if they meet a human being they show him no mercy. I have, however, heard of a negro boy being taken by them and carried into the woods, where he remained a whole year without being injured. They will even attack the elephant, beating him with their clubs, and forcing him to leave that part of the forest which they consider their own. A traveller in western Africa tells us that when he sailed along the river Gambia the Ourang-Outangs used to collect in troops of three or four thousand among the woods on the banks of the river, and were exceedingly impertinent and mischievous; but in the account I



OURANG-OUTANG AND CHIMPANZEES IN THE BERLIN AQUARIUM.

saw he does not say whether they were as gigantic in size as those which I have just described.

Of the gorillas, the monster monkeys of the African continent, you have of course often read. Many attempts have been made to bring them to England, and many stories have been told of their untamable character. Some years ago a fine male gorilla, apparently about two years old, was shipped to this country, and with a view to keeping it in good health, it was allowed to have very much its own way on board. It is related that "it soon became quite at home, alternately eating, sleeping, and playing with a large bull-terrier (of by no means the most amiable disposition), which had a most decided dislike to negroes, but nevertheless took very kindly to the gorilla, so that the two animals became constant play-fellows. By allowing the gorilla to rough it, instead of watching it and appointing some one to take care of it, in which case these animals become so much attached to their keeper or attendant, that a separation from him almost invariably causes these affectionate apes to pine away and die, and by habituating it to such food as is generally to be found on ship-board, it was hoped that it might be brought to England. But accidents will happen even to gorillas. It came down to dinner one day, and ate scraps with the dog, and went to sleep. When looked for, some hours afterwards, it was missing, and must have fallen off the taffrail into the sea."

We now come to the baboon, a fierce and formidable race, that resembles man only in having hands, and has none of the good qualities sometimes possessed by the Ourang-Outang, but is malicious and untamable. This creature is from three to four feet high, very strong, with a thick body and limbs, and a short tail. Its face is long and thick, and on each side of its cheeks it has a pouch, into which, when it has eaten enough, it puts the remainder of its food. It walks generally upon all-fours, and its hands as well as its feet are armed with long sharp claws, instead of broad round nails like the ape.

At the Cape of Good Hope they used to exist in large numbers, and the natives often took the young, and, feeding them with sheep and goats' milk, taught them to guard their houses. It is possible that they are now less numerous, but not so very many years ago, they used to go about in large companies, under a sort of natural discipline, having arranged beforehand what they were going to do. In this way they would sometimes set about robbing an orchard or a vineyard, when some of them would enter the enclosure, one being set to watch. The rest stood outside the fence, forming

a line reaching all the way from their companions inside the fence to their home at a distance, which was generally in some craggy mountain. Everything being thus arranged those inside the orchard threw the fruit to those without as fast as they could gather it; and these last handed it to those next them on the other side. Thus the fruit was thrown from one to another all along the line, till it was safely deposited at their head-quarters. They caught it as readily as the most skilful tennis player catches a ball, observing all the time the most profound silence, while their sentinel continued upon the watch, and if he saw any one coming, set up a loud cry, at which signal they all scampered off.

Of the monkeys proper there are many different kinds, so many that it would take far too long to describe them; it is enough to say that they are all small in stature, and have long tails. They are found chiefly in Africa, especially on the Gold Coast, in Senegal, Congo, and Benin, and in the island of Madagascar; in Asia, especially in the East Indies; and in South America, chiefly in Brazil, along the banks of the river Amazon. In their native woods they are complete masters, and from the tops of trees contrive to annoy even the lion and tiger; and even birds cannot escape them, for they are for ever on the watch to rob their nests. There is, however, one animal in the forest that dares to wage war with the monkey, and that is the serpent. The larger snakes often creep up the trees where the monkeys live, and if they happen to surprise them asleep, will swallow them whole before they have time to defend themselves.

We have every reason to believe that monkeys are under a kind of discipline, which they exercise among each other. They are usually seen in companies, and appear to march in exact order, obeying the voice of some chosen leader remarkable for his size and gravity.

The parent monkeys are devoted to their young, and are for ever fondling and teaching them, but they often punish them severely if stubborn or disobedient. If the female happens to have two, she carries one on her back, and the other in her arms. When thus laden she is often unable to leap from one tree to another, and upon such occasions, their dexterity is wonderful. The whole family form a kind of chain, locking tail in tail, or hand in hand, and one of them holding the branch above, the rest swing down, balancing to and fro, like a pendulum, until the undermost is enabled to catch hold of the lower branches of some neighbouring tree. When the hold is fixed below, the monkey lets go that which was above, and

thus comes undermost in turn ; but, creeping up along the chain, reaches the next branches, like the rest ; and thus they all take possession of the tree without ever coming to the ground.

I will now tell you what one, who went to Angola many years ago to convert the savage natives to Christianity, assures us is true. He suffered much from the great heat of the climate, and the treatment he received from the people, who used to steal daily his few provisions. In this trying situation the monkeys were his only friends. He taught them to attend him, to guard him while sleeping against thieves and rats, to comb his head, to fetch his water ; and he declares that they were far more tractable than the human inhabitants of the place.

And now I will conclude my long story about monkeys by telling you a curious and amusing occurrence that took place a great many years ago. The soldiers under the command of Alexander the

Great always marched in order of battle. One morning they saw at a distance what appeared to be an immense body of troops marching towards them, as if intending to offer them battle. The commanders, as well as the men, were overwhelmed with astonishment. Having completely subdued the princes of the country, they could not imagine from whence this new force could have come. The alarm was immediately given, and in a short time the whole Macedonian army was drawn up in battle array, ready to fight this unexpected enemy. The prince of the country, who was a prisoner in the camp, was then asked if he could throw any light on the matter. He was surprised to hear of such a force in the neighbourhood, and asked to be allowed to behold it himself. This was granted, and on seeing it he smiled, and the Macedonians were not a little annoyed that they should have been so foolish as to mistake a troop of monkeys for a band of armed men.

M. H. F. DONNE.

### TROT'S JOURNEY.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



"**S**YOU are a naughty, careless girl, Trot ; I am very angry with you. See there, grannie's beautiful china bowl all smashed to pieces ! You must tell her yourself, for I shan't ; and won't she be vexed !"

"Oh, auntie, I couldn't help it ; the door stood open, and—" Here Trot stopped short, for she knew that if she had not looked out of the window

at the chickens, as she carried grannie's precious bowl along the passage, she would have seen that the cupboard was open, and the whole disaster would have been prevented.

"A wicked, tiresome child you are," resumed Mrs. Barton ; "one had need have the patience of Job to bear with you. There, grannie's in the kitchen ; go at once and tell her."

"Oh, I can't, I can't !" cried Trot, and, in a passion of tears, she dashed out at the door into the pretty farmhouse garden.

Crying and sobbing, she ran down the gravel walk, till she reached the brook that flowed past the end of the garden. Here she stopped ; everything was quite still, and the sunset shone like gold through the trees.

"Hullo ! what's the matter ? I say, Trot, what is it ?"

It was Trot's cousin Willie who spoke, climbing up out of the bed of the stream ; his trousers were wet up to the knees, for he had been trying to leap the brook at its broadest part—a practice strictly forbidden by his parents—and, as a natural consequence, had slipped in, and got a good ducking.

"Oh, Willie !"

"Never mind—I don't care ; it'll dry soon, and nobody be the wiser. Now tell me what's the matter with you ?"

Trot had just managed, amid her sobs, to make

her cousin understand the story of the china bowl, when Farmer Barton suddenly appeared among the



"TROT STOPPED SHORT" (p. 107).

trees, and came up to the children ; he was very angry when he saw Willie's wet condition.

" You bad boy ! " cried he, " so you've been leaping the brook again ; serves you right ; get indoors, both of you ; go, I say !" and seizing a hand of each, the two little cousins were dragged, rather than led, back to the house.

Grannie, who was very old, had gone to bed while Trot was in the garden, so there could be no confession to-night, which was a great relief ; but neither of the children expected to escape punishment, and it was no surprise to them to be sent to bed at once, supperless and hungry.

Trot cried a good deal when she first lay down ; then she looked at the stars, as they came out one by one ; and she was just falling asleep, when the door opened softly, and cousin Willie, in his nightgown, stood at her bed-side.

" Oh, Willie, go away ! how angry uncle and auntie will be," exclaimed Trot.

" Let them," cried Willie, who, I suppose I need not tell you, was anything but a good little boy ; " let them be angry, what do I care ? I say, Trot, they're using us shamefully ; I vote we run away."

" Run away ? "

" Yes, run away !" replied Willie, decisively.

" But wouldn't that be naughty ? And where should we run to ? " asked Trot, very much puzzled.

" Oh, anywhere," answered Willie, " it would be jolly good fun."

" I'm afraid it would be naughty," repeated Trot.

" Rubbish ! Uncle Dick ran away, why shouldn't we ? "

Trot had no answer to make ; and as Willie was two years older than she was, and was very much looked up to by his little cousin, he had not much difficulty in persuading her to agree to his plan. He promised to call her as soon as it was light, and then they were to " run away together, like Uncle Dick."

The sun had risen about half an hour, when Trot and Willie walked down the garden hand-in-hand towards the gate leading to the fields ; they had managed to escape without any one seeing them, and, each eating a large piece of cake, they started on their journey in the highest spirits.

" I've got my half-crown all safe," said Trot.

" And I've got my two florins," rejoined Willie ; " what a lot of money ! "

They passed out of the garden and into the fields.



"TROT WORKED HEARTILY AT THE NEST" (p. 110).

At that early hour there were very few people about ; only once they hid in a ditch while some labourers passed to work.

" Where did Uncle Dick run to ? " asked Trot.

"Uncle Dick went to be a soldier," answered Willie; "but it's ever so many years ago. He quarrelled with grandfather, that's why he ran away."

They walked on and on, farther than Trot had ever been before.

"Do you know the way, Willie?"

"No," replied Willie; "that's the fun of running away."

After a time they found themselves on a hillside,

So they wandered on, till they both got very tired, and then, supposing it to be near dinner-time they sat down and ate their two last rolls. It was but a poor dinner; however, Willie said they would buy something more the first opportunity. This soon presented itself; for they came to a village where there was a baker's shop, and both filled their pockets with as many buns as they would hold. They spent the afternoon in the corner of a field, where there was a pond under some trees, gathering



"THEY REACHED THE GROUP OF TREES" (p. 110).

with a village and church at the bottom. They sat down on the grass and looked about them; then the church bells began to ring.

"The bells at home always ring at breakfast-time," said Trot. "I should like some breakfast."

Willie took two rolls out of his pocket, and they began their breakfast.

"I wish we had some butter," said Trot.

"People who run away must learn to do without butter," returned Willie, philosophically.

They sat till they were comfortably rested, and then, at a cottage near, they asked for some water to drink; the woman who gave it them looked at them curiously.

"Don't look back," said Willie, as they went on; "come through this gate."

flowers, making daisy chains, and angling for frogs with pieces of long grass and bright buttercup petals.

"This is better than lessons, and dusting the parlours, and being scolded, isn't it?" said Willie; and Trot answered that it was.

"Well, I suppose we must be off," said Willie at last.

"Isn't it getting dark, Willie?"

"Dusk—not dark," corrected Willie.

Trot walked on bravely for a time, then she began to lag. "Oh, I wish I were at home," exclaimed she, suddenly; "I can't go any farther," and sitting down by the roadside she began to cry.

"You baby!" cried Willie; "I wish I'd never brought you—spoiling it all. What shall we do if

anybody finds you crying? They'll take you to the Union."

"Oh no, Willie, no!" and she clung to him with all her strength. "I won't cry any more, only I'm so tired."

"Look here," said Willie, "I'll tell you what we'll do. There's a nice haystack across there; people who run away always sleep behind haystacks, we'll go and sleep there."

The fear of the Union had effectually stopped Trot's complaints, and she followed her cousin to the haystack. There was a good deal of loose hay lying about, and also some straw.

"Now, Trot," said Willie, "we'll make a nest to sleep in, like two little birds."

Trot was charmed with the idea, and worked heartily at the nest, which looked very round and comfortable when finished. Then Trot knelt down to say her prayers. "Kneel down too, Willie."

But Willie, turning very red, muttered something about "another time," and waited till Trot was ready. Then they both got into the nest, pulled the hay comfortably round them, and were soon fast asleep.

The children woke the next morning, both a good deal startled at the strange place in which they found themselves; but Willie quickly recovered himself. "Time to get up, Trot," said he.

So they got up, shook themselves, ate their two last buns, and started once more on their journey. They did not walk so briskly as the day before; their feet hurt them a good deal; they had slept in their boots, which did not make them more comfortable.

"When we come to a shop, we'll get something more to eat," said Willie.

But shops do not come at a wish in real life, whatever they may do in fairy tales; there was not a single dwelling in sight; in fact, they were walking over a wide down, with nothing to be seen on it but some furze bushes and a few sheep.

At last, "Look!" said Willie, "there are some trees, and a man under them; let's go and sit near him."

Yesterday they had avoided every one they saw; to-day they wished for company. They reached the group of trees, and sat down; and now they were pleasantly surprised to find they had come to the edge of the down; a broad plain lay at their feet, with farms, villages, and no doubt plenty of bakers' shops.

"When we're rested, we'll buy some dinner," said Willie.

"The man is having *his* dinner," said Trot; "bread and bacon—how nice!"

"Please, sir," said Willie, presently, "can you tell us where to find a baker's shop?"

"And that's what I can't do, my little man," replied the stranger. "What do you want there? Where do you come from?"

"We come from Sunbridge," replied Trot.

"Trot, how can you!" cried Willie; "we agreed not to tell anybody."

"From Sunbridge?" repeated their new acquaintance, "that is a good way. Did you start this morning?"

"Yesterday," replied Willie, as much off his guard as Trot had been; and after this—neither Willie nor Trot could tell how—the whole history of their flight was, little by little, confided to the stranger. He listened intently, and then gave a great sigh. "And your name is Barton?" said he to Willie.

"Yes, I'm Farmer Barton's little boy; father's had the farm ever since grandfather died; Trot is Aunt Susan's little girl—Aunt Susan's dead, you know, and so's her husband, that's why Trot lives with us. Please can you tell us the way to a baker's? we're very hungry."

"Never mind the baker's, I haven't finished all my provender; there, divide it between you."

"Oh, thank you, Mr.—!" Willie paused. "What's your name?" he added.

"My name is Richard."

"Thank you, Mr. Richard; how kind you are."

The children soon made an end of the bread and bacon.

"Come, Trot," said Willie, quite brisk again, "we must be getting on."

"Stop!" said Richard, "where are you going?"

"We shall see," answered Willie.

"Children, children!" cried Richard, "what folly is this? Go home, before worse comes of your crazy prank, and beg humbly to be forgiven."

"I shan't," said Willie, and he ran down the hill, Trot following as fast as she could.

Richard looked after them mournfully. "But for this lame leg," sighed he, "they should not escape me; however, I can keep them in sight for a time, and give notice at the nearest police station." So he followed them slowly down the hill.

The children were not long in finding a baker's, where they bought some buns and some sweet cakes.

"I wonder if Mr. Richard would like a cake," said Trot.

"Never mind," returned Willie; "we can't go back."

"But he's coming down the hill," said Trot; "how lame he is! It was very good of him to give us some of his dinner, so I shall give him a cake," and she went back to meet her new friend.

Willie followed slowly, and watched the meeting; he saw how Trot offered her cake, how Richard put his hand on her head, talked to her, and finally sat down on a heap of stones and took her on his knee; surely Trot was crying! Then Willie lost all patience.

"Come, Trot," he cried, "I've waited long enough; it's getting late."

"I'm not going on," Trot called back again. "Mr. Richard will take me home; I'm not going to be naughty any more; oh, Willie, come too!"

"Not I," said Willie, and ran down the hill.

"Willie! Willie!" cried Trot.

"Willie, my boy!" cried Richard; but Willie took no notice, and was soon out of sight.

"Oh, shall I ever see him again?" sobbed Trot.

"Yes, yes!" replied Richard; "when you're safe we'll see about Willie."

It was now late in the afternoon, and there was no time to be lost if they meant to reach Sunbridge that night. Trot's feet hurt her terribly; she could only walk very slowly, crying out at almost every step. Then Richard said he must carry her, and though a great girl to be carried, she was very glad when he took her up in his arms. After some time they came to a stile, and sat down to rest.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Trot, looking back, "I do think—yes—it's Willie coming after us!"

True enough, there was Willie, limping along, and looking very worn out and miserable.

"I'd like to go home too," said Willie, not looking at either of them.

"Come along, then," said Richard; "we're not so far off now."

It was late now; the labourers were all gone home, and they met no one.

"Come in with us," said Willie to their friend when at last they reached Sunbridge Farm. They went in by a back way, and Richard set Trot down at the door.

"Go in first, children," said he.

Willie hung back, but Trot darted straight into the parlour.

"Oh, grannie, grannie, I broke the china bowl;

it was very careless and naughty—I'm very sorry, oh, please, forgive me!"

"My child!" cried grannie, "oh, my Susan's child!" She could say no more, but folded Trot in her arms in silent thankfulness. Then a scream from Mrs. Barton told that Willie had been discovered by his mother, who, crying, kissing, and scolding, drew him into the room.

Farmer Barton appeared at an inner door. "Thank God," said he, in a low deep voice.

At that moment, in walked Richard, and, going straight up to grannie, kneeled down at her feet. "Mother, can you forgive your graceless son? I've sinned deeply, but I've repented; and I've brought the children home."

Grannie put out her trembling hands. "Is it—can it be? oh, Dick, my boy, my boy!" and she burst into tears on his shoulder.

"What! are you Uncle Dick?" cried Willie and Trot, making a rush at him.

"Stop," said Farmer Barton, laying a heavy hand on the shoulder of each, "you have no right to share our joy; what do you two think you deserve for the wicked trick you have played us?"

They stood with drooping heads, feeling, perhaps, for the first time how *very* naughty they had been. Then Uncle Dick turned round.

"My mother has forgiven me," said he, "as I trust that One above has also done before this; and I had not the excuse of these children. Willie has told me everything, and I believe that neither of them would have thought of running away, if Uncle Dick had not done so before them. Forgive them, William, as our mother has forgiven me. I have brought them back to you—forgive them, for my sake."

I think we need hardly say that Farmer Barton listened to his brother's appeal; that Willie and Trot became better children from that day forward; that Willie learned to obey his parents; that Trot grew a careful girl, and broke no more china bowls; and that they, neither of them, even in their wildest dreams, ever thought of running away again.

C. G.





A ROBBER IN DIFFICULTIES. (See p. 118.)



R. & E. TAYLOR



ON THE ICE.

## SNOWBALLING.

**T**HE snow, the snow, the fairy snow, the pure white falling snow !  
How pulses leap and hearts beat high, and cheeks with colour glow,  
To throw the soft white balls about, with shouts of boisterous glee ;  
And mirth and mischief, hand-in-hand, show friendly rivalry.

The snow, the snow, the glorious snow, in thick flakes showering down,  
The city roofs, the country trees, with fair white wreaths to crown ;  
As falls from heaven the feathery shower upon the earth below,  
How many youthful tongues exclaim, "Oh, welcome back the snow !"

The snow, the snow, the healthful snow, who is there loves it not ?  
Who home, and food, and shelter warm, and clothing too, hath got ;  
But ah ! the suffering poor of earth, who no such blessings know,  
Alas ! 'tis they who shrink with dread at the approach of snow.

Oh, children ! whilst in rude, hale health snowballing ye enjoy,  
And whilst the snowy pastime doth your play-time hours employ,  
Think of the poverty that creeps unheeded by the door,  
And of abundance give your mite unto the suffering poor.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## A STORY OF DAWN AND TWILIGHT.



AY we have a story ; it is the story-hour."

I look up from the book that I am trying to read by the uncertain light of the fire and encounter a pair of pleading eyes fixed on mine. These eyes belong to my little niece Rosie ; she comes to my side and takes my hand coaxingly.

"Do come," she urges ; "the boys are waiting in the schoolroom. They want you to come so much ; besides, it's our proper story-hour."

By "story-hour" Rosie means the part of day I generally devote to my niece and her brothers, that cosy time when it is too dark to read and not dark enough to have the lamps lighted.

"Well, I suppose I had better come at once, or the boys will get impatient," I say, rising meekly, and preparing to obey Rosie's request. We go into the schoolroom, and find the three boys seated Turk-fashion on the hearth-rug.

"Ah ! that's jolly ; come and tell us a story," remarks my eldest nephew, Charlie.

I sit down in an easy-chair near the fire ; Rosie sits at my feet resting her head against my knee, and Charlie, Reggie, and Willie settle themselves

comfortably on the hearth-rug, whilst all assume an expectant expression.

"Now, what shall I tell you?" I say. "I can find plenty of stories for Rosie, but you boys are not so easy to satisfy."

"Tell us something about fairies or giants," says little Reggie.

"Very well," I answer. "I told stories to suit you other boys last evening, now I shall tell something to please Reggie. I will tell you a fairy story my father told me when I was a little girl."

"Years and years ago, when fairies lived in that beautiful region called Fairyland, this land of ours was ruled over by a grim, black king, called Night; so grim was this king that his shadow fell heavily on all the world and enveloped everything in gloom.

Now the fairies thought it was a great pity that King Night should throw his shadow on the many beautiful things of the world, so they called a parliament to determine what would be the best thing to do. The parliament was held under a large fern, and the fairies sat on a carpet of soft green moss. After a long consultation, it was decided that they should go to war against King Night; so heralds went forth throughout Fairyland calling the armies to battle. Then war was declared, and the fairy army marched away from their beautiful land to the territories of the grim Night king. After a furious battle the fairies were victorious, the king was severely wounded and dethroned, and Grey Dawn, son of the stars, was appointed to reign in his stead. So King Dawn began to reign over the earth; but the fairies were not yet content, for King Dawn spread a sort of misty shadow over all the world; and though this was better than the grim blackness of King Night, still the world looked very sorrowful and sad, the flowers and trees could only be seen through a sort of grey mist. Accordingly, the fairies held another parliament, and then sent messages to King Dawn, bidding him resign, as the world was not happy under his reign. Dawn, who was a very mild, peace-loving king, agreed rather than go to war, and now the next thing was, who was to reign in his stead? After much deliberation, the fairies determined to appoint a king and queen, so they chose Queen Daylight (daughter of Dawn) and her husband, King Sun.

Ah! then the world seemed very beautiful, for Queen Daylight touched the flowers and trees with a lovely soft light, and when King Sun smiled on the flowers, he tipped them with golden tints, and when he laughed on the waves, made ripples of gold sparkle on the dancing water.

Now King Night was not yet dead, he was only

wounded, so when he had recovered from his hurt, he determined to take his revenge on the fairies who had conquered him, and he sent out his challenge to them to prepare for war.

But Queen Daylight had a very tender heart, and could not bear the idea of a cruel war, so she and her husband went to the fairies to consult with them on the best way of avoiding battle.

After much deliberation, King Sun at last spoke, and this is what he said:—"Dear fairies, it is quite natural that King Night should not like his kingdom taken from him, but in order to avoid war, why should we not all reign in our appointed turn; this would give Queen Daylight and myself a time to rest from our labours."

This idea of the king's was received with great enthusiasm, and after awhile, King Night and King Dawn were invited to fairyland, so that the new scheme should be proposed to them. They both agreed to it, but as King Night was so very black and grim, it was decided he must marry, so King Sun agreed to give him his sister, Moonlight, for a wife. Then King Night said he had one proposition to make, and it was this: he thought the change from the bright reign of sweet Queen Daylight to his own solemn reign would be too sudden; would the fairies therefore permit his kinsman Twilight to reign for a short time between the time Daylight and Night appeared on the earth? This was agreed on, and so everything ended happily and peacefully. First King Dawn reigned, then bright Queen Daylight and her royal husband King Sun ruled, then came that gentle king, sweet tender Twilight, and lastly, King Night and his fair queen, beautiful Moonlight. And Moonlight had such a softening influence on her grim husband, that his reign was no longer dreaded—indeed, the inhabitants of the world came to love the peaceful, tranquil Moonlight, for everything she touched shone with a silvery light, and some thought that the earth seemed even more beautiful under her reign than under the golden smiles of the Sun King.

So the kings all reigned peacefully and happily, each one in his proper turn, and the fairies lived on contentedly in their land, and had no more trouble in the world, for some time at least."

"Ah! there are no fairies and no giants now," says Rosie, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"No fairies like the ones I have told you about," I say, leaning forward, and resting my hand on Willie's curly head. "But there are our household fairies, as well as the household giants, and I'll tell you the names of some. There are the beautiful fairies of Good-temper, Patience, Gentleness, Unselfishness, and a host of others to chase

away the ugly giants of Bad-temper, Roughness, Selfishness, and a great many more, so the best thing you children can do when you don't feel

particularly amiable, will be to summon all the fairies to your aid, and fight a good battle against the giants.

AUNT NELL.

THE STRAWBERRY AND THE PEACH.

A FABLE.



HAT a delicious day this is, to be sure!" said a beautiful large scarlet strawberry on a fine afternoon in July as she coyly peeped out from her cool, dark green leaves.

"I am afraid it is going to rain!" grumbled a luscious peach that was ripening high up on the wall over the strawberry's head.

And the peach was right; for presently there came on a drenching shower, which made them both glad to hide behind their sheltering leaves.

After the rain, there came out, as usual, a whole army of slugs and snails, seeking what they could devour. And a great white slug, spying the strawberry's red dress beneath her leaves, crawled up to her, and began to be exceedingly rude.

"Oh, dear me!" moaned the poor strawberry. "That nasty greedy slug has bitten a piece out of my side!"

"That is what comes of living on the *ground!*" jeered the peach. "Now I'm up safe on the wall, out of the way of those vile crawling and creeping things!"

But presently the rain cleared quite away,

and the hot sun came out again and shone gloriously.

Then a black-and-yellow wasp, who was roving about looking after a meal, caught sight of the peach, who was sunning herself against the wall, and, with a buzz of joy, he flew towards her, and fastening on to her, drove his nippers deep into her juicy flesh.

"Oh!" screamed the peach, "this cruel wasp is nipping a bit out of my face!"

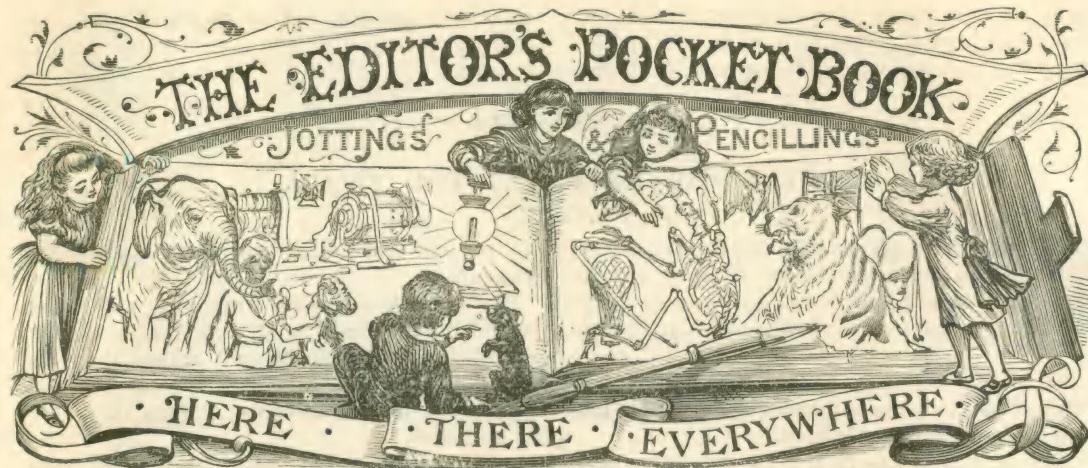
But the wasp did not care one straw for the shrieks of the peach; and he did not fly away until he had bitten a large hole in her round rosy cheek.

"Oh! neighbour strawberry!" sobbed the peach, "my beauty is *quite* gone. I was wrong to reproach you; for now I find that I was not out of the reach of misfortune myself!"

We may gather from this, that no station is so humble or so exalted as to be free from trials and troubles. And we should never reproach our neighbour with misfortune that is not his fault, inasmuch as we know not how soon calamity may overtake ourselves.



MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.



#### Prize Competitions.

Full particulars of, and regulations for, the Special Prize Competitions for 1879 will be published in next month's number of LITTLE FOLKS. Prizes in money of £4, £2, and £1 ; Prizes in Books to the value of £25 ; and Silver and Bronze Medals will be offered for competition. In the March number will also be published an account of the recent LITTLE FOLKS Exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, with details of the various exhibits, written by one of the adjudicators of prizes. A list of the Children's Hospitals among which the dolls, &c., have been distributed will also be included. A Silver Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour will be awarded to that reader of LITTLE FOLKS whose name shall have appeared most often in the monthly lists of the Legion of Honour for answers to "Picture Pages Wanting Words" printed in the Magazine during the twelve months from March, 1879, to February, 1880. A further announcement of this also will be made next month.

#### The Youth-time of some Musicians.

George Frederick Handel, born at Halle in 1684, whose name will ever be held in high estimation among musicians, early showed a remarkable taste for music. His father, who was an eminent physician at Halle, wishing that his son should grow up to be a lawyer, did all he could to check the love of music in his child. He would allow no musical instruments in his house ; but the boy, with the help of a servant, secreted a small clavichord at the top of the house, upon which he used to play when he had an opportunity. He was at this time not seven years old, and entirely dependent on himself for gaining a knowledge of music. But so great was his passion for it that he succeeded

in teaching himself very fairly, and at this early age was already proficient in harmony.

One day his father took him to the palace of the Prince of Saxe-Weissenfels to see his half-brother, who was in the duke's service. Being allowed to roam through some of the apartments, and seeing musical instruments in them, he was tempted to try them one after another ; and at length coming to the chapel, which the duke had just quitted, he sat down before the organ and began to play in such a manner that the duke inquired who was the player. When he was informed by the half-brother that it was so young a child he was greatly surprised. Handel was brought to him, together with his father, whom the prince persuaded to allow his son to be brought up as a musician.

John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, another great composer, was born at Salzburg in 1756. Before he was four years old he could play on the harpsichord, and in his fifth year he wrote a concerto for this instrument, which none but a skilful player could play. He was taken by his father to the court of the Emperor of Austria, where the performances of so young a child astonished all hearers.

Haydn, too, showed his taste for music early. He was the son of a wheelwright, who was musical, and who used on Sundays to play upon the harp, the mother singing to it and the baby son listening. At eight years old he became a chorister, and when he was ten wrote pieces for several voices.

#### The Woodpecker.

This curious bird, whose nature it is to bore into the trunks of trees, there to make its home, is found in many parts of the world, some of the

handsomer species abounding in Virginia, Carolina, New Jersey, and Canada. The great spotted wood-pecker, the lesser spotted wood-pecker (*Picus minor*), the great black wood-pecker, and the green wood-pecker are all tolerably common in England. The tongue of the wood-pecker is long and round, like a worm, very sharp at the end, which is set with bristles bent backward; this tongue it can dart backward and forward with great ease. The bill

feathers on its head. This appears in most of the species.

#### Seaweeds.

There is nothing useless, if we only knew what its uses are and how to apply them. The long streaming seaweed we see clinging to the rocks or floating upon the waves has many qualities beyond its beauty, though, as we look upon its delicate feathery pink or crimson fibres, or its great leaves of deep red,



GATHERING IRISH MOSS.

is very strong, and the noise it makes in tapping at the trees may be heard at some distance. The trees it chooses for a dwelling-place are rotten inside, and the fact of a wood-pecker beginning to bore for a residence should be a warning to the owner that the tree is unhealthy. The nest, which is as round as if measured with compasses, is reached by a long passage, so long that a man may put his hand down at arm's length before he arrives at it. In this nest the eggs, usually five or six, are laid. When woodpeckers desert their nests, nuthatches and starlings often build in them; bats also sometimes inhabit them. The green wood-pecker has great facility in running up and down trees, but owing to the formation of its tail cannot fly as easily as other birds, but flies with short and frequent jerks. A noticeable feature in the wood-pecker is a sort of crown or ridge of red

or long ribbons of green, or its rich brown masses, we are tempted to think of it as something simply to please the eye. But some of these seaweeds are useful for food; amongst the red seaweeds, the *Chondrus crispus*, or Irish moss, is one of the best known for the purpose. By long boiling it is converted into a substance something like firm jelly, and may then be used as isinglass or in other ways, and is very nourishing. It is considered especially good for the nutriment of consumptive persons. The gathering in of the seaweed harvest is a noticeable feature in sea-coast life in those parts where the proper species abound. In the island of Jersey the seaweed harvest, which commences on the 8th of March, is perhaps even more important than in Ireland, as the "vraick," or seaweed, is to make the greater part of the year's income of the poorer inhabitants. Dulse is another seaweed used as an eatable by the poor of Scotland and Ireland; it is merely washed and dried, and eaten without cooking.

To the farmers living near the sea-coast seaweed is of great importance as manure. In the islands of Jura and Skye the bladder-fucus is used as winter food for the cattle. The cattle are fond of it, and will go down to the shore when the tide is out to feed upon it. In Norway the people thatch their cottages with it. But one of its most important uses is in the production of kelp, a sort of salt, which is made from the ashes of the seaweed.

#### Indian Cradles.

Wonderful are the care and labour expended by Indian mothers upon the cradles for their babies, or pappooses! The richest embroidery, the most skilful needle-work, and weaving in grass and wool are lavished upon the strange cribs in which they carry or leave their little ones. Among all Indian tribes these cradles are more or less alike, consisting of a hard unyielding board (upon which the baby is fastened) covered with soft buckskin, and provided with flaps and pouches in which the papoose is enveloped. When the baby is put away

in the cradle, the mother troubles herself little about it other than to keep it within sight or hearing; and if she be engaged in work, she thinks nothing of standing it in a corner of the lodge, or hanging it up to a tree. An American writer states that on one of his journeys through the Sioux territory he paused to kneel and drink at a clear little stream as he crossed. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a succession of queer cooing sounds that caused him to peer about in the surrounding birch and poplar thicket, where he discovered five pappooses slung to the trees,

amusing themselves by winking and staring at one another, and apparently as happy as possible. Unfortunately, they caught sight of the Pale-face, and their amusement was brought to an abrupt termination, for with one accord they began to howl in dismal and terrified accents, so that in less than a minute six or seven squaws came rushing through the underwood to the rescue. Happily the intruder was not a bear, as the mothers seemed to have feared, and the tempest was quelled at once.

#### A Mother's Courage.

The following true story of a cat's bravery reaches me from Germany: — It was noon of a hot autumn day, and I was standing at the window of an old farmhouse amusing myself by watching the absurd antics of a young kitten. Suddenly an indistinct shadowy mass went quickly past the window, and immediately after the kitten gave a pitiful mew. A mighty kite, balancing itself with outstretched wings, held the kitten with one claw while the other clutched the



A GROUP OF SIOUX BABIES.

ground. I was just going to the rescue when a sight met my eyes which chained me to the spot. The old cat, who must have been close by, now arrived on the scene, and by a lucky bite got the bird's throat between her teeth. The cat held fast with indescribable fury, undaunted by the furious blows of the not less infuriated bird, and in a cloud of dust and feathers the two combatants rolled over and over. In a moment, however, cat and bird got separated, and the latter flew off to an apple-tree, where puss followed and frightened it away, thus gaining a complete victory,

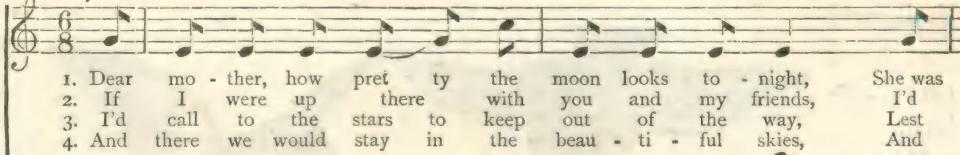
## The New Moon.

Words by E. FOLLEN.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY. Mus. B.

*p*

VOICE.



PIANO.

*p* PED.

PED.

\* PED.

sharp and so bright,— I hope she'll not grow a - ny more.....  
 hold by both ends, Oh, what a bright cra - dle 'twould be!.....  
 dawn of the day, And see where the pret - ty moon goes.....  
 see the sun rise, And on the next rain - bow come home.....

PED.

## THE YOUNG CHICK.

"THREE birds up in the air! I wonder what they are doing there?" said Chick, who had just come out of the shell and looked rather forlorn.

Hismother was calling "Cluck, cluck, cluck!"

"No," said Chick; "I was shut up long enough in the shell; I wish to look about me a little."

As Mrs. Hen found that Chick did not come, she went to look for him. "What are you staring at?" said she.

Just then one bird said, "I will have it!"

The second also said, "I will have it!"

So did the third; and they all darted forward, knocking their beaks together, whilst something that Chick could not see dropped to the ground, and Mrs. Hen gobbed it up.

"What is it?" asked Chick.

"A fly that those silly birds have been quarrelling about, and in the end not one of them got it."

"Oh!" said Chick; and then he shivered, for he felt very cold without the shell.

"Your feathers have not grown

enough," said Mrs. Hen; "come home with me and warm yourself under my wings." And Chick went

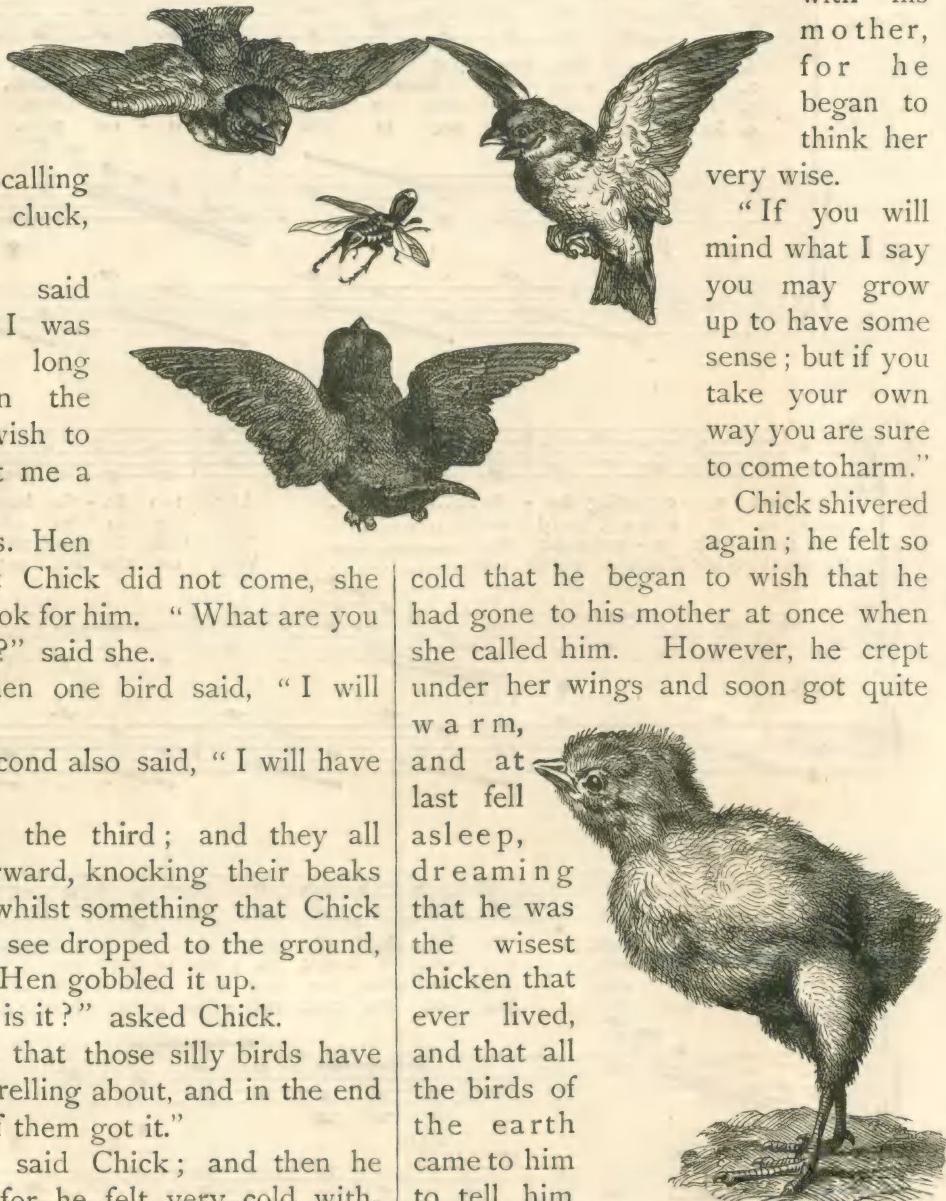
with his mother, for he began to think her very wise.

"If you will mind what I say you may grow up to have some sense; but if you take your own way you are sure to come to harm."

Chick shivered again; he felt so

cold that he began to wish that he had gone to his mother at once when she called him. However, he crept under her wings and soon got quite warm,

and at last fell asleep, dreaming that he was the wisest chicken that ever lived, and that all the birds of the earth came to him to tell him their troubles, and to ask him for advice.



## LITTLE PINK FINGER.

SOPHY was a good little girl always ready to do what she could for others. She was so useful with her fingers that her mother called her "Little

could not read, though he wished to learn, and he was too old to go to school. So Sophy got a book with letters and short words, and Jim came



Pink Finger." When Sophy came down-stairs, her first question was, "What can I do?"

One day when she had asked this question her mother said, "You are now six years old, and can read very nicely. You shall teach old Jim to read."

Jim was an old black man, who

for an hour every day, and there never was a better pupil. He minded everything that Sophy told him, and at last he began to read the short words quite well, as Sophy pointed to them. And when he could read a chapter in the Bible her mother said it was the best work that little Pink Finger had ever done.

J. G.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

PRIZE ANSWER TO PICTURE STORY  
WANTING WORDS (*Vol. VIII., p. 256.*)

(Omitted last month, through want of space.)



Y name is Kitty-cat ; and though any one now looking at me could hardly think that I had ever been a kitten, yet such is the case, and sometimes as I sit dozing by the fire, or lying in the sunshine, I allow my thoughts to stray back to the happy days of my kittenhood.

I have not always lived in London, for I can remember the time when I and my brother and sister lived in the country with an old lady who was very kind to us.

What frolics I and my brother and sister had round the old kitchen, and how happy we all were ! I can only remember one person we all disliked, and this was a dog. I can never imagine why my mistress was so fond of this animal. To be sure, he could sit on his hind legs (I believe she called it begging), and hold a piece of bread on his nose ; but how much more sensible it would have been if he had been contented to sit as he was intended.

This dog took great pleasure in frightening us. I remember, on one occasion, when we were taking our after-dinner nap under a tub, we were suddenly awakened by a most terrible noise. I can still remember the dreadful feeling of fright, which caused my heart to beat frantically, my hair to stand on end, and my tail to grow disagreeably short and thick. I sprang up, uttering a loud fuff ! and heard my mother in an angry tone, cry out, "Fa-a-a ! go 'long !" The cause of all this disturbance was the dog, who had found out our resting-place, and had sprung up against the side of our tub, and was barking as loudly as though the house was being robbed. After this, as we were all too frightened to sleep again, my dear mother, to comfort us, told us exciting stories of her youth, and her battles with the rats, which lasted until we all fell asleep from pure weariness.

Kittens, as well as children, have their faults, and mine, alas ! is stealing. I am particularly fond of fresh butter and cream. If there is a fresh pat on the table I cannot resist the temptation of springing up on it to taste it.

On one occasion I came into the room and saw on the table a glorious sight—a dish of fresh butter. I was on the table in an instant, and began to taste it. So nice was it that I forgot all about my mistress, and, half asleep and softly purring, I was licking the butter, when the door opened and the cook put her head in. The change in her countenance was awful. For this I was severely punished. But this subject is unpleasant. I will tell about the great change in my life.

One morning my mistress lifted me on her lap, and after

having tied a red ribbon round my neck put me into a basket. Oh, that dreadful journey ! I was shaken until I did not know whether I was standing on my head or my feet, and every time the engine screamed I thought I should die of fright. At length all was again quiet, and presently I heard a number of voices call out, "Auntie, auntie ! have you brought the kitten ? Oh, do let me see it !" I was lifted gently out of the basket, and saw all my young mistresses standing looking at me. I was rather frightened, but I soon became friends with them.

I have now lived here many years, and I would never like to change my home. But I have written so long that my paw is quite tired, and I really must go to take a nap by the kitchen fire.

Hoping this story of my early days will please you, I am, Mr. Editor, A LONDON PUSSY-CAT.

LILLIE HOSKYN.  
(Aged 14.)

Certified by MDE. BURGH PATERSON.

ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY  
WANTING WORDS (*Vol. VIII., p. 320.*)

## FIRST PRIZE ANSWER.

**M**AMMA, have you chosen a subject for our natural history to-night ? Is it fish, flesh, or fowl ? What's its name ?" eagerly asked little Freddy Forster, as he sat with his mother and his sister Katie by the fire one winter evening.

It was Mrs. Forster's custom to give her children a short account of some animal every evening after lessons had been finished and the books put aside ; and in this way she amused and instructed them at the same time.

Smiling at Freddy's eagerness, she replied, "I shall only tell you that it is a bird, Freddy. I shall leave you to try and tell me its name. See ! I have a picture of it to show you." And she took one out of the desk at her side.

"Oh, mamma !" exclaimed Katie, "what a funny bird ! What long legs it has, something like stilts ! And the beak of the one in the nest looks like a piece of whalebone bent up at the end ! I believe I know its name. It's the Avocet, isn't it, mamma ?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Forster, "it is the Avocet. In Latin its name is *Recurvirostra Avosetta*. Is not that a long one ? I wonder if Freddy knows what it means ?"

"I think it comes from *recurvus*, bent back ; *rostrum*, a beak ; and *Avosetta*, the Avocet," replied Freddy.

"Quite right," said Mrs. Forster. "And now I will go on with my description :—

"The Avocet belongs to the class of wading birds. You both know that all wading birds have very long legs, 'something like stilts,' as Katie remarked, and that their feet are either webbed like those of the goose, or have long spreading toes like the heron's. The feet of the Avocet are webbed. It can swim—most wading birds can—but it very rarely does so, because it finds it is very difficult to scoop when it swims ; it generally wades. It feeds on worms, larvæ, spawn, and all kinds of aquatic insects. It walks in the water with long, slow strides, and it finds its food in a very curious manner : it plants its *right* foot down and begins scooping with its beak in the mud on the *left* side."

Then, as soon as it plants its *left* foot, it raises its beak, swallows whatever food it may have found, and begins scooping on the *right* side. In this way the bird proceeds down the stream, regularly scooping on the right and left, more easily and gracefully, it is said, than any other bird. It is very wonderful that the whole of its beak, to the very end, is supplied with nerves, so that it can feel every insect it comes in contact with and seize it while its beak is buried in the mud.

"The Avocet principally frequents the fens and marshy lands in Norfolkshire and Lincolnshire. It makes its nest among the reeds and grass that grow on the border of the fens. But these birds are getting very rare now. There is scarcely ever more than one found in a year. Forty years ago they used to be brought in large numbers to the Norfolkshire markets. I had almost forgotten to tell you that the Avocet is often called the 'Scooper,' because it scoops in the mud.

"But I must stop now, dears, for I hear papa coming; so, Katie, get his slippers out, while Freddy runs and opens the door for him."

NELLIE RUDD.

(Aged 14.)

Hetton Rectory,

Fence Houses, Durham.

Certified by J. Rudd, B.A., Rector of Hetton.

#### SECOND PRIZE ANSWER.

**T**HE picture on page 320 of LITTLE FOLKS represents a pair of European Avocets.

The Avocet used to be found in England, and on the coasts, also about marshy districts, which places it chiefly inhabits during the winter months. It is rarely seen now.

The foot of the Avocet is webbed nearly to the top of the toes, so that it can easily tread over the swampy ground. This bird is distinguished by its variegated plumage and its peculiarly-shaped beak, which is curved upwards, getting more pointed towards the end; from this unusual formation it has obtained the name of "Cobbler's-awl Bird." Another peculiarity is that the back claw, or thumb, is very short, not touching the ground.

These birds have very long legs, and, in common with others possessing this length of limb, are sometimes called

"waders," which is a very appropriate name, as they wade through the water in search of food, which chiefly consists of flies and insects found in marshy places. The Avocet scoops the insects out with its beak, its long legs enabling it to bend down without wetting its plumage.

One of the birds in the picture is upon her nest. It is the habit of these birds to build in hollow places on the ground. If disturbed whilst on the nest, the hen will pretend to be lame, and, moving away from her nest, will try to tempt her pursuers after her; then, when she has led them so far away that they are not able to find her nest, she will fly back again, and carry her young ones to some safer place. The plumage of the Avocet is black and white, the greater part being white; the top of the head, back, and part of the wings is black. The eggs are yellowish-brown marked with black.

KATIE STEPHENSON.

(Aged 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ .)

Certified by EMMA STEPHENSON.

#### LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of "Little Folks" Legion of Honour* :—NELLIE RUDD (14), Hetton Rectory, Fence Houses, Durham. *Second Prize, with Officer's Medal* :—KATIE STEPHENSON (11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), Endcliffe Vale, Sheffield. *Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal* :—FLORENCE TYLECOTE (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Sandon, Staffordshire; ELEANOR M. COBHAM (7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), 3, Edwin Street, Gravesend, Kent; EMILY MAUD CHRISTIE (11), Arundel House, South Norwood Park, London, S.E.; JULIET A. M. ROBERTSON (12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), William Street, Kilkenny, Ireland; C. MAUDE COOTE (14), Bitterne, Southampton; ALICE MABEL LLOYD (14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), The Broadgate, Ludlow; NAPIER COCHRANE (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Aldin Grange, Durham.

[NOTE.—The birds given on page 320 of the last volume seem to have puzzled many of my readers, and they have been very variously described in the letters. The following are some of the birds for which they were mistaken:—Stork, Crane, Ibis, Godwit, Eider Duck, Long-legged Plover, Curlew.—ED.]



A READING LESSON.

## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## SCRIPTURE DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- T**HE initials and finals form two books in the Old Testament.
1. A prophet who prophesied in a camp.
  2. A country in Palestine.
  3. Esau's grandson.
  4. A prophet.
  5. The first woman.
  6. One of Jacob's wives.

123, High Street, Merthyr.

H. D. L. EDWARDS.  
(Aged 15.)

## A MENTAL HISTORICAL PICTURE.

**A**LARGE island thronged with anxious people; a narrow strait separating it from the mainland thronged still more thickly with contending vessels which dart hither and thither in the heat of the battle. One ship there is among them, ploughing its way swiftly through the water in close pursuit of another large vessel, on whose deck there stands, as helmsman, a woman of queenly dignity. She looks back, sees that her pursuer is gaining ground, and with desperate headlong energy decides her course of action. The next moment, the flying ship, steered by that stately queen, has dashed forward, and by sinking in its course a friendly vessel, has passed on into the temporary safety won by the bold selfish deed of that dauntless woman; for the pursuer, deceived by this act as to the true colours of its intended prize, turns, and gives up the pursuit; while the queen's conduct wins from the lips of one who misinterprets it, the exclamation "My men are women; my women are men!"

Pickhill Vicarage, Thirsk,  
Yorkshire.

EMILY MARGARET MASON.  
(Aged 15.)

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- T**HE initials form the name of a town in Essex, and the finals that of a borough in the same county.
1. The Roman name for York.
  2. An Italian state.
  3. A town in Brazil.
  4. A town in Meath.
  5. A town in the south of France on the river Adour.
  6. A town in the state of Fars in Persia.

HILDA M. A. BROWN.  
Westbury Terrace, Brentwood, Essex. (Aged 13½.)



PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

## BEHEADED WORDS.

**M**Y whole is a brittle substance; behead me, and I am another word for a girl; behead me again, and I am an animal.

2. My whole is a movement made with the eyes; behead me, and I am something which serves to connect; behead me again, and I am a liquid; curtail me, and I am a position.

3. My whole is an article of apparel; behead me, and I am a gardening tool; curtail me, and I am an exclamation.

4. My whole is a piece of furniture; behead me, and I am part of the head; behead me again, and I am sometimes felt and never seen.

5. My whole is a very dangerous fish; behead me, and I am an exclamation; behead me again, and I am the emblem of safety. CHATTIE McLAREN.

(Aged 13.)  
73, Avenue Road, Regent's Park,  
London, N.W.

UN ACROSTICHE DOUBLE  
EN FRANÇAIS.

**L**ES initiales et les terminaisons font les noms de deux provinces Françaises.

1. Un officier militaire.
2. Temps tardif dans la musique.
3. Un article de vêtement.
4. Un état.
5. Deux voyelles.
6. Un nom d'homme.
7. Une ancienne secte.
8. Un livre de Moïse.

WILLIAM W. GILL.  
(Aged 11.)

Greenbank, Central Hill,  
Upper Norwood.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials and finals form the names of two countries in Asia.

1. An English naval port.
2. An island of British America.
3. A province of Persia.
4. A range of Asiatic mountains.
5. A city of Central Africa.
6. A cape on the east coast of Scotland.
7. A town in Bavaria.
8. A river of Hindostan.
9. A city in Roscommon.

JOHN EDWIN SMITH.  
(Aged 11½.)

13, Holland Road, North Brixton,  
London, S.W.



## PICTORIAL LOGOGRAPH.



*From the letters of the word describing the central picture the names of all the surrounding pictures may be formed.*

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**F**HE first eight initials of the following form the first name, and the finals the second name, of the greatest French Emperor.

1. An Indian prince.
2. A province of Portugal.
3. A province of Prussia.
4. A large Russian lake.
5. A cape to the south of Victoria in Australia.
6. An island in the Mediterranean.
7. A river flowing through Germany into the Baltic Sea.
8. A name borne by four towns:—(1) On the Usk; (2) In the Isle of Wight; (3) In Mayo, Ireland; (4) In Rhode Island, United States.
9. The most southern province in Portugal.

LOUISA BARRETT.

(Aged 14.)

94, Edgware Road, Hyde Park.

## HISTORICAL MENTAL SCENE.

**F**IT is at the dead of night, and several men are climbing up a steep cliff; everything is quite silent, till suddenly some geese begin to scream; a man rushes forward, and hurls down the foremost of the ascenders; in his fall he bears down the rest of the party.

CONSTANCE HORREX.

(Aged 12.)

West Brighton.

## BURIED BIRDS.

**J**T was a bitter night.

2. The moon was wan.
3. I saw her on a pony.
4. How long this stocking is.
5. A red overcoat would be ridiculous.
6. I saw her at the mart, in her carriage.
7. That tea looks very good.

## BURIED BEASTS.

**J**SHALL be averse to it.

2. Is Charles able to do this sum?
3. Such a gaze Llewellyn gave me.
4. He came, looking like a gentleman.
5. Mary, do get my gloves.
6. I wonder at that proposal.
7. We, as Eliza told you, are going to London.

## BURIED FISHES.

**E**RNEST, urge on the horses.

2. There is Flo under the table.
3. How pale that sailor looks.
4. Don't disturb others from sleeping.
5. He shouted out, "Boat ahoy!" sternly.
6. I have shot a snipe, Ellen.

HAMNETT H. SHARE.

(Aged 14.)

Penzance, Cornwall.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (*Pages 59, 60, and 61.*)

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

CHINA.

C A N T O  
W H I C H  
C H I L D  
A R E N A  
P A V I A

## LOGOGRAPH.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

(Ten, rags, salt, we yawn, iron, rats, Lear).

## MUSICAL PUZZLE.

BEACONSFIELD.—GLADSTONE.

## CRYPTOGRAPH.

The Assyrian came down, like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

*Lord Byron.*

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MEATH.—NAVAN.

- |                   |            |
|-------------------|------------|
| 1. M onagh N.     | 3. A zo V. |
| 2. E stremadur A. | 4. T an A. |
| 5. H onito N.     |            |

## PICTORIAL PROVERB.

KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NELSON.—RODNEY.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. N icoba R. | 4. S nowdo N.  |
| 2. E br O.    | 5. O tahit E.  |
| 3. L omon D.  | 6. N ormand Y. |

## CHARADE.

NO-W-HERE (NOWHERE—NOW HERE).

## GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

CHIP-PEN-HAM.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SCOTT.—MOORE.

- |                 |             |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. S tockhol M. | 3. O hi O.  |
| 2. C olorad O.  | 4. T imo R. |
| 5. T eneriff E. |             |

## WORD PUZZLE.

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

## BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Wheel, heel, eel. 2. Scold, cold, old. 3. Stall, tall, all.

## DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

CAESAR.—POMPEY.

1. C a P.
2. A nn O.
3. E l M.
4. S a P.
5. A lic E.
6. R ugele Y.

II.

- BLACK.—WHITE.
1. B ello W.
  2. L ea H.
  3. A lkal I.
  4. C ryp T.
  5. K al E.

III.

SOUTH.—NORTH.

1. S u N.
2. O hi O.
3. U nde R.
4. T omri T.
5. H anna H.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

LONGFELLOW.—“EVANGELINE.”

- |              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. L ill E.  | 6. E lain E. |
| 2. O la V.   | 7. L aure L. |
| 3. N in A.   | 8. L ev I.   |
| 4. G oshe N. | 9. O bero N. |
| 5. F i G.    | 10. W in E.  |

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

C  
T H E  
S P A S M  
C H A R L E S  
S I L L Y  
T E A  
S

## A SCENE FROM THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

Ægis watching the return of his son Theseus, after killing the Minotaur.

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

- “LAMB OF GOD.”—John i. 29.  
 1. L ight of the World. John viii. 12.  
 2. A lpha. Rev. i. 8.  
 3. M ediator. 1 Tim. ii. 5.  
 4. B ranch. Zech. iii. 8.  
 5. O ur Passover. 1 Cor. v. 7.  
 6. F irst and Last. Rev. i. 17.  
 7. G ood Shepherd. John x. 11.  
 8. O nly begotten Son. John i. 14.  
 9. Dayspring. Luke i. 78.

## WORD SQUARE.

Alas, Lake, Akin, Sent.

## PICTORIAL GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Socotra is an island in the Indian Ocean, chiefly inhabited by Arabs and Negroes. Its centre is a chain of granite and limestone mountains, round which a belt of low land skirts the sea. Its products are aloes, tamarinds, tobacco, dates, dragon's-blood, and other gums. The domestic animals include oxen, sheep, goats, camels, and civet cats. The trade is mostly with Muscat, whence provisions are imported. The Imam of Muscat has recently transferred the island to the British Empire.



ROBERT HAMILTON.—[1. The wire you send will, I think, answer the purpose for the telephone, but a trial will most readily prove the fact. 2. Either pole of the magnet will do. 3. If the magnet be properly suspended, and if it be sufficiently magnetised, the north pole will turn to the north; the magnetic north pole, however, is not the same as the geographical north pole. A paper on magnetism will appear in the March number of LITTLE FOLKS.—ED.]

E. WALKER writes:—"If you can find space in the columns of LITTLE FOLKS during the coming year, and have the means at your disposal, for giving instructions to the elder boy readers about making a small model locomotive engine, or engine of any description, at a small cost, in the same manner as the telephone, microphone, &c., I think it would be well appreciated by them. Can any little folks recommend to me a good book on civil engineering—instructions for apprentices, &c.??" [If a sufficiently simple paper of the kind mentioned can be prepared, it shall be published in the Magazine during the present year.—ED.]

WALTER COWERN asks:—"Can any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS tell me how to make magic lantern slides?"

W. T. REID writes:—"In making the microphone, will you kindly answer me the following question, required for the construction of the battery:—Do you let the clay rest on the sulphate of copper? If not, how do you support it and the zinc?" [Yes.—ED.]

G. A. B. writes:—"I want to know, please, if it is really impossible to take photographs with a camera obscura? because I have made one." [Yes.—ED.]

COCKIE asks:—"Can any of the little folks tell me of a pretty pattern for a handkerchief-case?"

E. F. B. writes:—"In answer to A. R. A.'s question, page 379 of the December number of LITTLE FOLKS, the seaweeds, after being well washed out in salt water, should be floated one at a time in a dish of fresh water; then slip a piece of cartridge paper under the seaweed and draw it out on it; spread it out on the paper with a brush, the handle of which should be pointed like a fine pencil, for arranging the finer parts, then cover it over with a piece of rag, put it between several pieces of blotting paper, and press it under a heavy weight. The rags and blotting paper must be changed every two or three days till all the wet is pressed out, the seaweed will then be found to have stuck to the paper, and the smell will entirely go off." [HEATHERBELL writes to the same effect.—ED.]

K. A. B. sends the following answer to MISTRESS MARY:—"I think the reason why your parrot plucks off its feathers is, because you feed it partly on hempseed. I have always heard that hempseed is too heating to give parrots as their regular food, and causes them to pull off their feathers. My aunt has kept a parrot for several years. When aunt first

had her, she used to feed her on bread-and-milk, but she now gives Polly nothing but canary-seed, and water to drink. Polly seems to prefer the seed, and she will not eat bread-and-milk now. If Polly ever begins to pull off her feathers, aunt syringes her with salt-and-water, which is an effectual cure. I think the best way to teach parrots to talk is, to repeat what you want them to learn (very distinctly) several times every day; but some people cover the cage with something first, so that the bird cannot see who is speaking."

Q. B. and Q. N. want "directions for making a snake of used postage stamps. How is the head made?"

E. A. PROFFITT, Lea House, Aldridge, Walsall; MABEL and GERTRUDE GRIFFITH, Smarden Rectory, Staplehurst; ALICE E. WILLIAMS, Lindum Villa, Lincoln; FRANCES and GERTRUDE RAMSAY, Balmain, 2nd Avenue, Brighton; and W. D. PERRINS, 31, Belsize Crescent, Hampstead, N.W., will all assist May Tanner in collecting postage stamps if she will write to them.

K. M. MACKINTOSH, Inshes House, Inverness, "would be glad if any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS could collect old penny postage stamps for her, as she wishes to get a million. And can any one tell her where they are to be sent when she gets a million?"

MAY TANNER writes:—"I should like to know whether L. S. and R. P. who wrote to know how much it would cost to send a million stamps to Japan, know the address of the Japanese agent, for I should like to know. I suppose they did, or else it would be of no use to know how much it would cost to send them out, and how they ought to be sent."

MARY STEELE.—[A short explanation of cryptographs was published in the number of LITTLE FOLKS for May, 1878.—ED.]

F. E. C. COOPER; LITTLE NELL; JANET STEERE.—[See "The LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour," in the January number.—ED.]

MARY GLADSTONE.—[So many puzzles, &c., are forwarded to me, that only some of the best can be published.—ED.]

A. S. B.—[See "The Editor's Pocket-Book" for January and in this month's number.—ED.]

ROSE.—[The full name and address *must* be published.—ED.]

ELLA CLAYTON.—*No assistance of any kind* should be given.—ED.]

In answer to ISABEL'S question in the December Part, a number of letters have been received, a selection from which will be given next month.—ED.]

F. H. J. G. wishes to know the meaning of the names "Harriett" and "Florence," and whence the names are derived.

## PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book, and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour, will be given for the best short and original description of this Picture. A smaller book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best description relatively to the age of the Competitor. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their letters must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of February next (the 15th of February for Com'et tors residing abroad).

## TWO FOURPENNY BITS.

*By the Author of "Poor Nelly," "Tiny Houses," &c.*

## CHAPTER V.—A COUNTRY WALK.



that stood on the dressing-table, and looked very lovingly at the two fourpenny bits.

"How lucky I am that I did not spend you!" she said, softly; "and I was so nearly buying a teetotum. What should I have done if I had bought a teetotum and not had anything to give for Eugenie?"

When Miss Martyn, after breakfast, called her to her music lesson, her thoughts wandered, and she was by no means as attentive as usual. The third variation appeared to have assumed gigantic difficulties, even in comparison with those it had always possessed.

"Why, my dear," said her instructress, "you will never learn it at this rate!"

"Oh, Miss Martyn, if there could be one and two and four, *without* there being three! Must there always be three before there can be four?"

"I am afraid there must, Emmy; but even if that was *not* actually necessary—which I am afraid it is—don't you think it is rather cowardly to want to do only the easy things and not the difficult ones? Do you think any one could get on in anything who skipped all the difficult things and only attempted the easy?"

Emmy hung down her head and blushed a good deal.

"It would be mean," she said, "very mean to learn all the variations *except* the third; and, oh dear! what would the difficult things do if no one did them? It would be so *hard* upon them to be

always left out. You poor third variation! suppose nobody would play you! Why you might just as well not *be* at all; and how unkind you would think everybody. How unkind I was *nearly* being to you! Suppose, Miss Martyn, I play that difficult line through six times running, do you think it would come right of itself after that?"

"I think it would come right, my dear; but if it did I think it would be of you, not of itself."

"We'll see, at any rate," said Emmy, *cheerfully*; and she played the difficult line through six times, each time carefully correcting the mistakes she had made the time before. The fifth time, note after note, it came quite correctly, without a single error, and not even a finger held down too long or taken up too soon. She glanced up at Miss Martyn, her face beaming with delight, and then played it the sixth time equally well; and giving another happy look, Miss Martyn stooped and kissed her.

"Isn't it nice?" said Emmy. "And I think I know all the rest; and now the great thing is to join it in properly without a stop or a jump. How many times shall I play the whole four lines to keep from a stop or a jump, Miss Martyn?"

"Suppose we say four times."

Emmy obeyed with a radiant countenance, and before the fourth time she played it all through easily and correctly. After the completion of the four playings she took her hands off the piano, gave a great sigh, and said from the bottom of her heart, "And to think that *this* is the third variation!"

"It is nice to conquer difficulties, isn't, it Emmy?"

"Yes, Miss Martyn; it is *more* nice than not having them. I'm not a coward, am I?"

"No, my dear, you certainly are not; you went at it in the right spirit and conquered."

"I shouldn't like to be a coward. I suppose one may feel frightened sometimes without being a coward, may we not, Miss Martyn?"

"Oh yes! everybody is frightened sometimes, but you are not a coward unless you give way to your fear; if you conquer your fear you are brave, though you feel frightened."

"I don't suppose Coriolanus was ever afraid," said Emmy, who was very fond of history; "or Daniel in the lion's den; but I think chimney-sweepers are the very bravest of all. I don't think that the lions even are so bad as going up a chimney and coming out *quite* black at the top. Miss Martyn, I never could bear the story of the

poor little boy who was lost, so beautifully dressed ; and then all in rags and black with soot he swept his own mamma's chimney, and neither of them knew it till she found it out. It gives me a pain here," pressing her side, "when I think of it. I wish there were no such stories, Miss Martyn. I wonder if a story could ever cease to be ? If nobody told it or read it, and a judge burned the book, would the story still be, Miss Martyn ? What do you think ?"

"I think tender-hearted little girls ought not to read sad stories, my dear ; but you must remember that his own mamma *did* find that poor little chimney-sweep, and they lived happy ever after."

"Yes, I know they did ; but *before* I come to that I am always crying so much, that it's no good to me at all when it comes."

The other girls all worked with spirit and eagerness that morning, for all were longing for lessons to be over that they might get ready and go to see Eugenie. It was rather a disappointment when Mrs. Midhurst said that she thought the day was too hot and the distance too far for them to take the walk before dinner, but that they should start at four o'clock, and need not hurry back. She made up a basket of nice things for them to take with them, and at four o'clock exactly they were all ready and eager to start, accompanied by Miss Martyn. Louie alone did not seem very anxious for the excursion ; but then, Louie did not know Eugenie, and even Emmy admitted that that made a great difference, only she never could know her unless she went to see her, as poor Eugenie was ill and could not come to dance.

First of all, Louie exclaimed, when she heard that the distance was a mile and a half, and inquired with disapprobation whether people really did ever walk so far as that—"a mile and a half there and a mile and a half back ; why, that was three miles!" —in England, and when the sun was shining, too. When she had been laughed at for that, and told that she would find it easy enough to walk in this climate, whatever it might be in the West Indies, she changed her tactics, and said she thought it was very uncomfortable to see sick people, and she had rather not go ; but Miss Martyn told her to put her hat on without saying any more about it. They should not all of them go in, as they would be too many, and might be in the way, and she could be one of those who stayed outside, if she liked.

"But then, how will she ever know Eugenie ?" asked Emmy, pitifully.

"Never mind that ; we can't wait all day. Get ready, Louie, and come along."

Louie smiled in her broad, good-natured way, and

put on her hat and gloves, grumbling to herself all the time, and at last the party set off.

When they were half-way to the village, beyond the other end of which Monsieur De Bois lodged at a farmhouse, Emmy, who was walking first with Floss, stopped abruptly, uttering an exclamation of distress. All those behind her had to stop too ; and Miss Martyn, who was in the back row, called out to know what was the matter.

"We ought to have brought the money with us in case she chooses it," cried Emmy.

Now Miss Martyn had never heard about the money at all, and did not know what Emmy referred to, but when it was all explained to her she said she thought it did not signify, as if Eugenie did choose the money instead of the money's worth they could let her have it the next day, or the day after at furthest, and then she would have the pleasure of looking forward to it and planning what to do with it as well as the pleasure of having it. This made Emmy glad that they had *not* brought it, for it would have been very sad if they had prevented Eugenie having all the pleasure she could have.

"So, you see, everything turns out good," she said, with an air of great satisfaction ; "even what seems bad at first."

They took a short cut to the farmhouse, which prevented their having to pass through the village, and they were to return home by the village, in which Mrs. Midhurst wished them to perform some errands for her. The way lay through some fields, and after that by a little grove, full of beautiful mosses and wild flowers, of which the children were very fond. Out of this grove they passed into a lane which led to the farm.

But before they had reached the lane, while still under the trees, they found that the lilies of the valley, which the last time they saw them were only just pushing their green leaves above the ground, were now in full flower, and making the air delicious to breathe.

"Do let us gather as many as ever we can find, and take them to Eugenie," said Floss. "She must like to have them ; and if the scent is too strong they can stand in the open window, and she can see and smell them without any fear of a headache."

"I never can believe in flowers giving a headache," said Emmy. "When I was ill with the measles nurse didn't mind how nasty my medicine smelled, and never seemed to think the horrid stuff could make my head ache, though she'd pour it out just under my nose, as if she were proud of having to do it ; but she wouldn't allow some dear delicious wallflowers to stand in the room ten minutes, because I'd got a headache. Now it isn't *possible*

that nasty physic shouldn't make your head ache and nice, beautiful flowers should!"

Adelaide Lester helped as much as any of them to gather the lilies, but she said as she did so, "For all that, Emmy, lilies of the valley and tuberoses *do* make my head ache if the windows are shut."

"I am very sorry for you," replied Emmy; "they don't mine, and I hope they don't Eugenie's. You see, Adelaide, we need not spend the seventeen shillings *and* eightpence on flowers for Eugenie; we can give her plenty besides."

"Yes; but they wouldn't be in pots, and so would not last, you know, Emmy."

"Oh, Adelaide! would not it be nice to put some of these beautiful lilies into pots and give them to Eugenie!"

They all agreed that it would, and that they would ask Mrs. Midhurst to let Robin, the gardener, give them a couple of pots, and allow them to come and transplant two of the lilies of the valley into Eugenie's bedroom.

"It would be almost enough to make her well!" cried Emmy, in great delight. "Oh! I do hope Eugenie does not mind very much indeed being ill, because we can't help it's being so nice for us. I hope she only minds a little much."

"But you must not forget that poor Eugenie is really ill," said Miss Martyn, gravely; "so ill that her papa seemed frightened about her, and said that the doctor was frightened too."

Emmy looked quite miserable at this view of the case, and began, with quivering lips, "But, oh, Miss Martyn! Mrs. Midhurst said—" when Floss interrupted her: "We must make allowances for poor Monsieur De Bois, Emmy, for he is so easily frightened. Eugenie was a strong, healthy-looking little thing. I am sure she will get well."

"Oh yes, dear Floss!" echoed Emmy, "I am quite sure she'll get well!"

"Do you remember the story of another little French girl, who was cured by being sent to live in a cow-house?" said Floss.

"Oh yes! and she was a little lady, too; and she thought the smell of the cows and the new milk so sweet that it made her quite healthy.

"I am very much afraid of cows," said Charlotte Hopkins. "I couldn't live in a cow-house, not even if I were paid to do it. I should die of fright."

"But that's silly!" said Floss, decisively; "because cows in their houses are perfectly safe. Wild cows are never in cow-houses, so there is nothing to be afraid of."

"They have horns in cow-houses just as much as out of doors," replied Charlotte, rather indignantly; "and it's horns I'm afraid of."

"I wonder you, none of you, want to catch a cow, and take it to Mademoiselle Eugenie," said Louie, with a dash of satire in her manner. "Cows are the first things you've spoken of these two days that somebody has not wanted to turn to her advantage somehow."

Emmy looked very hard indeed at Louie after she had said this, and then, turning to Floss, with a heightened colour, asked her in a loud whisper, "What does she mean?"

"Inquire of herself," replied Floss, lightly.

Emmy again regarded Louie with considerable intentness, after which she answered, in a subdued manner, "No, thank you, Floss, I'd rather not!"

Floss laughed, and commended her wisdom, but Emmy walked on in a steady and grave way, not very usual to her.

Her gravity did not last long, however. A bird suddenly began to sing in a loud delighted voice, and Emmy stood still to listen and looked quite happy again.

"Oh, Floss!" she cried, "if she only chooses a bird, how more than nice it will be!"

"I wonder none of us thought she might choose cakes, or tarts, or something nice to eat," said Louisa Hopkins. "Don't you remember when Mrs. Midhurst gave her a new sixpence she said she should spend it all on tarts, and give one to her papa, and one to Mrs. Palmer at the farmhouse, and one to Molly, the maid, and one to the cat?"

"That was a year ago," said Emmy, eagerly; "she was quite a little girl then; she wouldn't be so silly now; she knows that the cat does not eat raspberry jam. All quite little girls are silly; I was very silly indeed when I was a little girl. I thought that chickens ran about with livers stuck under their wings, and I liked the liver, and begged the cook not to cut it off before she roasted the chicken."

"And I remember," said Adelaide Lester, "that I thought there was only one book of every kind in the world and when I saw a copy of one of mine in a shop window, I began to cry, for I supposed that somebody had stolen it from me; and it was the pet book of all my books."

"And I remember," said Floss, "looking out of a very high window, that was shut, down into a garden belonging to the next house, and seeing two little girls walking there who were close together and seemed quite good friends, and I said, when I had watched them for a long time, how very odd it was they never spoke one word to each other, and were they little dumb girls? And my nurse told me they were chattering away just as much as I was chattering, but though I could

see them I could not hear them, because they were too far off and the window was shut. I was more surprised at that than I had ever been before in my life, and I'm not sure I have ever been so much surprised since. I *couldn't* understand why I could not hear them if I could see them ; and I quite remember thinking it was all wrong, and if I did either I ought to be able to do both."

"So I think," said Emmy, quite contented with the conclusion she drew, "that we are all of us more silly than Eugenie."

"Which is very satisfactory for everybody," remarked Louie. "But mademoiselle must be rather fond of eating."

"I don't think she is *too* fond of eating," said Emmy, gravely, after a little reflection.

"I know somebody else who likes raspberry tarts, even the crumbs of them!" said Charlotte Hopkins, looking slyly at Emmy.

But before Emmy could reply to this, either in admission or denial of the insinuation, Louie spoke quite briskly.

"Do look at that butterfly! It's really rather a good butterfly, considering it's English. But I wonder that anybody cares to walk out and look about them at all, except in Jamaica. This is a very poor country indeed, a very poor country! What do you think of climbing ferns, and trees of red coral sixty feet high, and bushes covered with black pepper ready for your mutton chops, and mace and nutmeg too, just to be picked for flavouring, and large blue bees, and real butterflies—not the poor imitations you have here; and then the birds! I think it is very dull indeed to take a walk without seeing a humming-bird."

"Oh! do go on, Louie, please do. I like it so much; it is just like the Arabian Nights," said Emmy. "I have seen humming-birds in the British Museum, the little darling ducky things! There is nothing in the whole world I think half so pretty. I always hope they are to birds what fairies are to us."

"Well," said Louie, gravely, "you can't suppose that, after being accustomed to these sort of things and thinking nothing at all of them, I can care very much for a walk like this."

And she looked round her; her manner of doing so conveying to her listeners, as much as her actual words did, that she held everything she saw very cheap indeed; but at the same time, that broad, good-natured smile of hers came over her plump face, which had made all the girls at first think they should like her so very much.

Floss felt a little nettled at hearing England slighted in this way, for Floss was extremely patriotic. She was very enthusiastic about other countries when she read beautiful descriptions of

their flowers, their insect-world, or their scenery; but this had never for a moment tempted her to undervalue her own, and she did not at all like the way Louie was talking.

"Why can't she describe all these charming things to us without making invidious comparisons?" said she to herself; but aloud she said : "And the slaves, Louie! Why don't you go into raptures over the slaves in the West Indies and other countries? That must be such a delightful part of life in Jamaica, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Louie, stoutly, and smiling more than ever; "it is much nicer having slaves than not having them."

But every English girl was up in arms here, and Louie and her slaves were put down by mere force of voluble words, the others dancing round and round her, one and all, and insisting on her retracting what she had said; while Emmy half repeated, half chanted, in the dance, and the others all took up the song and joined in the well-known verses with a great deal of spirit—

"'Tis the land of the free,  
As it ever shall be,  
Her children no fetters shall bind ;  
Ere Britons are slaves  
She shall sink in the waves,  
And leave not a vestige behind.

"If African stand  
But once on her strand,  
That instant his fetters are broke ;  
A captive no more,  
He leaps on her shore,  
And shakes from his shoulders the yoke.

"Hail land of my birth —  
Brightest spot upon earth !  
Shall I quit thee for others? no, never!  
Where'er I may roam,  
Still thou art my home,  
Old England, my country for ever !"

"But indeed and indeed," expostulated Miss Martyn, "if we are to get to the farmhouse tonight in time to pay Eugenie the promised visit, we ought to be going on at once, indeed and indeed we ought!"

This brought the belligerents to order, just as Louie was saying, "Nice Britons, to be sure! Is this British spirit or British justice? Five against one!"

"We are not five against one," retorted Floss, with spirit; "we are five against the spirit of slavery."

"Never mind slavery now," said Miss Martyn; "leave slavery till the next half holiday, when you can fight it out to your heart's content, and be satisfied this evening with visiting Eugenie De Bois.

I declare if you don't come on this minute, and not dawdle any more, either about lilies of the valley or slaves," she added, with good-humoured severity, "I will just turn you all round and drive you back to Chelmsleigh House, without having seen Eugenie at

driver! I would rather be fifty slaves than one slave driver. Would not you, Floss? Would not you, Miss Martyn?"

"Well, then, you shall be a flock of sheep, and I am the faithful colley dog, who makes you all keep



"GATHERING LILIES OF THE VALLEY." (See p. 130.)

all, with no more compunction than if you were yourselves a pack of West Indian slaves, and I your cruel driver."

"Oh, Miss Martyn!" cried Emmy, "how can you say such a thing of yourself! I'm sure not one of us—not one—would have said such a thing of you on any account. A slave driver! You a slave

together and in the right road whether you are willing or not."

"Oh yes, that is nice!" cried Emmy. "I love colley dogs. They are as wise as any thing can be, I do believe. Now, colley dog, here we go, in good order, you see, and you have only to keep us so."

"Yes, and to bite you, my little sheep, if you go out of the right path, or dawdle in it. Don't forget that that is part of the colley dog's duty, Emmy."

"I am not much afraid of our colley dog's bite, though," replied Emmy, contentedly. "You have got such nice little teeth, Miss Martyn, very little teeth; and one of them was aching the night before last, don't you remember? Now a colley dog with the toothache couldn't hurt a sheep much; do you think it could?"

#### CHAPTER VI.—EUGENIE.

CHATTING gaily in this manner, now running and now walking, our party proceeded on their way till they found themselves at the gate of the garden of the farmhouse where Monsieur De Bois lodged. It was a long, low, picturesque-looking building, covered with roses and honeysuckle, from among which the lattice-windows peeped cheerfully out. A wide gravel walk led from the gate to the house, on each side of which was a neat box edging, and behind that a border of charming old-fashioned flowers, tall purple lupins, and short yellow wallflowers, cabbage roses, rockets, larkspurs, snapdragons, monkshood, and all the rest of them. Who does not know and love such things, if only for the recollections that hang about their blossoms?

Miss Martyn advised that some of the girls should stay outside in the lane, and hunt for wild roses and honeysuckle in the hedges, while she and Floss and Emmy went in and paid their visit to poor little Eugenie.

"If she is better than we expect, and will like to see any of you, we will call you in. Don't go out of sight of the gate, my dears," she said before she left them.

Inside the farmhouse there was a large roomy kitchen on one side of the entrance-door, which took up most of the front, and on the other side there was Mrs. Palmer's small and trim parlour. Behind her parlour was another little room, which was let to Monsieur De Bois as a sitting-room; but it was up-stairs that Eugenie's visitors had to go, into a comfortable apartment over part of the kitchen, with a large window surrounded by honeysuckle, for it was there that the sick child lay in bed.

The bed was neat and clean, hung with white curtains, and covered by a patch-work quilt, the result of many a winter evening's work in which Mrs. Palmer's active fingers had been engaged. Eugenie lay in the middle of it, looking very pale, with a little spot of deep red under her eyes, which shone with preternatural brightness. When she

saw Emmy, whom Miss Martyn made enter the room first, she gave a little sudden cry of pleasure and sat up in her bed, but sank down again the next moment, and was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

Emmy stood still, quite alarmed at the cough; and not liking either to advance or retreat, she glanced appealingly over her shoulder at Miss Martyn, who passed both her and Floss, and came to the side of poor Eugenie's bed. The cough ceased sooner than, from its violence, they had expected, and presently Eugenie said, in a little low voice, almost a whisper, "You are very kind. I am very glad."

Eugenie had come to England as a child, and had also been taught the language since she came; so the English she spoke was a great deal better than that spoken by her father, and had very little French about it.

"We are so sorry you are ill," said Emmy, venturing forward and standing up close to her, and then suddenly dropping down her glowing face and kissing the poor little sick face on the pillow.

Eugenie returned the kiss with delighted warmth.

"It is only a cold I have got," she said, with her slight and pretty foreign accent. "I shall soon be quite well again."

"Are you feeling better?" said Floss; "do you cough less?"

"Not yet," replied the invalid, with a cheerful smile—"not yet, you know; but I shall very soon indeed—to-morrow, papa says, or next day at furthest."

Emmy felt greatly relieved at this. Then, indeed, her little friend must be a great deal better than she had been yesterday, when Monsieur De Bois stood in their schoolroom, with his fiddle in his hands and the big tears running down his cheeks, while he told them that Eugenie was dying. Emmy did not know that when people were ill friends did not always tell them the whole truth, but held out hopes to them that they themselves feared might not be realised. Monsieur De Bois might in his own heart believe that his dear little girl was dying, and yet might not have the courage to tell her so, or the doctor might say she ought not to know that she was very ill.

Emmy laid the great bunch of lilies of the valley on the white sheet of Eugenie's bed. She felt afraid of her as she lay there so ill, and so far removed from the commonplace events of life, as she had never felt when she was waltzing with the gay little creature at the dancing lesson.

"Will you like them?" she asked, in almost as low a voice as that of Eugenie herself, though

Emmy had no cough and her lungs were as sound as a bell.

Eugenie caught at them with a quick, impatient movement, and placed them over her face, really seeming to drink in their perfume.

"Oh, how sweet, how delicious!" she cried.  
"Merci, merci beaucoup, mademoiselle!"

For when Eugenie was excited, either by too much joy or too much sorrow, she often returned to her native French as the most natural way of expressing her feelings.

"Does your cough hurt you, dear?" said Miss Martyn.

The two thin little brown hands went to her chest at once.

"Here, mademoiselle—only here."

But Miss Martyn sighed when she said, "only here."

"And you wanted to see me?" said Emmy.

Then Eugenie's little face grew very bright, and her eyes sparkled, and she looked earnestly at Emmy. "Yes," she said, softly, "I did want to see you very much. I do like you so!"

Emmy quite laughed with pleasure, "And I do like you," she said. "Oh, Eugenie! you must make haste to get better and to come back to the dancing lessons."

"To-morrow I shall be better," replied Eugenie, with decision, "or next day at furthest."

Then Emmy began to get very anxious that her little friend should know what their intentions were towards her. The news of the seventeen shillings and two fourpenny bits hung at the end of her tongue, longing to be uttered; and she felt the keenest impatience to know what Eugenie would choose, and which of them had guessed rightly, or if not, what new treasure, that not one of them had imagined, would be revealed to them when Eugenie spoke.

To her great surprise, she was seized by a sudden shyness and found she could not communicate the pleasant intelligence, though all the way she came along she had been planning how she should do it, and hoping that none of the other girls would wish to speak instead of her. Now, however, she turned to Floss, blushing and embarrassed, and said, "You tell her."

Floss nodded and smiled, but she did not find it so very easy herself to make Eugenie understand what they wanted to do.

"Eugenie," she said at last, "is there anything you would like to have very much?"

"No, thank you, mademoiselle," was the prompt reply.

"Oh yes, please let there be," cried Emmy, "for we want to give it you."

"We have joined together, all six of us," explained Floss, "and we are very anxious to make you a present, only we could not get it till we knew what you would like it to be, and so we thought it best to ask you what you would like to have."

"You may choose almost anything," said little Emmy, earnestly, "for it is a great deal of money."

Eugenie looked, astonished, from one face to the other.

"A present for *me!*" she cried. "Why, I never had a present, except when my dear papa gives me a few bonbons. Is it bonbons, mademoiselle?"

"No, Eugenie, it is not bonbons, unless you choose bonbons," said Emmy; "but it would be such a great quantity of bonbons that could be bought with *that* money. More than you could eat in a year; enough to feed a whole army."

"Oh! I would not have bonbons," said Eugenie, "Is it—pardon, mademoiselle, but how can I tell?—is it as much as a shilling? for with that one can buy many things."

"A shilling!" cried Emmy, with almost a little shout, she was so delighted. "Of course it is a great deal more than a shilling—is seventeen times as much as a shilling, and two fourpenny bits!"

And she laughed with pleasure as she spoke. Eugenie laughed too. "Oh, mademoiselle, now you are in jest, you cannot mean it; that is more money than we could spend in a week on our dinners."

"Yes," instantly agreed Emmy, who was as ignorant as she could well be of the price of dinners. "But you are not to spend it on your dinners—no, no, but on something else that you will like very, very much, and can keep. Oh, Eugenie! we all said what we should choose, and I do want so much to know what you will say, and whether it will be any of the things we have said first. Cannot you choose very quickly indeed, Eugenie? Don't you think you could?"

"Nay, you must not hurry her," interposed Miss Martyn, "that is not fair; give her time to know what will really please her. She can't find out just in a minute, she who has never had anything given her but a few bonbons. Would it not be a good plan to wait till to-morrow, to let her have till to-morrow to think it well over and decide, and then for us to come here again, when she can tell us?"

Emmy's countenance fell in a very lamentable manner, but she struggled with and conquered herself, and then said, with much solemnity, the result of the struggle—"If Eugenie likes it best!"

Emmy was always in such a hurry herself that she hoped it would be as intolerable to Eugenie



"'WILL YOU LIKE THEM?' SHE ASKED" (p. 134).

as it would be to her to be given such an endless time as twenty-four hours wherein to make up her mind about anything; but if Eugenie liked it, she was quite truthful in saying she wished it to be so arranged, only she felt there was no harm in her hoping that Eugenie might not like it.

Great was her delight, then, when Eugenie replied, as instantly as she could have replied herself, "Thanks very much, mademoiselle, but if you are all so very kind as to spend so very much money for me, I know just exactly what I want most of all things."

"Oh, you dear, good Eugenie!" cried Emmy, and kissed her with delighted warmth.

Then there was a moment's silence, which Floss was the first to break, exclaiming, as eagerly as Emmy herself could have done, "And what is it, Eugenie?"

"Une veste, s'il vous plaît!" cried Eugenie, quickly, and then smiled at herself, and translated, "A waistcoat, if you please!"

"A waistcoat!" cried Miss Martyn, Floss, and Emmy in a breath, while Emmy's face fell very much; and Miss Martyn added, with considerable surprise, "My dear child, what do you mean by a waistcoat?"

"What my papa wears under his coat," replied Eugenie, ready at once with her explanation. "Pauvre papa, he does want one so very much;

though it is summer for England it will not be summer for France, and papa is very cold, and will not buy for himself the warm waistcoat."

But Emmy looked ready to cry, and almost angry. "Oh, Eugenie!" she said, reproachfully; "but a waistcoat is such a *horrid* thing to buy with this sort of money, and you might have a bird or a doll."

Eugenie's eyes shone and sparkled. "A bird! a doll!" she cried, with French enthusiasm. "Ah, too much happiness!" But now she grew quite grave again, and her lips trembled. "Non, non, not when papa is cold; it could not, could not be."

Everybody was silent, and, after a moment's attempt to prevent it, Emmy began to cry.

"My dear Emmy," said Miss Martyn, "what can you be crying about?"

Emmy dried her eyes and looked very much ashamed of herself.

"I don't know," she said; "but I am *very* sorry Eugenie's papa is cold; and I *hate* waistcoats."

Miss Martyn and Floss laughed, and Eugenie said, "Am I naughty?" and her lips quivered more than ever.

"I think you are a very good little girl," said Miss Martyn, gently, "and that it is nice you have thought of your papa before you thought of yourself. But I hardly know what to say," and she looked compassionately at Emmy. "You see,

these girls wanted to give *you* something to look at, or play with, or amuse you in one way or another while you are in bed ; that is what they joined their money together for, and a waistcoat for Monsieur De Bois could hardly be that. What do you think, Floss ? what do you think the others would say ?"

" I can't *think* why Monsieur De Bois should be cold," said Emmy. " *Can't* dancing keep him warm ? If he danced harder it would."

And in her own mind she once and for ever gave the preference to fairies, for she had never yet heard of a fairy wanting a waistcoat. " And if he did," she thought—and Monsieur De Bois sank miles in her estimation while she made the comparison, " he could make it at once out of a rose-leaf or a butterfly's wing, and not give a bit of trouble to anybody."

So the momentous question was settled as to the relative merit of fairies and dancing-masters.

" It must be as you all wish," said Eugenie, resignedly. " You will choose for me ; I will take what you like and thank you very much."

" I chose a doll for you, Eugenie," said Emmy, with a tinge of reproach in her voice.

" And I a bird," added Floss. " But I do think, Miss Martyn, we might manage it all. I have a good piece of thick, quite thick, Irish poplin, just the material my brother has had waistcoats made of ; if it was lined it would be very warm. Might not I give Eugenie that for Monsieur De Bois ?"

" Is it blue ?" cried Eugenie, starting upright in her bed, so eager was she to ask the question, but sinking back again, exhausted.

" Well," said Floss, smiling, " as it happens, it is a very dark blue."

Eugenie actually clapped her hands.

" Papa said his next waistcoat he wished very much should be a dark blue. Dark blue is so becoming to papa," she added, simply. " His last waistcoat was purple—real violet colour—and purple is not becoming to papa. How pretty it is ! how good you

are ! one thousand thanks, dear mesdemoiselles !" And she smiled at them, and then shut her poor little eyes, as if she were tired, and might rest now the matter was finished.

But the matter was not finished at all in Emmy's opinion.

" Will you not, then, choose now, Eugenie ?" she said, almost fretfully.

Eugenie opened and fixed her surprised eyes on her.

" Is it not chosen ?" she asked. " Did not Mademoiselle Floss say ? is it not the poplin ?"

" Oh dear, yes !" said Emmy ; " but that is only the poplin, that is not our money. There is still the seventeen shillings and two fourpenny bits. Oh, do choose something, Eugenie, please do !"

Eugenie looked from one to the other bewildered. " I am not to have more ?" she asked, as if almost afraid to say the words, lest it should be supposed she expected an affirmative reply.

" Oh yes, you are !" cried Emmy, with exultation ; and Floss explained to her that the poplin had nothing to do with the present for herself, but was a separate thing that she was going to give her. " And if you have it,

and some warm lining, and a waistcoat of your father's as a pattern, do you think Mrs. Palmer could make it for you ?"

" Mrs. Palmer is so kind, so kind," said little Eugenie, " and so is Polly the maid ; they will do anything for me, and make anything. See," opening her little night-dress over her chest, " the flannel vest Mrs. Palmer made me, all out of flannel of her own, because the doctor said I must wear it over my skin ; and Polly makes me broth and jelly ; but ah ! not like the beautiful jelly your good madame sent me. Thank her from me and from my papa ; please thank her very much for that beautiful jelly."

" Then you will ask Mrs. Palmer to make the waistcoat ?" said Floss.

" And oh, Eugenie ! could not you choose now ?" urged poor Emmy ; at which Miss Martyn laughed.



"CERTAINLY THE KETTLE IS VERY LARGE" (p. 138).

Emmy did not like being laughed at, and she was very much in earnest.

"It was what we came for," she said, "and nobody seems to care. Eugenie, it is not possible but what you *do* care."

"It is so much kindness," said Eugenie, "and it will be delightful. Am I really to choose?"

"Of course you are; but don't be too quick. Remember how many things there are. We all of us thought of things, and some of them were quite delightful things, and that showed that there are six actual things you might have; and I believe there are a great many more, though Charlotte Hopkins said there couldn't be more than five."

Eugenie did not understand quite what this meant, but she was looking as happy and thinking as deeply as ever Emmy could desire.

Suddenly she said, "A little tea-kettle, for Mrs. Palmer's is too big, and it does tire her arms carrying it up-stairs for me!"

"Oh no!" cried Emmy. "Don't, Eugenie, please don't; it is the same thing over again. Tea-kettles, of course, are better than waistcoats—much better. A *little* tea-kettle might be a nice thing to have to do with. My doll has quite a delightful little tea-kettle; but it won't do, it must be something for yourself, and *not* a useful thing; mustn't it, Miss Martyn? That's what we meant, didn't we? *Not* anything useful."

Miss Martyn laughed and agreed, and said she thought that really was what they had meant, and what Eugenie had better choose.

Then Eugenie shut her eyes again, and when she opened them there were tears in them, but they were tears of pleasure.

"You *said* a bird," she murmured. "A bird will be lovely. Ah, I should love a bird!"

Then Emmy kissed her a dozen times—more pleased than she had words to express her pleasure.

"A bird is the best of all—far the best. It was Floss's choice, it wasn't mine; but we, none of us, came near it; and we said it should hang at the foot of your bed and sing to you."

"Oh yes, yes! it shall hang there and sing to

me," murmured Eugenie; and then she began to cough again so fearfully that Emmy ran away from the bedside, and Miss Martyn supported her tenderly in her arms till she was better.

"And now," said Miss Martyn, as she laid her gently down on the pillow again, "I think we have been here long enough, and am almost afraid we may have made her talk more than is good for her; and it is getting very late indeed. Mrs. Midhurst will think we are lost, and the other girls will have all run away from us. Come, Floss, come, Emmy, give her a kiss" (here she kissed Eugenie herself). "We shall see you very soon again, my dear, and I hope you will be better."

"Will it be a canary?" asked Eugenie; and that was all the answer she made.

Emmy very earnestly assured her that it would.

"And you *will* get better, Eugenie," she said, wistfully, as she kissed her.

"Oh yes," replied Eugenie, wearily, but with no doubt in her voice; "I shall be better to-morrow, or next day at furthest."

And so Miss Martyn, Floss, and Emmy left her.

Mrs. Palmer stopped them in the passage, and invited them into her clean and ample kitchen.

Emmy looked round it, quite charmed with its raftered roof, its tiled floor, its large fireplace, and all the delf and pots and pans that shone on every side.

"It must be sweet to live in a kitchen," thought she; "but certainly the kettle *is* very large."

"I am afraid the little foreign lady is very ill indeed, ma'am," Mrs. Palmer said to Miss Martyn.

"I am really afraid she is," was the reply.

"And her poor papa is just wrapped up in her, and she is the gentlest and best little lady I ever set eyes on. Dear, dear! it *is* a pity, isn't it now, Miss Martyn?"

When they were outside, Emmy said earnestly to Miss Martyn, "Why is it a pity that Eugenie is gentle and good, and that her papa is wrapped up in her?"

(To be continued.)



## TRY AGAIN.



**C**OME, little one, and I'll relate  
A tale of Timour, called the Great.  
This conqueror had once to fly  
Before his enemies, or die.  
And in a ruined building old  
He hid himself, this warrior bold.  
He wished his troubles to forget,  
And all the dangers he had met,  
So watched an ant from night to morn  
(Or large for him, at any rate,  
As it was nearly twice his weight).  
It struggled its huge load withal  
To try and place upon a wall.  
He watched the effort, and he found,  
It *sixty-nine times* fell to ground ;  
The seventieth time—no less—  
The little ant met with success.  
The sight gave Timour courage too :  
A lesson good for him and you  
Of faith and patience. 'Tis most clear  
*Those best succeed who persevere.*

H. G.

## PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS.

## SILK SCRAP-WORK.

**L**HAVE just now completed a piece of work, the effect of which is so novel and striking that I am going to communicate the secret of its achievement to you, and I hope that you will appreciate this favour.

Strange to say, my production, although of large size and gorgeous appearance, did not cost me any outlay in money ; I had to spend time upon it, but in my case that was all the expenditure required.

How did this come to pass ? In this way. In the discourse I had with you on the subject of patchwork some time ago, I told you how provident I was, and how that I had a certain drawer into which I popped scraps and odds and ends of material of all kinds. Well, in this drawer were a quantity of minute pieces of silk, little bits which had been left as too small for use when making patchwork. As I am of opinion that use can be made of **everything**, and also that an ornamental use can be made of what is pretty in itself, I set my

brain to think what it could contrive to make of these shreds. At last it told me in great glee that it had conceived an idea, and thereupon I told my fingers to carry out that idea, which has proved most successful. I found some pieces of stiff crinoline, and tore strips of this (the selvedge way of the material) four inches in width ; each of these I folded double, making the edges of the material meet in the centre of the back instead of being at the edge of the fold. I then made a few hundreds of little bunches of silk. I doubled a bit of silk—cross-ways looks the best, but one can't be particular—made a few folds at one end, as is done when a bow is made, and passed a needle and strong cotton through twice. The fingers very soon become dexterous, and accomplish numbers in a short space of time.

I covered each strip of crinoline by sewing these on three abreast. I began at the top, and set each row below the other, but took care that the head of each little puff hid the stitches in the body and the tail of the little puff which stood above it.

When I got to the lowest end of the strip I was puzzled—how was I to hide the last row of tails? I told my brain of the difficulty, and after considering a short time, it suggested the placing a narrow band of plain silk across the strip, which gave the idea that the swarm of little puffs were issuing out of a trough, or a ladder composed of them was resting on a bank, which ever fancy most pleased the imagination of the beholder.

But lest you should begin the work before I have finished my recital, I must give you a few hints. To look properly effective, the colours of the silks must be judiciously arranged, a bright puff must appear now and then, yellow, pink, red, and white tend to enliven other hues. I place one of these at intervals amongst more sombre colours, and I take care that each gay colour should not be seen exactly in the same position; for instance, if a yellow puff has come in the first division, the next time I use one it is put in the second division, and on a succeeding occasion in the third division. As a rule, I introduce as many light as dark colours, and I generally place the darkest down the centre. A plentiful sprinkling of black and of white show off the other colours to advantage.

I can assure you it is quite interesting to marshal into order and to arrange the ranks in these armies of little puffs.

When I had made six strips, I sought for and found some broad black ribbon velvet, it had once adorned a dress, but as it showed no signs of rough usage, pray what did its former service matter?

I sewed a band of this between each strip, and in this manner joined the whole together; this was the most tiresome part of the work, for the edge of the velvet must be made to lie a little way under the puffs in order to cover the edge of the crinoline. These joins are the most easily accomplished when sewed on the wrong side.

My piece is intended for a cushion because I wanted a smart frontage for one, but you are not obliged to arrange the size of yours for that use. Work of this kind would do admirably for a drawing-room work-satchel. A piece should be made the entire size, then doubled and the sides bound together. The handles can be of velvet or ribbon stiffened with folds of crinoline or thick twine, according as you wish them to be flat or round ones.

E. C.



#### LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE LONG EARS.



**A** LONG time ago, one fine moonlight night Mrs. Reynard, the fox, and her three children sat at home patiently waiting for the return of Mr. Reynard, who had gone out to forage as usual for the daily provision

for his family. Their present home was a large old unused rabbit burrow near the centre of a small wood, which had been enlarged by the joint exertions of the two old foxes until it had become a very comfortable dwelling for them; but notwithstanding its comfort, Mrs. Reynard appeared uneasy and anxious for the arrival of her husband, and at last a footstep was heard outside, and he came in.

"Here is a fine fat duck for you," said he, throwing one down off his shoulders as he entered.

"Duck again!" cried his wife. "Did I not beg you to bring anything rather than duck? You know how rich they are and unsuited for the children, and yet you bring duck, duck, every night. I declare that the other day when little Slypads, our eldest son, was trying to bark it sounded a great deal more like 'Quack, quack!' than a young fox exercising his voice."

"But there was nothing else to choose from but drakes," pleaded her husband, looking rather crestfallen. "I looked carefully all round the farm to-night, and could not see a cock or hen anywhere."

"All the better," replied Mrs. Reynard. "I don't want any cocks and hens. What I wish you would bring home are rabbits; you know they are much the best things for the health of the family, and a young fox well brought up on rabbits is always stronger and can run faster than one fed upon ducks and that kind of rich food. I should not be astonished if all the children learnt to waddle instead of to run."



"'HERE IS A FINE FAT DUCK FOR YOU,' SAID HE" (p. 140).

"Rabbits, indeed!" returned Mr. Reynard; "why you know as well as I do that when we moved into the wood all the rabbits moved out of it—and very unneighbourly behaviour it was too, I call it—so where am I to get rabbits from? It is true that there is a family yet living at the far end of the wood, but I can never get within speaking distance of them. I can't understand how it is they manage to keep out of my way in the manner they do; but never mind, duck is all I can get to-night, so we must make the best of it. Let those who are hungry help themselves; perhaps we may have rabbit to-morrow."

Accordingly, Mrs. Reynard—whose grumbling did not seem to have lessened her appetite—and the three children immediately fell upon the duck, and in a short time nothing of it was left but a few feathers.

The next morning the two old foxes resumed their conversation as to the possibility of getting rabbits for that night's meal; and after a long discussion, Mr. Reynard said that he knew of the run by which the rabbits that he had mentioned the night before generally left the wood for a meadow where they fed at night, and he would go very early in the evening, and lie concealed near it; and it would be very unfortunate if he could not bring home at least one rabbit to please his wife.

As he said this, his eyes fell upon his children, who were sitting with their ears cocked up, eagerly listening. "You had better go out and play," continued he; "and mind you don't talk about what you have just heard, or if the rabbits should get to know where I am going it may be you will get no supper to-night."

The little foxes went out, and were soon busy playing in front of the entrance to their den, where, after amusing themselves for some time, they began trying who could jump the highest; and Blackeyes was outjumped by her two brothers, Slypads and Sharpnose, who made fun of her.

"Never mind," said she; "I'll jump higher to-morrow."

"How will you manage to do that?" asked Slypads.

"Didn't mother say rabbits would make us stronger?" replied Blackeyes.

"But you haven't got the rabbits yet," cried Sharpnose.

"But we shall have to-night, for you know that father is going to hide near the rabbit-run to the meadow," quickly returned Blackeyes.

"There now, you are talking about it, and you were told not," cried both the brothers together.

"Don't care; there is no one listening," said Blackeyes; but still, for fear there might have been any one, they searched carefully all around

without finding anything but a cracked pitcher that the woodman's daughter had left behind her the day before, having broken it by letting it fall as she was on her way to the well ; and finding nothing to make them uneasy, the little foxes resumed their play.

But Blackeyes was mistaken. Notwithstanding these precautions, there was some one listening. The magpie, going on her usual round of gossiping and mischief-making, had been in a tree just above her and her brothers, and had heard every word that had been said with the greatest satisfaction, as she had rather a spite against Mr. Reynard, because he one day, in killing an old partridge on her nest, had broken the eggs that she was sitting on, which eggs the magpie had only that morning discovered, and had intended to carry off for herself at the first opportunity ; so flying to the end of the wood, she waited till she saw one of the young rabbits that lived there, when she accosted him with " Ha ! you will be eaten to-night."

" How so ? " asked the young rabbit, astonished.

" The fox will catch you. He is coming to hide near your run to the meadow," answered the magpie, laughing, as she flew away ; and the young rabbit went straight home to tell his father.

Now his father was an old rabbit, cunning, and experienced in all the dangers that threaten the rabbit tribe, as well as in the different ways of avoiding them, and when he heard what the magpie had said to his son—although he seldom took any notice of her gossiping stories—he thought that there might possibly be some foundation for what she had said ; so telling his family to remain at home, he went and hid himself in a place from which he could command a view of the path out of the wood, and there he kept watch to see what might happen.

Shortly after sunset he saw the fox come creeping cautiously along and conceal himself in some tall ferns which grew close to the path, and after waiting some time to see that he did not change his quarters, he withdrew quietly from his own hiding-place back to the burrow ; and

after telling his family what he had seen, he took them by a different way to another feeding-place, from which they all returned safely before morning.

Meanwhile, Mr. Reynard lay close in the ferns, feeling certain that, although he had perhaps missed the rabbits through their having gone earlier than usual to the meadow, still his patience would be rewarded by the capture of at least one of them on their return homewards ; but at last daylight appearing, he gave up all hopes of a rabbit for the present, and started, disappointed and hungry, for his own den. Fortunately for him, however, on the way he met with a fine cock pheasant out after an early breakfast, and having caught it, he trotted off with it in a much more cheerful mood.

" Here you are ! " cried he, as he came in where Mrs. Reynard and the children were sleeping, after having sat up half the night for him. " I could not get a rabbit, but a fine cock pheasant is better than nothing ; and you were very nearly having nothing, for I have been lying near the rabbit-run all night without even seeing one."

" Perhaps you fell asleep while you were

lying there," suggested his wife.

" No, indeed, I was quite wide-awake all the time ; and the rabbits were out last night, too, for I saw the marks of their feet as I passed by the burrow on the way home. I can't make out how they seem to know where I am. You are sure you were not talking of where I was going in your play yesterday ? " added he, turning to the children.

" No, I said nothing about it," replied Blackeyes' brothers, both looking up with their mouths full of pheasant ; but she timidly murmured, " I only said that I should be stronger to-day because you were going to the rabbits' path to catch one for us ; but no one could have heard me, for we searched all around carefully as soon as I had said it, and could see nobody."

" Well, never mind," said her father, kindly, for Blackeyes was rather a favourite with him. " Don't talk about where I am going again, my dear, for rabbits have such long ears, you can't tell how far



" SHE SAW ONE OF THE YOUNG RABBITS."

they can hear. Perhaps I shall have better luck to-night."

The morning passed off quietly, as Mr. Reynard had to sleep to make up for the rest he had lost the night before, and in the afternoon he and his wife held a consultation as to what plan should be adopted to secure their supper for that night; but before beginning they sent the children out to play, so that there should be no possibility of the secret being known through them. But Slypads, who had not had enough pheasant, and who was very hungry, was so anxious to hear what chance there might be of supper that he could not resist the temptation of creeping back, after a short time, to listen, and was rewarded by hearing his father say, "Well, then, that is settled. There is a thick bush just above the mouth of the burrow, and I'll go quite early this evening and lie under it, and snap up the first thing that comes out," when he quickly rejoined his companions, who at once eagerly pressed him to tell them what he had heard. But for a long time Slypads steadily refused, until Blackeyes beginning to cry, and Sharpnose threatening to tell his father that he had crept back to listen, he reluctantly consented to whisper his news to them, but they must first come on one side out of the way, and he accordingly led them to a spot not far from which lay the broken pitcher which they had noticed the day before, and in which, unknown to them, crouched a small rabbit.

The old rabbit had been much concerned to see the determined way in which Mr. Reynard had taken his measures to entrap some one of his family, and feeling sure that he would not rest quiet after his disappointment, he had left his burrow early with one of his sons, and crept up towards Mr. Reynard's den to see if there were no means of establishing a watch upon him, and finding the cracked pitcher, it had struck them both as the very thing that they required, and the son creeping backwards into it, his father had left him there, and returned home.

Slypads now stood still, and told Blackeyes to come close to him, and when she had done so he

put his mouth to her ear to whisper, but no sooner did he begin than she jumped away with a laugh, shaking her head, rubbing her ear with her forefoot, and crying, "Oh, Slypads, don't tickle so!"

"Don't be so silly," returned he, "or I won't tell you at all. Come, put your head down again."

Blackeyes did so, and he again tried to whisper to her, but with no better success, for she again jumped away, scratching her ear and declaring that she could not hear. So he then went to Sharpnose, and whispered softly in his ear.

"What? I could not hear a word; whisper louder!" cried Sharpnose; and Slypads again endeavoured to make him hear. "Pwiss, wiss, wiss! that's nonsense!" cried Sharpnose.

"Speak up, can't you?" And Slypads, vexed at having to tell, and losing patience, sharply snapped out, "What a pair of stupids you are! Father is going early this evening to lie under the bush above the mouth of the rabbit - burrow — there, you have it all!" And he went away in a huff, followed by Sharpnose and Blackeyes, trying to coax him into a better humour; whilst the little rabbit, who had heard enough for his purpose, threaded his way through the long grass, and was



"WHISPER LOUDER!" CRIED SHARPNOSE."

soon at home, reporting his news to his father.

The latter quickly made up his mind how to act — sent out all his family to get their necessary food, ordering them to make all haste and return as soon as possible; and when they had come back he retreated into the burrow, taking up a position near its entrance, which he had not occupied very long before he heard Mr. Reynard come and ensconce himself under the bush above him, upon which he joined the rest of the family below and went to sleep.

Meanwhile, Mr. Reynard kept watch throughout the night, till daylight again appeared, when, after having lingered some time in the hopes of some return for all his trouble, he wended his way back in despair to his own home, this time with nothing to satisfy the appetites of his hungry wife and children, who protested that even ducks were better than nothing, and begged him to go out again to see if he could not get one for them. This



"THE FOX FAMILY MADE A DASH FOR THE PITCHER."

ERNEST GRISSET.

he consented to do after he had had a short nap to recruit himself ; and in an hour or so he and his wife and children were all assembled outside their den, preparatory to his setting out for another hunt for a meal.

Mrs. Reynard and the children wished to know where he was going, and how long he would be away ; and before answering them he looked carefully all around him. "What is that brown thing in the grass near yonder bush ?" asked he, pointing to the pitcher.

" Only a broken pitcher a little girl left there three or four days ago ; there is nothing in it," quickly answered the children, who little dreamt that at that moment the young rabbit was again hidden in it, having been sent there by his father soon after the latter had heard Mr. Reynard leave his post above the burrow in the morning.

" Very good, then," said Reynard. " Now I will tell you what I propose should be done. You three children will go back into the den and stay quietly there, whilst your mother will go and try to catch you a frog or two to stay your present hunger, and I will go and reconnoitre round the farmyard, to see if I can get anything there ; failing which, I will return by the way of the rabbit-burrow. But—what's that? has your pitcher got ears?" cried he, suddenly, as the young rabbit, unable to hear for the distance what was being said, had pushed his

head out of the mouth of the pitcher, and in his anxiety cocked both his ears above the grass.

The fox family made a dash for the pitcher, but the young rabbit—fortunately for himself—slipped away before they could reach it, and escaped from them, gaining his home in safety, and the foxes returned baffled from the pursuit.

" There," said Mr. Reynard ; " now I know how it is that I never could catch you a rabbit, when little pitchers have ears."

" Ha ! ha !—little pitchers have ears !" chattered the magpie, as she flew out of the tree above him to carry the tale to her gossips.

" When little pitchers have ears and magpies have tongues," continued he, " never talk of anything you wish to be kept secret, unless safe in your own den. Let us all go in."

The old rabbit, on hearing from his son what had passed, saw that it was no longer safe for him to remain in that wood, and he and his whole family moved out of it, an example which was shortly followed by the fox family ; whilst the magpie repeated the tale of the little pitcher to the different birds and beasts, until it grew to be a proverb amongst them ; and to this day, when a magpie sees a fox stealing through a wood she begins to chatter and raise an alarm ; but whether she chatters " Little pitchers have long ears " or no is more than any one can tell.



THE ACCIDENT. (See p. 150.)

## ALF BROWNSON'S SHILLING.



WO boys were standing at the green wooden gate of a cottage that fronted the village road. Both were dressed in the coarse well-worn clothes of country lads. One wore a satchel, the other carried a slate in his hand and were parting after walking home together from school. All the way home they had talked of one subject—the cricket-club. But what else could they talk of? Was not all the school talking of the same thing? Perhaps never in their lives before had these boys looked forward with such pleasure to anything as to this cricket-club which the schoolmaster was getting up for the amusement of the elder boys on half-holidays, and on the long summer evenings. Each was to give a shilling as his subscription towards buying the bats, wickets, ball, and such things. But the payment of this shilling, without which no one could be a member of the club, was anything but easy for some of the boys, for whom twelve copper pennies was the hoard of months. Both the boys talking at the gate were the sons of working people who had comfortable homes, but at the moment they were speaking of the case of one of their poorer neighbours, the son of a farm-labourer, who himself had very few shillings in the week, and who kept his son at work in the fields as many summer days as he could possibly spare from school.

"I'm sure he won't join the club," said one.  
"Where could he get the subscription from?"

The other laughed. "I don't think the fellow sees a silver sixpence—not to talk of a shilling—from one year's end to the other."

"Then he has such a name!" said the first speaker.  
"Do you remember, Alf, how all the boys laughed the first day he came to our school?"

"Don't I!" said Alf, going inside the green gate, and swinging on it, "Tis a nice name to be blessed with—Abel Snipe! I'm sure he's a sneak."

"So am I—and you'll see he won't join the club. I hope he won't. Good-bye, Alf—see you tomorrow."

So the boys parted, being quite agreed on the character of their absent school-fellow. And a most unattractive, stout, red-faced, large-boned boy Abel was. See him now, when Alfred had disappeared within the cottage-door, walking down the road with his hands in his pockets, as big and clumsy a fellow as you would meet in a day's journey.

He made straight for Alfred's home—the small white house with the thatched roof and the porch covered with ivy. He passed in by the gate where the boys had stood talking a minute ago, walked up the trim pathway looking at the snowy showers of white roses on the bushes along by the wall, and at the wealth of fine, simple, old-fashioned flowers—pinks, and carnations, and daffodils—in the garden beds on the other hand. He tapped with his knuckles at the open door of the house, and stood outside under the porch waiting.

Within there was a little hall just big enough for a person to turn round in comfortably. It had white boarded walls, and the staircase went up steep and worn close opposite the door. On the left opened the tiled kitchen, where the kettle was singing its tea-time song, and Mrs. Brownson, in a cotton dress, with her sleeves tucked up, was bustling about, laying the table. On the right was the open door of the cottage parlour—the place of the good woman's delight, and of her husband's Sunday rest. Their son, Alfred, did not care much for the neat room, with its muslin curtains, and carefully arranged books, chairs set in their places, and mantelpiece decked with china. He liked the kitchen and the garden better, and declared the parlour smelt fusty from being shut up all the week, and he liked a room that one could knock about in. However, he was in the parlour now, though the boy at the door could not see him from the place where he was standing.

The moment he came into the house that afternoon Alf Brownson had collected his subscription, to have it ready for paying in the morning. It may be thought there is not much collecting in a shilling. However, there was in this case, for the shilling consisted of a sixpence which he got from his mother in the kitchen, a threepenny-piece that he had kept laid by in his room up-stairs, and another that was fished up out of the depths of his pocket, where it had lain among entangled twine, crumpled papers, and dusty marbles. He took one of the crumpled papers, a stiff glossy page torn out of his copy-book, and in this he placed the three light bits of silver.

Having made it up into a little square flat parcel, he looked about the room for a safe place to leave it till to-morrow. On the mantel-shelf were some little china figures of shepherds and shepherdesses. He took up one of them, and put the little stiff parcel of money under its hollow stand. He had only just done so when he heard a tap-tap-tap-tap-tap! It was Abel's second knock, and his first not having been heard, he had stepped into the hall, and was looking straight into the parlour, while he tapped at the door-post.

Alfred was surprised to see Abel's big figure in the doorway when he turned round from the mantelpiece. Abel had never been to his home before, and the stout clumsy lad was so awkward, that though he was only facing a school-fellow, he kept shuffling his feet about, and changing his hat from one hand to the other, while he said, scarcely looking at Alfred, "I've come about the cricket-club, Brownson."

"Well, what is it?" asked Alf, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and walking to meet him at the parlour-door, with an easy swagger that showed he knew what a disadvantage poor Abel was at under his roof.

"You're to put down the names of the fellows that are up to time with their shillings to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Alf, "and Mr. Bloomfield says no one can be a member unless his name is down to-morrow afternoon."

Abel Snipe looked startled at that piece of news, and he grew still redder in the face, as he stammered out, "Well, I—I—I don't mind telling you a thing or two, Brownson, and it's this. I want to be in the club, you know; I've been thinking of it ever so long—since Mr. Bloomfield used to tell us first that he was going to get it up. But—but—the fact is, my father's had a pretty hard time lately, and I—it's best to tell you the thing plainly—I couldn't make up the money." Alfred smiled, Abel winced, and went on hurriedly, "So I thought, as it would be an uncommon hard pull on my father to take it now in the middle of the week, I thought if you'd put down my name to-morrow, I could give it to you out of Saturday's money, I know, and then it would be all right."

"Do you mean," said Alfred, "that I should put down your name, and trust you for the shilling. It's against the rule, you know I couldn't."

"I didn't know there was any rule about it," said Abel Snipe, with a flush of anger.

"No, nor is there. What I meant to say," Alfred explained, "was this—that I wouldn't like to do such a thing, and what's more, I won't; and it's mean to ask me."

While they were exchanging the last words, the

sound of approaching music made them talk louder. A military band was coming down the road at the head of a company of soldiers marching to the neighbouring town. As they drew near, the loud steady beat of the drums and the music of the brazen instruments were deafening, and the shrill shouts of the village boys and girls mingled with the gay martial music. It was too much *for Alf*. "Wait a bit," he said, and ran down the garden path, and leant over the green gate, while the red coats and the shouldered muskets moved by file after file, as if they would never end. But they did end. A struggling crowd of village folk *and noisy* children hurried after them, bringing up the rear, and then they were all gone, raising the summer dust in a cloud, and disappearing round a bend of the road under the great shady trees.

Then Alf went back to the cottage, and found Abel standing at the door where he had left him. Still they heard the music and the well-timed beat of the drum while they argued over that knotty point, the writing of the name, and the paying in of the shilling. Abel Snipe resented being called mean, and said he would pay as well as any one; he only asked because he was afraid of being left out of the club, and it was "jolly hard" to ask anything of Brownson. The end of it was that he went away dissatisfied, saying he would pay to-morrow, Alf would see that he would, and without getting any favour from him either; his father would stretch a point for him, he knew; and he'd be in the club, and have a right to be in it as well as anybody.

The words between them did not exactly turn into a quarrel, but both felt irritated when they parted, and Alf relieved his feelings by saying to himself in a cross whisper, "Didn't I say he was a sneak? The meanest fellow going!"

When Alf Brownson woke next morning, and saw the sunlight coming in strongly through his white blind, his first thought was "the cricket club!"

The moment breakfast was over he put on his cap and went into the parlour. He was now to go to the school-house, that he might be there to collect the subscriptions of the early-comers, a good half-hour before lessons began. But when he lifted the china shepherdess off the mantelpiece there was not a vestige of the paper parcel to be seen. He set the statue down again. Two shepherds and another shepherdess were standing among the quaint old cups and saucers, and the common vases of flowers ranged along the shelf. He was sure it was under the first one he had put the money, but when he did not find it there, he raised each of the others in succession; no, not a trace of it. Then quick as lightning the thought came to his mind—Abel

Snipe was at the door yesterday when he was putting the money there, and he had left him alone while he stood at the gate watching the soldiers marching by.

He went into the kitchen. His father had taken an early breakfast and gone out to work, but his mother was there. Did she touch the statues on the parlour mantelpiece? he asked. "No." Or his father? "No." The door of the room had been locked since he left it the afternoon before.

"Then," exclaimed Alfred, his cheeks burning with rage, "Abel Snipe has stolen my money."

"What money?"

"My shilling for the cricket-club. I left it wrapped in paper under the statue of the little woman in green; and there, it's gone!" He told how Abel had knocked while he was putting it there, and how he had run down to the gate to see the soldiers.

"I can't believe it of the lad," Mrs. Brownson said, putting down the teacup she was washing, and going into the other room, followed by Alfred.

There she raised up and looked under everything on the mantelpiece.

"You must have taken it away, and put it somewhere else, and forgotten," she said.

"I didn't, mother; I'm sure 'twas there I left it. He's the meanest thief that ever skulked into a house. If I get hold of him, I'll——"

"Hush, child! To hear you talking, one would think you were sure of it. There isn't a more honest man in the village than that boy's father, or a better or kinder man."

"So he may be, mother; I'm not saying the father took the money."

"And you ought not to say Abel took it yet," she answered. "I tell you, Alf, you act in too much of a hurry, you should not suspect——"

"But I know he did it, mother," Alf broke out. "Why, there was no one else to take it; it was there, and it is gone. Besides, before he went, he began to talk big about paying his money, and being in the club, just as he might have talked if he had my shilling in his pocket."

There was a silence in the room. Mrs. Brownson was sorry for Abel, and she would not believe him guilty, but she had nothing to say for him. The birds were twittering, and their flying shadows crossed the window. The sun was shining in through the neat muslin curtain, casting the bright reflection of the window slantwise on the floor. Outside was the garden, with its green bushes and gay blossoms. How could people steal, and deceive, and carry guilty hearts in this beautiful world of summer and sunshine?

"I would not put it down on the boy yet, till you

find out more," said the woman at last. "Don't go and tell his schoolmates, and get him into disgrace there."

"Oh no! it's no use telling the boys. I won't do that. That would be spite," said Alfred, loftily.

His mother was glad to hear him say so, and she felt proud of him at the moment. She counted only on his good intentions, and so did he, forgetting that there is such a thing as hot temper, and that good intentions, when they are proudly made, are broken as easily as—pie-crust.

However, for the present Alfred meant to keep his word. He would have it out with Abel Snipe, but he would be honourable, forgiving, and grandly merciful enough not to tell the other boys. Foolish Alf! he was reflecting on his own goodness and generosity, but at the very same time he was gloating over the idea that he had it in his power to ruin Abel with his companions at any moment he liked, by just telling that little story about the shilling.

He was the first to take his place in the schoolroom that morning. Soon after his arrival, several of the boys dropped in one by one. Three of them handed him their shillings, and received in return green tickets, having "Cricket Club—Member's Ticket," written on them, by Mr. Bloomfield's hand. While Alf, who was for the present secretary of this famous club, was giving out the tickets, Abel Snipe came into the room. Alf did not know he was present, until his big red hand deposited a shilling on the desk.

"Give me my ticket, please," he said, gently, though with something like an air of triumph.

Alf Brownson looked up at him in wonder, and then seeing that the money was paid, it dawned upon him that he should give the ticket, and he took it off the top of the little green pile.

"How many have you got?" said Abel; "only four yet! you haven't put down your own name though, that will make five."

Now the words were quietly enough said, and most likely they were peaceably meant. But Alf, in his hurry and vexation, took them to be a cut of Abel's at himself, for not having yet paid in his own money. The fact was he would have now to do for himself what he had refused to do for Abel. That is, he would have to enter his name in the book without paying the shilling, for he knew it was useless to think of getting it out of his mother's housekeeping money, so he should wait till his father would come home in the evening.

"I have not put down my name yet," he said, smothering his anger as well as he could, "my money has disappeared. Did you find it easy to get yours changed into one coin, Abel?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the reply.

"Will you give me my ticket, and don't keep a fellow standing here, when he wants to look over his lessons."

"I was saying, I hoped you did not find it hard to change your small silver into a shilling."

"My father gave me it as I gave it to you," said Abel, and being a rough fellow altogether, he could hardly help adding a rough word. "What are you talking about, you stupid?"

I believe you know more about where the money is now than I do."

The door opened, and Mr. Bloomfield came in, saying, "Good morning, boys—hush-sh-sh! what's all the talk about?"

"He says I stole money of his, sir," answered the tall boy, readily, pointing to Alfred.

"Oh! now, don't quarrel, boys. What is it all?" said the peaceable schoolmaster, and he began



"'WHERE? WHAT IS IT?' CRIED ALFRED." (p. 151).

"I'm a little sharper than you think," retorted Alfred, roused beyond control by the thought of his lost shilling, and of what he considered Abel's impudence. "I know where my money went yesterday, when it disappeared. I think I ought to have this ticket instead of you, Abel Snipe. What do you say?"

"What do *you* mean?" asked Abel, raising his voice. The other boys gathered round the desk, and looked on laughing and whispering among themselves. "Do you mean to say *I* took your money. I know nothing about it. Just call me a thief again if you dare."

"I didn't call you a thief," said Alfred, "but I say

asking them questions; but both were so angry, and talked so loud, that it was some time before he got to know the real facts of the case.

Then he only said, "I must inquire into this. For the present, let us hear no more of it. To your lessons, boys."

The result of the inquiry at Alfred's home was that Abel got into great trouble, and was near being expelled from the school, as he would certainly have been but for Mrs. Brownson, who pleaded in private with Mr. Bloomfield, and persuaded him to keep the boy for the sake of the good hard-working man that was his father.

To Alfred's great surprise, he came in for a large share of blame from his mother.

"It was a pity," she said, "to break down a poor boy's character like that with every one, *when you were not quite sure*."

"But I am sure, mother—quite sure. The money was under that statue in the parlour. He was left alone at the door, and he saw me putting it there before that. The room was locked when he went away, and *when I went in next morning the money was not there*. Isn't that plain enough?"

Mrs. Brownson shook her head. What could she say for him now. "He denies it, Alfred." That was all that was left for his defence. "He said, last thing, 'I never touched the money. I did not even know it was there.'"

As for Abel, the days were truly miserable to him now. He declined joining the cricket-club and took back his shilling. He would have liked to leave the school, and turn to work instead, but his father wished otherwise.

"Never mind, my boy," he would say; "time will set you right, and truth will out. But in the meantime, Abel, go on with your school, and stick to your books. There's nothing like a good eddication, lad. If I'd had a good eddication, I'd be another man to-day."

So Abel stayed at the school, and coming and going he avoided Alfred, just because it would be unpleasant for them both to meet. However, one day they met. Alfred was full of life and pleasure, tramping gaily through the fields on his way to the first cricket-match on a half-holiday afternoon, when, after jumping over a stile, he turned rapidly round by a hedge, and came upon Abel, who was going the same way, but walking slower. The path was a narrow one, running between the hedge and a field of yellow bearded barley. Alfred would have to pass him shoulder to shoulder. At first he thought of saying a word as he passed, but he changed his mind. He would not speak to Abel again. He had nothing to do with him since that mean affair of the shilling. He would hurry on, and take no notice of the black sheep of the school.

But when he was passing, Abel turned round, exclaiming, "I say, Brownson, not so fast! You needn't pass a fellow by like that."

"It depends on who the fellow is," said Brownson, coolly, trying to push on.

"So you won't put that nonsense about the money out of your head," Abel responded indignantly. "You won't ever believe me, I suppose—and very little it matters to me whether you do or not. I wonder how fellows like you go to church on Sundays, and keep up a grudge against another fellow all the week."

"I'm not keeping up a grudge," said Brownson, loftily, "but I am not going to have every one for my friend."

"I don't want to be your friend," Abel replied, his large, bony face becoming as red as fire; "but you wouldn't say a civil word in passing; and one day you will regret wronging me like this."

"No one would have a pilferer and a cheat for a friend," Alfred muttered, as he turned away, and began to walk on. "You know the school cut you dead, and you have no one to thank for it but yourself. You needn't go on denying it," he added, facing round again. "I promised you a drubbing the day I found it out, and I'll give it to you now if you like."

Abel's blood was boiling, but he mastered himself enough to say, "I don't want to fight. Go on to your cricket. I have work to do."

"No; we'll have it out first. Time enough after for your work," said Alfred, determinedly.

"I don't want to fight," repeated the other. "It wouldn't be fair. I'm too big and strong for you."

"You're not, and if you don't fight you are a coward," Alfred said. "I knew you were a thief and a cheat, and you did not tell the truth, but I did not know you were a coward!"

"Come on!" said Abel; "there's a clear space yonder."

They walked on a few paces, and then without a word closed on each other. Plenty of hard blows were given, though it is only justice to Abel Snipe to say that he might have given much harder. They fell together on the ground, and got up again, rubbed their hot faces with ready coat-sleeves, and went to work again. In the midst of the struggle, Alfred was too excited for fair fighting. He put his foot round Abel's leg, and tripped him over it. There was a heavy fall, for Abel was big and bony, and at the moment, being taken by surprise, he had not a hand free with which to save himself. He gave something between a cry and a groan, and then lay still without trying to rise.

"Get up—don't lie there," said Alfred. "It's over now, old boy; I'm satisfied." But Abel did not answer, and he was startled to see that his face and lips were becoming perfectly white. "Abel," he cried, frightened now, "are you hurt?" He knelt down beside him, and tried to pull him up; and then, to his horror, he saw that the boy's head had come, in the fall, against the corner of a large sharp stone. His coarse red hair was dark with something trickling—something that was crimson on the stone, and that from thence was creeping down the hard grey surface in a little thread-like stream to the ground.

Of course Alfred thought at first that he had

killed him, and he cried out piteously, asking him to speak, to open his eyes, to stir. There was no response yet. A stream ran along by the end of the field. Alfred rushed off to get water, but he had nothing to bring it in; so he could only plunge his handkerchief in the stream, and after bringing it back dripping wet, he laid it on the forehead of the insensible boy on the ground. Feeling the cold water, Abel gave a shudder, and Alfred answered it with a cry of joy and relief. "Oh! he is all right—alive, thank God! Rouse yourself, Abel; stir about, old boy. You'll be better in a minute."

Abel opened his eyes. They were bloodshot and full of tears, and he did not seem to understand yet where he was, or what had happened. But soon he remembered all, and tried to raise himself. Alfred helped him up to a sitting posture, and bound the handkerchief round the back of his head, which was frightfully cut.

"Oh! I'm so sorry, Abel," he exclaimed. "I nearly killed you. Are you in much pain? Could you manage to get home with my arm?"

"I'll get home right enough! Never mind, Alf; I'm not dead yet," said the vanquished hero, struggling to his feet, and staggering forward with a very white face.

Alfred supported him, and kept asking how he was, but he could hardly answer; and, as they walked on, he had to stop and sit on the ground to rest several times. At last they reached his home, a tumble-down cottage in the back street of the village.

"I won't go in," said Alf; "I shouldn't like." He stood at the corner of the street till he saw Abel enter the house, and then he slunk away, and lay down behind a hedge in a field, feeling as if he were a murderer.

Far away, out of sight and hearing, the boys were playing their first grand cricket-match. The sun of a glorious afternoon was shining on the grass, on the yellow corn-fields, on the round billows of light and dark green foliage, where the trees clothed the distant hill. But the sun did not shine on Brownson where he was stretched in the shadow. The butterflies flitting by, and the insects chirping in the grass and fluttering about, teased and wearied him with their joy and their pleasure in life, for all the pleasure seemed to be gone out of his for ever. What would Abel's father say or do? How all the village would talk of the boy that half killed the other. And what if he had killed him? what if Able Snipe were to die? That thought was too dreadful. Alf rolled over, and buried his face in the grass; and there he sobbed till he was tired. There was no one to see or hear, so he let his trouble have its way; and perhaps he never in his

life prayed so earnestly as then, when, with his face on the ground, he begged that he might have done no lasting injury to Abel.

When his first outburst of trouble subsided, he looked about at the sunshine, and sat under the hedge till evening was drawing on, and the shadows of the trees stretched long across the field. Then he went home.

"Well, my boy," his father said, "you've made a long holiday of it." He was sitting in his arm-chair, and with him was Alfred's uncle.

The latter shook hands with his nephew. "How did the cricket go?" he said.

"I was not at the cricket-match at all," said Alfred, turning round to go out of the room.

"How's that?"

"Oh—a—has Jenny come? And is aunt here?"

"Yes, in the parlour with your mother. We'll come in and join you in a few minutes. Go and see them, Alf."

He strode rapidly out of the room. It was a relief to him that no more questions were asked, and that before he was out of hearing they were talking again about the turnips and the cattle-show. In the parlour, his aunt did not ask about the cricket-match. She only said he was growing a fine lad, bless him! nearly as big as his father. His little cousin was a restless child, who could not keep still; and, while her mother and aunt talked about their new gowns and their neighbours, she walked along the hearth-rug, up and down, admiring the shells and the china cups and saucers and little statues on the mantelpiece.

"There's a dear little woman with a green dress, and a round yellow hat. The other one has a blue dress with gilt spangles," she remarked in confidence to Alf. "Let us see if their faces are just the same." And forthwith she took down the "dear little woman in green," and was carrying her to the other end of the chimney-piece, when her mother turned round from her talk, and exclaimed—

"Oh! put it down, child, you'll break it. You must not touch anything there."

"No, ma! I only want now to see what it is made of." She turned the little china figure upside down to see if it were hollow. "Oh! mamma, there's something up in the stand—a piece of paper."

"Where? what is it?" cried Alfred, bounding from his chair and hurrying to her side.

"A piece of paper. It is a little parcel stuck up under the stand."

Alfred looked at it. "Mother," he said, "here is the money I lost—and I wronged Abel. See, the paper was so stiff that the corners have caught in the hollow stand, and there it was all the time."

"Didn't I tell you I could not believe it of the

boy. What a terrible thing. How can you set it right for him now?" his mother asked.

She did not know all her words meant for Alfred. She had no idea of the accident he had brought on Abel Snipe, of the way Abel had been taken home ill, almost dying, as Alfred thought. How could all that be set right? But harder still would it be to give him back his good name. Now he saw that his mother's advice was wise. He should not have been so hasty in his suspicion, but, above all, he should not have published Abel's disgrace among the schoolboys. And again and again the question came. How, indeed, could he set all this right?

"I will try," he said, and waited to say or hear no more, but at once left the cottage, and went to that of Abel's father.

The poor man was terribly grieved by the accident to his son. Abel had refused to give the name of the boy who had brought it about, persistently saying he would rather not. They were fighting in a field and he had bad luck—that was all. When he reached home that afternoon he had fainted, and a doctor had to be called into the house. The doctor declared it was nothing serious; he was hurt, of course, and had been stunned, but they need not be afraid, he would soon be well again. All this Alfred heard when at Abel's bedside he had explained about finding the shilling, and stammered out his sorrow for his mistake. Before that, the father of the boy, guessing who was the cause of his suffering, had received Alfred with plenty of hard words; but when the scene at his son's bedside was over, he only said, " Didn't I tell you, Abel, that time would set you right, and truth would out. Now lie still, lad, and try and sleep, and we'll say no more."

"Good-bye, Abel," Alf said, bending over him. "Don't be uneasy any more now, and I'll do my best to clear you with every one at school; all the blame will be for me now, you know."

A big red hand came from under the counterpane, and pressed Alfred's with a tight hot grasp; that was all the answer Abel could give. Alfred went down the dark narrow stairs, treading as lightly as

he could. He told the father of his great regret again, and they let him know what the doctor had said, and then he went away, carrying with him a much lighter heart.

"So Abel is *not* a sneak," he thought, as he hastened on towards the school-house. "See how he would not tell on me, and after all this trouble and bother, and hurting his head, and everything, he has no grudge nor spite against me—not a bit."

That evening he went through the humiliating task of asking Mr. Bloomfield to explain to the boys that he had done Abel injustice about the lost shilling, and it took no effort on his part to restore the good name of the absent boy amongst his companions by speaking well of him, for he never mentioned Abel's name without feeling most sincerely that he was talking of one who was a hundred times better and nobler than himself.

Mrs. Brownson and Alf visited Abel often during the fortnight of weakness and illness which followed the accident. The kind motherly woman brought him many little luxuries of her own making, and Alf tried so hard to make amends for his unkindness that he became quite a favourite at the house.

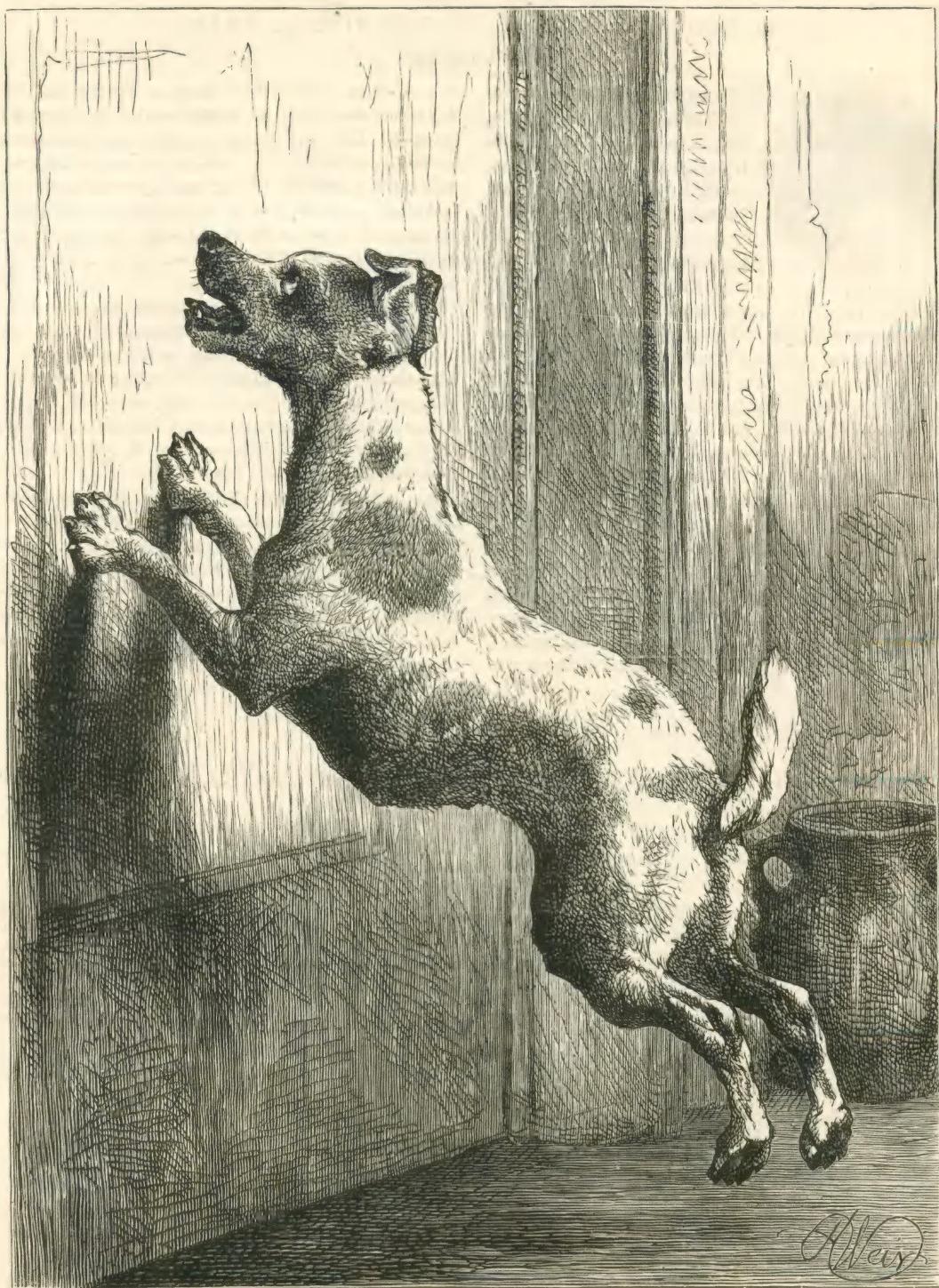
At last Abel was well, and next day he was to return to school. Alfred went to see him, and as they sat together on the window-seat, with the window open and the evening air and light coming in from the leafy garden, any one who saw them would have thought they had been good friends all their lives. They were talking about the cricket; they were both to be in the club now in good earnest.

"How could you have forgiven me all that, Abel, even when you were so ill, and in such pain," asked the younger boy.

"Why, because—because—why, Alf, it never entered my head to do anything else."

He thought he had made a poor stumbling answer, merely because an answer should be given, but no words could have told better than this unconscious reply the world of worth and simple goodness that lay hidden in this awkward and unpolished son of the soil.





A CLEVER DOG. (See p. 154.)

## A DOG'S CLEVERNESS IN CATCHING A TRAIN.

A TRUE STORY.



THE following short story of the wonderful sagacity of a dog is so striking that I think it is quite worthy of being made known to all my little friends.

A student in one of the large colleges of London had a little fox-terrier named

Wasp. This little dog was very much attached to his master, and insisted upon following him wherever he went. So each morning off he trotted with the young student, who left him in the courtyard of the college until the lectures were over. Wasp made no objection, but lay down in some sunny corner, to all appearances asleep, though occasionally you saw one watchful eye unclose gently to spy if his master were soon coming. When he appeared Wasp jumped up with great delight and returned home with him. The young student generally left King's Cross Station at twenty minutes to five, and, as Wasp accompanied him, they took their seats in the guard's van, and travelled every day with the same guard. Sometimes, however, it was not quite convenient for Wasp's master to

return home at his usual hour, so giving his dog a pat on the head, he would send him home by himself. The dog always reached his destination in safety, although the distance was considerable, without his master finding out by what route he travelled. One day, as he was waiting for his train, he entered into conversation with his friend the guard, who said, "Oh, sir, we often have your dog, but not you, by this train."

"My dog?" asked Wasp's master, astonished.

"Yes, sir; he comes here punctually, finds me out, jumps up and gives me a friendly greeting, and then proceeds to take his place in my van. He goes comfortably to sleep till we reach H—tunnel, when he gets up, shakes himself, and then, as the train stops at H— Station, gives a farewell wag of his tail and jumps out."

Among other clever feats of this intelligent dog there is one which is extremely useful to his master. Every morning at six he comes to the bedroom door, throws himself against it, scratches and barks till his master wakes and gives him admission. For this act he is often rewarded by a biscuit, which I think he well deserves for his thoughtful care.

E. S. L.



## • OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS. •

## BIBLE EXERCISES.

## V.

*"As the Lord liveth, who hath redeemed my soul out of all adversity."*—2 SAM. iv. 9.

God delivers his people from evil.—Gen. xlviij.; 1 Kings i.; Ps. xxxi. cxxi.; 2 Thes. iii.; 2 Tim. iv.

He delivers them from dangers.—1 Sam. xxix.; Ps. cxliv.; 2 Cor. i.

## VI.

*"Thou, Lord God, knowest thy servant."*—2 SAM. vii. 20.

Does God know all our thoughts, words, and actions?—1 Sam. xvi.; 2 Kings xix.; 1 Chron. xxviii., xxix.; Ps. cxix.; Matt. ix.; John ii., xvi.; Acts. i.; Heb. iv.

## VII.

*"They have driven me . . . out from abiding in the inheritance of the Lord, saying, Go serve other gods."*—1 SAM. xxvi. 19.

Is it wrong to put a stumbling-block in our neighbour's way?—1 Kings xv., xvi.; Matt. v.; Rom. xiv.; 1 Cor. viii.

The wicked entice their neighbours to sin.—Ps. i.; Prov. xvi.

We must not listen when they entice us.—Deut. xiii.; Prov. i., iv.

God will punish them.—Ezek. xliv.; Mal. ii.

## VIII.

*"Feed my people Israel."*—2 SAM. vii. 7.

Did David feed Israel like a shepherd?—2 Sam. v.; Ps. lxxviii.

Does Jesus feed His Israel like a Shepherd?—Is. xl.; Ps. xxiii.; John x.; Heb. xiii.; 1 Peter ii.

Are God's ministers commanded to feed His people?—John xxi.; 1 Peter v.; Acts xx.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## III.—THE COAT OF MANY COLOURS.

" Sold by them who should have loved thee,  
Prisoner in a stranger's land ;  
Given by him who best had proved thee  
To the dungeon and the band.  
From the land of flowers and rain,  
Borne to Egypt's dewless plain ;

Leaving tent and pastoral dell,  
And the sire that loved thee well,  
And the airs on upland breezy,  
Where the scented cedars grow,  
For the servant's toil uneasy,  
And the captive's weary woe."



**J**ACOB was now a very old man. Long since he had lost his sight, and had become too feeble to do more than sit at the tent door, when, morning and evening, the winds blew fresh across the open fields.

With him, to care for him and watch over him, lived his son Jacob; and there, around the plot of ground which Abraham had bought, Jacob's eleven sons tended their father's flocks. There was yet one other son, little Benjamin, but he was still an infant; while Joseph, the youngest of the eleven, had almost reached his seventeenth year. Joseph and Benjamin were own brothers, but the ten elder sons, who had not the same mother as these two, felt themselves very separate from them, and did not love them. They would have been glad if their father had not sent Joseph with them into the fields to water the sheep or to cut the bright corn in harvest-time; they were always sorry to see him coming, and would begin to whisper together, and say unkind things of him whenever they caught sight of the bright fringe of his gay tunic.

It was partly because of this very tunic that they disliked him so much. His father, Jacob, had given it to him; and no one of all his ten older brothers, not even Reuben the first-born, had been thought worthy of such a gift. This special kind of dress which Joseph wore was never given to more than one son in a household; but it was

quite unusual to give it to any but the eldest, whose right it was considered to be.

It was not because it was a bright and gay dress that it was prized so highly; it had a meaning, just as a uniform has, for the son who wore it was understood to have the birthright, the rank, and position of eldest son. Most of all, he was marked out by this dress as the priest of the family, the one to whom (according to the law of that time) it belonged to offer sacrifice, and to lead the solemn prayer or thanksgiving of the household.

Joseph was his father's favourite son, and he well deserved to be so, for he was pure, true-hearted, and loving, and served faithfully the God of his fathers. But it was not well for him that Jacob's partial fondness made him pass over all his other sons, and give the dress of the eldest to one who seemed but a mere child amidst those tall, dark, strong men. It was through no fault of Joseph's, and yet, perhaps, it is not strange that this favour shown to him should have made his brothers look on him with jealousy and dislike.

His pure life, too, made them feel ashamed of their own evil deeds. They did not like that he should go with them when they pastured their flocks at a distance from their father's tent. For they wished then to be free to do what they pleased, and to indulge in many wrong things which they dare not attempt under their father's eye; and they knew that if Joseph saw their evil deeds he would be sure to refuse to hide them from his father.

So that this favour shown him by his father did not really bring any pleasure to Joseph's life; it did not, even in the end, give him the whole of the birthright; for though his father wished it, it was against the law of God, and could not stand. God had quite a different kind of life chosen for His child, a life which, though it was after a time to become glad and prosperous, must begin with long trials, heavy losses, and bitter loneliness. Yet God had such tender care of His child, that before the trouble came his heart was to be strengthened to bear it by the hope of a bright future; a promise of gladness to come was sent to him to make him able to bear the darkness when it fell.

The promise was sent in dreams. The boy's life had been such a simple one amongst the silent fields and on the green hill-sides ; he had seen so little besides the flocks and the tents, that we feel at once how natural it was that the first dream should be of the bright corn, amidst which he had perhaps, *in* the day-time, been at work. The boy lay asleep ; perhaps with his sickle still in his hand he rested in the half-cleared fields amidst the sheaves, and the dream which God sent to him is of a field like those on which he had been looking. But the sheaf which he has bound is now standing in the centre of all the rest, and none of those which his brothers have reaped remain upright before it. They all fall, just as the corn did at the touch of the sickle ; they fall, but his is still upright.

In simple-hearted wonder, the boy, when he awoke, told the dream, and angered his brothers all the more, for they understood that it prophesied that the time would come when he should rule over them.

Again there came a summer night, when the bright silver stars of an Eastern sky shone out over the sleeping fields and flocks. God sent a second dream to the boy ; and now it was not in the harvest field, but on this same glittering sky that he seemed to gaze—this very sky ; and yet it was not the same as when he looked on it before he slept, for the sun and the moon were both at once shining in it. In his dream he looked and wondered ; and then he seemed to see the bright round sun and the shining moon with the planets around her leave their place in the heavens, and all bow down to him to do him honour.

When he told this dream in the tent, even his father wondered at it, and half rebuked the boy. Yet Jacob laid it up in his mind, thinking over it often, and musing what the great future could be which such a vision shadowed forth.

These two dreams are like bright spots in Joseph's youth. I am telling now only the story of his boyhood, not that of his after life ; therefore, you cannot learn here how wonderfully in years to come the dreams were fulfilled and made plain. But it is easy to believe that, though their first effect was only to make his brothers more bitter against him than ever, they must have been a great comfort to Joseph when he was in the midst of the troubles which were soon to come upon him.

It was in the height of the hot summer. All around Hebron the springs were dry and the *pastures* burnt and bare, so that neither grass nor water could be found for the flocks ; they must be driven further north, where there were more springs and water-courses ; and the place to which Jacob naturally decided to send them was that parcel of

ground near Shechem, which, some time before, he had himself bought for a hundred pieces of silver. But we may believe that it was not without a good deal of fear and hesitation that the father made up his mind to this ; for only a year or two before, two of the elder sons had brought upon themselves the anger of all the inhabitants of that place by making war on them, and taking away their flocks and goods, in revenge for an injury done them by the Prince of Shechem.

Jacob had at the time been very angry with his sons, and had been forced to flee to Hebron, with all his possessions, for fear of what the people of the place would do to him as soon as they had gathered strength. But perhaps some sort of treaty had since been made with the King of Shechem ; for though we know that Jacob had not forgotten what his sons had done, that he remembered it with anger even to the end of his life, yet now he consented that his ten elder sons should drive the flocks once more into the neighbourhood of the very city to which they had done this wrong.

But when they had been gone a little while the old man grew anxious ; perhaps he not only feared for his sons' safety, but was afraid lest they should again quarrel and fight with the people of the land, for he knew them to be fierce and fearless.

Jacob could trust Joseph to tell him truly how it was with his brothers and therefore he determined to send him, that he might bring tidings of their welfare.

Through the pleasant valley of Hebron, across the hill-country, with its scattered Canaanite towns, Joseph made his way, till he came again in sight of familiar land-marks, and to the very field which belonged to his father. That, too, like those which he had left at Hebron, was bare of grass, and looking all along the valley he could see no single trace of his brothers or of their sheep.

Hither and thither Joseph sought for them in vain ; he seems almost to have lost himself, and wandered out of sight of all the places which he knew. In that lonely country there was no one of whom to ask the way ; until, after long search about the fields of Shechem, a man, in the dress of a Canaanite, met him, and asked for whom he was looking.

In that land every movement of the wandering herdsmen was noticed, and the stranger was able at once to tell Joseph that his brothers were not far distant, having gone about twelve miles from Shechem, to a place which was known as well watered and full of green pastures.

The ten brothers were gathered in a group in the midst of the pleasant fields ; it was the hour for either the noonday or the evening meal, but

before they sat down to eat, one of them, looking along the valley, saw far off the bright gleam of a fringed robe.

No Canaanite wore such a dress ; they knew at

they were making each other worse by their very looks.

Then they began to whisper. "Behold this dreamer cometh," choosing the name that recalled



"BEHOLD THIS DREAMER COMETH."

once that it belonged to Joseph, their brother, and at the sight all the anger and ill-feeling which they had nursed so long came freshly into their hearts. They were "moved with envy," we are told, and each one looked into the eyes of a brother and read the same feeling there, so that even before a word of any kind was uttered by them

to them all one of their reasons for hating him. "Come now, therefore," they went on to say, "and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him : and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

It was not Reuben, the eldest, who spoke, though he, of all the ten, might most naturally

have felt himself wronged by his father's choice of Joseph. Reuben was very weak and unstable ; he had never attempted to control his fierce brothers. He knew, perhaps, that he was not fit to have the birthright, not only because of his weakness, but because he had done wicked deeds, and, as his nature was neither jealous nor cruel, he felt more kindly than did the others towards his gracious, beautiful, loving young brother. But he dare not say this ; it was too late now for him to expect to be obeyed by those who had always taken their own way, and he was very much afraid lest, if they understood that he felt kindly to Joseph, they might turn on him, perhaps slay him too.

So, as cowardly people often do, he began to think how he could get to his end by some other way than the direct one of telling the truth and saying out what was in his heart. He pretended to be quite willing that Joseph should be put to death, only was there not some better way than falling upon him with their staves or their swords, as they had talked of doing ? His restless, weak eyes wandered from his brothers' fierce faces to where, still in the distance, he could see the colours of Joseph's dress as he came along the valley ; and as he looked here and there, he noticed, close beside them, one of those deep tanks which in hot countries are dug to catch the rain water as it falls, and store it for the thirsty flocks.

It was quite empty now with the long drought ; and it came into Reuben's mind to propose that Joseph should be thrown into that steep, dark pit. Perhaps when he proposed it the others laughed a little among themselves, and thought it was just like Reuben's cowardice to be afraid of shedding his brother's blood, and yet to be willing that he should die this more painful and lingering death ; but they were quite willing, for they knew that if he were once thrown into the pit he could never climb the steep sides without help, and must certainly die there.

They never guessed that Reuben was thinking of the poor old father at home, who loved his boy so tenderly, and was planning how, when the flocks had been driven further on for the night, he would contrive to return, help Joseph out of his terrible prison, and send him safely to Jacob.

And now Joseph had reached the place where his brothers stood. The poor boy must have seen at once that he had fallen into evil hands. There was no greeting in answer to his words, only he felt himself roughly seized, and the bright coat, his father's gift, was torn from his shoulders. He could see by the look in his brothers' eyes that it

was his death that was intended, and it was hard indeed to meet it from them. In sudden anguish and fear he besought them, calling them by their names, and imploring them to pity him. But the evil feelings which they had indulged so long had made their hearts hard, and they would not hear.

One only had hitherto taken no part in the cruel deed ; Reuben stood aside, longing, no doubt, to be away, and not to see the distress which he persuaded himself he could not relieve. But these cries of his young brother tore his heart ; he could not go away ; and at last he even summoned courage to speak. "Do not sin against the child," was all that he dared to say, and he hardly expected that they would pay any heed to his words.

But when he saw that no one listened to him, and that Joseph, stripped of his coat, had been thrown roughly into the pit, then he could bear the scene no longer, and hurried from the spot, intending not to come back till his brothers had gone on further, when he would draw the boy safely out of the pit again.

But the others were as yet feeling nothing but gladness at the thought that they were rid of the companion whom they so hated. When any one has done wrong it often happens that he does not feel at first the bitter pain of the sin. Though we know in our hearts that we have done wrong, yet there is, for the moment, a sort of pleasure in going our own way and getting what we have wished for. The pain comes after, and it is long and bitter.

So it was with Joseph's brethren ; there were yet to be whole years in their lives which would be filled with sorrow from this one sin. The time was to come when, in terror as great as Joseph was feeling now, their consciences would wake up, and they would be forced to confess, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

But just now, strange as it may seem, they were quite at ease ; and as they carelessly laughed and talked together, one of them, chancing to look along the plain, saw at a great distance some moving figures, which his quick sight, used to discern far off either friends or enemies, knew to be a company of merchantmen from Midian.

Such caravans often passed across the plain of Dothan, on their way through Damascus into Egypt, their laden camels moving slowly along, bearing store of sweet spices and costly lading of balm and myrrh, which the Egyptians prized so highly because they used them at the burial of their dead. The sons of Jacob knew that, besides these rich goods, the Midianites often took with them prisoners whom they had taken from other tribes, and sold them as slaves to the Egyptians.

A sudden thought flashed across the mind of

the fourth brother, whose name was Judah, and he spoke it out at once.

"Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh."

What Judah said was sure to be listened to by his brothers, for he was very brave, and a sort of leader among them. Reuben had not yet come back; but no one thought his consent of any importance, and they decided at once to do what Judah advised. They hailed the passing caravan, and the laden camels halted for a while beside the pit, while, perhaps with their own girdles, they contrived to draw Joseph up, and set him before the leader of the caravan that a price might be set on him. He was a very beautiful youth, and even now, though his bright tunic had been torn from his shoulders, and though, most likely, he was soiled, bruised, and bleeding, yet his fair face and graceful form no doubt pleased the merchants, for they knew that such a slave would bring a good price in the Egyptian market.

Twenty pieces of silver was what they at last settled to give for the lad, and at this price he was made over to them, and either dragged with bleeding feet over the parched land and dry cane thickets of the Jordan, or else borne by one of his new masters upon his camel. And thus Joseph vanishes from our sight.

The story of his life as a slave in Egypt, of the undeserved disgrace into which he fell, and of the wonderful prosperity which followed, belongs not to his boyhood, but to his life as a man.

Alone and quite unfriended he seemed as he was carried by his careless masters into Egypt. But there was something, which they did not know, that made that loneliness full of blessing—"God was with him."

He seemed to go because his enemies were so strong, because his cruel brothers had sold him, and his captors dragged him with them. But there is another reason given us for it in the Bible, and one we could not have found out for ourselves. God sent him because He had something for him to do in Egypt; and thus all the evil thoughts and deeds of men who did not care for God were made to turn to the carrying out of His purpose.

The caravan was out of sight, lost in the dim blue distance, and now the brothers were anxious to hasten away out of sight of the pit which reminded them of what they had done.

Reuben, meanwhile, had seen nothing of the traders; instead of thinking of his young brother as already on his way to be sold as a slave in Egypt, he believed him to be lying in the deep pit, and as soon as he supposed that his brothers would have

gone on, he stole back to the spot, and leant over the mouth of the tank.

No one answered to his call. We can think how at first he refused to believe his own eyes; he would feel so certain that Joseph must be there, perhaps hidden in the deepening shadows. But nothing moved, no one answered, and Reuben, who knew that it was quite impossible for Joseph to have escaped, no doubt believed that in his own absence the boy had been killed by one of his brothers.

To find those brothers was his first thought. He was so wretched at what had happened that he lost for the moment the fear which he had shown before, and was not afraid of grieving openly for his young brother.

"The child is not," he cried out to the rest, in his despair; "and I, whither shall I go?"

His thoughts were with his old father at home, whose dearest hopes were bound up in this one dutiful and loving son. How could he face him, and bear the reproach which, as the eldest, and therefore the one specially in charge, he would have to endure?

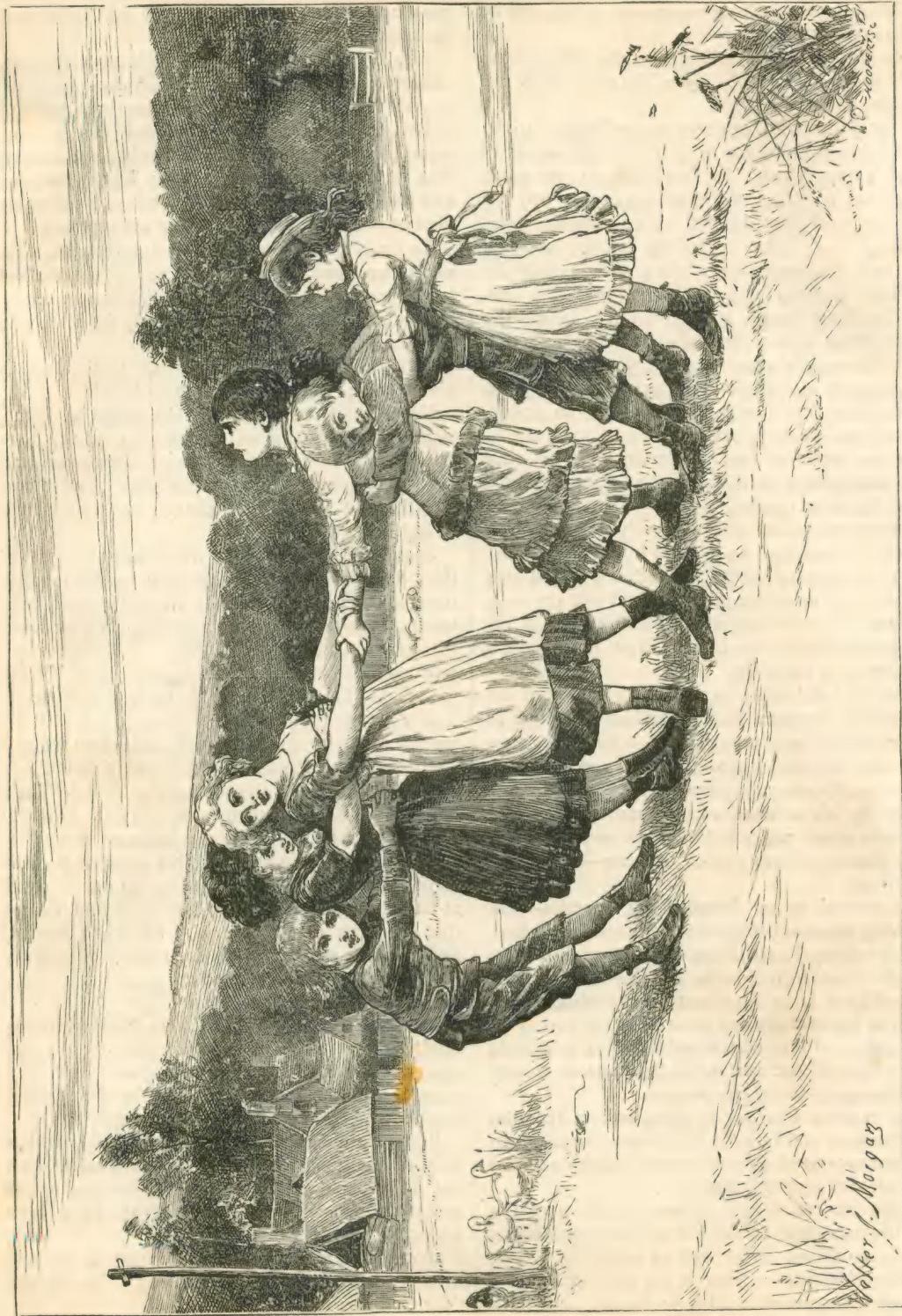
Some one of them now reminded the rest of their first thought, when they saw Joseph coming towards them across the plain: that they should pretend to their father that he had been slain by some wild beast. There lay the bright robe which some one had thrown down upon the grass; how, if they took that to Jacob in proof of the truth of their story?

It was not difficult to tear it as if it had been rent by the fierce teeth of a lion; and then its gay fresh colours were easily dyed in the blood of one of their own young kids from the flock. Their father would believe them now, when he saw the stained and mangled dress that he knew so well.

And he did believe them. No outward punishment fell on them; all seemed to go on as usual at home after the sad news had been told, except that they saw their father with his head bowed, and his face marked with deep lines of sorrow, while his hair daily seemed to grow more white and his steps more feeble.

What the remorse in their own hearts was we hardly know; the time was to come, long years after, when it awoke with sudden power, and they remembered those cries and tears of their young brother which they had refused to hear.

But even though for the time they had got what they desired, and though their consciences had not yet awoke to trouble them, we know who was really the happier, and that it would have been better to be Joseph, a slave in a strange land, than one of those prosperous, contented brothers at home. Better a thousand times *to be Joseph*, "for God was with him."



THE TUG OF WAR. (See p. 161.)

## THE CONTEST.

**L**ABOUR was ended, the sky was glowing ;  
Two countrymen walked where the river wound.

But never they heeded the waters flowing,  
Nor winds that whispered of peace around ;  
Their voices were tuneless and worn with strife,  
They had fretted and wrangled all through life—

Had grudged each other the meed of praise  
For the richer store from the diligent days,  
For the fruit first ripened, the fairest flowers,  
For the hay stacked warmly before the showers.

"Just now," cried one, "down the long fields gazing,  
I saw that our children too must fight ;

Their faces set with a stern will amazing,  
Three on each side, so they wrestled in might."

"I too," said the other, "our children saw,  
And worsted quite in the struggle were mine ;  
But I waited and watched for something more—  
And joyfully home in the evening shine  
Both victors and vanquished near me passed ;  
And I thought, when our hearts were set to win,  
Had we suffered no envy to enter in,  
We in joy, too, had gone to our rest at last !"

Then down by the river they ceased from strife,  
The two who had wrangled all through life ;  
They ceased from wrath for the children's sake,  
Who, winning or losing, kept love awake.

## OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "*The Young Berringtons; or, the Boy Explorers,*" "*At the South Pole,*" &c. &c.

## CHAPTER I.—MISSING.



HUGH, my lad ! Hugh, run and tell Madge we have come back," cried Uncle Donald, as he and I entered the house on our return, one summer's evening, from a hunting excursion in search of deer or any other game we could come across, accompanied by three of our dogs, Whiskey, Pilot, and Muskymote.

As he spoke, he unstrapped from his shoulders a heavy load of cariboo meat. I, having a similar load, did the same—mine was lighter than his—and, Hugh not appearing, I went to the door and again called. No answer came.

"Rose, my bonnie Rose ! Madge, I say ! Madge ! Where are you all ?" shouted Uncle Donald, while he hung his rifle, with his powder-horn and shot-pouch, in their accustomed places on the wall.

On glancing round the room he seemed some-

what vexed to perceive that no preparations had been made for supper, which we expected to have found ready for us. It was seldom, however, that he allowed himself to be put out. I think I can see him now—his countenance, though weather-beaten and furrowed by age, wearing its usual placid and benignant expression ; while his long silvery beard and the white locks which escaped from beneath his Highland bonnet gave him an especially venerable appearance. His dress was a plaid shooting-coat, and high leggings of well-tanned leather, ornamented with fringe after the fashion of the Indians. Upright as an arrow, with broad shoulders and wiry frame, he stood upwards of six feet in his mocassins ; nor did he appear to have lost anything of the strength and energy of youth.

As no one appeared, I ran round to the back of the house, thinking that Rose and Madge, accompanied by Hugh, had gone to bring in the milk, which it was the duty of Sandy M'Tavish to draw from our cows, and that he, for some cause or other, being later than usual, they had been delayed. I was not mistaken. I presently met them, Madge carrying the pails, and Rose, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little maiden, tripping lightly beside her. She certainly presented a great contrast in appearance to the gaunt, dark-skinned Indian woman, whose features, through sorrow and hardship, had become prematurely old. I inquired for Hugh.

"Is he not with you?" asked Rose, in a tone of some little alarm. "He went off two hours ago, saying that he should be sure to fall in with you, and would assist in bringing home the game you might have killed."

"Yes, Hugh would go. What he will, he do," said the Indian woman, in the peculiar way of speaking used by most of her people.

"He felt so much better in the afternoon that he was eager to go out and help you," said Rose. "He thought that Uncle Donald would not be angry with him, though he had told him to remain at home."

We soon got back to the house. When Uncle Donald heard where Hugh had gone, though he expressed no anger, he looked somewhat troubled. He waited until Rose had gone out of the room, then he said to me—

"I noticed, about four miles from home, as we went out in the morning, the marks of a 'grizzly,' which had been busy grubbing up a rotten log; but as his trail appeared to lead away up the mountains to the eastward I did not think it worth my while to chase him; and you having just before separated from me, I forgot to mention the fact when you came back. But vexed would I be if Hugh should have fallen in with the brute. He's too venturesome at times; and if he fired and only wounded it, I doubt it would be a bad job for him. Don't you let Rose hear a word about the 'grizzly,' Archie!" he hastily added, as she re-entered the room.

Both Madge and Rose were, however, very anxious when they found that Hugh had not returned with us. There was still an hour or so of daylight, and we did not therefore abandon the hope that he would return before dark. Uncle Donald and I were both very hungry, for we had been in active exercise the whole of the day, and had eaten nothing.

Madge knowing this, set about preparing supper with all haste. She could not, however, help running to the door every now and then to ascertain if Hugh were coming. At length Sandy M'Tavish came in. He was something like Uncle Donald in figure, but though not so old, even more wiry and gaunt, looking as if he were made of bone and sinews, covered with parchment.

He at once volunteered to set out and look for Hugh.

"Wait till we get our supper, and Archie and I will go too. What's the use of man or boy with an empty stomach?" said Uncle Donald.

"Deed an' that's true," observed Sandy, helping himself from the trencher which stood in the centre of the table. "It's a peety young Red Squirrel is na here; he would ha been a grand help if

Maister Hugh's missin'. But I'm thinkin' he's no far off, sir. He'll have shot some beast likely, and be trying to trail it hame; it wud be a shame to him to hae lost his way! I canna believe that o' Maister Hugh."

Sandy said this while we were finishing our supper, when, taking down our rifles, with fresh ammunition, and bidding Rose and Madge "cheer up," we three set out in search of Hugh.

Fortunately the days were long, and we might still hope to discover his track before darkness closed upon the world.

#### CHAPTER II.—AN INDIAN RAID.

BUT where did the scene just described occur? And who were the actors?

Take a map of the world, run your eye over the broad Atlantic, up the mighty St. Lawrence, across the great lakes of Canada, then along well-nigh a thousand miles of prairie, until the Rocky Mountains are reached, beyond which lies British Columbia, a region of lakes, rivers, and streams, of lofty, rugged, and precipitous heights, the further shores washed by the Pacific Ocean.

On the bank of one of the many affluents of its chief river—the Fraser—Uncle Donald had established a location, called Clearwater, far removed from the haunts of civilised man. In front of the house flowed the ever-bright current (hence the name of the farm), on the opposite side of which rose rugged pine-crowned heights; to the left were others of similar altitude, a sparkling torrent running amid them into the main stream. Directly behind, extending some way back, was a level prairie, interspersed with trees and bordered by a forest extending up the sides of the variously shaped hills; while eastward, when lighted by the rays of the declining sun, numberless snow-capped peaks, tinged with a roseate hue, could be seen in the far distance. Horses and cattle fed on the rich grass of the well-watered meadows, and a few acres brought under cultivation produced wheat, Indian corn, barley, and oats sufficient for the wants of the establishment.

Such was the spot which Uncle Donald, who had won the friendship of the Sushwap tribe inhabiting the district, had some years ago fixed on as his abode. He had formerly been an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company, but had, for some reason or other, left their service. Loving the country in which he had spent the best years of his life, and where he had met with the most strange and romantic adventures, he had determined to make it his home. He had not, however, lost all affection for the land of his birth, or for his relatives

and friends, and two years before the time I speak of he had unexpectedly appeared at the Highland village from which, when a young man, more than a quarter of a century before, he had set out to seek his fortune. Many of his relatives and the friends of his youth were dead, and he seemed, in consequence, to set greater value on those who remained, who gave him an affectionate reception. Among them was my mother, his niece, who had been a little blooming girl when he went away, but was now a staid matron, with a large family.

My father, Mr. Morton, was a minister, but having placed himself under the directions of a Missionary Society, he was now waiting in London until it was decided in what part of the world he should commence his labours among the heathen. My two elder brothers were already out in the world—one as a surgeon, the other in business—and I had a fancy for going to sea.

"Let Archie come with me," said Uncle Donald. "I will put him in the way of doing far better than he ever can knocking about on salt water; and as for adventures, he'll meet with ten times as many as he would if he becomes a sailor." He used some other arguments, probably relating to my future advantage, which I did not hear. They, at all events, decided my mother; and my father hearing of the offer, without hesitation gave his consent to my going. It was arranged, therefore, that I should accompany Uncle Donald back to his far-off home, of which he had left his faithful follower, Sandy M'Tavish, in charge during his absence.

"I want to have you with me for your own benefit, Archie; but there is another reason. I have under my care a boy of about your own age, Hugh M'Lellan, the son of an old comrade, who died and left him to my charge, begging me to act the part of a father to him. I have done so hitherto, and hope to do so as long as I live; you two must be friends. Hugh is a fine, frank laddie, and you are sure to like one another. As Sandy was not likely to prove a good tutor to him, I left him at Fort Edmonton when I came away, and we will call for him as we return."

I must pass over the parting with the dear ones at home, the voyage across the Atlantic, and the journey through the United States, which Uncle Donald took from its being in those days the quickest route to the part of the country for which we were bound.

After descending the Ohio, we ascended the Mississippi to its very source, several hundred miles, by steamboat; leaving which, we struck westward, passing the head waters of the Red River of the north, on which Fort Garry, the principal

post of the Hudson's Bay Company, is situated, but which Uncle Donald did not wish to visit.

We had purchased good saddle-horses and baggage animals to carry our goods, and had engaged two men—a French Canadian, Pierre LeClerc, and an Irishman, Cornelius Crolly, or "Corney," as he was generally called. Both men were known to Uncle Donald, and were considered trustworthy fellows, who would stick by us at a pinch. The route Uncle Donald proposed taking was looked upon as a dangerous one, but he was so well acquainted with all the Indian tribes of the north that he believed, even should we encounter a party of Blackfeet, they would not molest us.

We had been riding over the prairie for some hours, with here and there, widely scattered, farms seen in the distance, and were approaching the last frontier settlement, a village or hamlet on the very outskirts of civilisation, when we caught sight of a column of smoke ascending some way on directly ahead of us.

"Can it be the prairie on fire?" I asked, with a feeling of alarm, for I had heard of the fearful way in which prairie fires sometimes extend for miles and miles, destroying everything in their course.

Uncle Donald stood up in his stirrups that he might obtain a better view before us.

"No; that's not the smoke of burning grass. It looks more like that from a building, or may be from more than one. I fear the village itself is on fire," he answered.

Scarcely had he spoken when several horsemen appeared galloping towards us, their countenances as they came near exhibiting the utmost terror. They were passing on, when Uncle Donald shouted out, "Hi! where are you going? What has happened?" On hearing the question, one of the men replied, "The Indians have surprised us. They have killed most of our people, set fire to our houses, and carried off the women and children."

"And you running away without so much as trying to recover them? Shame upon ye!" exclaimed Uncle Donald. "Come on with me, and let's see what can be done!"

The men, however, who had scarcely pulled rein, were galloping forward. Uncle Donald shouted to them to come back, but, terror-stricken, they continued their course, perhaps mistaking his shouts for the cries of the Indians.

"We must try and save some of the poor creatures," said Uncle Donald, turning to our men. "Come on, lads! You are not afraid of a gang of howling redskins!" and we rode on, making our baggage horses move much faster than they were wont to do under ordinary circumstances.

Before reaching the village we came to a clump of trees. Here Uncle Donald, thinking it prudent not to expose his property to the greedy eyes of the Indians, should we overtake them, ordered Corney and Pierre to halt and remain concealed, while he and I rode forward. By the time we had got up to the hamlet every farm and log-house was burning, and the greater part reduced to ashes.

No Indians were to be seen. According to their custom, after they had performed their work they had retreated.

I will pass over the dreadful sights we witnessed. Finding no one alive to whom we could render assistance, we pushed on, Uncle Donald being anxious to come up with the enemy before they had put their captives to death. Though darkness was approaching, we still rode forward.

"It's likely they will move on all night, but, you see, they are loaded, and we can travel faster than they will. They are sure to camp before morning, and then we'll get up with them," observed Uncle Donald.

"But what will become of our baggage?" I asked.

"Oh, that will be safe enough. Pierre and Corney will remain where we left them until we get back," he answered.

I was certain that Uncle Donald knew what he was about, or I should have been far from easy, I confess.

We went on and on, the Indians keeping ahead of us. From this circumstance, Uncle Donald was of opinion that they had not taken many prisoners. At length we came to a stream running northward, bordered by willows, poplars, and other trees. Instead of crossing directly in front of us, where it was somewhat deep, we kept up along its banks. We had not got far when we saw the light of a fire, kindled, apparently, at the bottom of the hollow through which the stream passed.

"If I'm not far wrong, that fire is in the camp of their rear guard. Their main body cannot be far off," observed Uncle Donald. "Dismount here, Archie, and you hold the horses behind these trees, while I walk boldly up to them. They won't disturb themselves much for a single man."

I dismounted as he desired, and he proceeded towards the fire. I felt very anxious, for I feared that the Blackfeet might fire and kill him without stopping to learn who he was.

#### CHAPTER III.—WITH THE REDSKINS.

I WAITED with intense anxiety. Uncle Donald appeared to have been a long time absent. I dared not disobey his orders by moving from the spot, yet I felt eager to creep up and try and ascertain what

had happened. I thought that by securing the horses to the trees, I might manage to get near the Indian camp without being perceived, but I overcame the temptation. At length I heard footsteps approaching, when, greatly to my relief, I saw Uncle Donald coming towards me, carrying some object wrapped up in a buffalo robe in his arms.

I will now mention what occurred to him. He advanced, as he told me afterwards, without uttering a word, until he was close up to the fire round which the braves were collected, then seating himself opposite the chief, whom he recognised by his dress and ornaments, said, "I have come as a friend to visit my red brothers; they must listen to what I have to say." The chief nodded, and passed the pipe he was smoking round to him, to show that he was welcome as a friend. Uncle Donald then told them that he was aware of their attack upon the village, which was not only unjustifiable, but very unwise, as they would be certain to bring down on their heads the vengeance of the "Long-knives"—so the Indians call the people of the United States. That wide as was the country, the arm of the Long-knives could stretch over it; that they had fleet horses, and guns which could kill when their figures appeared no larger than musk rats; and he urged them, now that the harm was done, to avert the punishment which would overtake them by restoring the white people they had captured.

When he had finished, the chief rose and made a long speech, excusing himself and his tribe on the plea that the Long-knives had been the aggressors; that they had killed their people, driven them from their hunting-grounds, and destroyed the buffalo on which they lived. No sooner did the chief begin to speak than Uncle Donald recognised him as a Sioux whose life he had saved some years before. He therefore addressed him by his name of Ponoko, or the Red Deer, reminding him of the circumstance. On this the chief, advancing, embraced him; and though unwilling to acknowledge that he had acted wrongly, he expressed his readiness to follow the advice of his white friend. He confessed, however, that his band had only one captive, a little girl, whom he was carrying off as a present to his wife, to replace a child she had lost. "She would be as a daughter to me; but if my white father desires it, I will forego the pleasure I expected, and give her up to him. As for what the rest of my people may determine I cannot be answerable; but I fear that they will not give up their captives, should they have taken any alive," he added.

"It would have been a terrible thing to have left the little innocent to be brought up among the

savages and taught all their heathen ways, though they, no doubt, would have made much of her, and treated her like a little queen," said Uncle Donald to me ; " so I at once closed with the chief's offer. Forthwith, a little girl, some five years of age, was

Uncle Donald, lifting her up in his arms, endeavoured to calm her fears, promising that he would take care of her until he had restored her to her friends. He now expressed his intention of proceeding to the larger camp, but Ponoko urged



"MADGE CARRYING THE PAILS, AND ROSE TRIPPING LIGHTLY BESIDE HER" (p. 161).

brought out from a small hut built of boughs, close to where the party was sitting. She appeared almost paralysed with terror ; but when, looking up, she saw that Uncle Donald was a white man, and that he was gazing compassionately at her, clinging to his hand, she entreated him by her looks to save her from the savages. She had been so overcome by the terrible scenes she had witnessed that she was unable to speak.

him on no account to make the attempt, declaring that his life would not be safe, as several of their fiercest warriors were in command, who had vowed the destruction of all the Long-knives or others they should encounter.

" But the prisoners ! What will they do with them ? " asked Uncle Donald. " Am I to allow them to perish without attempting their rescue ? "

" My white father must be satisfied with what

I've done for him. "I saw no other prisoners taken. All the pale-faces in the village were killed," answered Ponoko. "For his own sake I cannot allow him to go forward; let him return to his own country, and he will there be safe. I know his wishes, and will, when the sun rises, go to my brother chiefs and tell them what my white father desires."

Ponoko spoke so earnestly that Uncle Donald, seeing that it would be useless to make the attempt, and fearing that even the little girl might be taken from him, judged that it would be wise to get out of the power of the savages; and carrying the child, who clung round his neck, he bade the other braves farewell, and commenced his return to where he had left me. He had not got far when Ponoko overtook him, and again urged him to get to a distance as soon as possible.

"Even my own braves cannot be trusted," he said. "I much fear that several who would not smoke the pipe may steal out from the camp, and try to kill my white father if he remains longer in the neighbourhood."

Brave as Uncle Donald was, he had me to look after as well as the little girl. Parting with the chief, therefore, he hurried on, and told me instantly to mount.

I was very much astonished to see the little girl, but there was no time to ask questions; so putting spurs to our horses, we galloped back to where we had left our men and the baggage.

As both **we and our horses** required rest, we camped on the spot, Pierre and Corney being directed to keep a vigilant watch.

The little girl lay in Uncle Donald's arms, but she had not yet recovered sufficiently to tell us her name, and it was with difficulty that we could induce her to take any food.

Late in the day we met a party going out to attack the Indians; but, as Uncle Donald observed, "they might just as well have tried to catch the east wind." We waited to see the result of the expedition. They at length returned, not having come near the enemy. The few men who had escaped the massacre were unable to give any information about the little girl or her friends, nor could we learn to whom she belonged. All we could ascertain from her was that her name was Rose, for her mind had sustained so fearful a shock that, even after several days had passed, she was unable to speak intelligibly.

"Her fate **among** the Indians would have been terrible, but it would be almost as bad were we to leave her among the rough characters hereabouts," observed Uncle Donald. "As none of her friends can be found, I will be her guardian, and, if God

spares my life, will bring her up as a Christian child."

It was many a long day, however, before Rose recovered her spirits. Her mind, indeed, seemed to be a blank as to the past, and Uncle Donald, afraid of reviving the recollection of the fearful scenes she must have witnessed, forbore to say anything which might recall them. However, by the time we reached Fort Edmonton, where Hugh M'Lellan had been left, she was able to prattle away right merrily. The officers at the fort offered to take charge of her, but Uncle Donald would not consent to part with his little "Prairie Rose," as he called her; and after a short stay we set out again, with Hugh added to our party, across the Rocky Mountains, and at length arrived safely at Clearwater.

Corney and Pierre remained with us, and took the places of two other men who had left.

Hugh M'Lellan was a fine, bold little fellow, not quite two years my junior, and he and I—as Uncle Donald had hoped we should—soon became fast friends. He had not much book learning, though he had been instructed in the rudiments of reading and writing by one of the clerks in the fort, but he rode fearlessly, and could manage many a horse which grown men would fear to mount.

"I want you, Archie, to help Hugh with his books," said Uncle Donald. "I believe, if you set wisely about it, that he will be ready to learn from you. I would not like for him to grow up as ignorant as most of the people about us. It is the knowledge we of the old country possess which gives us influence over these untutored savages; without it we should be their inferiors."

I promised to do my best in fulfilling his wishes, though I took good care not to assert any superiority over my companion, who, indeed, though I was better acquainted with literature than he was, knew far more about the country than I did.

But there was another person in the household whose history is worthy of narration—the poor Indian woman—"Madge," as we called her for shortness, though her real name was Okenmadge-liko. She also owed her life to Uncle Donald.

Several years before this, she, with her two children, had accompanied her husband and some other men on an expedition to trap beavers, at the end of autumn, towards the head waters of the Columbia. While she was seated in her hut late in the evening, one of the men staggered in desperately wounded, and had just time to tell her that her husband and the rest were murdered, when he fell dead at her feet. She, instantly taking up her children—one a boy of six years of age, the other a little girl, an infant in arms—fled from the

spot, with a horse and such articles as she could throw on its back, narrowly escaping from the savages searching for her.

She passed the winter with her two young ones, no human aid at hand. On the return of spring she set off, intending to rejoin her husband's people far away to the westward. After enduring incredible hardships, she had been compelled to kill her horse for food. She had made good some days' journey, when, almost sinking from hunger, and fearing to see her children perish, she caught sight of her relentless foes, the Blackfeet. In vain she endeavoured to conceal herself. They saw her and were approaching, when, close to the spot where she was standing, a tall white man and several Indians suddenly emerged from behind some rocks. The Blackfeet came on, fancying that against so few they could gain an easy victory; but the rifles of the white man and his party drove them back, and Uncle Donald—for he was the white man—conveyed the apparently dying woman and her little ones to his camp.

The house at Clearwater had not yet been built. By being well cared for the Indian woman and her children recovered; but though the boy flourished, the little girl seemed like a withered flower, and never regained her strength.

Grateful for her preservation, the poor woman, when she found that Uncle Donald was about to settle at Clearwater, entreated that she might remain with her children and labour for him, and a faithful servant she had ever since proved.

Her little girl at length died. She was for a time inconsolable, until the arrival of Rose, to whom she transferred all her maternal feelings, and who warmly returned her affection.

But her son, whose Indian name translated was Red Squirrel, by which appellation he was always known, had grown up into a fine lad, versed in all Indian ways, and possessing a considerable amount of knowledge gained from his white companions, without the vices of civilisation. He was a great favourite with Uncle Donald, who placed much confidence in his intelligence, courage, and faithfulness.

Nearly two years had passed since Rose, Hugh, and I had been brought to Clearwater, and by this time we were all much attached to each other. We had also learned to love the place which had become our home; but we loved Uncle Donald far more.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THREE GRIZZLIES.

I MUST now continue my narrative from the evening Hugh was missing.

The moment we had finished our hurried meal

we set out. Sandy, in case we should be benighted, had procured a number of pine torches, which he strapped on his back; and Uncle Donald directed Corney and Pierre, who came in as we were starting, to follow, keeping to the right by the side of the torrent, in case Hugh should have taken that direction.

Whiskey, Pilot, and Muskymote followed closely at our heels—faithful animals, ready to drag our sleighs in winter or, as now, to assist us in our search. We walked on at a rapid rate, and were soon in a wild region of forests, rugged hills, and foaming streams. As we went along we shouted out Hugh's name, and searched about for any signs of his having passed that way. At length we discovered in some soft ground a foot-print, which there could be no doubt was his, the toe pointing in the direction we were going.

"Now we have found the laddie's trail we must take care not to lose it," observed Uncle Donald. "It leads towards the very spot where I saw the grizzly this morning."

On and on we went. Soon another foot-print, and then a mark on some fallen leaves, and here and there a twig bent or broken off, showed that we were on Hugh's trail.

But the sun had now sunk beneath the western range of mountains, and the gloom of evening coming on would prevent us from tracing our young companion much further. Still, as we should have met him had he turned back, we followed the only track he was likely to have taken.

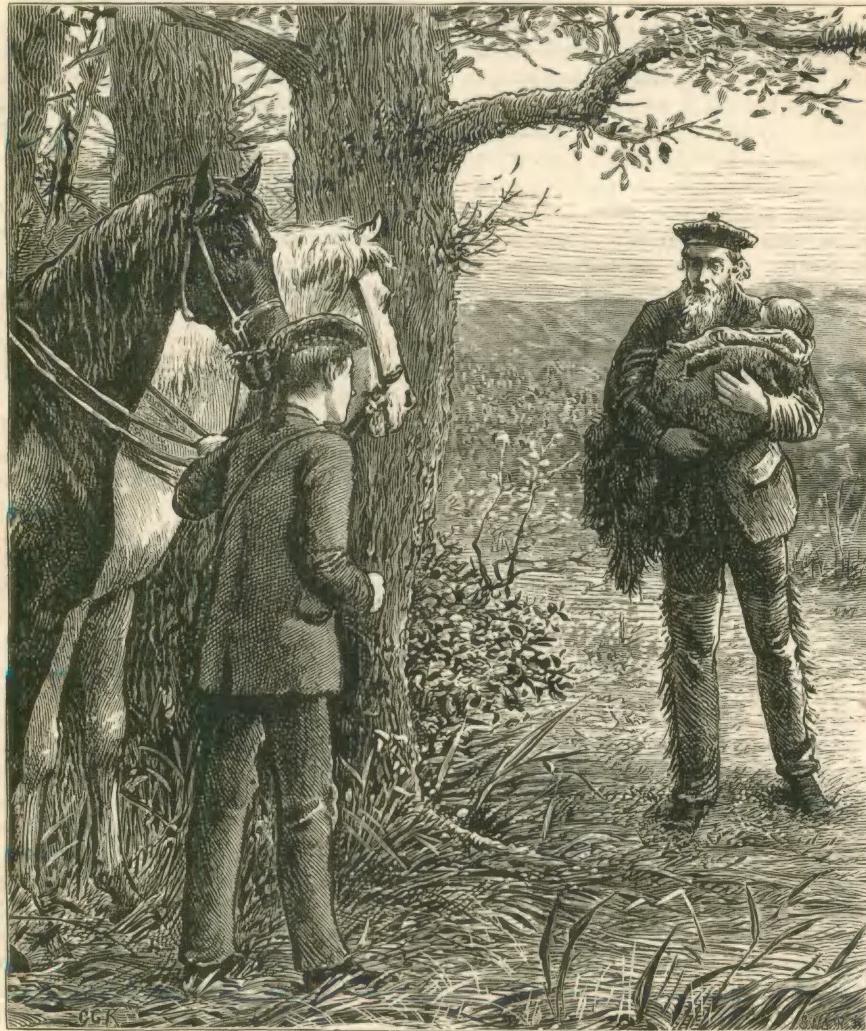
We were approaching the spot where Uncle Donald had seen the bear, near a clump of trees with a thick undergrowth, a rugged hill rising beyond. We were somewhat scattered, hunting about for any traces the waning light would enable us to discover. I half feared that I should come upon his mangled remains, or some art of his dress which might show his fate. I had my rifle, but was encumbered with no other weight, and in my eagerness, I ran on faster than my companions. I was making my way among some fallen timber blown down by a storm, when suddenly I saw rise up, just before me, a huge form. I stopped, having, fortunately, the presence of mind not to run away, for I at once recognised the animal as a huge grizzly, which had been engaged in tearing open a rotten trunk in search of insects. I remembered that Uncle Donald had told me, should I ever find myself face to face with a grizzly, to throw up my arms and stand stock still.

The savage brute, desisting from its employment, came towards me, growling terribly, and displaying its huge teeth and enormous mouth.

I was afraid to shout, lest it might excite the animal's rage ; but I acted as Uncle Donald had advised me. As I lifted up my rifle and flourished it over my head, the creature stopped for a moment and got up on its hind legs.

Now or never was my time to fire, for I could

cap, and placed it on the nipple. I well knew that should I only wound the bear my fate would be sealed, for it would be upon me in an instant. I felt doubly anxious to kill it, under the belief that it had destroyed my friend Hugh ; but still it was sufficiently far off to make it possible for me to



"I WAS VERY MUCH ASTONISHED TO SEE THE LITTLE GIRL" (p. 166).

not expect to have a better opportunity, and bringing my rifle, into which I had put a bullet, to my shoulder, I took a steady aim and pulled the trigger. To my dismay, the cap snapped. It had never before played me such a trick. Still the bear kept looking at me, apparently wondering what I was about. Mastering all my nerve, and still keeping my eye fixed on the shaggy monster in front of me, I lowered my rifle, took out another

miss, should my nerves for a moment fail me. As long as it remained motionless I was unwilling to fire, in the hope that before I did so Uncle Donald and Sandy might come to my assistance.

Having re-capped my rifle, I again lifted it to my shoulder. At that moment Bruin, who had grown tired of watching me, went down on all fours. The favourable opportunity was lost ; for although I might still lodge a bullet in its head,



I might not kill it at once, and I should probably be torn to pieces. I stood steady as before, though sorely tempted to run. Instead, however, of coming towards me, to my surprise, the bear returned to the log, and recommenced its occupation of scratching for insects.

Had it been broad daylight I might have had a fair chance of shooting it ; but in the obscurity, as it scratched away among the fallen timber, from which several gnarled and twisted limbs projected upwards, I was uncertain as to the exact position of its head. Under the circumstances, I considered that discretion was the better part of valour ; and feeling sure that Uncle Donald and Sandy would soon come up and settle the bear more effectually than I should, I began slowly to retreat, hoping to get away unperceived. I stepped



back very cautiously, scarcely more than a foot at a time, then stopped. As I did so I observed a movement a little distance off beyond the big bear, and presently, as I again retreated, two other bears came up, growling, to the big one, and, to my horror, all three moved towards me.

Though smaller than their mother, each bear was large enough to kill me with a pat of its paw, and should I even shoot her they would probably be upon me. Again, however, they stopped, unwilling apparently to leave their dainty feast.

How earnestly I prayed for the arrival of Uncle Donald and Sandy! I had time, too, to think of poor Hugh, and felt more convinced than ever that he had fallen a victim to the ferocious grizzlies. I still dared not cry out, but seeing them again turn to the logs, I began, as before, to step back, hoping at length to get to such a distance that I might take to my heels without the risk of being pursued. In doing as I proposed I very nearly tumbled over a log, but recovering myself, I got round it. When I stopped to see what the bears were about they were still feeding, having apparently forgotten me. I accordingly turned round and ran as fast as I could venture to go among the trees and fallen trunks, till at length I made out the indistinct figures of Uncle Donald and Sandy, with the dogs, coming towards me.

"I have just seen three bears," I shouted. "Come on quickly, and we may be in time to kill them!"

"It's a mercy they did not catch you, laddie," said Uncle Donald when he got up to me. "With the help of the dogs we'll try to kill them, however. Can you find the spot where you saw them?"

"I have no doubt about that," I answered.

"Well, then, before we go further we'll just look to our rifles, and make sure that there's no chance of their missing fire."

Doing as he suggested, we moved on, he in the centre and somewhat in advance, Sandy and I on either side of him, the dogs following and waiting for the word of command to rush forward.

The bears did not discover us until we were within twenty yards of them, when Uncle Donald shouted to make them show themselves.

I fancied that directly afterwards I heard a cry, but it might only have been the echo of Uncle Donald's voice. Presently a loud growl from the rotten logs showed us that the bears were still there, and we soon saw all three sitting up and looking about them.

"Sandy, do you take the small bear on the right; I will aim at the big fellow, and leave the other to you, Archie; but do not fire until you are sure of your aim," said Uncle Donald. "Now, are you ready?"

We all fired at the same moment. Sandy's bear dropped immediately, but the big one, with a savage growl, sprang over the logs and came towards us, followed by the one at which I had fired.

Uncle Donald now ordered the dogs, which had been barking loudly, to advance to the fight; but before they reached the larger bear she fell over on her side, and giving some convulsive struggles, lay apparently dead. The dogs, on this, attacked the other bear, which, made furious by its wound, was coming towards us, growling loudly. On seeing the dogs, however, the brute stopped, and sat up on its hind legs, ready with its huge paws to defend itself from their attacks. We all three, meantime, were rapidly re-loading, and just as the bear had knocked over Whiskey and seized Muskymote in its paws, Uncle Donald and Sandy again fired and brought it to the ground, enabling Muskymote, sorely mauled, to escape from its deadly embrace.

I instinctively gave a shout, and was running on, when Uncle Donald stopped me.

"Stay!" he said; "those brutes play 'possum' sometimes, and are not to be trusted. If they are not shamming, they may suddenly revive and try to avenge themselves."

"We'll soon settle that," said Sandy, and quickly re-loading, he fired his rifle into the head of the fallen bear.

"Have you killed them all?" I heard a voice exclaim, which seemed to come from the branches of a tree some little distance off.

I recognised it as Hugh's. "Hurrah!" I shouted; "are you all right?"

"Yes, yes," answered Hugh, "only very hungry and stiff."

We quickly made our way to the tree, where I found Hugh safe and sound, and assisted him to descend. He told us that he had fallen in with the bears on his way out, and had just time to escape from them by climbing up the tree, where they had kept him a prisoner all day.

"I am thankful to get ye back, Hugh. You disobeyed orders, and have been punished pretty severely. I hope it will be a lesson to you," was the only remark Uncle Donald made as he grasped Hugh's hand. I judged, by the tone of his voice, that he was not inclined to be very angry.

Having fayed the bears by the light of Sandy's torches, we packed up as much of the meat as we could carry, and hung up the remainder with the skins, intending to send for it in the morning. We then, having met the other two men, hastened home-wards with Hugh; and I need not say how rejoiced Rose and Madge were to see him back safe.

*(To be continued.)*

## SOMETHING ABOUT MAGNETS.

*By the Author of "The Telephone, and How to Make One."*



HOSE who have read the history and wonderful adventures of Sindbad the Sailor, in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, will remember that in one of his voyages the ship in which he was sailing suddenly showed a disposition to proceed in a certain direction, independent of tide and wind. Its speed gradually increased until it arrived at a huge rock-like island, when all the nails and bolts flew out of the ship, attracted by the magnetism of the rock ; and the vessel, of course, fell to pieces.

This wonderful fiction—for of course it is a mere fiction—is so far founded on fact in that there is a certain kind of mineral, found on many parts of the earth in the form of large rock-like masses, which in a certain degree possesses a magnetic power. Technically this mineral is known as the magnetic oxide of iron, but commonly it is called the loadstone.

But the loadstone, or *lead stone*—so called because at an early date it was used for leading people by its directive properties—was discovered long before the time in which the Arabian Nights Entertainment was written. Indeed, Chinese historians say that one of their emperors, who lived no less than 2,600 years before the foundation of Christianity, used the magnet in warfare, pursuing and overtaking his enemies by its aid. But Chinese historians are not credited with that strict love of truth that they ought to have, so that we must take the statement with just a small grain of salt.

There is no doubt that the magnet was known and used at least 2,700 years ago ; for Homer mentions it. Later on, Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece, writes of it. It was this Thales who first discovered that when a piece of amber is excited by rubbing, it will attract small pieces of any light substance. Amber was then known by the name of “electron,” hence we obtain the modern word “electricity.” Glass and sealing-wax, as perhaps you already know, possess the same property as amber.

One of the most curious properties of the loadstone, which is said to have been first found at a place called Magnesia, is the power which it possesses of communicating its attractive properties to any piece of steel which may be rubbed against it. The steel so treated is then called a magnet. If of a straight form, it is called a bar-magnet ; and if bent

round so that its two ends nearly meet, it is called a horse-shoe magnet. The kind used in making the telephone is an example of the former, and *the* latter is a common object at any toy-shop.

With either form of magnet you can test its powers of attraction in many different ways. One way is to suspend a knitting-needle by a piece of the finest silk fastened to its centre, and hung on to the gas-chandelier, or other convenient support above the table. You will find that it will be influenced by the attraction of the magnet, even though the latter be held some inches from it. You may try the same experiment with a bone needle, or a piece of firewood, glass, or whalebone, but the magnet will not have the smallest effect on any of them. But if you had sticks made of two rather rare metals, called nickel and cobalt, you would find that they would respond to the approach of the magnet in much the same way as your iron knitting-needle.

A curious point with regard to this attraction may be seen by applying the magnet to a few iron tacks. If its magnetism be strong, you will find that it will allow no less than three of the little nails to hang suspended from it, not side by side, but in a string, one hanging from the other. This shows that the magnet has the curious power of transmitting its magnetism to the nails attached to it, which enables them also to act as magnets for the time being. Directly the first nail is detached the power is gone and the others fall. With a pennyworth of steel filings we can show this property a great deal better ; for the little grains of metal will cling to the magnet and to one another in such a way that they will appear like so many strings.



MAGNET AND STEEL FILINGS.

Another singularly beautiful experiment can be performed with these same filings, and one which, to those who are not in the secret, appears like the result of magic. To perform this the magnet must be laid on a table, and covered with a piece of card, which may be supported above it by means of two thin books. We must now take our filings and, placing them in a little muslin bag, pepper them over the card. The muslin acts like

a sieve, only letting the smaller pieces of metal pass through it. A few gentle taps on the card with the finger will serve to give a slight impulse to the particles of iron which cover it, and a strange and beautiful phenomenon is seen to take place. The tiny pieces of iron, instead of remaining scattered over the card, take up a definite position with each other, and arrange themselves in beautiful curves and figures, not unlike the frost-pictures which you have sometimes seen on the window-panes in very cold weather.

These beautiful figures have been called the "curves of magnetic force," which is a very good name for them, for they represent the strange power which streams from the magnet, and which will force its way, by some wonderful means that nobody knows anything about, through everything placed in its path. Thus you may place a book above the magnet before you strew on your filings, or a sheet of glass, but the effect is just the same. And if your magnet were large enough, the same effect would be produced even though a man's body were interposed between it and the card. If you examine the curves with a magnifying-glass, you will see that each little grain of iron has taken up a certain position—that is, they all lie head to tail as it were, fastened to one another like strings of beads. In short, each little grain is converted into a tiny magnet, just in the same way that the nails clung to one another in the other experiment. Take away the magnet from underneath the card, and the power has gone from the filings—they are magnets no longer, only iron-dust.

If we take a bar-magnet and pour the iron filings all over it, we shall find that they attach themselves principally to its two ends, and that they diminish in number towards the centre of the bar, where none at all are persuaded to stick. By this we learn that there are two principal points in every magnet where the magnetism centres itself. These two points are called the poles of the magnet, and they are distinguished from one another by the names "north pole" and "south pole." In the horseshoe-magnet the two poles are brought close together, so that their combined power can be utilised in one direction; but for our present purpose we will use a straight bar-magnet.

If it has been obtained from an instrument maker, we shall find that one of its ends is marked with a nick of the file or with the letter N. On suspending it by a thread, as we hung up the knitting-needle just now, the marked end will point towards the north. A little way from it we may hang up another magnet of the same kind;

it also will point its marked end northwards. We may now see in what way the two bars will behave towards each other. On bringing the north pole of one towards the same pole of the other, they will start back, as if afraid of one another. If we bring the south poles together, the same result follows. But if the north pole of one is introduced to the south pole of the other, they will immediately rush together like loving friends. Hence we have the curious law that similar poles repel one another, but unlike poles attract one another. The same thing often happens in real life, where those of the same pursuits and natures are found to disagree and quarrel with one another, while those of opposite tastes often become fast friends.

If our bar-magnets are strong enough we can easily magnetise a needle from one of them, by merely drawing it across one of the poles from its point to its eye. If we use the north pole of the magnet for this purpose, and draw the needle across so that its eye end is the last to leave the steel, the point of the needle will ever after be north, and will turn in that direction when suspended. The same magnet will give its power to any number of needles, and they will all follow the same law as to attraction and repulsion of their poles. By suspending them, and placing a book, or a plate, or your hand, or anything else, as a screen between them and your magnet, you will once more see that the strange force is not to be turned away—it is manifested through them all.

The compass is simply a magnetised needle supported on a pivot, when it behaves exactly as if it were hung to a thread. Beneath it is a card, marked north, south, east, and west, with certain points between them. Such a compass is most useful in long walking excursions when the country is unfamiliar, and many of you will, no doubt, some day learn the value of it. This is called a land compass.

A mariner's compass is somewhat different, for the card is attached to the needle, so that it turns with it. On board ship it is placed in a glass case just before the steering wheel, so that the helmsman has it always to refer to. At night, two little lanterns are slipped into the case, so that he can still see its position, and guide the ship accordingly. In this way, ships hundreds of miles from land can be kept to one particular course, and can be made to arrive at a certain port with undeviating accuracy. This wonderful result is arrived at by the help of that strange power which resides in the loadstone, and with which we have been experimenting. There is another source of magnetism in the electric current, but I have not space at present to tell you anything about it.

T. C. H.



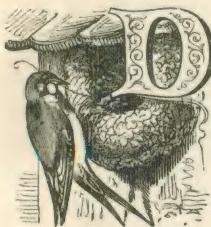
## A RUSSIAN STORY.

A POOR Russian serf was once taking a load of wood home for his master on a sledge. He had been sent the previous day to a village at some distance, with orders to call at a certain place for the fuel on his return. The snow was frozen hard and the sun was shining brightly when he started, and he hoped the weather would be just as favourable on the morrow. But when morning came it showed that there had been a fresh fall during the night, covering the whole country with a white mantle. A small clump of stunted trees directed the peasant to the spot, where he was to procure his pile of logs; and after loading the sledge with them he set off towards home, accompanied by his faithful, shaggy dog. He felt pretty sure of being in the right direction, but as the dark, dull afternoon merged into evening he had no landmark to guide him, and wandered from the track. His horse, too, was exhausted with the difficulties of the way, blinded with the glare of the snow, and stupefied

with the cold. His driver cheered him on with hand and voice as long as he could, but at last the poor creature fell, and all efforts to raise him were ineffectual. The dog sniffed round him and the sledge for a few minutes, and then started off in what his master thought quite a wrong direction. He found his way to the village, however, and went whining and barking up to his mistress, showing such distress that she guessed what was amiss, and summoned a few neighbours, who, with ropes and lanterns, set out to follow up the marks of doggie's feet. These were hardly needed, for the sagacious animal barked round and ran on before them till he reached his master, crouched down by the prostrate horse, and fast falling into the sound sleep from which there would have been no waking. The flashing lights dazzled his dim eyes, but friendly voices and a salutation from his dog's warm tongue told him that help had come, and he was saved at last!

## A PEEP AT THE DOLLS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE "LITTLE FOLKS" PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR 1878.

*By one of the Adjudicators of Prizes.*

DOUBTLESS many of you found it impossible to visit the Exhibition which opened at the Alexandra Palace on the 21st of December—either from the fact of your living too far off, or from other causes—and for you I am about to try and indite such a description of the wonderful dolls, rag dolls, animals, and costumes shown there, as will enable you in some degree to picture the show to yourselves, and to enjoy the pleasure of a visit second-hand. Although I officiated as one of the adjudicators of the prizes, and of course had gone over every single article with grave consideration, I must confess that when asked to write a description for those far away, I thought that I should hardly know where to begin, if I had not had the order of the competitions to help me.

Every exhibit sent reflects credit on the youthful sender, and shows indications of ingenuity, thought, and skill, which one could hardly have expected even from persons of more advanced age. The needlework throughout is fair, that of the older girls perhaps not quite up to the mark I should have expected; and as I think it ought to be better, I have begged the Editor to encourage this most needful art, and benefit the readers of LITTLE FOLKS by instituting a special Prize Competition this year for the display of the best needlework.

Competition I. was, as every one will remember, for Rag Dolls; Competition II. for Rag Animals. I was a little disappointed, I must confess, to see the small number of exhibits and exhibitors in both these classes, as I think the power of making these delightful playthings would be a very pleasant possession for any girl. They are especially desirable toys for very little children, and give more pleasure, I think, to them than any other sort, as they cannot be torn or broken, and last a long time. So you see what pleasure the small brothers and sisters at home would feel if some of the little folks would learn to make them, as presents for the New Year or the merry Christmas-tide. The first prize among these was a charming old Mother Hubbard, in spectacles, and a steeple-crowned hat, with pretty grey hair and white cap; the tiny face being so artistically coloured as to be quite a work of art. I have called this dear old lady "Mother Hubbard," but as I remember

she carried a broom, perhaps she was intended for the identical old lady "who swept the cobwebs from the sky," and if so, I must apologise for the mistake. Prize No. 2 was rather a fashionable lady of our own day, in a mauve princess dress with flounces, and a Madame Angot cap and fichu—a much larger specimen than No. 1. Her face, however, was not quite so artistic as it should have been, and my clever little folks must make a study of the profiles of those about them before they cut out the faces of their rag dolls. Smaller than all was the third-prize doll, but most beautifully made as to her face, which was of the true weather-beaten, apple-cheeked sort—the sweetest kind of old woman.

The rag animals were almost all made by one little pair of hands, which managed to turn out a wonderful assortment, consisting of an elephant with a howdah, having a rajah inside it, and a driver; a lion, tiger, giraffe, camel, dromedary, zebra, bear, donkey, maltese dog, white cat, rabbit, and duck. I think there were fourteen in all.

A very grand-looking lion formed part of this large "happy family," the mane of which was particularly well arranged, and the colouring of the whole fourteen animals deserves warm commendation. The second prize was gained by a fine large elephant, with a covered howdah and properly dressed occupants, and driver; the saddle-cloths and head-pieces were of red velvet, beautifully embroidered in silk and gold lace, and fringe. A kind-hearted young reader of LITTLE FOLKS, aged 8½, had sent a quantity of gaily-coloured woollen balls as "presents to the poor little sick children," made by himself; and some other small folks, with equally tender and considerate hearts, had sent several quilts to be distributed as Christmas blessings to the hospitals, each accompanied by its own pretty explanatory note, generally in round hand. These little notes are the Editor's best reward, and form one of my greatest pleasures in the somewhat difficult work in which he invites my assistance.

The "single dolls in costume" are gathered from almost all quarters of the globe. The best of all comes from one of the earliest, if not the first, country that children learn about—Egypt—and represents a Greek peasant's dress of to-day, as seen in Athens. She has a row of gold coins round her head, and wears a white veil, and any quantity of beads round her neck, while her loose

robes fall round her in the most graceful folds. The two dolls which divided the second prize between them in this competition are two charming historical figures respectively of Mary Queen of Scots, and Prince Henry, the son of James I., both being habited in black velvet and white lace. The dress of the latter was quite beautiful in its tasteful decoration and correctness of detail. They are the work of a brother and sister, and it was difficult to choose between them in point of prettiness. The woman of Sumatra, in native dress, which forms prize 3, has a blue-and-red petticoat, a green gauze jacket and a yellow scarf, and blue hood, besides many red ribbons. It sounds like a great and inharmonious mixture of colours, but the effect is picturesque in the extreme ; I should add that she has bare feet. The number of competitors sending "single dolls" was very large. There were all kinds of historical characters in the collection, such as Elizabeth Woodville, in a robe of pale blue, and Anne Boleyn ; but the majority were dolls in national costumes, many of them dressed by little girls residing in the various foreign countries from which they came. Belgium, Normandy, the Tyrol, Denmark, Wales, and Norway, are all represented.

The fourth competition, for groups of dolls, was the most popular of all, apparently ; and here I cannot praise too highly the pains taken by the little contributors, not only in the work displayed, but in the study, reading, and inquiry made by them, to make their exhibits right in every respect. The prizes were all divided in this competition, the first being taken by "A group from a scene in Scott's 'Kenilworth,' representing Sir Walter Raleigh throwing his cloak before Queen Elizabeth," and "Five Famous Queens of England." The first named contained no less than twenty-two figures of courtiers and ladies, every one being differently dressed in the proper costume of the day. The second was also excellent in every way. The famous queens selected were Philippa, Mary, Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria, so a costume of every age was given. Queen Victoria stands in the centre, robed as she always appears when opening Parliament. In front of her is a small table bearing the crown and sceptre. Queen Elizabeth's dress is a reproduction of the one she wore when she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

One of the second prizes was allotted to "an English bride and three bridesmaids," one of the latter being a pretty young girl of twelve years old, in a short dress. These costumes are especially distinguished, in my mind, by the goodness and neatness of the sewing ; the cutting-out is also

much to be commended. The bride is in white satin, the bridesmaids in blue cashmere and white satin, with Gainsborough hats. The other second prize was for representations of four nursery rhymes, on one plateau "Little Boy Blue," "Simple Simon," "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," and "Little Bo-peep." The landscape surrounding them was admirably carried out.

The third prizes were taken by "The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots," and "A Fancy Dress Ball." The first scene contains six figures—the queen, the executioner, the lady-in-waiting, the queen's old nurse, and the two peers who were charged with the execution of the warrant. The three females are, of course, dressed in black, and so is the executioner, who is masked. The scene is represented at the moment when the queen is about to lay her head on the block. The "Fancy Dress Ball" consists of a ball-room, and fourteen characters in costume. The Four Seasons, an Indian Nabob, a Polish gentleman, Little Red Riding Hood, and the ever popular Mary Queen of Scots, are among the guests.

Among other groups were a "Lawn-tennis Party," which was very well got up, and "Edward III. and the citizens of Calais," and good Queen Philippa interceding for them. The king was seated under a red canopy, which was arranged with much taste. The following groups were also deserving of notice :—"The Princess and her bag of feathers;" "A scene in the tale of Mulligatawny, where the Princess is changed into a black rabbit, by Aunt Sally's unfortunate request;" "A Scotch Wedding Party;" "A Work-room at Muller's Orphanage, Bristol;" "The Red Maid's School at Bristol out walking;" and several representations of "The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," and her many children, one being especially good in showing the old woman giving them the "broth without any bread," and then the "whipping them soundly all round."

I was so glad to see how well the boys had come forward in Competition V. for doll's houses. The first prize is taken by a girl ; but the second is divided by two boys, who certainly deserve much credit. One of the houses is an entire cottage, the wood-work being extremely firm and strong. The furniture of all the houses exhibited is made by the little folks themselves ; and several young gentlemen are quite remarkable in the way of chiffoniers and side-boards with looking-glasses in front, and real cupboards, and drawers to open and shut. The boys mostly go in for sitting and dining-rooms, the girls almost always for drawing and bedrooms. One young lady, in addition to all her other manufactures, is an

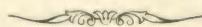
amateur potter, and modelled all the bedroom crockery used in her house, including a bath, which she had coloured very cleverly, and shaped into a most accurate form.

In the "Scrap-Book" competition there were a large number of entries, some of the rolled-up books being wonderfully composed, and very neatly carried out. The books, too, were beautifully neat and tidy, and one of them, done by a clever young man of six years old, deserves an honourable mention here.

A beautiful illumination, the text being "The earth is the Lord's," with a sketch of Loch Lomond below it, took the first prize in the competition for

"Illuminated Texts," the same competitor having taken the first prize last year, and really showing talent in his efforts. Most of the competitors in this class are girls, and very neatly they do their work. There is a certain want of roundness throughout it, that might be very easily got over by a little careful study of natural flowers. No one need be afraid of trying to draw flowers, for they present far less difficulties as models than any copies we could have, and will do more real benefit to our advancement in the art. And now my descriptive chat is over, and with many good wishes I must take my leave of my kind and industrious little friends for another year.

VALE.



### LITTLE NELLIE'S LAST PRAYER.

A TRUE STORY.



Welcome hearty and outspoken  
On every side she found.

In the next bed to hers there lay  
Another little maid ;  
And in the silence of the night  
These whispered words she said :  
"Although you've only come to-day,  
I feel I love you well ;  
And I've a dreadful secret fear,  
Which you must let me tell.

"This morning when the doctors came,  
They thought I was asleep ;  
But I had only shut my eyes—  
The sunshine makes them weep.  
"And then our kind house-doctor said,  
With pity in his voice,

**I**NTO a London hospital,  
One cold and frosty morn,  
A pretty little sufferer  
By loving hands was borne.

Though sad and lonely  
Lottie felt  
With strangers all around,

"It must be done to save her life ;  
There is no other choice."

"The other said, 'Poor little thing !'  
Will ever she pull through ?  
And so I am in such a fright  
I don't know what to do."

Then Lottie said—"Let's pray to God,  
Because He's sure to hear ;  
Our earthly friends are far away,  
But God is always near.

"He'll give you strength to bear the pain—  
Angels will help you through ;  
God says we shall have if we ask,  
And all God says is true."

"I'd like the angels very much,"  
Said Nellie, "but, you see  
In this ward *all* of us are ill—  
They might pass over me.

"And all of us are dressed alike,  
And all of us are girls ;  
And when our hair is tossed about  
They can't see which has curls.

"But stop—I know what I can do,  
That there be no mistake  
When God a holy angel sends  
To guard me for Christ's sake—

"I'll stretch my arms and clasp my hands,  
And keep them out of bed,  
And hope that if I fall asleep  
They'll stay above my head !"



LITTLE NELLIE'S LAST PRAYER. (See p. 178.)

So Nellie said her little prayer,  
Believing God would hear ;  
And may He grant her simple faith  
To Christians far and near !

" O God, Thou knowest what they mean  
To do to me to-morrow ;  
I cannot help it. Grant me strength  
To bear my pain and sorrow.

" As Thou didst send Thine angel down  
To Abr'am and his son—  
Please may I have an angel too ?  
But let Thy will be done !

" I'll stretch my arms and clasp my hands,  
And raise them o'er my head,  
So let him guard the little child  
Whose hands are out of bed."

And when the nurse next morning came,  
Her hands were out of bed ;  
And God had answered Nellie's prayer.  
For Nellie's soul had fled !

And peacefully she must have died,  
A smile was on her face ;  
And of the pain so long endured  
There was not left a trace. R. T. W.

### A CHAT ABOUT FLAGS.



THE ROYAL STANDARD.

unmistakable marks of having passed through fierce struggles before they were placed in the position of honour they at present occupy. As we notice the words " Seringapatam, Badajoz, Alma, Inkermann, Peninsula," on the tattered shreds of a certain flag, we feel sure that in India, Spain, and the Crimea, it has formed the rallying-point of our troops; and though its bearer may have been changed again and again, as shot after shot has laid each successive one low, ready hands have seized the ensign and borne it proudly against the retreating foe.

The use of flags as a means of uniting men together for some specific purpose is of very early date. The standards of ancient Greece embraced, amongst others, for Athens, an owl; for Corinth, a pegasus, or flying horse; for Thebes, a sphinx. Ancient Egypt was represented on its ensigns by a bull, a crocodile, or a vulture. Persia in olden times selected a golden eagle with outstretched wings as its banner-emblem. The Jews were marshalled under their various banners; and the Romans, after selecting a variety of animals for their standards, at length adopted the eagle, and placed the king of birds on their ensigns, which also often bore at the top of the staff a repre-

sentation of Mars, Victory, or of the reigning emperor.

The Roman eagles were in course of time superseded on the military banners by the celebrated cross of Constantine, which owes its existence, as you know, to the device in that shape which Constantine is said to have seen in the sky while marching with his army to Rome, accompanied by the words *Vinces in hoc* ("By this conquer"). Obedient to the vision which followed the miraculous sign, Constantine inscribed the cross on the shields of his soldiers, and gained the battle of Saxa Rubra, in which he overthrew his powerful adversary, Maxentino.

Among the early banners may be mentioned the one taken by Alfred from the Danes, which bore on it a raven. Tradition mentions that whenever the Danes carried that banner, a live crow was seen flying above the flag if they were to gain the victory, while when they were to be defeated the banner hung down motionless. The banners of our ancestors, the Saxons, have a trotting horse, whilst the ancient Welsh displayed a dragon, upon their national ensigns.

From the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry we know that at the battle of Hastings both Normans and Anglo-Saxons bore on their shields and banners various figures and devices, showing incidentally that the use of flags was considered by these nations of importance in the battle-field.

The *Oriflamme*, first used in 1119 as the French national banner, has, like the cross of Constantine, supernatural powers attributed to it. It bore representations of tongues of fire, and when used at Rosbecq the fog which had enveloped the rival armies is said to have cleared off from the French troops, while their enemies were still left enveloped in the mist. Similar miraculous

powers are also said to have been manifested when the banner was used elsewhere.

One of the most notable occasions on which the value of military flags has been shown was at the Battle of the Standard, which was fought between the English and Scotch in 1138. David I. of Scotland having sworn to defend the right of Matilda to the English crown, invaded England, and a battle took place between the opposing armies at Northallerton. The Scotch army was by far the more numerous, and was several times near gaining the day; but before going into battle a ship's mast had been erected by the English, at the top of which were the consecrated elements, surrounded by English banners of three Saxon saints. Round the waggon in which this was erected the combat was tremendous; again and again the English were defeated in other parts of the field, but here they stood shoulder to shoulder, with unflinching courage, and no efforts on the part of the Scottish host could drive them from this position. In the end the Scotch were entirely defeated, with the loss of no less than 12,000 men.

In early days, when hand-to-hand combats were the rule in the battle, the ensign to whom the care of the flag was committed bound himself by the most solemn promises before the assembled regiment to defend it with his life-blood, and seldom did he fail in his vow, but died in the manful discharge of his duty. The rate of wages which such an officer received was sometimes as much as six times the ordinary pay, showing plainly how perilous was the office he undertook. At the present day, although there is often fighting at close quarters, the regimental colours are not in so much danger of being captured, as they are not generally placed in so exposed a position as formerly.

Our national flag at the present day is the Union Jack—a combination of the flags of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, the patron saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland.



NAVAL FLAG.

It is only since the union of Ireland, which took place in 1801, that this banner has been in use. Indeed, the first Union Jack we possessed, dates no further back than 1606, after the union of the crowns of England and Scotland by James I. This flag consisted of a combination of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and was in 1707 constituted by royal proclamation the national flag after the union of the parliaments of the two countries.

To unite the three crosses into a harmonious whole has been now satisfactorily accomplished, and if you look at the Union Jack in the corner of the naval flag you will see how it has been done. The cross of St. George is red on a white ground, that of St. Andrew a white cross in this form X (called a saltire) on an azure ground, that of St. Patrick a red saltire on a white ground, and you will find each of these crosses distinctly visible on our present national banner. On our bronze money you will also find upon the shield of Britannia a tolerably accurate representation of the Union Jack.

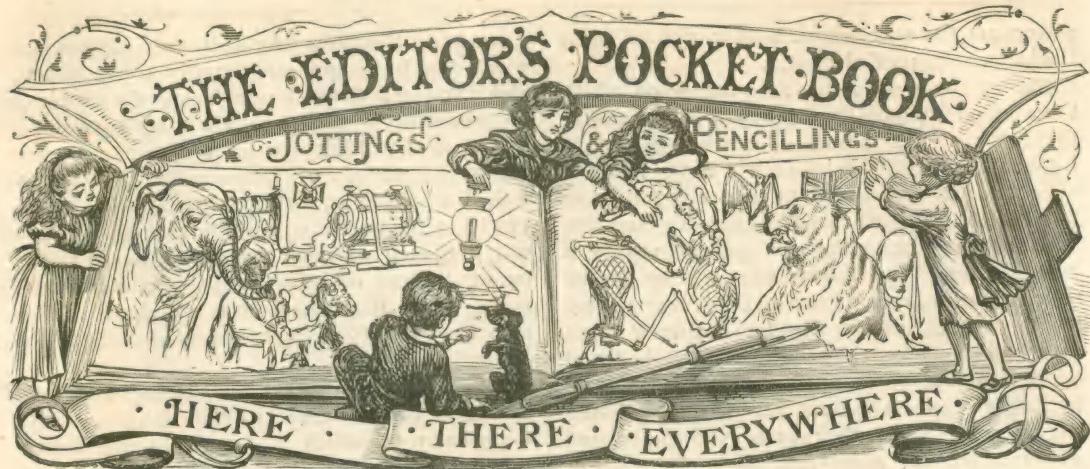
There are three different kinds of flags now used by British vessels—the white flag with the red St. George's cross, which is known as the British Admiral, and is used by the navy; the blue flag, which is employed by the Royal Naval Reserve; and the red flag, which is set apart for the use of commercial vessels. Each of these ensigns of course bears in the corner the Union Jack, the only difference being in the colour of the remainder of the flag. The presence of an admiral, a vice-admiral, or a rear-admiral with the fleet, is denoted by flying the admiral's flag from a particular mast, varying for each of the three degrees.

With regard to the name by which our national flag is known, while "union" seems appropriate enough, the reason why it is called a Jack, is not at first apparent. It is said, however, by some to derive its name from James I. (*Jacques*), who united the kingdoms of England and Scotland; but this is not probable. The most likely derivation is from the word *jacque*, applied to the jacket or overcoat formerly worn by the British soldier, which bore the representation of a cross.

The Royal Standard of Great Britain is the flag of first importance, and is only hoisted by the fleet when the Sovereign is present. It is also kept flying at Windsor Castle and other royal abodes when the Queen is in residence, and is employed generally to denote the presence of royalty.

The Royal Standard consists, as you know, of four divisions, two of which are occupied by three lions representing England; in one a single lion in a different position which stands for Scotland; while Ireland is represented by a harp.

The English lions are what are known in heraldry as *passant gardant*—i.e., walking and showing the full face. In the time of William the Conqueror there were only two lions on the standard, one being for Rollo, Duke of Normandy, and the other for the country of Maine, which was added to Normandy. Henry II., however, added a third, to represent the Duchy of Aquitaine, which he received with his wife Eleanor.



#### The Silver Medal of the Legion of Honour.

As announced last month, a Silver Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour will be awarded next year to that reader of the Magazine whose name shall have appeared most frequently in the monthly lists of the Legion of Honour for the answers to "Picture Pages Wanting Words" printed in the Magazine during the twelve months from March, 1879, to February, 1880. The picture on page 192 is therefore the first of the series to be answered. Further Silver Medals will be awarded as announced on pages 182 and 183.

#### Notes about Chili.

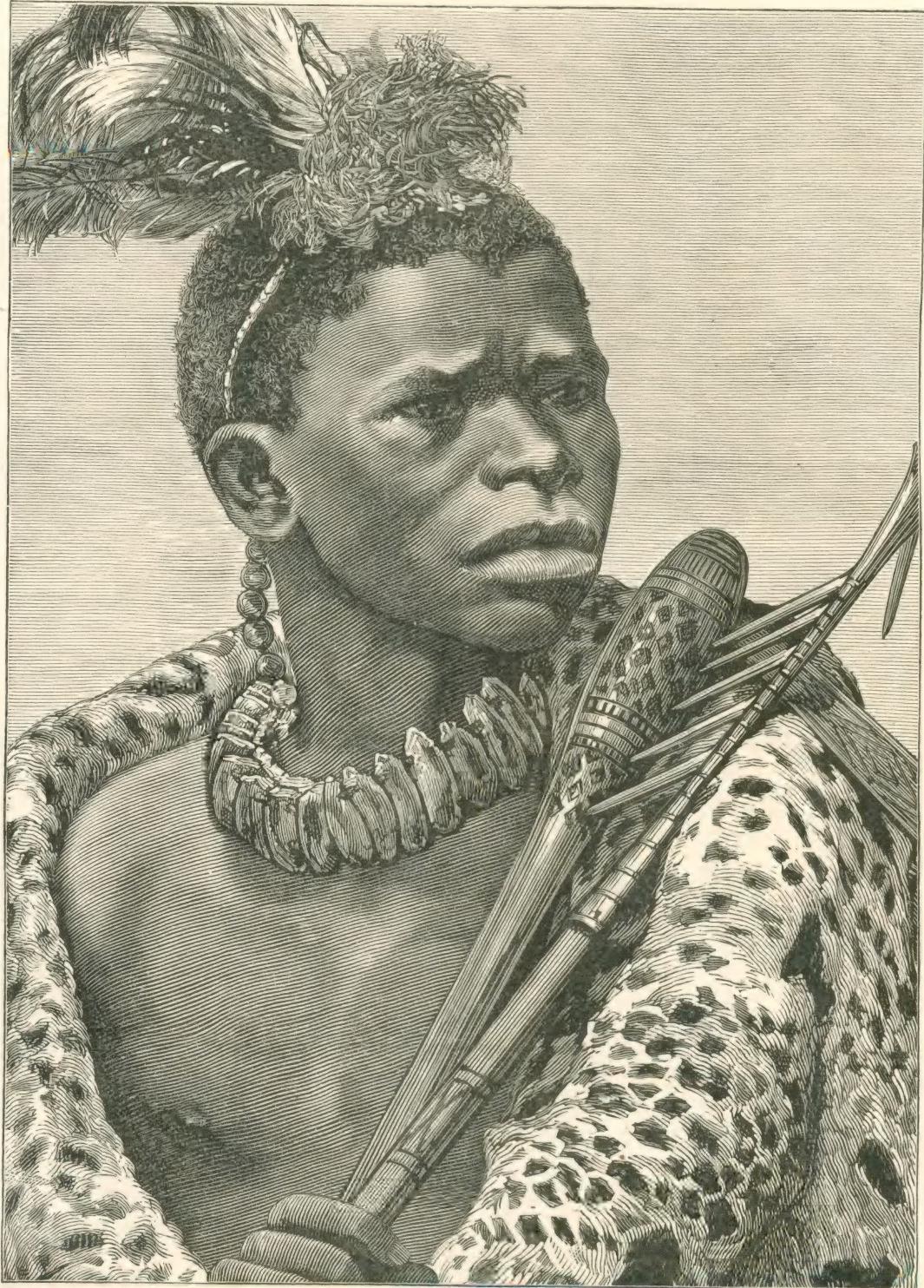
A traveller tells us that it is an impressive sight in Chili to witness the sunset prayer. At the striking of the evening bells every one, either within or out-of-doors, immediately stops in his or her employment, uncovering their heads, and for a few moments offering up a short prayer.

The Chilian women are very fond of silk stockings, and so universally are they worn that the washer-women may be seen at their tubs with their silk stockings on. The women wear their hair in two long plaits hanging to the waist.

The national dance of the Chilians is the *samacueca*; it is much danced by the common people. It is performed by a young man and woman, the former gaily dressed in scarlet jacket and sash, and the latter in stiffened muslin over which is thrown a rich-coloured French shawl. The music is partly Spanish, partly Indian. An old-fashioned narrow harp, more than ten feet long, a guitar, and a national love-song which the singers sing at the top of their voices—all these combined make a strange accompaniment to the dance. The Chilians are very fond of music, and a piano may be found in almost every house.

#### A Young Kaffir Chief.

The Caffres, or Kaffirs, were so named by the Arabs and other Mussulman traders who originally settled on the Mozambique coast, from the Arabic word "Kafir," which simply signifies an "unbeliever," or any person who is not a follower of Mahomet; and having been adopted by Europeans, the word has proved a very convenient name for many tribes north and north-east of Cape Colony. They are for the most part fine athletic people, with complexions varying from yellowish-brown or copper-colour to deep black, though the latter are rather uncommon. Their noses are often a little arched, their lips thick, and hair curly, though not so actually woolly as that of the negroes. The population of each tribe is divided into kraals or hamlets, each of which contains from ten to twenty families, presided over by a petty chief, who is in his turn subject to a higher one, who rules over a considerable district. These may be considered the nobility of their tribe, for the dignity is hereditary, and they are independent of each other, though they acknowledge the authority of the Umkumkani, or great chief of them all, who is supposed to be the original possessor of all the land and cattle in his territory. No Kaffir kills his beasts without the permission of this ruler, who claims part of the carcase as his right; and the first-fruits of the season are never gathered till he gives leave. He and his subordinates govern by no written laws, but hold to long-established principles and usages, any infraction of which on their part would be resented and opposed by their subjects at large. Many of the tribes cultivate millet, yams, maize, and tobacco, breed vast herds of cattle, and are mighty hunters, bringing great quantities of elephants' tusks to the coast as merchandise. When a young Kaffir chief goes forth to war he endeavours to make himself look



A YOUNG KAFFIR CHIEF.

terrible by putting on a garment of skins—leopard skin being the most highly prized—ties a tuft of feathers on to his head, decorates his ears with beads, and his throat with a necklace of rhinoceros teeth. For arms he has an oval shield of bullock's hide, a two-handled spear and a bundle of assegais, to which native weapons he not unfrequently adds some kind of gun obtained from the Europeans who live upon his borders.

#### Heligoland.

The curious rocky island of Heligoland in the shape of a letter L turned the wrong way, is

come to it for sea-bathing during the summer months, brought by a steamer from Hamburg and Bremerhaven. They like to bathe off the sandy promontory which ends in a tiny island on the south east, and lodge in the houses under shelter of the rock which form the lower town. It is connected with the upper town, built on the summit, by an easy ascent of 180 steps, accessible for animals as well as men. Nothing grows in Heligoland but grass, potatoes, and a very few hardy flowers in the most sheltered spots.

Though the men are bold fishers and pilots, they consider that their work is done the instant they



HELIGOLAND.

situated in the German Ocean, about thirty miles from the mouth of the Elbe, almost in the track of steamers from the Thames to Hamburg.

It formerly belonged to Denmark, but being a place of considerable military importance, was seized by Great Britain in 1807, when she had some reason to fear that Bonaparte meant to invade England with the help of the Danish fleet, and was finally ceded to us by the treaty of 1814. The rock is of red sandstone, which is gradually wearing away from the destructive action of the waves and winds, and now contains only about five and a half square miles of land, while its circumference is less than three miles. There are two thousand three hundred inhabitants in this small space, besides which three or four thousand visitors

come on shore, and expect the women to get bait, carry home the fishing-tackle, dig and plant the ground, as well as to attend to their household duties. They live almost entirely on fish, plentifully seasoned with mustard, and are very fond of good tea, and plenty of it. The holiday costume of the women is very smart and picturesque, consisting of a scarlet baize skirt and bodice with silk sleeves. Over this skirt they wear a number of scarlet petticoats, each a little shorter than the lower one, and all bound with yellow ribbon, so that they look like so many gold circlets. The toilet is completed by a pair of blue knitted stockings, a white linen coif, and a printed cotton cap. On Sundays a cloak or pelisse of some dark stuff or silk is put over this fine raiment.

## New Prize Competitions for 1879.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

**I**T is with very great pleasure that I now put before you a detailed Programme of the Special Prize Competitions for this year. Eight competitions in all have been arranged, and of these four are similar to those of 1878, while four are entirely new to you. My reason for repeating four of last year's competitions is two-fold: the Dolls in Costume and the Groups of Dolls are necessarily included year after year because dolls are such an unfailing source of interest alike to those who dress and those who receive them; the Rag Dolls and Rag Animals are continued because so few of these were sent to me last year, notwithstanding the fact that they are especially valuable and especially calculated to afford pleasure to the little inmates of the hospitals, who are eventually the recipients of all your gifts. It may be that the work was somewhat strange to you, and perhaps not sufficiently understood last year; I have therefore retained these competitions in the hope that more competitors may come forward on a second opportunity being afforded. The following is the complete programme:—

- I. THE "LITTLE FOLKS" PAINTING BOOK.—Sets of Pages or Complete Copies (see particulars on next page).
- II. RAG DOLLS, made entirely of Rags by the Competitors.
- III. RAG ANIMALS, made entirely of Rags by the Competitors.  
*(N.B.—A Paper giving full particulars how to make Rag Dolls and Animals was published in the number of LITTLE FOLKS for May, 1878.)*
- IV. SINGLE DOLLS IN COSTUME—Historical, Military, Naval, representing Nationalities, &c.
- V. GROUPS OF DOLLS representing Historical Scenes, Nationalities, &c.
- VI. PLAIN NEEDLEWORK, as shown in—(a) Flannel Petticoats for Infants and Children; or (b) Flannel Jackets for Children in Hospitals.  
*(N.B.—An Explanatory Paper will be published next month.)*
- VII. KNITTED ARTICLES useful in Hospitals (Shawls, Jackets, Under-vests, and Cross-overs).
- VIII. PLAYTHINGS AND TOYS IN CARDBOARD.  
*(N.B.—An Explanatory Paper will be published next month.)*

In each of these Competitions (except Nos. I. and V.) Three Prizes in Books, of the respective values of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA, will be awarded. In Competition I., for the Painting Books, there will be Three Prizes in Money, of £4, £2, and £1, and in Competition V., for Groups of Dolls, there will be three Prizes in Books, value respectively £5, £3, and £2. In Competitions I. and V. a Silver Medal of the "LITTLE FOLKS" Legion of Honour will be awarded with the First Prize, while all prize-winners in the Eight Competitions (other than the Silver Medallists) will receive Bronze Medals, constituting them Officers of the Legion. All those honourably mentioned will also receive Member's Bronze Medals.

All readers of LITTLE FOLKS (if not debarred by age), whether Boys or Girls, may compete in *any or all* of the above, the full regulations (except for Competition I., which are given separately on the next page) being as follow:—

- (1.) Every Competitor to be under the age of 15 years, except in the case of Competition IV., for Groups of Dolls, in which Candidates must be under 17.
- (2.) All work to be certified by magistrates, ministers of religion, teachers, or other persons in a responsible position, as the sender's own *unaided* work. The age of each Competitor must be similarly attested.
- (3.) All work to be marked with the Competitor's name, age, and address, and to be sent, accompanied by the Certificate, carefully packed in a box of cardboard or wood, carriage paid, addressed to the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
- (4.) The work for each competition must be in a *separate* box; no two Competitors may send work in the same box; and each parcel or box must be carefully marked, &c., as directed above.
- (5.) The Competitions will close on Wednesday, the 15th of October, 1879, after which date no work can be received.

The whole of the work in the Eight Competitions will be distributed amongst the little sick inmates of the principal Children's Hospitals.

THE EDITOR.



### The "Little Folks" Painting Book Competition.

THE "LITTLE FOLKS" PAINTING BOOK, containing a Series of Outline Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY, intended for Water-colour Painting, with amusing letterpress descriptive of the pictures, has been specially prepared for the LITTLE FOLKS Prize Competitions for 1879. The following Prizes and Medals are offered to readers of LITTLE FOLKS who shall send in the best painted pages of this book :—

A Prize of £4 and a Silver Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour for the best complete book coloured.

Prizes of £2 and £1 and Bronze Medals of the Legion of Honour for the best and second-best sets of Six Pages Coloured—(pages 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21).

Bronze Medals to all Competitors deserving of Honourable Mention.

The detailed regulations are as follow :—

- I. Every Competitor must be under the age of fifteen years for the "six-page" competition, and seventeen years for "complete books."
- II. Each book or set of six pages must be certified by a magistrate, minister of religion, teacher, or other person in a responsible position, *as the sender's own unaided work*, both as regards choice of colours and execution. The age of each Competitor must be similarly attested.
- III. In the case of the "six-page" competition the pages to be coloured may be cut out of the book, or the complete book, containing *six pages only* coloured, may be forwarded. (N.B.—This latter course is strongly recommended, as the books will then be available as PICTURE-BOOKS to be distributed among the CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS.)
- IV. Competitors for the "six-page" prizes and medals must not send in more than one set of pages, or they will be disqualified. The pages must be the first six complete pages of illustrations in the book, namely, pages 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, and 21.
- V. Competitors for the "complete book" prizes and medals may also compete for the "six-page" prizes, in which case a set of six pages (or volume containing the specified coloured pages) and a complete painted volume must both be forwarded.
- VI. The Competitions will close on Wednesday, the 15th of October, 1879, after which date no books or pages will be received.

All *complete* books will be sent to one or other of the CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS after the Prizes and Medals have been awarded.

N.B.—The "LITTLE FOLKS" PAINTING BOOK, Price One Shilling, may be obtained on and after March 1, 1879, through any Bookseller, or, on receipt of 13 stamps, it will be forwarded direct by the publishers, Messrs. CASSELL PETTER & GALPIN, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London. The "LITTLE FOLKS" Fine Art Moist Colour Box, price One Shilling—a special Box, containing twelve moist colours and three brushes—has been prepared, adapted to all the requirements of this book. This will also be forwarded by the Publishers, free by post, on receipt of 15 stamps.

## GEORGE AND HIS GRANDFATHER.



GEORGE was four years old, and was always wishing that he was a big boy, for then he could go out in the fields by himself, and ride on the pony alone, and be able to read the large books in the library — “And I should grow bigger and bigger,” said George, “until at last I should be as big as grandpapa!”

George thought over it, and said to himself, “The reason that grandpapa is so big is because he has coffee and eggs for breakfast; and the reason he can read in the large books is because he wears spectacles. If I wore spectacles, and had coffee instead of bread-and-milk, I should soon be able to do all that grandpapa can.”

Then George waited for a good chance of trying whether he could be like his grandfather, and before long he found one. His grandfather one morning was obliged to go and see a poor man at the door; and whilst he was away George put on a velvet cap with fur round it that belonged to his grandfather, also a pair of spectacles that were lying on the table. Next he took a sip at his grandfather’s coffee, and opening the newspaper that was lying upon the table he tried to read it.

“I can now do all that grandpapa can do,” said George.

But he found that instead of being able to tell A from B, and C from D, he saw only lines that seemed to run

into each other, so that he could see nothing plainly.

“Perhaps grandpapa does not look through his spectacles,” said George. Then he looked over them and saw A and B and C clearly, but he could not spell the words any better than if he had no spectacles on.

As he sat looking very grave over it his grandfather came back. “What are you doing?” he asked.

“I am trying to be big and to read as well as you do,” answered George; “and I thought the coffee and spectacles would do it.”

His grandfather laughed, and he said, “No, no, George, it will take more than that to make you a man. You will have to grow for a great many years yet; and as for reading, you will have to learn spelling, and to study every day till you can read the long words without spelling.”

“I don’t like lessons,” said George; “I want to read, and not to do lessons.”

“You cannot do anything without trouble,” said his grandfather; “so the sooner you begin to take pains with your lessons the sooner you will read well.”

George thought for a minute; he was a sensible boy, and so he said— “I will try.”

And day after day George learned his spelling so that he could say it without a mistake, and he soon found that it did not need grandpapa’s spectacles to make him read the longest words without any difficulty. J. G.



GRANDPAPA. (See p. 184).

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

ANSWERS TO PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS (*Vol. VIII., page 376*).

## FIRST PRIZE STORY.

**A**NGEL Alley was a very rough place ; so bad, indeed, that the more respectable of the dwellers round about scarcely ever ventured down it, even in the daytime.

There were three beershops in the alley, and at night its inhabitants congregated round them, drinking, swearing, and fighting. One of the noisiest and most quarrelsome of the frequenters of the beershops was Joe Snarling, a man who had so ill-treated his wife, that when, through drunkenness, he was out of employment, she could not bear the want and privation to which she was exposed, as a more healthy woman would have done, but succumbed at once to want of food and his brutality, leaving a child two years of age behind her. On her, death-bed she made her husband promise that he would never get intoxicated again. As he came home from the funeral he met one of his companions, and was invited by him to have a glass of beer to cheer his drooping spirits, and that night Joe reeled home in a worse state of intoxication than he had been for a long time, which, it must be allowed, was saying a good deal.

The child, who had been named Jim, lived no one knew how. Sometimes one of the women would give him food, or he picked up odd scraps in the gutter while playing there. When he was about six years of age his father used to beat him if, when he came home, the miserable room they inhabited was not clean, and when he reached the age of eight, made him go out and carry parcels, run errands, and do various odd jobs for the tradespeople round about.

This kind of life went on for some years, there being no event more important or unusual than an extra beating for Jim if his father found no money for him when he came home.

Jim was just fourteen, though he did not know it, for he was ignorant as to when he had been born, and all days were alike to him. The night before his father had been unusually cruel, and had staggered out that morning threatening dire vengeance if his son did not earn something during the day. Jim locked the door, hung the key round his neck, and wandered about asking for work, but could not get any. After awhile he came to a large shop, which he entered ; a woman was serving the customers, and he approached the counter and said to her—"Please, ma'am, is there anything I can do to-day?"

"No, my boy," was the answer ; "we do not want you."

He lingered awhile, hoping she might change her mind, but was told to make haste off ; so he left the shop and wandered up the road, wondering what he should do before evening, for somehow he must have some money before his father returned. By this time he had come to the end of the road, and found himself in Murchiston Villas. He entered the portal of one of the houses, intending to rest there awhile, when to his surprise he saw crouching down by one of the pillars two children crying bitterly. They were evidently better off than himself, for although their clothes were somewhat torn, and one was without a hat, they were dressed in a different style from the children in Angel Alley.

"We can't find our way home," said the little girl.

"And I am *so* tired and *so* cold," sobbed the boy.

"Where do you live?" said the astonished Jim.

"Twenty, Grange Road," answered the girl, who was the elder of the two.

"Why, I've just been there for work," said Jim. "Come along ; I'll take you home."

The boy was so tired, however, that Jim took him on his back, leading the girl by the hand. The two now crossed the road, on the other side of which was a park, and walked towards Grange Road. Just as they were turning the corner, however, a heavy hand was laid on Jim's shoulder, and he turned round to be confronted by a policeman.

"Now then, what are you doing with those children?" said X 92.

"I found them, sir, and I am taking them home," said Jim.

"I dare say you are—to *your* home," was the answer. "Where is her hat, I should like to know? Where do you live, my dear?" this last was said to the girl.

"Twenty, Grange Road," she answered.

"All right, my dear, come along with me ; and you too, sir," to Jim, at the same time relieving him of the boy he carried, and whom the policeman took on one arm, dragging Jim along by the other, while the little girl walked by their side, wondering what it was all about.

They soon came to 20, Grange Road, and there the children were embraced by their mother, who had concluded they were lost, and who had sent to all the police-stations round about.

She now turned to thank the policeman, and for the first time seeing Jim, and recognising him, said, "Why, that is the boy who was here this afternoon !"

"Indeed," said the policeman ; "and you were taking them home, were you?"

"I was indeed," said Jim, bursting into tears. "Ask them," he continued, "and they will tell you so."

The children were now questioned, and confirmed what Jim said, at the same time confessing that they had strayed away, being attracted by a Punch and Judy show.

Just then their father came in to say that they were not to be found, and was greeted by the news that they had been brought home. His delight may be imagined.

The policeman was rewarded, and Jim taken ~~on~~ to work at the shop. Although his father had treated him so badly he stayed with him to the last ; it was not for long, however, for two months after Jim Snarling was run over when intoxicated. He was taken to the hospital, and never left it alive. After his death Jim slept at the shop, and continued to prosper until he had a shop of his own.

CHARLOTTE JANE HOWARTH COWDROY.  
21, Hanover Square, (Aged 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ).  
Kennington Park Road, S.W.

## SECOND PRIZE STORY.

**C**OME, Nellie, let us go for a walk to the park," said little Willie Gray, a pale, thin boy, about twelve years old, to his little sister.

"Oh yes, Willie," said Nellie, "and we will be quick. I like going to the park so much, to see the nice ladies, and the pretty little children playing."

"Benny shall come too," said Willie, "and see the

geeges. Get his hat, Nellie dear, and then we will go, as soon as I have locked the door."

These little children lived in a large town, and were very poor. They had no father to work for them now. He used to work on the railway when he was alive; then they were much better off. Willie could remember those happy days; he could remember, too, the sad time when his father was killed by a train, and his poor mother's sorrow when he was brought home dead. Mrs. Gray now had to go out all day to wash, and get money for her children, who had to be left at home alone. Willie was a good boy, and took care of his little sister and brother, and longed to work and help his mother.

We must now go back to the day of the walk. When Willie had tied the key with a long string round his neck, they went on till they came in sight of the park; then they had to cross a street with a great many horses and carriages going up and down. Willie stopped to let Benny get up on his back, to carry him across, and told Nellie to take hold of his coat.

When they reached the park they walked about till they were quite tired, and then sat down on a seat to rest. A lady had been sitting there, and was now walking about. Nellie, who was playing, cried out all at once, "Oh, Willie, I can see a purse under the seat." They picked it up; it was a beautiful sealskin purse.

"It must be that lady's," said Willie. "Stay here, Nellie, and mind Benny, while I run and take it to her."

He soon caught the lady and gave it to her. She thanked him, and gave him a shilling, because he was so honest.

"Oh, how glad I am!" exclaimed Willie. "Now I can give this to my mother."

They went home very quickly, and their mother was glad of the shilling, but more glad that her boy had been honest,

CORA E. FISHER.  
(Aged 7½.)

*The Hill House, Ironbridge, Salop.*

#### LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour:*—CHARLOTTE JANE HOWARTH COWDROY (14<sup>3</sup>), 21, Hanover Square, Kennington Park Road, S.W. *Second Prize, with Officer's Medal:*—CORA E. FISHER (7<sup>1</sup>2), The Hill House, Ironbridge, Salop. *Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal:*—E. R. ADAM (15), 60, Castle Street, Edinburgh (*Special Mention for Story in Verse*);

LAURA MOUNTFORD CROSSLEY (12), Lion House, Homerton; GRACE BRUNNER (9<sup>3</sup>), Winnington Old Hall, Northwich, Cheshire; HARRIET EDITH WALKER (15), Lound, Retford, Notts; GRACE L. E. BLENKINSOP (14<sup>2</sup>), Norton Villa, Bournemouth, Hants; CEDRIC B. PRALL (8<sup>1</sup>), Hillside, Frindsbury, Rochester, Kent.

#### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

THE English verses sent up in competition for the prize offered for the best translation of the French verses in the January number have not been very good. The prize has been awarded to Miss May Gladstone, whose verses are printed below. The verses forwarded by Miss Louisa M. Kerr were good, but they could scarcely be called a translation, as many important points in the French were altogether omitted, and many new ideas substituted. The following competitors are, however, highly commended, and a Member's Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour has been awarded to each of them:—LOUISA M. KERR (14), Thalatta, White Abbey, Belfast; EDITH M. LEAHY (13), 59, Cranfield Road, Brockley, S.E.; ALICE M. WILLIAMS (13), 7, New Buckenham Square, New Kent Road, S.E.

#### ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF FRENCH VERSES (page 41).

A bright merry Christmas and happy New Year  
Are words which this season we usually hear;  
With plenty of presents and compliments gay  
Showering upon us each new Christmas Day.

Good morning, my children! a happy New Year!  
I wish you much pleasure, now winter is here:  
And many sweet bonbons, and presents, and food;  
Of pains be there none, but your appetites good.

Let us sing of this Christmas-time, happy and gay;  
Would that every one felt 'twas a bright, joyful day!  
Let us also pray heaven to bless the New Year,  
And make it propitious to every one here.

Dance gaily, dear children, for Christmas is come—  
A time meant for you, when your brothers are home;  
Then kisses, and bonbons, and costly good sweets,  
Come, rain on our little ones bountiful treats!

MAY GLADSTONE.  
(Aged 15<sup>1</sup>/4.)

17, Pembridge Square,  
Bayswater, London.

#### PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR 1878.

The following is a LIST OF HOSPITALS among which the Dolls, &c.—the result of the Prize Competitions for 1878—have been distributed:—

##### LONDON HOSPITALS.

The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street; The East London Hospital for Children; The North-Eastern Hospital for Children; The Hospital for Hip Diseases in Childhood; The Belgrave Hospital for Children; The Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children; The Victoria Hospital for Children; The Evelina Hospital for Sick Children; The Cheyne Hospital for Sick Children; The Royal Free Hospital; The Home for Sick Children, Sydenham.

##### COUNTRY HOSPITALS.

Liverpool: The Children's Hospital. Birmingham: The Children's Hospital. Edinburgh: The Children's Hospital. Manchester: The Hospital for Sick Children. Belfast: The Hospital for Sick Children. Bristol: The Children's Hospital. Brighton: The Children's Hospital. Dublin: The Children's Infirmary. Norwich: The Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. Newcastle-on-Tyne: The Hospital for Sick Children. Nottingham: The Children's Hospital. Gloucester: Free Hospital for Children of the Poor, Kingsholm.

## Thoughts.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR.

Met. ♩ = 72 mf

VOICE.

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

1. Let your thoughts, what - e'er they be,  
 2. If an e - vil thought a - rise  
 3. Grains of sand are ti - ny things,  
 4. E - vil thoughts, that have their way,

Be but thoughts of  
 E - ver in your  
 But they make the  
 Make a life of

*mf*

PIANO.

kind - ness; Bit - ter thoughts in you or me.....  
 bo - som, Crush it out, if you are wise,.....  
 moun - tains; Fea - thers make the ea - gles' wings,.....  
 sor - row, Bring us grief and care to - day,.....

*cres.*

dim.

Show our hu - man blind - ness.  
 Nip it in the blos - som.  
 Wa - ter - drops the foun - tains.  
 Shame and want to mor - row.

*dim.* *rall.*



## PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



The initial letters of the subjects represented by the illustrations surrounding the central picture form a quality which is represented by the central picture. The acrostic commences with the picture in the top left-hand corner, and continues along the top and round the centre.

## ANAGRAM DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**P**RIMALS and finals when read down,  
Will name two poets of renown.  
I rig pew.                            O Ma Pa ran.  
I rose.                                A nest Ryle.  
L. M. WYNCH.

5, Everett, Terrace, Walton.

## NAMES OF BRITISH TOWNS.

**W**HAT things are when you buy them at shops, and what you generally see when you go to the town of Dover.  
2. Part of a great ship which was built by Brunel.  
3. Animals which possess horns, and a part of a fortified town.  
4. What England possesses a great many of, and a part of the human body.  
5. A little piece of metal without a head, and a part of a river.

31, Montpelier Square.  
Rutland Gate, London.

W. SHORE.  
(Aged 13½.)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials of the following name a country of Europe, and the finals one of its seaport towns :—

1. An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
2. A river in the south of Asia.
3. A river in England.
4. A cape on the coast of Spain.
5. A county of Ireland.
6. A town in Turkey.
7. A river in Africa.
8. A river in Russia.

ELLEN SANSON.  
(Aged 13½.)

Reabourn, near St. Albans,  
Herts.

## ANAGRAMS ON BOYS' NAMES.

1. One ill.
2. Red daw.
3. Can rod.
4. There Odo.
5. Raged.
6. But her.

ETHEL PAGE.  
(Aged 14.)

Apsley Guise, Woburn, Beds.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- A**n island to which Napoleon Bonaparte was banished.  
2. A province of Ireland.  
3. A province of Prussia.  
4. The land where Job dwelt.  
5. A town of Italy—the birth-place of Ariosto the poet.  
6. A battle-field in Holland where Sir Philip Sydney was killed.

The initials read downwards form a high mountain of Europe. The finals read downwards form a noted river in South America.

FLORENCE HOVEY.  
(Aged 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)

Belle Villa,  
Norfolk Road, Sheffield.

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

- T**HE initial letters form the name of a river in Palestine.

1. One of Jacob's sons.
2. The ancient name for Joshua.
3. A city which the Israelites built for Pharaoh.
4. One of Joseph's brothers.
5. Moses' father.
6. The name of a mighty hunter.

Passage Rectory,  
Co. Cork.

EVA GLOSTER.  
(Aged 15.)

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (Pages 124 and 125.)

## SCRIPTURE DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ESTHER.—DANIEL.

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. E lda D.   | 4. H agga I. |
| 2. S amari A. | 5. E v E.    |
| 3. T ama N.   | 6. R ache L. |

## MENTAL HISTORICAL SCENE.

Artemisia, Queen of Halicarnassus, at the battle of Salamis.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC,  
EPPING.—MALDON.

- |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. E boracu M. | 4. I nnfiel D. |
| 2. P arm A.    | 5. N ogar O.   |
| 3. P almita L. | 6. G iou N.    |

## BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Glass, lass, ass.
2. Blink, link, ink, in.
3. Shoe, hoe, ho.
4. Chair, hair, air.
5. Shark, hark, ark.

## PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

Four-and-twenty tailors went out to kill a snail;  
The best man among them durst not touch her tail.  
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow;  
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now!

## FRENCH DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

GASCOGNE.—LORRAINE.

- |                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. G énéra L.   | 5. O A.        |
| 2. A dagi O.    | 6. G odefro I. |
| 3. S oulie R.   | 7. N azaree N. |
| 4. C ordonne R. | 8. E xod E.    |

## CHARADE.

**M**y first you'll find's a mass of grease,  
Made out of cow's milk, if you please;  
My second, a drinking vessel small,  
That's used at tea by one and all;  
My whole, a yellow flower that's seen  
'Mong daisies in the meadows green.

F. LEWIS.  
(Aged 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)

38, Manor Road, Lewisham.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**H**IE initials form one of the Channel Islands, and the finals another.

1. A lake in Ireland.
2. The mountains that divide Europe from Asia.
3. A part of Great Britain.
4. The capital of Italy.
5. An island to the north-east of New Guinea.
6. The largest river in Ireland.
7. A river of Germany.
8. The capital of North Carolina.

ADA K. HARJILL.  
(Aged 12.)

8, Castle Street, Farnham,  
Surrey.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PALESTINE.—HINDOSTAN.

1. P ortsmouth H.
2. A nticost I.
3. L arista N.
4. E lwen D.
5. S enagong O.
6. T arbitnes S.
7. I ngoldstad T.
8. N erbudd A.
9. E lphi N.

## PICTORIAL LOGOGRAPH.

KILDERKIN.

Kirk, Dirk, Kid, Link, Rink, Kine, Ink, Rind, Kiln, Elk, Line, Drink, Ride.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

- |                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. N abo B.     | 5. L iptra P. |
| 2. A lemetej O. | 6. E lb A.    |
| 3. P ose N.     | 7. O de R.    |
| 4. O neg A.     | 8. N ewpor T. |
9. Algav E.

## HISTORICAL MENTAL SCENE.

Marcus Manlius hurling down the Gauls as they were climbing the Capitol.

## BURIED BIRDS.

1. Bittern.
2. Swan.
3. Heron.
4. Owl.
5. Dove.
6. Martin.
7. Teal.

## BURIED BEASTS.

1. Beaver.
2. Sable.
3. Gazelle.
4. Camel.
5. Dog.
6. Rat.
7. Weasel.

## BURIED FISHES.

1. Sturgeon.
2. Flounder.
3. Whale.
4. Turbot.
5. Oyster.
6. Eel.



FLOSSY M. C. WARREN, 9, Great Denmark Street, Dublin; EDITH BENDELY, Devonshire House, South Terrace, Hastings; LAURA M. HARDING, Gracious Street, Whittlesea, Cambridgeshire; ALICE A. W. ADCOCK, Rook-Tree Farm, Haynes, Bedford; W. PERRINS, 31, Belsize Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.; LISA, 6, Yew-Tree Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; and MAIDIE FIDLER, 16, St. George's Terrace, Kemp Town, Brighton, are all willing to assist in the collection of old postage stamps, if they are of any real service.

LISA asks:—"Can any of your readers tell me what was the cause of the death of Godfrey of Bouillon?"

Answers to ISABEL's question in the December number have been received from E. S. S.; SYDNEY T. SMITH; B. M.; HERBERT G. STEELE; E. T. G.; M. C. M.; W. H. PENDLEBURY; C. C. L. E.; ANNIE DAVIES; and E. H. ROWSE. It is impossible to print all the letters, but from them it appears that candidates in the Cambridge Local Examinations are not examined in English composition. The following are some of the essay subjects set at the Oxford Local Examinations, for juniors, in recent years, a choice of one subject from a list of from three to five being permitted:—1876—(1) Russia; (2) Glass; (3) Competition. 1877—(1) Ancient and Modern Warfare; (2) An Aquarium; (3) Printing; (4) International Exhibitions. 1878—(1) A Journey you have taken; (2) An Event you have witnessed; (3) A Battle you have read of. With reference to ISABEL's second question as to the best method of preparing the subject, constant and regular practice in essay-writing is especially recommended.

M. B. B. M.; F. T. M. STEPHENSON; CARRIE; CHARLES W. ADDISON; LIZZIE MACNAB; SCARLET RUNNER; THEODORA L. WALTER; ADELAIDE M. PICKARD; EDITH SOPHIE DAY; and DOTTIE send the story of the "Willow Pattern Plate," asked for by A. A. L. The following account by M. B. B. M. is one of the shortest, and it is therefore given in preference to some of the longer and more complete narratives:—"To the right is a mandarin's country seat. In the foreground is a pavilion; in the background an orange-tree; and to the right a peach-tree in full bearing. The estate is enclosed by a fence. At one end of the bridge is the famous willow-tree, and at the other a gardener's cottage. At the top of the plate, left hand side, is an island with a cottage on it. The birds are doves. The three figures are the mandarin's daughter, with a distaff in her hand, the lover, and the mandarin. The story is as follows: The mandarin had an only daughter, Li-Chi, who fell in love with Chang, her father's secretary, and he lived in the island cottage at the top of the plate. The mandarin forbade the match, and the lovers eloped and lay concealed for

a time in the gardener's cottage, and from there made their escape to the island home of the lover. The father pursued them with a whip, and would have beaten them to death had not the gods changed them into turtle-doves. It is called the willow pattern because at the time of the elopement the willow began to shed its leaves."

SCARLET-RUNNER wishes to know whether any one can tell her Lord Macaulay's riddle, the answer to which is "Cod-sounds." She is not sure whether the author is Lord Macaulay or not?

In answer to C. G. (January number), ALICE M. B., C. M., LAURA HUGHES, and MRS. S. recommend "The Stocking Knitter's Manual," by Mrs. George Cupples, published by Johnstone and Hunter, Edinburgh, price six-pence. It can be obtained at any wool-shop. "The Knitting Teacher's Assistant" also is recommended by K. M. MOORE.

E. W. writes in answer to CARRIE GRAY:—"The glass lens of the camera obscura will cost but a shilling."

GOLDFINCH.—[The medals are different.—ED.]

L. S. wants to know where is the best place to keep a canary in the winter.

W. P. B. writes in answer to I. M. BYRNE's question in the January part of LITTLE FOLKS:—"I have understood that the best way to keep a tortoise during the winter is to wrap it in flannel and put it in a box or drawer in the kitchen. It will require no food; and in the spring, when it wants to come out, it will rattle its shell. I have heard of one that lived a very long time under this treatment."

JUNO.—[Yes; prize-winners may compete again.—ED.]

M. M. TEGG.—[Member's medals only are usually awarded for puzzles.—ED.]

EVA.—[Prizes and medals are forwarded monthly, soon after their announcement in the Magazine.—ED.]

L. S. and J. K.—[When the parents are their children's teachers, stories, &c., may be certified by them. Full name and address must be sent with all stories, puzzles, &c., and the name *must* be published as a guarantee of good faith.—ED.]

D. A. BARKER.—[No puzzles or stories can be returned. All those accepted are published in the Magazine, and no communication can be held direct with the sender except in the case of medals and prizes to be forwarded.—ED.]

KATE STAPLES.—[Stories may be sent at any time.—ED.]

L. SHEATHER.—[Books may be consulted for information, but must not be copied from,—ED.]

F. D. SMITH.—[1. Under 17 for puzzles and for some of the special prize competitions. 2. Yes; answers should be short.—ED.]

## PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book, and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour, will be given for the best short and original description of this Picture. A smaller book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best description relatively to the age of the Competitor. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their letters must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of March next (the 15th of March for Competitors residing abroad). See also "Silver Medals" paragraph in "The Editor's Pocket-Book" page 180.

## TWO FOURPENNY BITS.

*By the Author of "Poor Nelly," "Tiny Houses," &c.*

## CHAPTER VII.—OUTSIDE.



or that if they did pay a long visit they would not have invited some of them to enter also.

"When we have picked *all* the roses and honeysuckles," said Louie, sarcastically, "we shall have done what she told us, and then I suppose we may be permitted to occupy ourselves as we like. Fancy any rational beings *set* to work on wild roses and honeysuckles, as if they were French verbs or history!"

"Rather pleasanter than either, though, in my opinion," said Adelaide Lester. "French verbs are my pet aversions, and I dislike history almost as much as geography."

"All lessons are abominable," replied Louie, calmly; "but I don't particularly care for wild flowers either. I wish we had something to eat."

"Are you hungry?" said Adelaide, surprised.

"Not particularly, but I like eating. I don't want a beef-steak or a potato, but I should like a tart or a cake."

"You will get cake at tea-time," said Charlotte Hopkins.

"Yes, I shall, and uncommonly plain cake too. We never eat anything but cake in Jamaica—plum cake instead of bread-and-butter, and fruit all day long, and plovers' eggs where you have stupid hens'; and—and—there are lobsters as large as the largest salmon you ever see, and whose ears are considered such delicacies that great epicures—my uncle was a great epicure—have a dish—a delicious dish—made of lobsters' ears only."

EANTIME, the girls who had been left outside together honeysuckles and wild roses found the time hang a little heavy on their hands. They had no idea that the trio who had entered the farm house meant to stay so long,

"Only lobsters haven't any ears," said Adelaide Lester, coolly.

"Oh, haven't they, though! Not your ridiculous little English lobsters, perhaps. Why *should* they have ears when there's nothing for them to hear worth hearing? But it's very different in Jamaica. There's no reason why lobsters shouldn't have ears there."

"And how many lobsters does it take for their ears to make a dish?" asked Charlotte Hopkins, who, as we have said before, was not very bright.

"Oh, from thirty to forty-four or five, dependent on the size of the dish."

"And don't they eat the lobsters too?"

"No; they give them to the pigs. The pigs in Jamaica are very particular; they won't eat anything but lobsters and poached eggs; they are fed on them entirely."

"Poached plovers' eggs?"

"No; goose and turkey eggs."

"I really wonder, Louie," said Adelaide Lester, "how you can talk such stuff."

"Is it stuff?" asked Louie, with an air of great simplicity. "Well, I don't like stuff. When I am of age I never mean to wear a stuff dress—only silk in the morning and silver gauze for dinner."

"And I mean to have what I never shall," said Charlotte Hopkins, firmly and hopelessly—"a ruby velvet dress with a diamond brooch."

"For all that," said Louie, "I return to what I began with—that I should like to have something to eat. Look here, won't it be fun? Let's run into the village—it is only across those two fields—and buy some goodies."

"I don't think they would like us to do that," said Louisa.

"Oh, we'll be back before she knows anything about it. It's nonsense being kept so strict. Did any of them *tell* you not to go into the village and buy goodies?"

"Well, not exactly; but then it's such a matter of course that we shouldn't do it."

"Come along, Adelaide, if just for the fun of the thing."

"You are not in earnest, Louie," said Adelaide, rather doubtfully.

Louie looked hard at her, and then tossed her head and gave her broad smile.

"Oh no," she said, "of course I am not in earnest."

"I heard of a girl who was not allowed to buy

cakes at the pastrycook's," said Charlotte in an awestruck voice ; "but, most unfortunately, she had a penny, and, most unfortunately, she had a hole in her pocket. Three times the penny fell through the hole in her pocket when she was playing by herself in the garden, and the third time she said, 'Bother that penny ; it will have to be spent !' I think she must have been rather a vulgar girl. So she took the penny in her hand because of the hole in her pocket, and she slipped out of the garden, and went to the pastrycook's, which must have been very near, I suppose, and she bought a cake and ate it up as fast as ever she could. She didn't know that some poison had been put into the cake by mistake ; and the poison worked and worked in her so that she shrivelled up and shrivelled up till nobody knew her. Her own papa and mamma did not know her at last, and had her turned out of the house as a stranger. I think it is a very shocking story."

"But, my dear Charlotte," cried Louisa, "you don't believe it, do you ?"

"Whoever told you such a story as that?" said Adelaide. "You may be quite sure that whoever it was was making game of you."

"Oh ! I heard it a long time ago. Jack told me —my brother Jack, who is a sailor."

Then Louisa Hopkins laughed, but still she looked a little vexed.

"What a shame !" she said. "Poor old Jack ! He was only quizzing you. He ought not to invent things that way, but he does, you know, just for fun. Sailors do, I believe," she added, apologetically.

"I am glad you do not think it was true," said Charlotte, gravely, "because it is so very shocking."

"Let us all of us tell a story," cried Louie. "Charlotte has told hers, and I think we can hardly surpass it ; but let every one tell the best that they can."

"*You* will have no difficulty after the lobsters," said Adelaide.

"I wish it *was* after the lobsters," replied Louie, with unruffled good humour. "I should uncommonly like to have a bit of lobster to eat, with a dash of vinegar and a *soufflon* of salt and pepper."

"My story shall be about a cat," said Adelaide Lester. "My cousin Bridget had a cat ; it was a sort of happy-family cat, because there was a bird also—a very nice green linnet that Bridget liked, and so did the cat. It was allowed to fly about the room sometimes, and pussy never interfered with it at all ; and when she had kittens she taught them to respect it also—two fat little kittens, one tabby and one white-and-black ; and at first they were inclined to take liberties with the bird, but the cat would roll them over, and slap their faces,

and keep them in very good order. And once Bridget found the cat standing between the kittens and the bird and hissing at the bird to frighten it away, and when it flew up she made a rush at the kittens, and seemed inclined to punish them so severely that Bridget had to interfere in their favour. That was curious enough ; but the cat was kinder even than that in her defence of the bird ; for one fine summer morning, when the cage was put in the open window, Bridget heard a tremendous noise, and running into the room, she found puss sitting in front of it, and actually fighting with a very large strange cat to keep it off the cage with the little green linnet inside."

"That is a very nice story of a cat," said Charlotte Hopkins. "I am uncommonly fond of cats, and always was ; but I did not know that instead of eating birds they would defend them like that."

"If Eugenie chooses a bird," said Louisa, laughing, "we shall have to give her a cat to protect it from cats. My story must come now, I suppose. I really have not the least idea what it can be about. I wish they would make haste and come out, and interrupt me before I have begun."

"Which would be a very Irish thing for them to do," said Adelaide, laughing. "But do make haste and begin, Louisa, for it will be very unfair on us who have told our stories if we don't get your stories in return ; and they have been so long that they *must* make their appearance soon now."

"Not they," said Louie, mournfully. "I've no doubt Mrs. Palmer is giving them something nice to eat—honey, or strawberries and cream, or something or other that is quite delicious."

"Oh ! don't say that," cried Charlotte ; "it would be too hard upon us."

"How fond you two are of eating," said Louisa. "I suppose it was to cure you of your love of good things, Charlotte, that poor Jack made up that tale of the poisoned tart for you."

"Come, Louisa, instead of saying such things to me you had better tell your own tale, or we shall never get Louie's, which I am sure will be worth hearing."

"I wish she would tell hers first, then, I'm sure."

"No," said Louie ; "mine is of a wild man who lives in a cave in Jamaica and eats children, so it had better be the last—any other will be so tame after it."

"I knew it would be about eating," said Louisa.

"Now, really, Louisa, you must make haste," interrupted Adelaide. "We shall have to fine you if you don't take your turn properly."

"Very well," said Louisa. "A gentleman gave his wife a beautiful, magnificent diamond ring, and

after a time he found she never wore it. And he asked her about it, and she said it was too handsome to wear every day, and she had put it very safely by ; and then they went to some parties, and still she never wore her ring. And at last he got quite angry, and said, she was very unkind, and there was no use in his making her presents, and she must wear it. So she burst out crying, and said, it was too small for her, and hurt her finger ; but she had not liked to tell him because it was so valuable, she thought it would vex him. He laughed at her, and declared there was nothing in the world easier than to have it enlarged, and if she would bring it down to him when she dressed for dinner he would send it to his jeweller at once. She got as white as a sheet, and never made any reply. But when she went to dress for dinner she did not come down again, and so he ran up-stairs to look for her, and there she was in bed. And she could hardly say a word to him, except that she was very ill. She kept her bed for nine days, and he never thought any more about the diamond ring, for he was fond of his wife, and anxious and unhappy at her being so ill. On the ninth day he went out fishing to get a salmon trout for her dinner, and he brought it up to her himself on a little tray, and when he cut the trout he felt his knife coming against something hard, and you can just imagine his amazement when out fell the diamond ring. There was a great scene, as I need not tell you, and then his wife confessed that the ring was really too large for her, not too small ; and one day, when she was leaning over the river to gather some water-lilies, it had fallen off her finger, and she had seen a fish snap it up. But she was so frightened lest he should be angry that she had not dared tell him."

"Oh, Louisa !" said Charlotte, "is that true ?"

"Not a word of it," cried she, readily ; "it is only a story."

"But it is a very immoral story," said Adelaide, "because the wife tells such a lot of falsehoods."

"Charlotte interrupted me—it is not a bit immoral, really. He was very angry indeed with her on account of her having deceived him. 'Any one may drop a diamond ring into a river and see a fish snap it up—that is only an accident that may occur,' he said; 'I should not have been in the least angry at that—it is the deception.'

"I think it is a very foolish story," said Charlotte.

"So do I," replied Louisa, "and I hope nobody will ever ask me to tell a story again—I have no talent in that direction. Now then, Louie, let us have your wild man in the cave."

But just then Miss Martyn, with Floss and Emmy, made their appearance, and the outsiders were all

too anxious to hear what had been going on inside the farmhouse to have any thought to spare for story-telling.

Emmy was delighted to tell them all about it, and announced in one breath that poor Eugenie had a very bad cough and had chosen a bird.

"And where shall we get the bird?" asked Louie.

Ah ! where indeed ? That was now the question, and a question of the utmost importance. It was easy to club money together till seventeen shillings and two fourpenny bits had been raised, and it was easy to give Eugenie her choice and for Eugenie to choose a bird ; but where was the chosen bird to come from ? In all Chelmsleigh there was not a shop where a bird could be bought.

"We shall have to ask Mrs. Midhurst ; she will tell us what to do," Floss said.

"People who live in the colonies and even in India can get things," remarked Emmy, "so surely we must be able."

She spoke in a very hopeful manner, but still with a shade of anxiety in her face.

"It would be quite easy in Jamaica," said Louie, calmly. "We should only send a servant out to catch it."

"Oh ! I should like to be that servant," said Emmy, earnestly.

"If Mrs. Midhurst does not suggest a better way," said Miss Martyn, "I am almost sure I can help you by writing to my brother, who lives in London. He is very good-natured, and I am sure will buy a canary for us."

"And how soon could he do so, Miss Martyn ?" cried Emmy, with sparkling eyes.

"We shall get home in time for me to write by to-night's post—then he will get my letter at breakfast to-morrow. And really, Emmy, I don't see why he should not buy the bird that very day, and send it off that very evening, or by an early train next morning."

"And what day will that be ? Let me see—this is Thursday : that will be Saturday. Oh, Miss Martyn, I do hope very much that Mrs. Midhurst will not have a better plan, for it couldn't be so quick."

"Then I don't suppose it would be better, Emmy ?"

"Wouldn't it ?" said Emmy, doubtfully ; "only the best ways are sometimes so very slow ; and Mrs. Midhurst is particularly fond of the tortoise in the fable, while I am always so sorry for the poor hare—and she really likes saying, 'Most haste, least speed.' Once she gave it me for a copy, and I had to write it eleven times."

"Poor Emmy !" laughed Miss Martyn. "Well, I can't see any reason why we should not get the

canary bird as fast as we possibly can, and I don't think Mrs. Midhurst will see any reason either."

"I wonder what Eugenie will call it?" said Emmy, very thoughtfully. "I think Bijou the prettiest name there *can* be for a canary; but perhaps Eugenie may not think so, she may like something else better."

"Bijou being a French word, she may agree with you."

"Only there are so many French words," replied Emmy, sighing.

"Not so many as you imagine," said Louie, nodding her head in an important manner; "they count words in Jamaica, and know how many there are in each language: you don't do any of those sort of things here."

"We are too busy," said Floss. "You must have a great deal of time there if you can employ it in counting words."

"Indeed, I should hope so," was the reply.

"We have stayed so long at the farmhouse," said Miss Martyn, "that we really must hurry home."

"Yes, or you will not be able to write your letters for the post," said Emmy. "It is a great comfort, Miss Martyn, that you write so fast."

"Yes," said Charlotte; "and Miss Martyn always knows what to say, so that never stops her. I can write fast, but I never know what to say."

"Anybody would know what to say," said Emmy, "when it is about our canary. Miss Martyn, does your brother know who Eugenie is?"

"I am afraid not, Emmy."

"Well, you need not tell him, need you? That would take time. I suppose you need only say that it is most important—most particularly important—to have the bird here as soon as possible? Wouldn't that be enough, Miss Martyn?"

"Quite enough, Emmy; and if I just add that it is for a sick child, my brother will be sure to get it and send it off, even if he went without his dinner in order to do so."

"That would be very good of him," said Emmy, serenely; "but I should not like him to go without his dinner."

"And I don't want to go without my tea," said Louie, upon which they all set off walking as fast as they possibly could. Emmy was very happy. She could think of nothing but the pleasure of her visit to Eugenie, and the more than pleasure it would give her when the bird actually arrived, and was actually presented to her poor little sick friend. She really found greater delight in that idea than if the canary was to be her own, though she had often ardently desired to possess a singing bird; but she fully comprehended in practice, whatever she might do in theory, the greater

happiness that lies in giving than in receiving. Floss was not quite so perfectly glad as Emmy, because she thought Eugenie looked very ill, and she was afraid she must suffer a great deal; while Miss Martyn, being older and more experienced than either of the others, was the least content of the three. She felt really alarmed about Eugenie, and was not at all sure that when Monsieur De Bois declared, with the tears running down his cheeks, that Eugenie was dying, that Monsieur De Bois did not speak the truth.

This thought made Miss Martyn feel very sorrowful, and when she looked at the six happy, healthy girls who surrounded her she sighed, for she knew that at any moment it might please God to lay one of them also on a bed of sickness, to suffer just as much as poor Eugenie was suffering now; and how would they bear it if such a lot was to be theirs? Would they feel and understand—feel as well as understand—that all came from the hand of a loving Father, and was sent only for their good? She intended to tell Mrs. Midhurst how very ill she could not help fearing Eugenie was, and to ask her if Dr. Nesbit, a really clever medical man, could not be sent to her instead of Mr. Brown, who kept a druggist's shop, and was not thought very skilful, or ever called in, except for cases of trifling illness, or by people who could not afford to consult Doctor Nesbit.

Miss Martyn's own parents had not been rich, and she knew by experience how very much the want of money adds to the anxiety and sorrow of sickness, and she felt there was no more binding duty than for those who could afford it to help at such a time those who could not, and to spare them this bitter pain.

"Mrs. Midhurst is so kind, that I am almost sure she will agree in this, and will do what she can," thought the pupil-teacher to herself; "but if it should so happen that she does not think it necessary, I will willingly take a pound from my own little store, and ask Dr. Nesbit to pay Eugenie a visit, so that we may have his opinion of her state and also of the treatment that will be best for her. Eugenie is all that Monsieur De Bois has in the world to love him, or be loved by him, and we must save her for him if we possibly can."

When they all went up-stairs to prepare for tea, Emmy opened her Tunbridge-ware box, and peeped at her two fourpenny bits.

"The little dears!" she said, affectionately; "I was always fond of them, but now I am fonder of them than ever."

"Then I suppose you won't like to part with them?" laughed Floss.

"Oh, Floss! and when you *know* I am only



WAITING OUTSIDE THE FARM. (See p. 193.)

fonder of them because of Eugenie—and because I find they are so useful, as well as so nice."

"And what will you do when you have no longer got them to look at?"

"I shall remember that Eugenie has her bird to look at instead," replied Emmy, with some dignity of manner; but Floss immediately kissing her, the dignity melted away, while she kissed her in return.

Louie joined them as they ran down-stairs. "Well, that is all over at last," said she; "and a good thing too. I'm tired of it all, are not you?"

"Tired of what?" asked Floss, surprised.

"I am not tired of anything," said Emmy; "I never am, except of my lessons."

"Oh! what a speech for the pattern prize child to make!"

"I am not a pattern prize child—am I, Floss? You shouldn't say such things to me."

And Emmy coloured so deeply that the tears sprang into her eyes.

"We don't make such a fuss about dancing-masters' children in Jamaica," said Louie.

"I dare say not," retorted Floss, "when you told me yourself there were no dancing-masters there."

"I never told you their children were not there—did I, though?" cried Louie; and Floss passed into the schoolroom, silenced.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—MISCHIEF AFLOAT.

MRS. MIDHURST approved of Miss Martyn's plan. "And I have written to my brother," said Miss Martyn, when they all met in the drawing-room after tea. "I can see no reason why the canary should not arrive to-morrow night or Saturday morning."

Emmy clapped her hands. "That is the most delightful thing I ever heard," she said. "I do wonder what his name will be? Will he have any name at all, do you think, Miss Martyn, before Eugenie gives him one?"

"Probably not, Emmy. I think most likely he has been called Dicky, and nothing else."

"I am glad of that. Dicky is not pretty, and is hardly more of a name for a bird than bird itself. Oh! I do wonder very much what Eugenie will call him; don't you, Miss Martyn?"

"I know a girl who called her bird Benjamin," said Adelaide.

"But that was really wrong," replied Emmy; "she had no *right* to call him Benjamin. Benjamin is not a bird-name at all. And it's rather horrid also."

"Will the canary come by train?" asked Adelaide.

"Oh, will they take a ticket for it?" cried Emmy. "Of course it will come first-class. It *can't* arrive till to-morrow evening, even if Miss Martyn's brother loses his dinner—and I don't want Miss

Martyn's brother to lose his dinner. I didn't from the first. How very, very long the time will seem till then! And even when he's come, I suppose we can't take him to Eugenie till after dinner on Saturday. That is another whole day more. Two whole days. Don't you think that two whole days is a very long time indeed, Miss Martyn, to have to wait for anything?"

"Yes, I am sure it is to you, for you have not lived such a very great many days yourself, Emmy."

"I have not lived such a great many days! Why it seems to me as if I had always been alive. I can't fancy how it can have been anything before I was born. And I am more than eight years old—years, you know—so I must have lived a great many days."

"How many days do you think there are in eight years?"

"Oh, Miss Martyn, such a great, great number, nobody could tell that, I'm sure. They could not, could they?"

"I don't think it would be so very difficult. How many days are there in a year?"

"There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year—I know that—and that *shows* what a very long time a year is. Three hundred and sixty-five! Such a number! when two days seem so much; but that is only in one year. Fancy how many there must be in eight years!"

"Can you tell me how much twice three hundred and sixty-five are, Emmy?"

"Twice three hundred and sixty-five? It sounds hard, but I know it is not really; it's just twice five, and twice six, and twice three: twice five are ten, nought and carry one, and twice six are twelve, and add one, which are thirteen—three and carry one, that's a three and a nought, thirty; and then twice three are six, and one makes seven, that is a seven and a three and a nought—that would be seven hundred and thirty. Do you *think* that can be right, Miss Martyn?"

"I think that it not only can be, but is, right, Emmy, and that you have done it very well in your head. So that is two years, and two years is a quarter of your life. Now it will be just as easy to tell me what twice seven hundred and thirty—that is, twice nought, twice three, and twice seven—are as it was to find what three hundred and sixty-five, or twice five, twice six, and twice three made."

"Yes," said Emmy, "I see it will be just as easy; but that is odd, because we shall get such a great quantity of days that it *ought* to be more difficult."

"Now try this time to do it in your head silently, or only in a whisper to yourself, and see if you can tell me what it comes to."

Emmy looked very grave and earnest at this

idea, and set hard to work, her little lips quickly moving and her brow knit with intense thought. After some minutes' silence, she said, timidly, "Could it be one thousand four hundred and sixty, Miss Martyn? I suppose I'm wrong, but it seems to have increased so much more than it ought to have done—the seven hundred does not *seem* to be nearly so much more than the three hundred as this is than the seven; and it is four figures, which makes it very difficult. Do you *think* I have made it right? Would you like a pencil and a scrap of paper to see?"

"No, thank you, Emmy. Without either pencil or paper I will venture to decide that it could not be more right, that it is one thousand four hundred and sixty days—one-half that little life of yours. It won't be difficult now to double that, will it?"

"Yes, it would be very difficult indeed. I never could double four figures without pencil and paper, I am quite sure I never could."

"Try, at any rate. You shall be the pencil and I will be the paper; you shall write the figures on me, as the pencil would, and I will retain them, and show them to you afterwards like the paper. You can certainly tell me how much twice one thousand are."

"They are two thousand, of course."

"Very well; and twice four hundred is as easy, is it not?"

"Twice four hundred are eight hundred. But you are doing it from the wrong end, Miss Martyn."

"Never mind that if it makes it easier. It is well to be able to add up figures in your head any way. Now, how much is twice sixty?"

"But that is difficult, you know; twice sixty must be such a very great deal."

"Twice nought is nought—go on."

"And twice six are twelve, that is one hundred and twenty. But oh! Miss Martyn, we must be all wrong here, for we have got two thousand and eight hundred to add to one hundred and twenty, and we can't do that anyhow."

"Yes, indeed we can. Add one hundred and twenty to eight hundred and you have—"

"Why, of course you have nine hundred and twenty."

"Very well; then here you have on your paper—that's me, you know—two thousand nine hundred and twenty days, and if you add to that two months, or sixty days, and five days, or sixty-five days—which you are more than eight years old—we discover that the number of days you have lived are two thousand nine hundred and eighty-five, and that therefore it is no wonder if you think your life

is a very long one and feel yourself to be uncommonly old."

"No, indeed," said Emmy, very gravely. "I hardly thought there *could* be so many days as that."

"I had rather *not* know how many days I have lived," said Charlotte Hopkins, who had been listening to the calculation with open mouth, hopeless of following it, but interested in the result. "I think it would be disagreeable; it sounds like a sort of a debt."

"A debt to time if it has 'been misspent,'" said Miss Martyn, smiling.

The next day everybody had to be employed just as usual and everything to be done in the ordinary manner, although nobody knew whether Mr. Martyn had really either received his sister's letter or bought the canary.

After dinner they were all out in the grounds, amusing themselves in various ways, when Louie called Emmy to her.

She had been talking some time, apart with them, to the Hopkinesses, and they had been away for some time before this, and it was then that Louie called Emmy.

"I have left something wrapped up in a shawl down on the bank by the hedge that is between the paddock and the road, in the corner under the trees where the gate is. Will you run down, Emmy, and fetch it for me, like the good little girl that you are?"

Emmy liked praise, and she also liked to do what she was asked; so she willingly consented.

"And you must not say a word about it to any one—honour bright, you know! It is a surprise I am planning, and nobody must know a word about it."

"Oh, very well, I won't tell; I like surprises."

"You had better not go till we are all going in; perhaps there will be less chance of your being noticed."

Emmy nodded her head in a manner that showed she quite enjoyed this little commission.

"I must take great care not to be seen," she said.

After that, Louie and Emmy had a great deal of confidential talk together, and Emmy went into the house, and when she came back she went up to Louie, and they had more talk still.

Floss saw nothing of this. She had been playing down-stairs with Adelaide, and the two girls were now resting themselves in one of the seats under the chestnut-trees and talking; they were discussing different things, and drifted into a conversation about education in general, and their life at Chelmsleigh House in particular.

"I think it is nonsense keeping us so strict," Adelaide said. "We are most of us nearly grown-up—we shall soon be quite grown-up, and then it will be all over; and why do we require it one bit more now than we shall then? And why are we bound to submit to all the rules and regulations that are made for us?"

Floss was hot and tired with the game she had been playing. She felt comfortably lazy, and not at all inclined for argument. Adelaide Lester was rather fond of an argument, and Floss thought she was talking now for the sake of a discussion, so she only said, "What revolutionary notions!"

"No; not revolutionary," answered Adelaide. "I quite see that we are bound to keep Mrs. Midhurst's hours, and to study, and walk, and do all that she tells us. It would be revolutionary to think that the mistress of a house and of a school was not to settle all that, and that we were not bound to submit; but what is not revolutionary, but only common sense, only rational, is to do what we like during the time we have to ourselves. We are responsible beings, and it is we, not she, who are in question."

"I don't know what you mean," said Floss, lazily.

"Louie does not think she really intends us to obey in all the things she tells us to do or not to do," replied Adelaide. "It is like a doctor papa called in once, who said he must not eat this, that, and the other, mentioning almost everything eatable, I believe, and that he must dine every day at two o'clock, and all manner of restrictions; and when he found papa had really carried out all his horrible orders, had not touched vegetables or wine, and had refused several invitations to dinner, he almost apologised, and said he had not meant exactly *that*, but patients always did so much less than doctors desired them to do that doctors had to order ever so much more."

"And I wonder what all that long story has to do with Mrs. Midhurst?"

"I think it is just the same kind of thing, and that she, knowing we shan't attend to half she tells us, says half as much again as she means."

"But I think that is great nonsense, and not very complimentary to either Mrs. Midhurst or to us."

"It is less complimentary to suppose we require to be kept so strict night and day, or that she thinks we require it," replied Adelaide.

"I declare I believe you got all this from Louie Lincoln; I never heard a word like it from you before; and I heard your two voices murmuring last night long after you ought both of you to have been going to sleep. You know we are not allowed to talk after the candles are put out."

"And that is exactly a case in point. I can't consider that I am disobeying her, for I can't believe she really means by that rule what it seems to mean. She only intends that we are to behave like rational beings, and not gossip half the night, so as to be unfit to get up at six in the morning, and she makes the general rule because she can't very well specify that we are to leave off talking at ten, or half-past, or any fixed hour; but if she knew that we just talked long enough, and not too long, and that we were all right next day, she would not mind, and she could not have any business to mind."

"Well, I hope you will explain that quite to her satisfaction before you do it. If she agrees, there's no harm done; and if she doesn't agree, you will see that you have mistaken her intentions."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind; but I quite think that what I mean is carrying out the spirit of the rules, and that you would carry out only the letter."

"Now, Adelaide, you are arguing for argument's sake."

"And you are not arguing at all."

"I never said I was. Where is Louie, now? did you see her?"

"Yes; I saw her go down the garden walk and disappear among those trees in the paddock; and there is Emmy watching her with all her eyes. Emmy does not look a bit like herself to-night; what's the matter with the child?"

"I suppose she is excited about the canary's arrival; we might hear of it any moment now. I hope the last train won't come in without the bird, so that all the expectations must be done over again to-morrow morning."

When Louie returned from among the trees, where she had remained some time, Emmy ran eagerly to meet her, and looked at her empty hands with considerable surprise.

"I thought you had gone to fetch it yourself," said she. "I thought you had changed your mind about me."

"Indeed, no," replied Louie. "You must run

down as soon as we turn to go into the house, and bring it up as quickly as possible, and when you are outside my door you must cough twice, and I will come out and take it, for I don't want Adelaide to see."

"Because of the surprise," replied Emmy, greatly interested. "I shall cough in this way," and she gave a couple of coughs. "Will that do, Louie?"

"Yes. And now remember, you must not feel the parcel, or peep, or try to make out what is in it."

"I should not have *thought* of peeping; and you really mean that I must not feel it or think about it?"

"Yes, I do really mean that."

"I will do my very best; of course, I need not feel it, and I will try not to think about it or to guess," said Emmy, who was the soul of honour.

Louie nodded her head approvingly.

"Louie," said Emmy, presently, "you don't think I shall be frightened, do you, walking down there when it is almost dusk, under the trees to get something I mustn't even feel?"

"What should you be frightened at, you little goose? I suppose you have been under those trees before?"

"Yes, but not so late by myself, and for a PURPOSE," replied Emmy. "Do tell me just one little thing, Louie: is it alive?"

"If you press it, it will go off in your hands with a great bang and blow you up!"

"Oh, Louie! I shan't fetch it at all—I can't."

"You have promised."

"Did I promise you? Are you sure I promised?"

"Yes, I am quite sure you promised."

"But it won't really go off, Louie?"

"Not if you are a good girl, and do just what I bid you."

"Oh, I hope this day will be longer than other days!" sighed poor little Emmy. "I shall be so frightened when you all go into the house."

Even as she spoke the bell rang which was their summons for making preparations for tea.



"EMMY PEEPED AT HER TWO FOURPENNY BITS" (p. 196.)

"Now then, Emmy," said Louie, "remember your promise, and don't forget the two coughs."

"I shan't forget," replied Emmy, faintly.

"Come, Emmy," called Floss from the distance, as she and Adelaide rose and walked towards the house, "make haste, or you will be late for tea."

trees, and half hidden by the long grass. Emmy advanced and seized it, holding it lightly, in mortal terror lest it should go off. Just as she had taken it in her hand, a horrible noise, like an unearthly wail, sounded in her ears, and she gave a loud, shrill scream, and as nearly as possible



"SHE SAW MISS MARTYN ADVANCING TOWARDS HER" (p. 202.)

Emmy turned a deaf ear to the call, and as soon as the other five had all turned their backs on the paddock, she set off and ran towards it as fast as ever she could. She entered the paddock from the garden, and plunged in among the trees—starting at their shadows, and alarmed by every sound and movement. There it was, a small parcel of a nondescript shape, lying on the bank under one of the

dropped it. But the next moment, with a feeling of shame, she knew that what she had heard had been nothing more alarming than the low of a neighbouring cow. She felt so nervous and wretched after this fright that she set off as quickly as she could back to the house.

But Emmy's adventures were not over for this night. She was glad and relieved when she

passed out of the shadow of the trees and found herself in the kitchen garden, though she had a strong feeling, founded on nothing, that somebody was pursuing her, and would overtake her and snatch the precious trust from her hands. The danger, however, was really in front—not behind; and she almost screamed again when she saw Miss Martyn advancing towards her from the other end of the kitchen garden. For a moment she gave all up for lost, and, with a keen feeling of mortification, imagined how Louie would reproach her as unworthy of the trust she had put in her—and Emmy thought it a great thing to be trusted, and a terrible one to betray trust. Then, quick as lightning, she moved her parcel to the side furthest from Miss Martyn's approaching figure, and concealed it as well as she could with her jacket.

"Why, Emmy," said Miss Martyn, "I could not think who the little white figure was. Is it really you out here when you ought to be preparing for tea? Where are you going, my dear?"

"I am going home, Miss Martyn," replied poor Emmy, turning scarlet as she spoke.

"I have a headache," said Miss Martyn, "and am trying if the air will take it off. Will you tell Mrs. Midhurst that I shall come in before tea is over, but that I shall not eat anything, so my being late will make no delay. The last train is in, Emmy, and no canary bird, but I am sure it will arrive very early to-morrow morning."

With a pang that seemed like remorse Emmy found that she had forgotten the canary bird.

Was she fickle? Was she wanting in affection for Eugenie, or kindly interest in her happiness? Oh no; all that she felt about her and the bird rushed back to her heart as strongly as ever. If only she were in the house—if only she had coughed her two coughs—and the parcel was in Louie's possession!

Miss Martyn passed on, a little puzzled and surprised, both by meeting Emmy at all and by her manner when she was met. And Emmy breathed freely and began to run towards the house, really fearing that her troubles and anxieties would culminate in her being late for tea.

Turning sharply round the corner that led from the vegetable garden to the lawn, where shrubs grew high and concealed one side from the other, she came violently against some one who was also turning the same corner sharply in the opposite direction, and this some one being stronger than she was, as nearly as possible knocked her down.

When she recovered herself, she found that it was Charlotte Hopkins who had run against her, and she also found that her friend's parcel had been knocked out of her grasp.

The little white shawl that had been wrapped round it looked all dishevelled and the whole thing quite astray, as poor Emmy gathered it up most carefully into as much as possible the shape and size that it had shown before. "Oh, Charlotte! how could you?" she said, reproachfully.

"You're not half as much hurt as I am," replied Charlotte, who was vehemently rubbing her forehead, which had come up bump against Emmy's; "you're not half as much hurt as I am. My head feels all nohow; and if you don't make haste you'll be late for tea."

Emmy was only too glad to take advantage of the excuse and this permission not to explain herself, and so she ran hastily on to the house. When she reached the landing outside the bedroom doors, although she was almost too much out of breath to cough at all, she did contrive to give two little plaintive coughs.

Out rushed Louie, instantly.

"Oh, I have been waiting for hours!" she cried, with lively exaggeration, "and in such a fright! I thought I should have to go down to tea, and that you would come in late and be had up and examined with the parcel in your hand; and then there would have been an end of everything. I never would have sent you at all, Emmy, if I had known you were so slow. I wouldn't, indeed. I thought you were a quick little thing."

Poor Emmy's lips trembled and she felt ready to cry. Indeed it was with great difficulty that she suppressed a burst of tears.

"I couldn't help it, Louie," she said; "I came as fast as possible, but everybody met me."

"Everybody met you. Then I suppose everybody knows?"

"Nobody knows. I was so very careful, and that is better than fast."

"Oh, that's all right, then! Now run in and get ready for tea, like a good girl, or you will be late, and Mrs. Midhurst will ask questions. But whatever you do, mind you don't tell Floss a word—*mind, Emmy, mind.*"

"Yes, Louie, I will mind," replied Emmy, and as she spoke she went into the bedroom.

There she found that Floss had been good-naturedly waiting for her.

"Oh, you silly little thing!" cried she, catching hold of her and kissing her. "I know what you've been about, and you've made yourself late for tea, and I have stayed up here on purpose to help, so that you may *not* be late. Quick! off with your hat and jacket. Now then, I'll brush your hair. Here is some water—you can wash your hands while I'm doing it."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

## CHAPTER I.

**I**N the merry old days when giants and dwarfs were still to be seen and met with, when the birds of the air formed the professional orchestra of Nature, and the beasts ruled their own little kingdoms—in these merry times there was a great and powerful monarch among the frogs, who was of so jovial and generous a disposition that the whole nation rallied round him and upheld all his doings, greeting his every word and action with the cry of "Long live King Blob-cheek!" and defying any other people to outdo them in loyal devotion to the head of their race. The monarch was naturally gratified by their good opinion of him, as well as flattered by their perpetual praises, and wished above all things, as befitted a wise

king, to keep his subjects in good humour. His summer palace was under the broad burdock leaves that hung over a clear cool streamlet which rose in the Falkenstein mountains, flowed through fertile plains, and finally lost itself in the silver lake which might be seen in the distance by any bright-eyed frog who had the energy to mount a little hillock and look far away to the southward.

Here Sebold Blobcheck the bluff and brave held his court, and inaugurated national festivities one sunny May day, to which he summoned all the knights and men-at-arms who owned his sway. They gathered round him on a mossy knoll beneath the shadow of a great hawthorn tree,

and played all the games of skill and daring known in Frogland, while the king and his nobles, the representatives of all the county families, to say nothing of commoner folk, looked on in admiration and delight. First of all there were swimming matches, and then adroit individuals dived open-mouthed into the water without swallowing a drop. Others tried who could

snap worms up quickest, and swallow the most gnats during a single spring. Some stood on their hind legs and went through sham fights with wonderful éclat, while the younger ones danced and ran races.

As there were thus both land and water sports everybody's taste was gratified, and the entire populace croaked their applause till the noise was positively deafening; the musicians played on all their instruments at

once, a select choir sang the national melodies, and all who had even the ghost of a voice joined in the choruses, trilling out with especial gusto a quaint refrain which rang over the meadows and was re-echoed from every tuft of reeds by the stream:

" How happy are the golden days,  
When every glad to-morrow  
Brings hours of peace and joyous lays  
To hearts that know no sorrow."

Just when the revelry was at its height a dapper little gentleman came pricking through the wood towards the water. He wore a white fur coat with a coral necklace round his throat, his dainty



"BENEATH THE SHADOW OF A GREAT HAWTHORN TREE."



"THE WEAVER OF THE WHITE COAT ADVANCED TO MEET HIM."

hands were stuck into his golden girdle, and he brandished his long slender tail as though it had been a sword. He was followed by four attendants in suits of ashen grey, and sprang down close to the water's edge, where he stooped his head to drink till his whiskers glittered with pearly drops. After taking a long draught he licked his mouth and nose as though unwilling to lose a particle of the nectar he had quaffed, and said, "Water is sweeter than the sweetest milk when one is as thirsty as I was!"

A frog who watched the scene from a short distance ran off at full speed to tell his lord the king how five little beings had come out of the wood, one of whom was dressed in white with knightly ornaments, and treated by the others as a person of distinction. He expatiated especially on their whiskers, ears

erect as those of spirited horses, and hands resembling those of the children of men, and told how the more water the leader drank the better he seemed to like it.

"Go at once, Greencoat," said King Blobcheek, "make haste, and take ten soldiers with you. If the strangers are foes, take them prisoners; but if they are friends, escort them to my court."

Greencoat did as the king bade him, and set off in hot haste, and as soon as he caught sight of the new comers a second time perceived them to be mice. The wearer of the white coat advanced to meet him, saying—

"Good morning, sir! I came upon your stream just now when very thirsty after hunting, and am surprised to think that I have never seen you before. I hope you are quite well. If I can in any way repay you for the refreshing drink I have taken I shall be glad to do so,



KING BLOBCHEEK AND PRINCE CHEESETHIEF. (See p. 205.)

for gratitude is a very becoming virtue in both old and young."

This grand speech took Greencoat quite aback, but he was not going to be outdone, so he answered —

"Sir, my lord the king has been informed of your arrival, and has been graciously pleased to send your humble servant to inquire your name and rank, and to invite you to his court. As to the water, it is as free to all men as the sun and air, and you are welcome to it as a neighbour, and I hope I may add, as a friend."

"Exceedingly friendly," thought the stranger, "but I pay for what I have;" and he replied, "I am the Crown Prince, eldest son and heir apparent of the King of the Mice. You are exceedingly polite, but let me beg you to accept some little offering. I have here some cherry-stones out of the first ripe fruit gathered with my own hand. Or perhaps you would prefer two or three handfuls of wood-strawberries."

So saying he took the fruit from the pockets of his attendants and handed it politely to Greencoat, who snapped at the red berries so greedily with his wide mouth, that he nearly bit the Crown Prince's hand off. The latter was too prudent to take any notice, and though he did not much like crossing the water, accompanied his new acquaintance to the palace, where King Blobcheek was waiting to receive him dressed in his new spring mantle embroidered with gold, and his eyes sparkling like two stars. The Prince's followers were alarmed, but their master told them that fear ill befitted a king's son, and laying his right hand on his heart he bowed low with such a charming grace

that Sebold reached out first his royal sceptre, and then took the youth by the hand and conducted him to a seat opposite his own, saying how happy he was to see him, and inviting him to rest after his fatigues. The courtiers were ordered to withdraw, and they went away leaving the monarch and his guest together with the four men-at-arms as a guard of honour.

## CHAPTER II.

"My dear guest," said the king, "as soon as my people brought me word that you had entered my realm, I made haste to greet you and invite you hither. So now you must tell me all about your family and connections, who your father and mother are, and what race you belong to. If I find you worthy of the honour, I shall take you into my favour and give you all sorts of valuable presents, for I am very rich, and know how to behave to foreign princes. For my own part, I

am King Sebold, of the great house of Blobcheek. My father, the high-born Boghopper, married the water princess Quackia, and they were as splendid a pair as you ever set eyes on. Having said this much, I hope that you will be equally candid with me and tell me your family history."

"I am very much at your Majesty's service," replied the prince, "and grateful for your courtesy in condescending to talk familiarly with so young a person as myself. My dear mother, the Lady Sweet-tooth, and my honoured father, King Nibbler, named me Prince Cheesethief in my infancy. In childhood I was nurtured with the tenderest care, fed on the best of nuts, figs, and cake-crumbs, and



"I PUT TO THE ROUT A WHOLE BATTALION OF GNATS, FLIES, AND CHAFERS" (p. 206).

had a cosy apartment in the palace of my parents, which was the most luxurious mouse-hole you can imagine. My education was diligently attended to, and I grew up to be renowned for my wisdom. I soon discovered that my room was insufficient, for it is a poor mouse who has but one hole, and being dowered with many gifts—among which is a prophetic soul—I can always discern when a house is about to fall in ample time to make my escape from it. As to my deeds of prowess, small as I am, my heart is large and full of courage. Moles and lizards can do nothing against me. I once gripped a snake in the throat and held him till he was dead. I have turned the course of an advancing army of locusts by a sudden spring, hunted and slain crickets by the hundred; and only to-day, as I climbed up a cherry-tree, and shook a twig in gathering the fruit, I put to the rout a whole battalion of flies, gnats, and chafers. It has, however, been most wisely ordained, that every being should have its enemies, or we should grow too proud and self-sufficient. For my part, the horrid cat and the falcon threaten me continually, and that great rascal Reynard the fox is always on the look-out to kill and eat me. I must, however, crave your pardon, for I have talked so long about myself that I am quite ashamed, and you must be tired of listening."

"No, indeed," said King Blobcheek, looking at the little fellow kindly. "I am delighted, for one rarely finds that doughty deeds like yours are performed by a person of such courteous and modest manners. I am glad to know that you mice are a prudent people, and offer you my heartfelt friendship, as indeed I do to all who hold their own bravely and are contented with their lot."

"Your majesty is as wise as you are good," answered Prince Cheesethief. "Discontent is a terrible evil; and there is no greater wisdom than

that of making the best of things as one finds them. Apropos of this subject, did you ever hear the adventures of my cousin Citymouse?"

"No," said the king; "but I am deeply interested in anything you may choose to tell me of your illustrious relatives."

"You are too kind," rejoined the youth, and went on, only too pleased to have the opportunity of talking. "Citymouse, who is perhaps a little over-fond of good living, made an excursion into the country, and finding himself at no great distance from the abode of a distant connection on the mother's side named Barnmouse, thought he would call upon him, in the expectation that, as blood is thicker

than water, his kinsman would give him better entertainment than he was likely to get at an inn. The residence of his country cousin was situated in a bank at the root of an old oak-tree, and a very commodious dwelling it was, well furnished with beds and cushions of



"AT BARNMOUSE'S COUNTRY MANSION."

moss, garnished with goblets, drinking-cups, and cooking utensils of the finest nutshell, which is, you know, as much prized among us as old Dresden china is among men."

"Ah, indeed! but it bears no comparison with our snailshell ware, which I hope to show you to-morrow," observed the king.

"I suppose not; and to tell the truth, I am dying to see your majesty's collection. I am told it is unique," returned the prince. "But to continue my story. You may think how hospitably Citymouse was received at Barnmouse's country mansion, and how happy Barnmouse felt in being able to introduce him to his comely wife and lovely children. They gave the stranger the softest moss cushion they could find to sit upon, and were rather aggrieved when he turned it over, patted it to feel if it were dry, and smelt it as if he wished to make sure that it was quite sweet and clean. However, he said that his health

was delicate, and he had to be exceedingly particular in all matters of hygiene; so they forgave him. The table was spread by the younger daughters, while the mother got out and polished up a great piece of family plate, never used except on the grandest occasions. It was made of the shoulder-blade of a wild cat, and was as white as ivory and as smooth as glass. This she filled herself with brown bread-crumbs, and placed in the centre as the principal dish. It was surrounded by smaller ones, containing beans, peas, rice, wheat, shells full of honey, and cups of home-made birch wine. Barnmouse, at the head of his hospitable board, smiled serenely, and begged his guest to fall to. Citymouse just tasted a crumb, but refused everything else except the honey, which he declared to be of inferior flavour, and the wine, which he thought weak. The two eldest sons came in at that moment, and one made haste to open a small sack of beech-nuts that he had brought with him, while the other gave his sister a morsel of cheese, which she served in rural fashion on a sorrel leaf; and the youngsters, after washing their hands and faces, waited assiduously at table. They were terribly disappointed

when the visitor found the beech-nuts too oily and the cheese too old, and ransacked their stores for some of the last season's hips and haws, which, unfortunately, he declined eating. Then the father bethought him of a little piece of bacon which he had filched from a feast held some weeks before in the neighbouring farmhouse, and which his frugal spouse had laid by, in case of sickness or any other emergency. This also was set before the stranger, but he pronounced the word 'rusty,' put one delicate hand up to his nose, and turned his head away. Happily, there were some grapes for dessert, and of these he made a meal at last, for he ate the whole contents

of the dish. Poor Barnmouse felt quite humiliated, and told his kinsman that, though he had offered him of his best, he could see that it was not such fare as he was accustomed to. Citymouse bowed and smiled with a languishing air, and said he did not mind it once in a way, especially when he was in such agreeable company, glancing graciously at Mrs. B. as he spoke; but he was deeply grieved that a member of his family should live in such an out-of-the-way place, and bring up his children on food only fit for swine. If his cousin would take his advice he would remove at once to the town, where there were wonderful educational advantages, and no need to work for a living, as the best of food might be had for the trouble of picking it up and eating it. Barnmouse said he wished to advance with the times, and would pay a visit to the town, and see what it was like. So at midnight, when men slept, the two set off together, ran swiftly over the fields in the moonlight, crept softly under the locked gates without disturbing the watchman, and entered the house where Citymouse lived by a chink between the door and the stonework, which admitted them into the hall, whence they went direct to the dining-

room. There had been a supper party that evening, and all sorts of delicacies were still on the table, and a little red or white wine in most of the glasses. Citymouse ran up the tablecloth in a trice, but Barnmouse only sprang on a velvet chair and nibbled at a sugarstick he found there. His host, however, bade him come up higher, so he jumped on the table and munched some crystallised fruit, after which he drank a little wine, and expressed his opinion that with so many good things around him he would never want to change his quarters. At this moment the master of the house woke up, feeling so ill that he imagined himself dying. His groans speedily aroused his wife and children and all the



"THE TWO SET OFF TOGETHER."



"THE OWLS SEIZE US UNAWARES"  
(p. 209).

men and maids. The little ones stood crying round his bed ; the wife sent a man off for the doctor, one maid for the vinegar, and another for some brandy. The vinegar was on the uncleared supper table, and when the servant rushed in to get it, the cat followed, mewing, at her heels, and the dog barked as though the house were full of thieves. Citymouse darted like lightning into a hole, and Barnmouse ran hither and thither, in terrible fear of puss, who, however, departed with a bit of fish she had found under the table, and took no notice of him. By-and-by the sick man went to sleep, the servants retired to rest, and the hubbub in the house subsided ; and Citymouse ventured once more out of his hiding-place, called to his visitor, who crept forth trembling from behind the stove, and invited him to go on eating. But

Barnmouse said his heart beat so fast that his appetite was quite gone, and asked if such alarms and noises were frequent in the town, as, if so, he should be very sorry to live there always. The other told him they were of daily occurrence, but were nothing when one was used to them. Then Citymouse exhorted his visitor to take a sugared almond, which was highly recommended by the faculty for palpitation of the heart. Barnmouse, however, shook his head, bade him good-bye, and said he must be going, for he should very much like to get home before his wife was up. Citymouse upbraided him for his cowardice and want of spirit, and told him he would never have such a chance of a feast again ; but it was in vain, and the country cousin departed to his more humble but peaceful home."



"THE KING PLUNGED AT ONCE INTO SHALLOW WATER" (p. 210).

## CHAPTER III.

"THANK you," said King Blobcheek; "I have spent quite a pleasant hour in listening to your story. How true it is that every station has its pains as well as its pleasures! Curiously enough, at this identical time I and my subjects are in danger from some of the same enemies as yourself and your people on dry land; the kite pounces down on us, and the owls who screech and hoot at us the live-long night seize us unawares, and in the water we are beset by ducks, swans, eels, and pike, one and all of whom desire nothing better than to snap up as many of us as they can catch. Now, though I do not intend to burden myself with any state questions on this festive occasion, I should very much like to know how so clever a nation as yours meets and deals with its foes. Do not be afraid of speaking out; and even if you make my flesh creep with the horrors you relate, I shall have the satisfaction of learning wisdom from your experience."

"I can tell you such dreadful things as will bring your heart into your mouth," replied Cheesethief; "but the worst and most dangerous of our adversaries has no especial enmity towards you. Man is a perfect ogre to us, and thirsts unceasingly for our blood. He makes the prettiest little houses imaginable, with the most convenient doors and windows, puts delicious fried bacon inside, and sets them in the middle of our most frequented roads. One naturally goes inside just to have a look round and taste the flavour of the bacon, when click goes the lock, and you find yourself a prisoner. Sentence of death is passed on you

without a shadow of law or justice, and you are either delivered over to the cat or drowned. Sometimes our arch-enemy makes a bridge across a pail of water towards a piece of toasted cheese, but however carefully one treads, the bridge breaks, you are precipitated into the water, and it is all over with you. Some of us are wise enough to be up to all these tricks, but even then man scatters flour or meal in our way, and we eat it without fear. This is repeated two or three times, and when we are convinced that there is no harm in it he mixes with it a poisonous white powder, which makes us thirsty, sets a pan of water within our reach, to which we rush in our agony, drink deep draughts, and die on the spot."

"You are indeed a persecuted race!" exclaimed the king. "How thankful we frogs ought to be that mankind indulge in no such cruelties towards us!"

Cheesethief continued, "I owe a great deal to my dear mother, who early taught me to beware of the cat and other dangers that beset a young mouse on his entry into the great world. She never wished to keep me tied to her apron-string, and said that a mouse who had been educated exclusively at home was sure to be foolish and narrow-minded."

"You are indeed a mouse of learning and experience," said King Blobcheek, rising, "and I should like to entertain you right royally at my winter palace in the lake. In fact, I am so enamoured of your manners and talents that I will treat you as my son, and even share my throne with you. You shall ride on my back, and I will carry you home myself."



"A HUGE WATER-SNAKE BORE DOWN UPON THE PARTY" (p. 210).

"Your majesty overwhelms me with favours," replied the prince, "but I, who ought to kneel before you, could not think of taking the liberty of riding on your back; and besides, I am not accustomed to the water, and must beg you to excuse me."

"I begin to think that you are a bit of a coward," said Blobcheek, frowning. "Where is the courage you have been talking about so largely? Fear ill befits a king's son, you know. Come, sit on my back, and don't be afraid. You will not break it, and I will take you home without so much as turning a hair of your pretty coat."

The little prince did not like this at all, but he could not bear to be thought a coward, so he answered: "If your majesty is in earnest about this journey, you will not find me lacking in courage to undertake it."

The king took him at his word, stooped down at once, and Cheesethief jumped upon his back, put both arms firmly round his neck, planted his feet on the thighs of his steed, and, with many misgivings, declared himself ready to start.

His four followers were similarly mounted. The king plunged at once into shallow water, his standard-bearer swam before him, and accompanied by a strong escort, the cavalcade proceeded down the stream towards the lake. The prince at first thought the motion very agreeable, but as they went on little waves came rolling over his feet and wetted his fur coat. He did not relish this; and presently he perceived that land had been lost sight of and his bearer was steering for the middle of the lake, pursued by a swan. Blobcheek dived to evade his enemy, and Cheesethief, now thoroughly alarmed and wet to the skin, prayed and wept and cursed, but all in vain. The king rose to the surface again, and comforted him as well as he could; but at that moment a huge water-snake bore down upon the party. The terrified frogs thought only of saving themselves, and let their riders slip off their backs in a twinkling. The prince and his attendants kept themselves afloat for a few minutes, but their wet fur incommoded them, and they all sank into a watery grave.

*(To be concluded.)*

## WHAT ARCHIE SAW THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

### II.—THE INFUSORIA.

HEN Archie saw the Hydra die, as he thought, and felt impelled to go downstairs and make a humble confession of the mischief he had done, he mentally resolved never to go near the microscope again, nor meddle with anything belonging to it; but when he found that he had done no real harm, and that his father was not angry, his courage and curiosity revived, and he thought, after his recent experience, that the microscope would prove an invaluable resource for those hours in a little boy's life when it is too wet to go out—when he has read all his books, grown tired of his toys, lost the indispensable colours out of his paint-box, and, in a word, has nothing to do.

Mr. Hydra Viridis having been such a very entertaining gentleman, and having mentioned in the strictest confidence his cousin Stentor, of the Infusoria family, Archie pricked up his ears one day as he heard his papa remark to a friend—

"It really is a great mistake to call them Infusoria at all, and we ought to abandon the term; for though many of them do live in infusions, vast numbers inhabit both fresh and sea water."

Archie knew what an infusion was, for his

mamma had told him long before that she "infused" tea and coffee by pouring boiling water on the leaves or powder to extract the strength, but that the beef-tea he had when his throat was so sore was a decoction, because the meat was boiled in the water till all the goodness came out of it. He thought it sounded very funny that anything should *live* in tea, but was wise enough to go on listening.

"It is more sensible to call them Microzoa and Protozoa," said the gentleman addressed; and then he and papa went down the garden to get a little water out of the pond where the gold fish lived and the water-lilies grew, and carried it into the study, where they shut themselves up for an hour, while Archie was left to his own devices.

Playing a game of marbles with one's self is not very entertaining, but Tom was out; and yet marbles were the things that suited Archie's fancy that morning, though he was getting tired of them by the time he heard steps come out of the study, and the closing of the hall door as the visitor went away. So he put the marbles in his pocket and sauntered up to his father, who did not seem to be particularly busy, and asked if he might go with him.

"Yes," said papa. "But where do you want to go?"

"Into the study to look through the microscope," was the prompt reply. So papa took him and gave him a stool to stand upon, so that he might see properly.

There was only a drop of water under the glass, but for the number of creatures swimming about in it, it might have been an ocean. Some of them were oblong, with bristles at each end; others had short spines all over them; some resembled a small horn; and just as Archie was watching a fellow who looked like a tiny beer-barrel, with one mouth at the top and another at the bottom fringed with a coarse kind of moustache, he changed his shape and became a three-cornered lump of flesh, without any hairs or bristles at all.

"Oh, papa," cried Archie, "one of these—fishes—is turned into a triangle!"

Of course papa came to look, and after a minute or so told Archie to have another peep.

"Oh, I declare! here's a starfish," said Archie; "and the triangle is gone!"

"You have been looking at one of the Protei," said papa. "Did you ever hear of Proteus?"

"No."

"Well, Proteus was a great conjuror who could change himself into any shape he pleased, and because these curious little creatures can assume all sorts of forms we call them after him—Protei, which is the plural of Proteus, you know."

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Archie, finding himself suddenly launched into the comparatively familiar sphere of his Latin grammar.

"And were those two words that gentleman said this morning anything of that sort?"

"What words?" asked papa.

"Why," replied Archie, "you said it was a mistake to call some things—I forgot the name, something like *infusion*—and he said two hard words, and I'm sure one of them began with P."

"I understand," was the answer; "but I did not know you were listening. He said it would be better to call them Microzoa and Protozoa; the first name only means *little animals*, and the second one *first animals*, or the earliest beginnings of animal life, and both words are taken from the Greek."

Archie merely said "Oh!" and did not show any sign of being tired of the new toy; so papa shut up some books and replaced them on his shelves, and after making sundry other little preparations for leaving the room, said—

"Come, Archie, that will do. I am going out now, and you can amuse yourself in the schoolroom till Tom comes back."

"Oh, do let me stay here," pleaded Archie. "I do so want to see if this little animal" (he was afraid to venture on the long word) "will turn back into a beer barrel!"

"Very well," said his father. "Only don't attempt to move anything, and shut the door after you when you go out."

Archie had a great idea that, as he was only a little one, perhaps the creatures would be inclined to talk when they saw nobody there but him, and he was not mistaken. First of all, there was a whispering sound, and then the horn-shaped fellow asked—

"Can't you give me something to eat? Two of my stomachs are quite empty!"

"Two of your stomachs!" said Archie. "That's a pretty story; nobody has more than one."

"That's all you know about it," was the reply. "Why I have twenty; ever so many of my relations have fifteen, and I've heard that some of our family have a hundred."

"You must want a great many meals," observed Archie. "What time did you have your breakfast?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the creature, opening its mouth and swallowing something that came floating towards it through the water.

"I didn't have my breakfast till nine o'clock," continued Archie. "I had the toothache in the night, so nurse wouldn't wake me."

"Of course you have the toothache," growled another speaker. "So should I if I carried my teeth all exposed in my mouth as you do. Mine are in one of my stomachs, nice and warm, and out of harm's way, and that is where yours ought to be."

"Well, you know, I didn't make myself," suggested Archie; "but if I had I should never have thought about putting them there. Why don't you keep still while you are talking? you dart about so all the time, I can hardly hear what either of you say."

"We require such a great deal of exercise," was the answer; "and besides, the world is so large one wouldn't see half of it unless one were perpetually going about."

"What time do you go to bed?" asked Archie. "We don't go to bed at all," was the indignant reply. "We have not so much time to waste as you have."

"But where do you sleep, then?" was the next question.

"We never sleep," shouted all the animalculæ at once.

This astonished Archie so much that he thought they must be laughing at him; but as he did not like to say that he could not believe them, he changed the subject, and asked—

"How do you like the cold weather?"

"We never notice it," said they. "Many of us have stone coats, through which no cold can penetrate, and we have relatives who really live on the icebergs in the Arctic regions."

"I had a sunstroke last summer," said Archie, "and now I feel the heat awfully. Do you?"

"Not we!" was the contemptuous answer. "The heat is no more than the cold to us. A French gentleman once placed some of our cousins, the Tardigrades, in a red-hot stove, and kept them there for ever so long, but they ran about as well as ever when they came out again."

"Yours seems to be a very large family," observed Archie; "you are like us—we have lots of cousins."

"You can't have as many as we," returned the Proteus, who by this time had become round and flat, like a small coin. "The sea swarms with us, and so does the earth, and even under the earth we live by myriads."

"I am going to the sea-side next month," said Archie.

"Then ask your papa to take you out in a boat some fine evening, just as it is getting dark, that you may see what is called the phosphorescence. The sea looks as if it were on fire, and the oars flash like flames as they cleave the water."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Archie. "But what has that to do with you?"

"Why," said the animalculæ, "the sea is full of our people, and they carry that beautiful light about with them. Some are larger than others, but the principal ones are the Military Noctiluca, which are quite invisible to the naked eye, but placed in such a position as we are now they will appear to you something like white currants, but perfectly transparent and full of little luminous points, and every one of these spheres has a tiny stalk, which is in reality its sucker."

Archie thought this was indeed wonderful, and being a very inquisitive child, could not be satisfied without inquiring how it was that some of his less than Lilliputian acquaintances could live under the earth. "We put our canary and the puppies that died under the ground," he said; "but they couldn't have lived there."

"That is always the way with you Mammalia," put in the Proteus again. "Because you can't do a thing yourselves, or have never seen it done, you set it down as impossible." And he turned himself back into a star-fish in his anger.

"You needn't be so cross," said Archie. "I want to know how it is that your relations live under the earth, and where they are to be found. I am sure my papa would like to know them."

Proteus was mollified by this speech, and asked if he had ever heard of the city of Berlin.

"Of course I have," was the answer—"it is the capital of Prussia."

"Well," said his informant, as he executed a somersault, "Berlin is built over an immense colony of our relatives, sixty or seventy feet thick. Of course they are always moving about, so the houses don't stand quite as firm as they should do."

"That is funny. Why did the people choose such a spot to build on?" Archie observed, thoughtfully.

"I don't suppose they would have done it if they had known!" exclaimed several of the animalculæ. "The truth was that they took our people for fine earth; and it was no great wonder, for they are so minute that 10,000 of them could be ranged on the length of what you call an inch, while 45,000 of them packed close together would form one cubic inch."

"Thank you," said Archie; "I hope you don't think I have been very rude. I can't do without rest, like you, and I am so sleepy that I shall have a nap on the sofa. Good-bye. I hope you'll talk to me again another day."

"Good-bye," they answered. And almost before they had done speaking Archie was curled up like a ball and sound asleep.

Papa came in after a time and looked at him. "Poor fellow!" he said. "He had the toothache last night;" and covered him up with a shawl.

"Perhaps they wouldn't ache if they were in my—my stomach," Archie muttered, opening his eyes. At that moment the dinner-bell rang, and that woke him quite up. He jumped off the sofa and ran away to brush his hair and wash his hands, and when he presented himself at table declared he had never been so hungry in his life before.

In the afternoon one of Tom's school-fellows called, and asked if he might have a few sticklebacks out of the pond to put into a fresh-water aquarium; so a couple of empty glass pickle-jars were begged from cook, and then the trio went into the garden, where the elder boys caught what they wanted, while Archie sat on the grass under the shady trees. When there were half-a-dozen lively fellows in each bottle he asked to look at them, and inspected first one and then the other with all the eyes he had, but failing to see any of his tiny friends, and fearing to be laughed at if he mentioned the morning's conversation, maintained a discreet silence, and trotted off with the young fishermen to see the sticklebacks transferred to their new abode, where they swam about as merrily and seemed as much at home as if they had lived in it all their lives.



STICKLEBACKS. (*See p. 212.*)

## ROYAL PRISONERS.

## II.—VICTOR AMADEUS, FIRST KING OF SARDINIA.



VICTOR AMADEUS, second Duke of Savoy and first King of Sardinia, began to play the part of a man while he was still a boy. When only fifteen years of age, his mother, whose great wish was to see her son a king, informed him that it was necessary to choose a princess to share with him the dukedom of Savoy. "Very well," was his reply, "which shall I take?"

"The Princess of Portugal," said his mother, "for her dowry will be the promise of the crown of that kingdom."

"Then I will make immediate overtures for her hand," rejoined Victor.

Ambassadors were accordingly sent to Portugal for that purpose. The news soon spread that such an alliance was about to take place. This gave great uneasiness to the duke's subjects, and they clamoured loudly against it, for they had no wish that their own country should become merely an appendage to Portugal; so whenever Victor rode abroad he was greeted with murmurs, cries, and shouts of disapproval. The noblemen were quite as averse to the match as the common people, and met in consultation as to what measures they should adopt to break it off. A deputation of the most influential waited upon Victor to reason with him on his folly, telling him he would most assuredly lose the love and allegiance of his people if he persisted in it. They were already discontented, they said, and it needed but a spark to kindle the discontent into an open flame of rebellion; that it would be wise in him to reflect before he committed himself further; urged him to imprison his mother for her injudicious advice, and much more to the same point.

Victor listened very calmly to everything the noblemen urged, and in reply said, that their reasoning had convinced him of the imprudence of the step he had taken; that he should be very sorry to do anything that would alienate the affections of his subjects. The fault was not his; his mother was more to blame for having first advised him to such a course. Finding the match was so distasteful, he would immediately recall his ambassadors, and to show he was in earnest, he said he would that

very instant sign an order for his mother's imprisonment.

This he did, and the noblemen retired satisfied, even congratulated each other on the good result of their mission. Meanwhile, Victor walked quietly into his mother's apartments, and said, in the ordinary tones of his voice, as though communicating a piece of every-day news of no particular importance:—

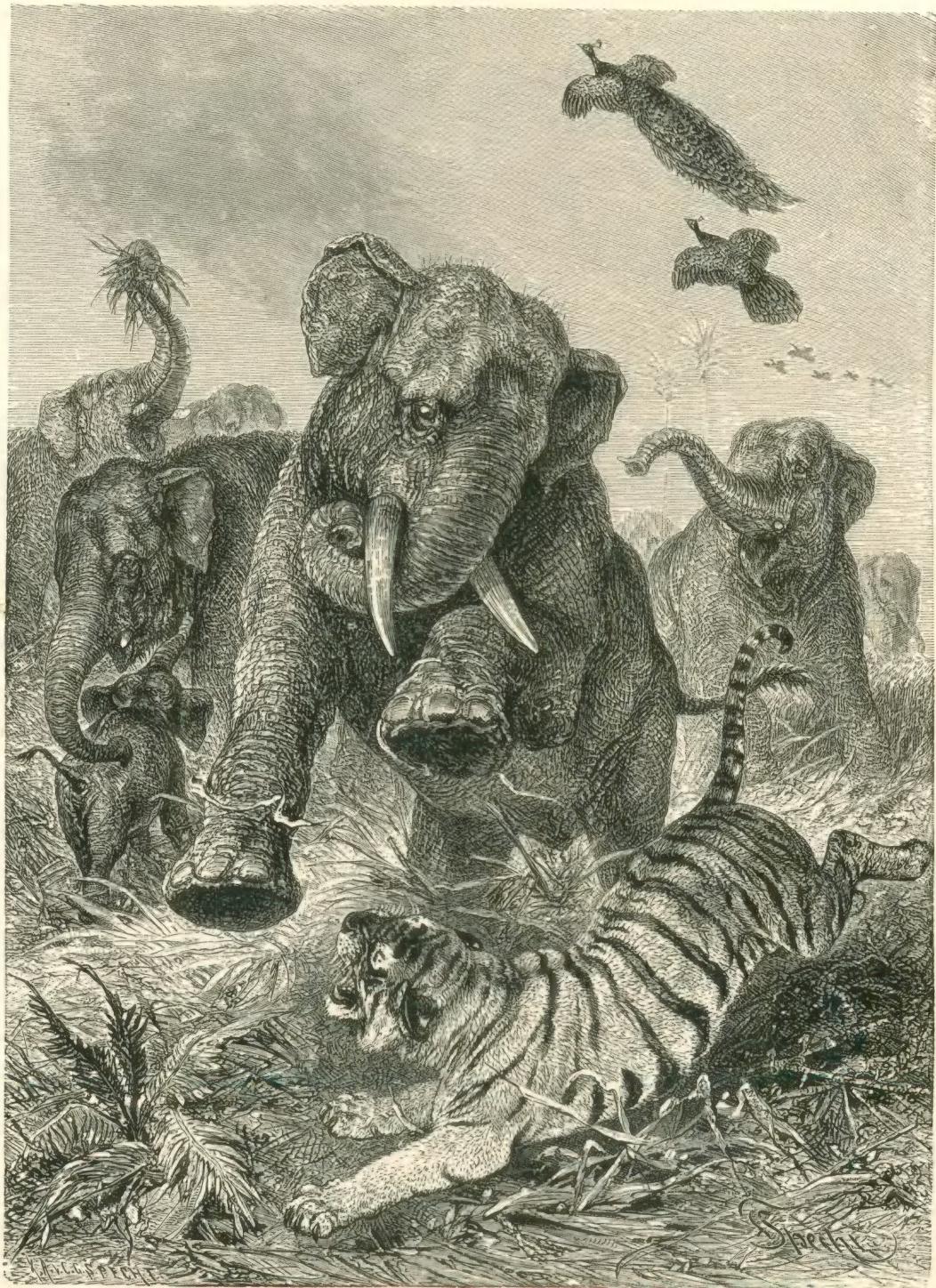
"Mother, I have just signed the order for your imprisonment."

"My imprisonment!" was the astonished cry.

"Yes," replied Victor, calmly; "for I am convinced that your advice respecting the Princess of Portugal was bad, and my subjects will not be satisfied unless I make an example of you; it is the only course I can adopt to quiet them."

Leaving the poor woman overwhelmed with distress at the prospect of her unmerited fate, this singular son went to his own room, and there signed another order for the imprisonment of those nobles who had waited upon him, dared to reason with him upon his conduct, and counsel the captivity of his mother.

This was the first public act of Victor Amadeus, and the boy capable of performing it gave promise of turning out no ordinary man, a promise his after career amply fulfilled. He became one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lived, and he was a conspicuous figure in all the Continental wars and intrigues of the time. He was not a faultless hero, for no one could wholly trust him; but he was a brave soldier, a valiant, skilful, and able commander. There was no war in which he did not take part, now reaping success and now suffering reverse; at one time he lost nearly the whole of his kingdom, and then, by a series of brilliant exploits, won it all back again. He seemed never contented unless at the head of an army fighting on the Rhine, in France, or on his own territory. No war was perfect, no political intrigue perfect, unless he had a share in it. He became a nephew of Louis XIV., but fought the armies of the French king and besieged Toulon; he became father-in-law to Philip V. of Spain, but that did not prevent his intriguing against him. For many years he proved himself to be one of the most active and restless of spirits, yet withal shrewd and clever, and in every transaction, whether of war or intrigue, showed he had an eye to his own interests. The result of all was that in 1713 he became King of Sicily, which kingdom he ex-



AN ALARM IN THE JUNGLE.

changed for that of Sardinia in 1720, of which he became the first king. By this time he had had enough of wars, and came to the determination to stay at home and rule his own people. This he accordingly did, and for ten years was the most popular of kings. His subjects loved him, for if he ruled them with a high hand, it was for the most part wisely and well.

Many times during his remarkable career King Victor had astonished his people; but perhaps never more so than when, in the year 1730, he expressed a wish to resign his crown, and retire into the peacefulness of private life. Glorious as had been his career, he had yet suffered from many sorrows. His favourite son had died from the small-pox, even though astrologers had assured him the stars foretold his recovery; his queen was dead; he was wearied with the cares, burdens, and greatness of a king; he wished to throw off the responsibilities of so high an office; he sighed for the ease, freedom, and quiet of a humbler station.

The day on which the abdication was to be made arrived, and the ceremony was one of great pomp and splendour, doubtless recalling to the minds of the actors present that other and more splendid abdication scene when Charles V., Emperor of Germany, resigned his crown in favour of his son Philip. It was held in the great hall of the Castle of Rivoli, on September 3rd, 1730. There, seated upon his throne, was King Victor; near him stood the male princes of his family, and by them the ministers and nobles of the realm, arrayed in all the splendour of their court robes; every tongue silent, and all eyes fixed expectantly upon the chief actor in the scene. Not a sound was heard when the old king rose to speak. With the solemnity and dignity befitting the occasion, he requested all present to listen to the words he was about to utter. He said he was growing old, and not so well able to bear the burdens of royalty as in his younger and maturer years; it needed a firmer hand than his at the helm of affairs; he had suffered many sorrows, borne many cares; he would soon have to stand at a tribunal where kings were judged as men, and before that day came he needed time for reflection, and that time he could not secure while he continued their king; he would therefore remove the crown from his own head and place it upon the brow of one more able to bear its weight. The Act of Abdication was then read, by which the crown was made over to his son Charles Emmanuel. Descending from his seat, Victor conducted his son to the throne, and kneeling down, kissed his hand, and was the first to hail him king; he then stood on one side while the ministers and noblemen present paid homage to the

new monarch. When this ceremony ended, he gave his son some shrewd, practical advice on the management of the affairs of the kingdom. The assembly then broke up, and Victor was king no longer, but simply Count of Tenda, and as such he was introduced to the new queen. On the following day he was escorted by his son some distance on the way to Chambéry, which town he had selected for his retirement. When the news reached Chambéry of the approach of the ex-king and his wife (for Victor had married a second time), the authorities hastily donned their official robes and hurried to the gates to give them a suitable reception. When he saw them, he said, "Gentlemen, I come among you as a simple citizen; will you bid me welcome under that name?"

The ex-king had taken care to be amply provided with the means necessary for living comfortably in his retirement. He had secured for himself and wife a large annuity, besides carrying with him to his new residence gold and jewels to the value of several millions of francs. He lived in true citizen style, having but one carriage and a single pair of horses; he would allow no sentinel to stand at his door, and contented himself with a *valet* and six other men and women servants. With the cares of a king he put away also the ceremonies and state. His son frequently came to consult him on the affairs of the kingdom, sometimes even sleeping in his father's castle; and on one occasion both king and ex-king had to spring hastily from their respective beds and rush from their rooms to save themselves from being burnt alive, a fire having broken out in the middle of the night.

Still, Victor was not happy, for his countess was ambitious and wanted to be queen, and she determined he should have no peace until he promised to return to Turin and resume the throne he had vacated. Many were the conversations between the stout old man and his countess on this question. Victor seemed resolved not to yield; the countess equally resolved to carry her point. She assailed him daily with fresh arguments and continued reproaches; she made his life miserable; until he at length yielded a reluctant consent to her wishes, and promised to resume his voluntarily resigned crown.

Now it so happened that while the last of these exciting conversations were being held, a young priest, named Michon, overheard it. He determined to convey the intelligence of his father's intention to the king himself, and set out immediately for the capital for that purpose. The king, however, was not there, and he was compelled to go on to Evian to find him. The news so alarmed the king that he instantly mounted his

horse, and making for the Pass of Little St. Bernard, galloped full speed for Turin. At the very same time Victor Amadeus was posting all haste over Mont Cenis for the same destination. It was a race for a crown between father and son, and the winning of it seemed to depend upon who should *first arrive* at the capital. The younger man won the race ; and when the two met face to face, Victor could not utter a word in explanation of his extraordinary conduct, further than saying, "I required a change. The air of Savoy is bad, and I am ill in health."

"Your majesty," said the son, "shall enjoy change of air in my castle of Moncalieri." And thither, in due time, Victor and his countess were sent.

Baffled in attaining their purpose, the ex-king and his lady were more unhappy and discontented than before, and they resolved on a bolder stroke to secure their ends. Victor sent for the chief minister, and commanded him to surrender the deed of abdication. "Certainly, your majesty," was the minister's reply, and withdrew, as he said, to obtain it. Instead, however, of doing this, he went and roused the king from his sleep and informed him of his father's demand.

A council was immediately summoned, and Charles Emmanuel said, "If my ministry and council approve, I am prepared to obey my father's wishes." The various members of the council looked into each other's eyes, and knew not what to say, until the Archbishop Gattinara boldly denounced the idea, and counselled the speedy arrest of Victor and his countess. The king burst into tears, but signed the order for his father's imprisonment, and delivered it into the hands of the Marquis of Orinea.

While the council was being held Victor had not remained idle. Mounting his horse, he rode to the citadel of Turin, ordering the officer in command to deliver to him the keys of that fortress. The commander respectfully and, at the same time, very positively refused, unless ordered to do so by the king. This threw Victor into a violent passion, and turning his horse's head, he galloped back to Moncalieri.

In the middle of the following night the castle of Moncalieri was surrounded by troops, both horse and foot. Every avenue of escape was carefully guarded. Four officers made their way to Victor's chamber to arrest him. Finding him and the countess sound asleep, they first of all secured his sword, for they well knew what a terribly passionate man he was, and how unwise it would be to leave any offensive weapon near his hand. The countess awoke on hearing footsteps in the room, and commenced screaming ; it was in vain

for the officers to assure her no harm was intended ; she was deaf to all reason, and continued her screams. So, to still her cries, and make short work of the affair, they rolled her up in the coverlid of the bed, and carried her into another room, where she might scream at her leisure. She was subsequently examined, and sent to a nunnery to be out of harm's way.

Victor was a very heavy sleeper, and all the screaming of his countess did not awake him, so the four officers proceeded to shake him and pull him about, but it required several minutes of even these rough means to make him open his eyes ; when he did so, he turned over on his back and stared about him, altogether unconscious of what was going on, then shut his eyes and went off to sleep again. There was more rough shaking and pulling before he could be induced to awake a second time ; now he sat up and yawned, but seeing that one of the officers held his sword, he began dimly to perceive that something extraordinary was going on. He looked from one to another of his four visitors, and inquired what their presence meant at so unreasonable an hour. Their news thoroughly aroused him, and, as usual, he fell into a violent fit of fury ; he declared that he would neither listen to them nor move from where he was. His captors first entreated him to go with them quietly, then commanded him ; but finding entreaties and commands alike unavailing, they rolled him up in a blanket, and without further ceremony bore him off. What an ignominious position for a hero who had made his name feared all over Europe, and had beaten some of the most famous generals of his day—to be rolled up in a blanket and taken prisoner ! Victor had one hope of escape ; he knew the soldiers whom he had so frequently led to battle and victory loved him, and if he appealed to them they would surely re-capture him, and not allow him to suffer the degradation of imprisonment. As he was borne past murmurs were heard, and symptoms of open mutiny appeared among the troops. Their colonel commanded instant silence, on pain of death, and then ordered the drums to beat ; this effectually stifled the voice of the prisoner, who was borne helplessly along, thrust into a carriage, and driven off to the castle of Rivoli.

Victor was not a patient man, and did not bear his imprisonment with the calmness which other and greater men have done. He gave way to such violent fits of fury that he seemed almost a madman ; his keepers feared to approach him, so great was his strength during these paroxysms of rage. On one occasion, with a single blow of his fist he cracked a marble table which stood in his room.



OWL BRINGING FOOD FOR ITS YOUNG. (*See p. 219.*)

This same table was long exhibited to sightseers as a proof of the old man's power. His son did not prove himself a generous foe. He made his father's imprisonment needlessly severe and harsh; he was watched day and night; some eye was continually upon him, noting his every action; some ear always open to hear what he said during those unguarded moments when he spoke aloud; his servants were taken from him; and he was allowed no communication with his countess, who was in close confinement at a place called Ceva. By degrees, however, reports of the severity of his imprisonment spread abroad, and the principal kings of Europe interceded for him; but his son disregarded this interference, and published a paper defending his conduct,

Gradually the fury of the imprisoned Victor subsided; he became silent, moody and melancholy. He would sit whole days speechless; then his health began to give way, and his condition

became pitiable indeed. Now he was treated with more respect, but the vigilance of his keepers was as close as ever. His countess, who had been the cause of all his misery, was at length allowed to share his confinement, and with her and his books he tried to solace the weary hours; but his health rapidly failed, and those who guarded him knew the end could not be far off. He himself felt he was dying, and wishing to be reconciled to his son, sent for him to come and see him. The son, however, declined to see his father, and sent affectionate messages instead. The old man cried when his son's refusal was communicated to him.

The last months of his captivity were spent at Moncalieri; there he died on the last day of October, 1732. The father had given a crown to his son; the son, in exchange, had given a prison to his father; and the man who in his boyhood had imprisoned his own mother, in his old age died himself a prisoner.



### T H E S E A .

 H, the rollicking, frolicking, glorious sea—  
The mad, the merry, the wild, the free !  
When it roars with passion or laughs for glee,  
I love the sea !

When the shoreward lip of the restless thing  
Gulps in the seaweed, and, light of wing,  
Down come the sea-gulls hovering,  
I love the sea !

When every ripple is glittering bright  
As folds in a woof of golden light,  
Or it gleams like one clear chrysolite,  
I love the sea !

When, like a second blue heaven, it girds  
The world, and the white-winged ocean birds  
Lean lovingly o'er it, beyond all words  
I love the sea !

Or when on a sudden the gale awakes  
The liquid stillness, until it breaks  
Into a thousand snow-white flakes,  
I love the sea !

When into a terrible fury wrought,  
The strange fierce creature, once free as thought,  
Is tight in the storm-king's clutches caught,  
I love the sea !

When, breaking loose in its awful might,  
It climbs in curling summits white,  
Or delves in graves as black as night,  
I love the sea !

When raving, roaring, rolling o'er,  
It breaks in thunder on the shore,  
I love it then and evermore—  
The cruel sea !

## AN ANECDOTE OF AN OWL.

**A** SWEDISH gentleman, residing on a farm near a steep mountain where two great horned or eagle owls had their nest, gives an account of how one of the young owls was one day captured by his servants and shut up in a large hen-coop. The following morning he found a young partridge lying dead before the door of the coop ; he at once concluded that it had been brought there by the old owls, who had found

out where the young one was confined. For fourteen nights the same thing happened : game was regularly brought by the old birds ; but when M. Cronstedt or his servants watched, the owls were cunning enough to discover it, and did not come near. But when no one was there watching they did not fail to come. In August, which is the time when all birds of prey leave their young ones to take care of themselves the parents ceased to make their visits.



## THE HARTZ FAIRIES.

**H**E was a little English boy of twelve years, named Dick, and travelling through Germany with his father, who was not very well. Dick called himself "papa's head nurse," and had promised his mamma to take good care of his patient. The doctor had recommended for Mr. Randolph the fine baths of the Hartz country, and they had been roaming from village to village through the grey old mountains, and at last they were stopping for a few days at the foot of the Brocken.

You have heard of that gruffest and loneliest of the Hartz mountains, and remember about the "Spectre of the Brocken," do you not? All the stories say that all the fairies that once roamed over Germany live in the Brocken. They fled to its deep forests and caves when the great emperor Charlemagne sent forth his edict that dwarfs, gnomes, fauns, dryads, nixies, and all fairy people, should be banished from his kingdom. So the poor little people, driven from their haunts by meadow and stream, took refuge on the Brocken, the highest range of Hartz, where, in the narrow passes and secret caverns, they are safe. And then these wonderful stories say that on a night in



May, the fairies assemble on the mountain, and have a May-dance and frolic, and then the wind blows furiously, broomsticks are stolen from the villagers, gates are carried away, the fowls crow, dogs howl, cats mew, the old women sneeze violently, and then say, "Oh, some sprite of the mountain is tickling my nose!" The children gather around their beloved grandmother and beg her for stories, and their eyes grow larger, and their merry shouts of laughter ring out as she tells them of some funny trick played by the "little men." Dick had been reading just such stories in a book that his landlady had lent him.

It was one o'clock, his father was asleep, Dick had finished his book, and was thinking about it, when his hostess came out of the low doorway, and stopped to talk to him as he lay stretched full length on a low bench under a broad linden tree that grew in the funny little garden. You surely would have laughed at that garden, for it was cut up into all sorts of shaped beds, like gingerbread cakes, such as you have seen sold in the streets ; hearts, diamonds, crosses, triangles, and stars with scalloped borders. Then there were tiny trees planted closely together like a hedge, only higher, and then cut flat on each side, and across the top, so that they formed a green wall that you could not see through. Dick thought it was a very nice

playhouse, with its little green rooms. Old Frau Schwerdt tapped him on the shoulder as he lay there in the shade.

"Art thou dreaming, little man, and were thou pleased with thy book? To-night the Hartz fairies hold their festival, and by-and-by thou wilt hear the wind blowing through the trees yonder. What a *sight we might* see had we wings and could fly to the trees and look down on them to-night. But we are not birds, so we cannot see the wee creatures. Put down thy book, kindchen, and run and play." And she trotted off to her tasks.

You have seen pictures that looked just like her: a jolly fat face, with a high white cap, and an immense black bow at the back, standing out on each side like a Holland windmill; a blue flannel skirt pleated heavily around her waist, a grey bodice with yellow bands, keys in an embroidered basket at her side, great long earrings, white stockings, and shoes with heavy wooden soles; and this was Dick's landlady, who kept the inn "Hildebrand."

For some moments Dick sat thinking deeply; then he started up, put on his hat, ran for his Alpine staff and his specimen box, and said aloud "I am going to find some fairies; I am not afraid, and I mean to climb the Brocken and see for myself," and without further waiting he ran across the fields, on and on, until he commenced climbing up the mountain. Trudging along bravely, he planted his stick firmly at each step, not looking around at the dark shades of the forest, nor heeding the wind as it whistled through the boughs. On he went like the youth in Longfellow's "*Excelsior*," "far up the height," until his limbs throbbed wearily and he was very tired, so he threw himself down upon some moss near an old broken tree and closed his eyes to rest for a while and soon he fell fast asleep. How long he slept he did not know; when he opened his eyes the moon was just rising, and looking around he knew where he was—on the Brocken. His heart fluttered, in spite of his courage, and he glanced cautiously around. What did he see? A great circle of flowers, sword plants, ferns, willows, and brown leaves all whirling together, he thought, at first, but to his surprise he found that they were alive, and not flowers, but fairies in scarlet and gold,



Pommeran

gold, blue and silver, armed with tiny spears and swords, while they danced and sang a sweet tune that sounded like the rustle of leaves, the waving of corn-fields, the buzz of insects in the air, and the rippling of tiny brooks through summer woods. Dick moved to see more clearly, and in doing so was discovered, and then the swords were drawn and the spears all turned upon poor Dick. They sprang from the shrubs and stumps of trees, and from the crevices and hollows of the ground; the crowd grew greater every moment until Dick was completely surrounded by the little army. As he started up they rushed upon him with their tiny spears, darts, swords, and thorn branches, and pricked his legs and feet as he jumped about vainly trying to escape them. At last he cried out, "Oh, please don't hurt me! I have done you no harm."

Then a queer brown dwarf who seemed to be the leader, said, "Oh yes, thou art wicked indeed; thou servest the king with the iron crown, and wouldest drive us away from the earth. But thou canst not do it; our mother Nature holds us safely within her brown breast, and we fear not thy king. Still thou shalt not return to tell tales of our people; thou must die!" And the crowd murmured, "Thou must die!"

Poor Dick! he wished himself back in the garden; still he said, tremblingly, "Oh, fairy people, I do not serve Charlemagne; he died hundreds of years before I was born. I am an English boy travelling with my papa, and I read to-day in a book about you, and wanted very much to see you, and—and I have always loved you dearly," and he put his head in his hands and cried bitterly.

Then the brown dwarf came close beside him and said, in a funny cracked voice, "Tell us about the strange country from where thou dost come, and we will not harm thee."

Dick wiped his eyes and told them about his home, and of the beautiful country and sea, and ended by begging them to come to England, where they might live in freedom and undisturbed; that he knew of many lovely hiding-places, fragrant little nooks

where the flowers and mosses grow and where the birds and squirrels would be glad to welcome them ; all he asked was to see them once in a while and bring his little sister with him. The little people had listened attentively ; some had crept into the flower-cups, others leaned

on their spears, the gnomes were perched upon toadstools, or astride a branch where they made grimaces at Dick as he talked. After a few moments' silence, the dwarf who had before



*Wild Rose.*

spoken said, "Thou art a brave little boy, and we thank thee for what thou hast told us of thy beautiful land. We cannot go with thee, for we serve the king here, and we owe him our allegiance. Though we may not go over valley and river, assisting the people at their tasks, still we are not idle, and deep down underneath thee we work at gold, silver, and iron, packing it firmly and secretly in the dark, keeping it safe until the world shall need and find it. We only come up for a little play and dance, and then we go back to our under-world ; and here are some of our number who live in the woods, and they shall lead thee in safety down the mountain. Violet, Primrose, and Wild-Rose appear, and take this little boy home to his father. Farewell, little boy," and then the rest said farewell, and Dick saw only three tiny fairies who looked very like the flowers that he had gathered

before him down the mountain side, and he started to follow them, when some one seized him by the shoulder, and opening his eyes, he saw Carl, the son of his landlady, who



on his way. They danced before him down the mountain side, and he started to follow them, when some one seized him by the shoulder, and opening his eyes, he saw Carl, the son of his landlady, who

said, "Hasten with me, thy father seeks thee, and thou hast been away for three long hours."

Dick looked around bewildered—the fairies were gone ; he looked in his box, there lay the wild rose, violet, and primrose that he had gathered, but they were flowers and not fairies, and he could not understand it. His father told him he should not have stayed away so long ; and then, as he took his bread-and-milk for supper, he told his father about the fairies, and asked him if there were no fairies in the world.

"No, my son," said his father ; "unless as in your wonderful dream, you may call the flowers fairies. Bright little beings that God has scattered all over the earth to make it beautiful and fragrant Let your dream teach you to study well the woods and fields, and you may always find, in the tiniest thing that grows, a still small voice that will speak to your eyes and heart ; and you will find form and beauty that is often hidden from the careless gaze. In our own English woods you may find the sisters to these Hartz fairies ; for God has scattered roses, violets, and primroses all over the earth ; and if you want to seek these fairies I am sure you may find them."



*Violet.*

Soon after Dick went to bed to dream still more about fairies and flowers. And when he went home he told his little friends of his wonderful dream of the Hartz Fairies.

JULIA DOUGLAS FAY.

## LESSONS TAUGHT BY A SHADOW.

## A LITTLE PAPER FOR LITTLE THINKERS.



LL our little folks know what a shadow is ; they may sometimes have been frightened at their own shadow. Let us now see what causes a shadow, and if any lessons can be learnt from it.

All shadows are caused by light. We must at first, then, give a few facts which will help us to

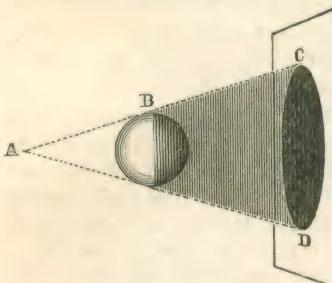


FIG. 1.

see in what relation things in general stand to light. Light is not a material substance, like air ; we cannot weigh it, nor handle it, nor lift it about in any way. A strange thing is this light !

Bodies that give out light of themselves, like the sun, the gas, the fire-light, or the electric light, are said to be *luminous*, and are often called *sources* of light.

Those that do not give out light of themselves are called *non-luminous*, and they can only be seen when light shines on them.

When a *non-luminous* body has a very smooth or polished surface it gives back a good deal of the light that shines on it, and sometimes looks so bright that it nearly makes one believe that it is itself a source of light. Among such are the glistening diamond, the dew-drop, a looking-glass, a piece of polished metal, various crystals, and such like.

Light given out by this means is said to be *reflected*. Light coming directly from a source or giver of light is said to be *radiated*. Both radiated and reflected light travels in *straight* lines. In proof of this, take two cards, pierce holes in them ; hold them up between a lighted candle and the eye : the light can only be seen when these two holes are exactly opposite to each other. These straight lines of light, from whatever source they come, are called *light rays*.

When light passes readily through a substance, that substance is said to be *transparent*; and when a substance refuses to let light pass through it, we say it is *opaque*. We call air, water, glass, and such things *transparent*; and wood, gold, metals generally *opaque*.

We want our young friends to see that no substance is quite *transparent*, and no substance is

perfectly *opaque*, but that these properties depend on the condition of the substance.

If you hold a piece of thin glass between the eye and your book, you can see the letters plainly ; but if you take five pieces, the letters are not seen so distinctly ; and if you take twelve or twenty, according to the quality of the glass, you cannot see them at all. If glass were perfectly transparent this would not be. A perfectly transparent substance would allow all the light to pass through, so that even the *air* is not perfectly transparent. Nor is there any substance quite opaque ; for although you cannot see through a plank of wood, or a lump of gold, if you take a thin shaving of the one and a leaf of the other, and put them between two sheets of thin glass and hold them up to the light you *can* see through them, although perhaps not very clearly.

Having had this little chat, we will see how these things act in giving us a shadow.

We have said that light radiates from luminous points ; every luminous body possesses an enormous number of such points, each of which send out these light rays. We will first suppose the case of light coming from *one* such point, as in Fig. 1. Here A is a luminous point, and B a globe of some opaque substance ; the light strikes the side of the globe turned towards it and illuminates it ; but as the light cannot get through it, the side turned from the light will be in darkness. This body also shuts out the light from behind and darkens the

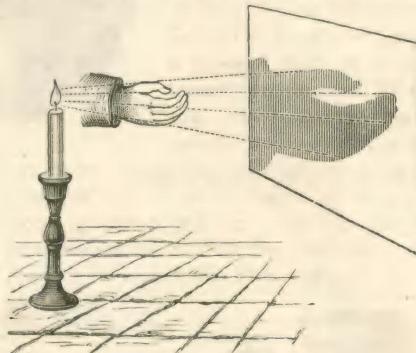


FIG. 2.

space, as shown at C D. This darkened space is called the *shadow*. If a sheet of paper be held behind the ball B, an enlarged form of it will appear on the sheet, and the size will depend on the distance it is from B. Try this with your hand and a lighted candle, as in Fig. 2. The further away the sheet is

the larger the shadow will be, and *vice versa*; the smaller the shadow the darker it will be, and *vice versa*. This darkness or depth of shadow will depend on the brightness or intensity of the light from the luminous body.

This fact is taken advantage of in measuring the intensity of light.

We want you clearly to understand this word *intensity*, applied to light and shadow. By our diagram, Fig. 3, we will try and make this plain. Suppose the candle at C to be one foot from a sheet of paper which measures exactly one square foot, it will shine upon the paper with a certain brightness—this we call intensity. Let the light now be removed to the distance of two feet from the paper, it will then shine on four times the surface, or four square feet; but as the same amount of light is spread over four times as much space as before, each square foot can only be lighted with one-fourth part of the light; so we say that the intensity of the light is only one-fourth what it was at the one foot. So if we remove our light three feet from the paper it will illuminate nine times the surface, but with only one-ninth of the intensity. This law of light may be expressed thus—the intensity diminishes as the square of the distances increases. This same law applies to the intensity of a shadow.

By the intensity of a shadow the value of a light is given; and it has been a fact that we have so frequently been reminded of lately in regard to the

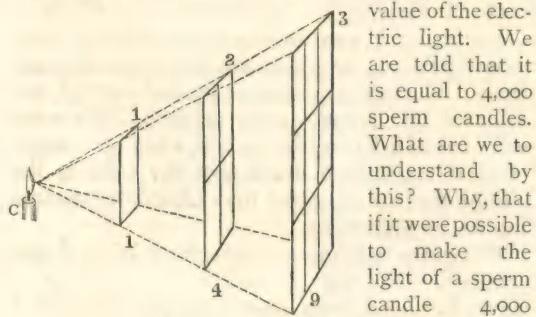


FIG. 3.

would be equal to that of the electric light.

An instrument by which light intensity is measured is called a photometer. This is really done by the shadow a light will cast. One of the simplest forms is an upright screen of ground glass—or a sheet of oiled paper will do almost as well; in front of this stands an upright rod, so that its shadow can be thrown on the screen, and the lights to be tested are so placed that the shadow thrown by one is equal in intensity to that thrown by the other; the square roots of their distances

are then taken, which represents the intensity of the light.

Doubtless many of our young readers are now able

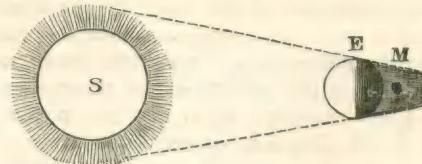


FIG. 4.

to compare the shadow thrown by the electric light, and see how very much darker and better defined it is than that cast by an ordinary gas-lamp.

Many things can be learnt from a shadow. Let us take an example or two. First, suppose we are in a part of the country with which we are not much acquainted, and we want to know the direction in which we are travelling: we can tell by the direction in which the shadows are thrown. We have simply to note the time by our watch, and bear in mind that the sun rises in the east, and gets nearly south by midday, after which he goes west. We must, at the same time bear in mind that the shadow is thrown exactly in the opposite direction, so that when the sun is south-east, as it always is before midday, the shadows are thrown north-west. We need but compare the direction in which we are travelling with the line cast by our shadow. Again, supposing we are out walking near midday in the summer, and we have no means of knowing the exact time nor the direction in which we are walking. Take a stick—a walking-stick will do very well indeed—plant it upright in the ground; its shadow will be thrown by the sun, provided it be shining at the time, and as it is near midday its shadow will be short, and we can tell whether it is before or after noon, for if before midday, the shadow will become shorter and shorter; if just after, it will increase in length; and if exactly midday, it will throw no shadow at all.

So that in this experiment we get both an indication of the time of day and the means of telling the four points of the compass. In this lies the whole secret of the sun-dial.

Another lesson we are most positively taught by a shadow is that the earth and the other planets in our system are globes. This is done most effectually during an eclipse. Let us see how this is. The sun is the source of light, or the luminous body, and is shown at S in Fig. 4, E the earth, and M the moon. The moon shines by light reflected from the sun; if, therefore, any opaque body comes between the sun and the moon, the shadow of that opaque body must be thrown upon it. The earth is

the opaque body, and its shadow is thrown on the moon. You can illustrate this by taking a small ball for the moon, an orange for the earth, and the globe of a lighted lamp for the sun, and place them as in the diagram. When the centres of the three bodies come in a straight line the earth darkens the whole surface of the moon, and we have a total eclipse; when they are not in the same straight line only a part of the moon's face is hidden, then the eclipse is said to be *partial*.

A round body throws a round shadow; but if the earth was only round, like a flat plate, its shadow would not be round unless the shadow was always thrown by the flat surface. As the earth is turning round it must happen that all parts of its circumference are at some time in the shadow, so that if the earth were a mere round plate its shadow would become less and less, till it would be a mere line, the thickness of the edge. This you can try for yourselves by taking a plate and holding it between a lighted candle and the wall; first hold the flat surface to the light, gradually turn it round: the breadth of the shadow becomes less and less, till when the edge only is in shadow, and a mere streak is shown on the wall. Now try the same with a ball,

and the shadow is always round, in whatever position it may be placed. More than this, the shadow is such as one globe throws on the surface of another globe; so that we have proof that not only the body that gives the shadow, but the body that receives the shadow, is a globe.

When the sun is eclipsed, the moon comes between the earth and the sun, and when the moon is in such a position to hide the whole of the sun's face, making the sun invisible, there will be a total eclipse of the sun at that place. At other places on the earth's surface where the darkest part of the shadow does not reach, the whole of the sun will not be covered, so that there will only be a partial eclipse at that part of the earth, because some part of the sun's face will be seen.

Around the darkest shadow thrown by the moon in the sun's eclipse is another shadow, not nearly so dark or intense—a sort of half shade; the same sort of shadow is seen at the beginning of an eclipse of the moon. Most of our young friends know the Latin word for shade, or shadow, is *umbra*, so we use a prefix—*pene*, almost—and get the term *penumbra*; this is the word we use to express the half shadow.

J. A. B.



## OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "The Young Berringtons; or, the Boy Explorers," "At the South Pole," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER V.—AN EXPEDITION.



SUMMER was advancing, and we had for some time been expecting the return of Red Squirrel and Kondiarak, another Indian, who had been sent in the spring to Fort Edmonton with letters, and directions to bring back any which might have come for us. At length we became somewhat anxious at

their non-appearance, fearing that some serious accident might have happened to them, or that they might have fallen into the hands of the savage Blackfeet, the chief predatory tribe in the country through which they had to pass.

Hugh and I were one evening returning from trapping beaver, several of which we carried on our backs. Though the skins are the most valued, the meat of the animal serves as food. We were skirting the edge of the prairie, when we caught sight of two figures descending the hills to the east by the pass which led from Clearwater towards the Rocky Mountains.

"They are Indians," cried Hugh. "What if they should be enemies?"

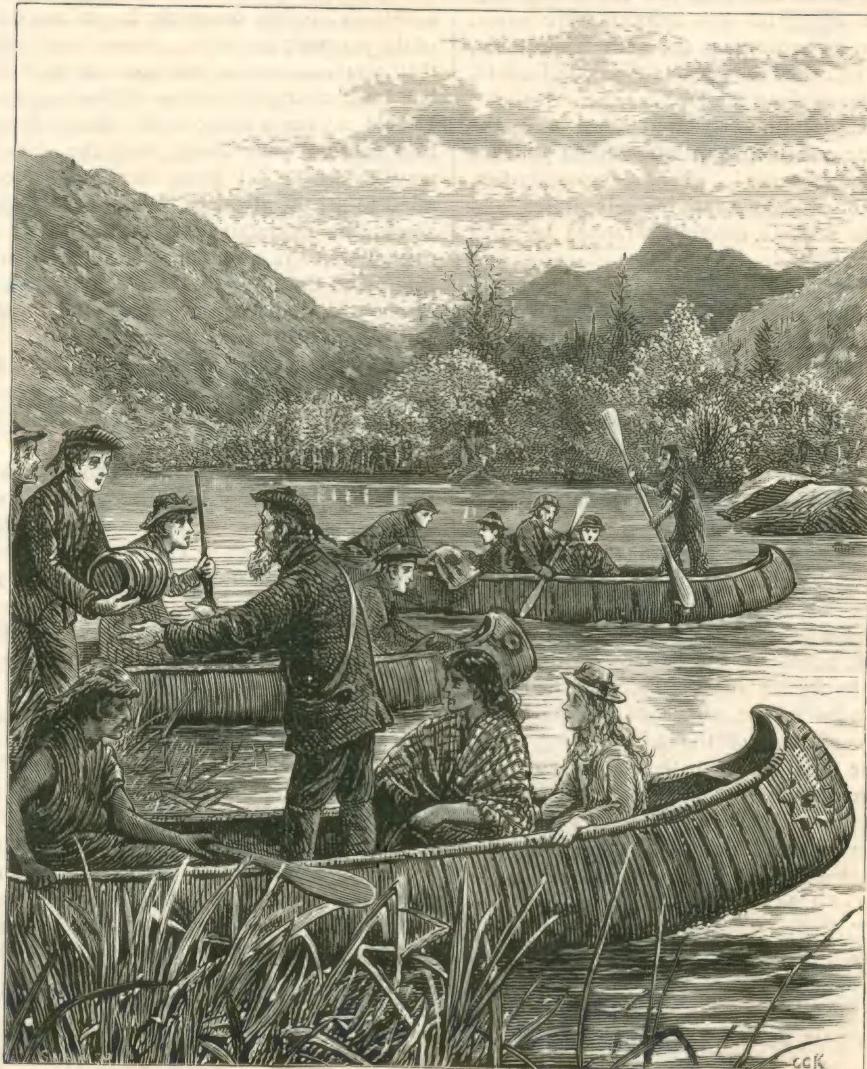
"It is more likely that they are friends," I answered. "If they were enemies they would take care not to show themselves. Let us go to meet them."

The two men made their way slowly down the mountains, and had got almost up to us before we recognised Red Squirrel, and his companion Kondiarak ("the rat"), so travel-stained, wan, and haggard did they look.

They had lost their horses, they said, after our first greetings were over. One had strayed, the other had been stolen by the Blackfeet, so that they had been compelled to perform the greater part of the journey on foot; and having exhausted

their ammunition, they had been almost starved. They had succeeded, however, in preserving the letters confided to them, and they had brought a packet, for Uncle Donald, from a white stranger at whose hut they had stopped on the way.

one of the beavers, extended it spread-eagle fashion on some sticks to cook. They watched our proceedings with eager eyes ; but before there was time to warm the animal through their hunger made them seize it, when tearing off the still un-



THE START. (See p. 227.)

On seeing the beavers we carried, they entreated that we would give them some meat without delay, saying that they had had no food for a couple of days.

Their countenances and the difficulty with which they dragged their feet along corroborated their assertions. We, therefore, at once collecting some fuel, lighted a fire, and having skinned and opened

cooked flesh, they began to gobble it up with the greatest avidity.

I was afraid they would suffer from over-eating, but nothing Hugh or I could say would induce them to stop until they had consumed the greater part of the beaver. They would then, had we allowed them, have thrown themselves on the ground and gone to sleep ; but anxious to know the

contents of the packets they had brought, relieving them of their guns, we urged them to lean upon us, and come at once to the farm. It was almost dark before we reached home.

Madge embraced her son affectionately, and almost wept when she observed the melancholy condition to which he was reduced. He would not, however, go to sleep, as she wanted him to do, until he had delivered the packets to Uncle Donald, who was still out about the farm.

He in the meantime squatted down near the fire, where he remained with true Indian patience till Uncle Donald came in, when, rising to his feet, he gave a brief account of his adventures, and produced the packets, carefully wrapped up in a piece of leather.

To those which came by way of Edmonton I need not further refer, as they were chiefly about business. One, however, was of great interest ; it was in answer to inquiries which Uncle Donald had instituted to discover any relatives or friends of little Rose. To his secret satisfaction he was informed that none could be found, and that he need have no fear of being deprived of her. As he read the last packet his countenance exhibited astonishment and much concern.

"This letter is from your mother, Archie," he said, at length, when he had twice read it through. "Your father has brought her and the rest of the family to a mission station which has been established for the benefit of the Sercies, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Scarcely had they been settled a few months, and your father had begun to win the confidence of the tribe among whom he had come to labour, than the small-pox broke out in their village, brought by the Blackfeet from the south ; and their medicine-men, who had from the first regarded him with jealous eyes, persuaded the people that the scourge had been sent in consequence of their having given a friendly reception to the Christian missionary. Some few, whose good will he had gained, warned him that his life was in danger, and urged him to make his escape from the district. Though unwilling himself to leave his post, he had proposed sending your mother and the children away, when he was attacked by a severe illness. She thus, even had she wished it, could not have left him, and they have remained on at the station, notwithstanding that she fears they may at any time be destroyed by the savages, while the medicine-men have been using all their arts to win over the few Indians who continue faithful. These have promised to protect them to the best of their power, but how long they will be able to do so is doubtful. Their cattle and horses have been stolen, and they have for some

time been short of provisions ; thus, even should your father regain his health, they will be unable to travel. He, like a true missionary of the Gospel, puts his confidence in God, and endeavours, your mother says, ever to wear a cheerful countenance. She does not actually implore me to come to her assistance, for she knows the length and difficulties of the journey ; and she expresses her thankfulness that you are safe on this side of the mountains, but I see clearly that she would be very grateful if I could pay her a visit ; and I fear, indeed, unless help reaches your family, that the consequences may be serious. I have, therefore, made up my mind to set off at once. We may manage to get across the mountains before the winter sets in, though there is no time to be lost. I will take Pierre and Corney, with Red Squirrel and a party of our own Indians, and leave Sandy, with Hugh and you, in charge of Clearwater."

"May I not go, also?" I asked, in a tone of disappointment. "Surely I may be able to help my father and mother, and Hugh would be very sorry to be left behind."

"It is but natural that you should wish to go ; and Hugh, too, may be of assistance, for I can always trust to your discretion and judgment should any difficulty occur," he observed.

"Then you will take us, won't you?" we both cried at once.

"Yes," he answered. "I would not take one without the other, so Hugh may go if he wishes it."

"Thank you, thank you!" I exclaimed, gratified at Uncle Donald's remark ; "we will try to deserve your confidence. What shall we do first ?"

"We must have the canoes got ready, and lay in a stock of provisions so that we may not be delayed by having to hunt ; indeed, except some big-horns, and perhaps a grizzly, we shall not find much game on the mountains," he remarked.

That evening all our plans were completed, and Sandy and the other men received their directions. Saddle and pack horses were at once to be started off by a circuitous route, carrying only light loads however, and were to meet us at the head of the river navigation, while we were to go as far up the stream as we could in canoes, with as large a supply of provisions as they could convey.

The very next morning at daybreak, while we were engaged in preparing the birch-bark canoes by covering the seams with gum, and sewing on some fresh pieces of bark with wattap, which is formed of the flexible roots of the young spruce tree, an Indian was seen on the opposite side of the river making a signal to us that he desired to cross. One of the canoes which was ready for

launching was sent for him and brought him over.

"He had come," he said, "to bring us information that a large body of Blackfeet were on the war-path, having crossed the Rocky Mountains at one of the southern passes, and that having attacked the Sinapools, their old enemies on the Columbia, they were now bending their steps northward in search of plunder and scalps. He came to tell his white friends to be prepared, should they come so far north."

On hearing this I was afraid that Uncle Donald would give up the expedition and remain to defend Clearwater, but on cross-questioning the Indian, he came to the conclusion that the Blackfeet were not at all likely to come so far, and Sandy declared that if they did he would give a very good account of them.

Still, as it was possible that they might make their appearance, Uncle Donald considered that it was safer to take Rose with us, notwithstanding the hardships to which she might be exposed.

"Then Madge will go too," exclaimed Rose; "poor Madge would be very unhappy at being left alone without me."

"Madge shall go with us," said Uncle Donald; and Rose, highly delighted, ran off to tell her to get ready.

The horses had been sent off at dawn, but we were not able to start until the following morning, as it took us the whole day to prepare the packages of dried fish, pemmican, and smoked venison and pork, which were to serve us as provisions.

On a bright clear morning, just before the sun rose over the hills to the east, we pushed off from the bank in four canoes. In each were five people, one to steer and the others to paddle. Uncle Donald took Rose in his as a passenger.

Hugh and I went together with Red Squirrel to steer for us, and Corney and Pierre had each charge of another canoe.

I will describe our canoes, which were light, elegant, and wonderfully strong, considering the materials of which they were formed. They were constructed of the bark of the white birch-tree. This had been peeled from the tree in large sheets, which were bent over a slender frame of cedar ribs, confined by gunwales, and kept apart by thin bars of the same wood. The ends were alike, forming wedge-like points, and turned over from the extremities towards the centre so as to look somewhat like the handle of a violin. The sheets of bark were then fastened round the gunwales by wattap, and sewn together with the same materials at the joinings. These were afterwards covered by a coat of pine pitch, called gum.

The seats for the paddlers were made by suspending a strip of board with cords from the gunwales in such a manner that they did not press against the sides of the canoe. At the second cross-bar from the bow a hole was cut for a mast, so that a sail could be hoisted when the wind proved favourable. Each canoe carried a quantity of spare bark, wattap, gum, a pan for heating the gum, and some smaller articles necessary for repairs. The canoes were about eighteen feet long, yet so light that two men could carry one with ease a considerable distance when we had to make a "portage." A "portage" I should say, is the term used when a canoe has to be carried over the land, in consequence of any obstruction in the river, such as rapids, falls, or shallows.

As soon as we were fairly off Pierre struck up a cheerful song, in which we, Corney, and the Indians joined, and lustily plying our paddles we urged our little fleet up the river.

#### CHAPTER VI.—PADDLING UP STREAM.

FOR the first day we made good progress, stopping only a short time to land and cook our provisions. We then paddled on until nearly dark, when we went on shore, unloaded our canoes, hauled them up, lighted a fire for cooking, and pitched a small tent for Rose, in front of which Madge, as she always afterwards did, took up her post to be ready to guard her in case of danger.

As soon as supper was over, two men were placed on watch and the rest of the party lay down round the fire with our buffalo robes spread on fresh spruce or pine boughs as beds. Before dawn we were aroused by Uncle Donald.

The morning was calm, the stars were slightly paling, a cold yellow light began to show itself. Above the river floated a light mist through which objects on the opposite bank were dimly seen, while on the land side a wall of forest rose up impenetrable to the eye. From the dying embers of the camp fire a thin column of smoke rose high above the trees, while round it were the silent forms of the Indians, lying motionless at full length on their backs, enveloped in their blankets. To stretch my legs I walked a few paces from the camp, when I was startled by a sudden rush through the underbrush. For a moment I thought of the Blackfeet, but the movement proved to be made by a minx or marten, which had been attracted to the spot by the remains of last night's meal.

On hearing Uncle Donald's voice the Indians started to their feet, and after a hurried breakfast, the canoes being launched and the baggage stowed

on board, we proceeded on our voyage. The mist by degrees cleared away, the sun mounting over the hills, lighted up the scenery, and our crews burst into one of the songs with which they were wont to beguile the time while plying their paddles.

being hauled up the bank, each was placed on the shoulders of two men, who trotted off with them by a path parallel to the river; the rest loaded themselves with the bales. Hugh and I imitated their example, Madge carried as heavy



IN CAMP. (See p. 227.)

Having stopped as before to dine we were paddling on, when we heard a low ceaseless roar coming down between the high banks. In a short time we saw the waters rushing and foaming ahead of us, as they fell over a broad ledge of rocks.

"Can we get over there?" asked Hugh.

"No," I answered; "see, Uncle Donald is steering in for the shore."

We soon landed, the canoes were unloaded, and

a package as any of the men, and Rose begged that she might take charge of a small bundle, with which she trotted merrily off, but did not refuse to let Madge have it before she had gone half way. After proceeding for nearly a mile among rocks and trees, the canoes were placed on the banks where the river flowed calmly by, and the men returned for the remainder of the baggage. Three trips had to be made to convey the whole of the

cargoes above the falls. This is what is called "making a portage."

Re-embarking, on we went until nightfall. During the next few days we had several such portages to make. We were at times able to hoist our sails, but when the stream became more rapid and shallow, we took to poling, a less pleasant way of progressing, though under the circumstances the only one available. Occasionally the river opened out, and we were able to resume our paddles.

We had just taken them in hand and were passing along the east bank when Hugh exclaimed, "I see some one moving on shore among the trees! Yes, I thought so; he's an Indian," and he immediately added, "there are several more."

I shouted to Uncle Donald to tell him, and then turned to warn Pierre and Corney.

Scarcely had I spoken than well nigh fifty savages appeared on the banks, and, yelling loudly, let fly a cloud of arrows towards us, while one of them shouted to us to come to shore.

"Very likely we'll be after doin' that, Mister Redskins," cried Corney.

And we all, following Uncle Donald's example, turning the heads of our canoes, paddled towards the opposite bank.

We were safe for the present, and might, had we chosen, have picked off several of the savages with our rifles; Corney and Pierre had lifted theirs for the purpose, but Uncle Donald ordered them not to fire.

"Should we kill any of them we should only find it more difficult to make peace afterwards," he observed.

The river was here wide enough to enable us to keep beyond range of their arrows, and we continued our course paddling along close to the western bank. After going a short distance we saw ahead of us a lake, which we should have to cross. The Indians had disappeared, and I hoped that we had seen the last of them, when Corney shouted out that he had caught sight of them running along the shore of the lake to double round it. Their object in so doing was evident, for on the opposite side the upper river entered the lake, rounding a point by a narrow passage, and this point they hoped to gain before we could get through, so that they might stop our progress.

"Paddle, lads—paddle for your lives!" cried Uncle Donald. "We must keep ahead of the redskins if we wish to save our scalps."

We did paddle with might and main, making the calm water bubble round the bows of our canoes.

Looking to our right, we every now and then

caught a glimpse of the Blackfeet, for such we knew they were by their dress. They were bounding along in single file among the trees, led apparently by one of their most nimble warriors. It seemed very doubtful whether we could pass the point before they could reach it. We persevered, for otherwise we should be compelled either to turn back, or to run the risk of being attacked at one of the portages, or to land at the western side of the bay, and to throw up a fort in which we could defend ourselves should the Blackfeet make their way across the river. It was not likely, however, that they would do this. They had already ventured much farther to the north than it was their custom to make a raid; and should they be discovered, they would run the risk of being set upon by the Shoushwasps, the chief tribe inhabiting that part of the country, and their retreat cut off. Still it was of the greatest importance to lose no time, and we redoubled our efforts to get by the point. The Indians had a greater distance to go; but then they ran much faster than we could paddle our canoes. As we neared the point, I kept looking to the right to see how far our enemies had got. Again I caught a glimpse of their figures moving among the trees, but whether or not they were those of the leaders I could not distinguish.

Uncle Donald reached the point, and his canoe disappeared behind it. Hugh and I next came up, closely followed by the other two. We could hear the savage shouts and cries of the redskins; but there was now a good chance of getting beyond their reach.

"There goes the captain's canoe," I heard Corney sing out; "paddle, boys, paddle, and we'll give them the go-by!"

We had entered the upper branch of the river; the current ran smoothly. Still we were obliged to exert ourselves to force our canoes up against it. Looking back for a moment over my shoulder, I could see the leading Indians as they reached the point we had just rounded. Enraged at being too late to stop us, they expended another flight of arrows, several of which struck the water close to us, and two went through the after end of Pierre's canoe, but fortunately above water.

Though we had escaped for the present, they might continue along the eastern bank of the river, and meet us at the next portage we should have to make. The day was wearing on, and ere long we should have to look out for a spot on which to camp, on the west bank, opposite to that where we had seen the Indians.

We had got four or five miles up the river when the roaring sound of rushing waters struck our ears, and we knew that we should have to make

another portage. The only practicable one was on the east bank, and as it would occupy us the greater part of an hour, we could scarcely hope to escape the Indians, even should they not already have arrived at the spot. On the left rose a line of precipitous rocks, over which we should be unable to force our way. At length we got up to the foot of the rapids. Uncle Donald took a survey of them. I observed on the west side a sheet of water flowing down smoother and freer from rocks than the rest.

"We must pole up the rapids, but it will need caution ; follow me," said Uncle Donald.

We got out our long poles, and Uncle Donald leading the way, we commenced the ascent.

While resting on our paddles Corney and Pierre had overtaken us, and now followed astern of Uncle [Donald, so that our canoe was the last. We had got nearly half-way up, the navigation becoming more difficult as we proceeded. The rocks extended farther and farther across the channel, the water leaping and hissing and foaming as it rushed by them. One of our Indians sat in the bows with a rope ready to jump out on the rocks and tow the canoe should the current prove too strong for us. Red Squirrel stood aft with pole in hand guiding the canoe, while Hugh and I worked our poles on either side. Corney and Pierre were at some little distance before us, while Uncle Donald, having a stronger crew, got well ahead.

"We shall soon be through this, I hope," cried Hugh ; "pretty tough work though."

As he spoke he thrust down his pole, which must have been jammed in a hole, and his weight being thrown upon it, before he could recover it broke, and over he went ; I in my eagerness, leaning on one side, attempted to grasp at him, the consequence was that the canoe, swinging round, was driven by the current against the rock. I heard a crash, the foaming water washed over us, and I found myself struggling in its midst. My first impulse was to strike out, for I had been a swimmer from childhood.

Notwithstanding, I found myself carried down. I looked out for Hugh, but the bubbling water blinded my eyes, and I could nowhere see him nor my Indian companions ; still I instinctively struggled for life. Suddenly I found myself close to a rugged rock, whose sides afforded the means of holding on to it. By a violent effort I drew myself out of the water and climbed to the top. I looked round to see what had become of the rest of the crew ; my eye first fell on the canoe, to which Hugh was clinging. It was being whirled hurriedly down the rapids ; and some distance

from it, indeed, almost close to where I now was, I saw the head of an Indian. His hands and feet were moving ; but instead of trying to save himself by swimming towards the rock on which I was seated, he was evidently endeavouring to overtake the canoe. I could nowhere see our other companion ; he had, I feared, sunk, sucked under by the current. A momentary glance showed me what I have described.

Directly I had recovered breath I shouted to Pierre and Corney, but the roar of the waters prevented them from hearing my voice ; and they and their companions were so completely occupied in poling on their canoes that they did not observe what had occurred. Again and again I shouted ; then I turned round, anxiously looking to see how it fared with Hugh and the Indian.

The canoe had almost reached the foot of the rapids, but it went much faster than the Indian, who was still bravely following it. He had caught hold of one of the paddles, which assisted to support him. I was now sure that his object was to assist Hugh, for he might, as I have said, by swimming to the rock and clutching it, have secured his own life until he could be taken off by Corney or Pierre. Hugh still held tight hold of the canoe, which, however, the moment it reached the foot of the rapids, began to drift over to the eastern shore.

Just then what was my dismay to see a number of redskins rush out from the forest towards the bank. They were those, I had no doubt, from whom we were endeavouring to escape. They must have seen the canoe, and were rejoicing in the thoughts of the capture they were about to make. Hugh's youth would not save him from the cruel sufferings to which they were wont to put their prisoners, should they get hold of him, and that they would do this seemed too probable. I almost wished, rather than he should have had to endure so cruel a fate, that he had sunk to the bottom. Even now the Indian might come up with the canoe, but would it be possible for him to tow it to the west bank, or support Hugh while swimming in the same direction. Though the rock was slippery I at length managed to stand up on it, and as I did so I gave as shrill a shout as I could utter. One of the Indians in Corney's canoe glanced at me for a moment. He at once saw what had happened, and I guessed from his gestures was telling Pierre as well as Corney of the accident. In an instant the poles were thrown in, and the Indians seizing their paddles, the canoes, their heads turned round, were gliding like air bubbles down the torrent.

## CHAPTER VII.—A NARROW ESCAPE.

AS Corney and Pierre approached I waved to them to go on, pointing to the canoe to which Hugh was clinging. They saw the necessity of at once going to his rescue, and so left me on the rock, where I was perfectly safe for the present. There was need, in truth, for them to make haste, for already Hugh was drifting within range of the Indians' arrows, and they might shoot him in revenge for the long run we had given them.

The overturned canoe seemed to be gliding more and more rapidly towards them, when I saw its progress arrested.

The brave Indian had seized it, and was attempting to tow it away from the spot where the savages were collected. But all his efforts could scarcely do more than stop its way, and he apparently made but little progress towards the west shore. Corney and Pierre were, however, quickly getting up to it. I shouted with joy when I saw Hugh lifted into Corney's canoe, and the Indian with some assistance clambering into that of Pierre. Not satisfied with this success they got hold of the canoe itself, determined to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. This done, they quickly paddled over to the west shore, where a level spot enabled them to land. They had not forgotten me; and presently I saw Corney's canoe, with three people in her, poling up towards the rock on which I stood, while Pierre's was engaged in picking up such of the articles of baggage as had floated. It was not without some difficulty that I got on board. My first inquiry was to ascertain which of the Indians had assisted to save Hugh, and I was thankful to hear, as I had expected, that it was Red Squirrel who had behaved so gallantly.

We then had to decide what to do—whether to continue our course upwards, to let Uncle Donald know what had happened, or to rejoin Pierre. Though I had managed to cling on to the rock, I found my strength so much exhausted that I could afford but little help in poling up the canoe. While we were discussing the matter, what was my dismay to see an Indian on the top of the western cliff.

"Our enemies must have crossed, and we shall be attacked," I exclaimed.

"Sure no, it's one of Mr. Donald's men who has been sent to see what has become of us," answered Corney.

Such I saw was the case. We could not hear his voice, but getting closer to us he made signs which his own people understood, that he would go back to Uncle Donald and learn what we were to do. In reply our two Indians pointed down to where Pierre's party were now on shore, letting him understand exactly what had happened.

He quickly disappeared, and we had to wait some time, hanging on to a rock by a rope, until he returned with two other men. They then pointed up the stream as a sign to us that we were to proceed. We accordingly did so, poling up as before. By the time we got to the head of the rapids we saw that Pierre was coming after us, apparently towing the shattered canoe.

Above the rapids we discovered a small bay, towards which Uncle Donald's voice summoned us. As we landed he grasped my hand, showing his joy at my escape. It was some time before Pierre arrived. Hugh came in his canoe, while the rest of the men had arrived over land with the *luggage* which had been saved, as also with our rifles, which having been slung under the thwarts, had fortunately not slipped out.

We immediately began our preparations for camping, but had, besides doing what was usual, to collect materials for a stockade, which might enable us to resist a sudden onslaught of the Blackfeet should they cross the river. One of the men was also placed on watch all the time to prevent surprise.

While most of the party were thus engaged, Red Squirrel and Jock, who were the best canoe builders, were employed in repairing the shattered canoe, and making some fresh paddles and poles; indeed there was so much work to be done, that none of us got more than a few hours' rest. We had also to keep a vigilant watch, and two of the men were constantly scouting outside the camp, to guard us more effectually from being taken by surprise.

All was ready for a start some time before daylight, when Uncle Donald, awakening the sleepers, ordered every one to get on board as noiselessly as possible. He, as usual, led the way, the other canoes following close astern. The last man was told to make up the fire, which was left burning to deceive the enemy, who would suppose that we were still encamped.

We had got some distance, the wind being up stream, when just at dawn I fancied that I heard a faint though prolonged yell. We stopped paddling for a moment, I asked Red Squirrel if he thought that the Blackfeet had got across to our camp. He nodded, and uttered a low *laugh*, significant of his satisfaction that we had deceived them. Daylight increasing, we put up our masts and hoisted light cotton sails, which sent our canoes skimming over the water at a far greater speed than we had hitherto been able to move.

Another lake appeared before us. By crossing it we should be far ahead of the Blackfeet. We had brought some cooked provisions, so that we

were able to breakfast in the canoes. It was long past noon before, the river having again narrowed, we ventured on shore for a brief time only to dine.

The next portage we came to was on the east bank. It was fortunately a short one, and Uncle Donald kept some of the men under arms, a portion only being engaged in carrying the canoes and their cargoes. No Indians, however, appeared.

"I hope that we have given them the go-by," said Hugh, "and shall not again see their ugly faces."

"We must not be too certain; I'll ask Red Squirrel what he thinks," I replied.

"Never trust a Blackfoot," was the answer. "They are as cunning as serpents, and, like serpents, they strike their enemies from among the grass."

We expected in the course of two or three days more to come to an end of the river navigation at a spot where Uncle Donald had directed that the horses should meet us. We were not without fear, however, that some, if not the whole of the animals might have been stolen by the Blackfeet should they by any means have discovered them.

Occasionally sailing, sometimes paddling and poling, and now and then towing the canoes along the banks, we continued our progress. As we went along we kept a look-out for the Blackfeet, as it was more than possible that they might pursue us. We accordingly, in preference to landing on either bank, selected an island in the centre of the stream for our camping-ground.

We had just drawn up the canoes among the bushes and formed our camp in an open spot near the middle of the island, when one of the men who was on the look-out brought word that he saw a large number of savages passing on the east bank. We were, however, perfectly concealed from their keen eyes. Watching them attentively, we guessed by their gestures that they were looking for us, and not seeing our canoes, fancied that we had passed on. Night was now approaching. We were afraid of lighting a fire, lest its glare might betray our position to our pursuers. They would, however, on not discovering us, turn back, so that we should thus meet them, and Uncle

Donald resolved, therefore, to remain where we were, until they had retreated to the southward. Even should they discover us we might defend the island more easily than any other spot we could select. We had plenty of provisions, so that we could remain there without inconvenience for several days, except that we should thus delay our passage over the mountains. Hugh and I were, much to our satisfaction, appointed by Uncle Donald to keep watch, Hugh on one side of the island and I on the other, for fear lest, should the redskins find out where we were, they might attempt, by swimming across, to take us by surprise.

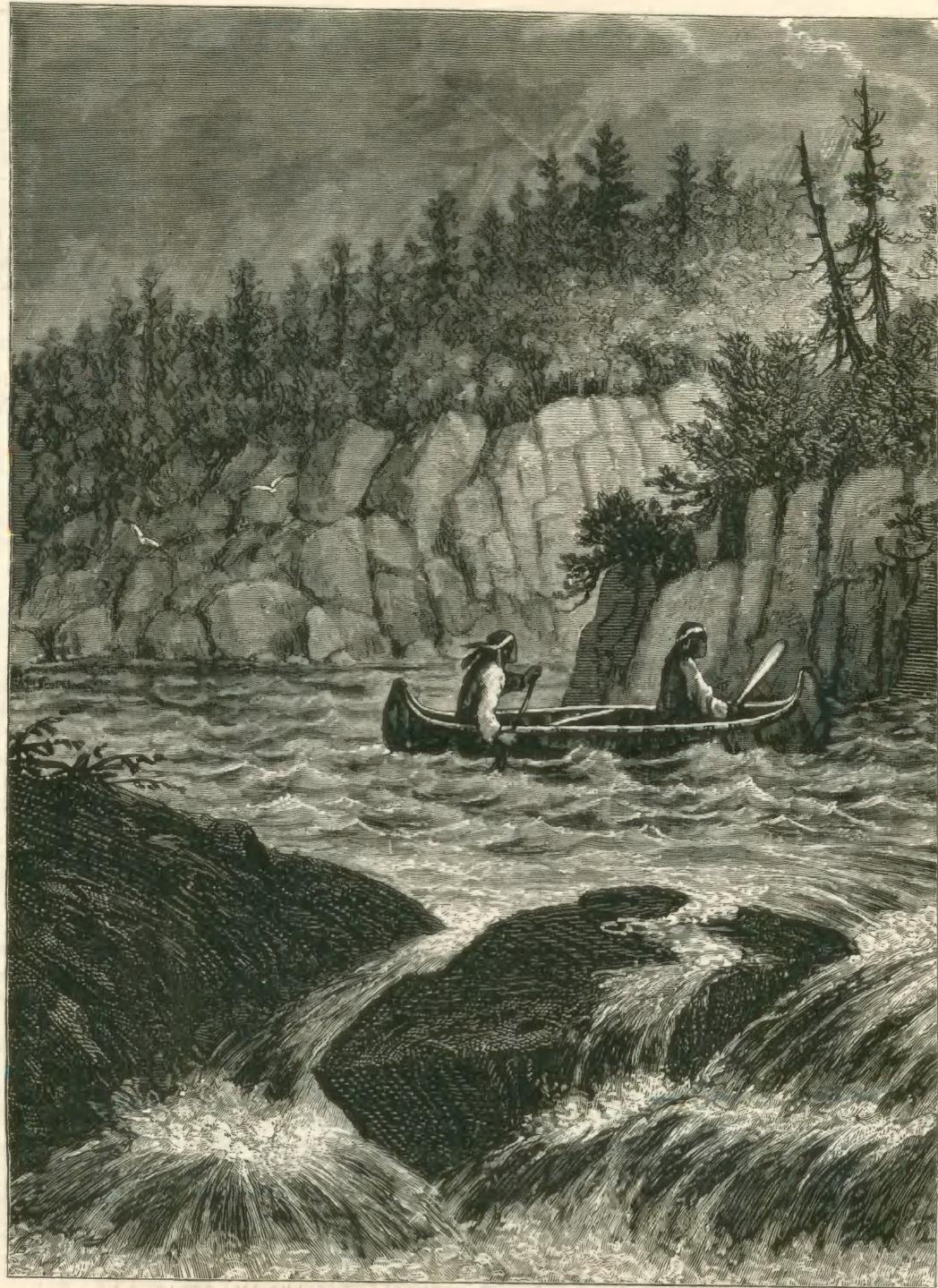
None appeared, however, and two more days went by. At last Uncle Donald began to hope that they, supposing we had taken another route, were on their way back. We accordingly, seeing no one the next morning, embarked, and the river here expanding into a lake, we were able to paddle on without impediment across it, and a short distance up another stream, when we came to a fall of several feet, beyond which our canoes could not proceed. This was the spot where we had expected to find the horses, but they had not arrived. We were greatly disappointed, for, having been much longer than we had calculated on coming up, we naturally expected that they would have been ready for us. Winter was rapidly approaching, and in the autumn before the streams are thoroughly frozen the dangers of crossing the mountains are greater than at any other period.

As the canoes could go no higher we took them up the stream and placed them "en cache," where there was little chance of their being discovered. They were to remain there until the return of our men, who would accompany us to the foot of the mountains and go back again that autumn.

On not finding the horses Uncle Donald went to the highest hill in the neighbourhood, overlooking the country through which they had to pass, in the hopes of seeing them approach. He came back saying that he could perceive no signs of them, and he ordered us forthwith to camp in such a position that we might defend ourselves against any sudden attack of hostile Indians.

(To be continued.)





ABOVE THE RAPIDS. (*See p. 230.*)

## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

## BIBLE EXERCISES.

## IX.

*"With thy blessing let the house of thy servant be blessed for ever."*—2 SAM. vii. 29.

Was this prayer of David's answered?—  
2 Sam. xxii., xxiii.; Ps. xxiii., lxxxix.

Who else prayed the same prayer?—1 Chron. iv.  
Is God's blessing a good thing?—Ps. iii., cxxiii.;  
Prov. x.

## X.

*"Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God."*—  
2 SAM. x. 12.

Were the Israelites commanded to fight with

courage?—Deut. xxxi.; Josh. i., x.; 1 Chron. xxii.; Neh. iv.; Isa. viii., li.

Must we also fight with courage?—Matt. x.; Eph. vi.; 1 Peter iii.

## XI.

*"I have sinned against the Lord. . . . The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die."*—2 SAM. xii. 13.

Give examples of men who confessed their sin.—  
2 Sam. xxiv.; Job vii.; Luke xviii.

Show that God pardons all who repent.—Job  
xxxiii.; Ps. xxxii.; Prov. xxviii.; Isa. vi.; Micah  
vii.; 1 John i.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## IV.—DRAWN OUT OF THE WATER.



HE children of Israel were dwelling among the green pastures of Egypt, where Joseph, long before, had found a home for his brethren. In the many years which had passed since Joseph lived and died they had become a great nation, scattered throughout all the district of Goshen. From that green and pleasant place the Israelites could look across the River Nile to the sandy shore and the blue sea beyond; or, far over the waste Eastern desert, could fancy that they caught some faint and broken line, where their own hills of distant Palestine stood out against the sky.

But their homes and their daily tasks lay, for the most part, amidst the reedy channels by which the black Nile waters found their way into the sea; and on some of those very papyrus reeds which waved, and curved, and rustled by Egyptian streams three thousand years ago, were then written words which have been preserved and read in our own times, and which tell us what Goshen and the Nile valley were like in those far-off days.

This is how an old scribe, living at the court of the Pharaoh, or King of Egypt, wrote:—"Life there," he says, "is very sweet and incomparable; the plains swarm with people, the fields with birds, and the ponds and canals with fishes; the meadows glitter with balmy flowers, the fruits taste

like unto honey, and the corn-houses and barns overflow with grain."

This is the description of a beautiful land, is it not? But there was something which darkened all its loveliness, for above those pleasant pastures towered up into the blue of the rainless sky the mighty heathen temples of the land. Or the forms of Egyptian idols, carved in solid rock, looked out, terrible, and calm, and stern—a fear and a dread to the very people who had made them, and who knew nothing of the One God, who "did them good, and gave them fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness."

The Israelites themselves, God's chosen people, had been now living so long amongst the Egyptians, and seeing their idols, that many of them had forgotten the true God whom their fathers knew. They did not keep His law; they did not teach their children to know Him; and when they looked over the desert waste, they did not long and pray that He would, as He had promised to their fathers, call them back out of Egypt to their own land, where they might serve Him better.

So we can see that this pleasant, easy life amongst fruitful plains had been turned into a terrible evil to them. The time at which God had said that He would take them back into their own land of Canaan was coming very near, and they were not ready to go, for they would have carried back with them the evil idols of Egypt.

And it was because the Israelites had forgotten God, and in order that they might be brought back to Him, that He allowed trouble to befall them, so that their quiet days were over.

A king came to the throne of Egypt who made them serve him as slaves—just as he treated the poor captives whom his soldiers took in war, so he dealt with the whole nation of Israel. They had lived at ease in a pleasant land, and now were set to hard toil, which brought them no wages save blows. They had to toil in the dry fields, or they were set to make bricks from the slimy river clay, and to lay them out to dry under the burning Eastern sun. Then, with these bricks, others of them were forced to build treasure houses and strong fortresses for the cruel king who was oppressing them.

Yet the promised time of deliverance drew nearer and nearer; in eighty years the day would come when God had said that He would bring them back. How was it possible that this nation of slaves, men who thought of nothing but their daily task and their daily food, should be filled once more with high hopes and noble longings, be won back from the worship of idols to faith in a God whom they could not see?

It was to be made possible by the coming among them of a mighty prophet; and it is of the birth and boyhood of this prophet that you are now going to read, so that you may see something of how God trained the little child for the wonderful work which he was to do.

Under the palm-leaf thatch of an Israelitish house, in the land of Goshen, lived at this time a man named Amram. He was of the family of Levi, one of Joseph's elder brothers, and his wife, too, was of the same house. Her name of Jochebed, which means "whose glory is Jehovah," makes us think that her parents, when they gave it to her, wished that she should grow up to serve and honour the God of Israel.

Amram and Jochebed had two children—a girl, called Miriam, and a boy, who seems to have been a good deal younger. Not very long after this boy—whose name was Aaron—was born, Pharaoh made a law still more cruel than that which had turned all the nation into slaves. He found that, in spite of the toil which the Israelites had to bear, they still grew and multiplied; and he was afraid that these slaves, whom he found so useful, would become strong enough to escape from Egypt and be free. Perhaps the king had heard some rumour of the promise which God had made to Jacob, and which now, in this time of bitter suffering, might be remembered and repeated by one or another of the poor oppressed people. Pharaoh would rather

kill these slaves of his than let them escape and join with his enemies; and he made a law that every Hebrew boy was to be seized as soon as he was born, and carried away to be thrown into the great Nile. There the poor little infants would either be drowned, or else eaten by the fierce crocodiles which bask on the sandy banks of the river or lie hidden amidst the fringing reeds.

Now when Aaron was just three years old a little brother was born to him. A girl would have been allowed to grow up; but Amram and Jochebed, as they looked at their son's little face and heard his feeble cries, knew well that they could not hope to keep him. They were sure that so soon as the tidings of his birth spread beyond their own home the child would be seized, and cast out, so that he might not live.

We might almost think, from the words in which the history is given us in the Bible, that a vision had been sent to Amram, to tell him that God had chosen the child to be a Deliverer and a Prophet—we know that it was often thus before the birth of one of God's chosen servants. But though we cannot be sure that a vision was sent, yet this we do know, that as the parents looked on the lovely face of the little child, who was even at his birth "exceeding fair," they felt certain, beyond the possibility of any doubt, that it was the will of God that they should try to save the life of the child which He had given them. The king's commandment was very strict, and most likely if they had been found out in attempting to disobey it they would have been punished very cruelly. But they were not afraid; and we are told that the reason that they were so fearless was that they had faith in God—they had One to help them who was stronger than Pharaoh.

How the boy's life was to be saved they did not know; but it was clear that at present he must be nursed and cared for by his mother, and therefore he must be hidden in the house. Most likely it was but a small dwelling, a clay hut, such shelter as a slave could claim; and it would be no easy thing to hide the growing boy from all the neighbours. It seems that Egyptians and people of other races lived amongst the Israelites in Goshen, and from all these, at least, the child must be concealed; and perhaps even amongst the Israelites there were some so crushed with slavery, and so debased by the worship of idols, that in their own misery they would have been ready to betray their brothers.

So it was that for three months the little boy was hidden by his mother in the house. Of course a name was given to him, as was generally done eight days after birth, when the child was circumcised—just as, when you were christened, a

name was given to you ; but we do not know what this name was, nor how his mother called him when she soothed his cries or sang him to sleep in her arms. When he grew to be three months old Jochebed could not hide him any longer. Either just at that time the king's commandment was made more strict, or some one had betrayed the secret to the Egyptian neighbours, or else it was that the child himself was growing too strong and active for it to be possible any longer to keep him hidden. Yet now he was far dearer than when his parents had first made up their minds to brave the king's anger and save him. We can fancy how Amram and Jochebed sat talking in the silent night *about* the boy. He *must* be cast out ; they knew that they would soon be forced to give him up that he might be thrown into the Nile.

Well, they would do it themselves ; but they would do it in such a manner, that if it were, as they still trusted, God's purpose to save the child, there would yet be a little space in which He might, how they could not tell, come and deliver him.

When the morning dawned, Amram went down to the edge of the nearest canal or stream and gathered thence a great bundle of the long papyrus leaves. These leaves were used in Egypt then, even as they are to this day, for making light boats, and for plaiting baskets ; and Jochebed well knew how to weave them together into a sort of covered cradle or ark.

In this ark the parents intended to lay their child before they carried him to the river ; and very likely they chose to make it of papyrus rather than any other kind of leaf, because their flags were believed to be a defence against the terrible crocodiles which lay in the slime of the river banks.

The basket was woven, but it was not yet ready to receive the child ; the sharp edges of the keen and brittle reed would have cut and wounded his tender flesh, and therefore the cradle was lined with a coating of slime or bitumen, whilst pitch was laid on outside to keep every drop of water from the little sleeping child, for we cannot help thinking that he was still asleep, when, before it was light, perhaps on the next day, his mother lifted him and laid him in the new, strange cradle. Then it was closed, though, no doubt, room was left for the air to reach his lips as he lay.

All was ready now ; and with a heart which would almost have broken with pain, had not Jochebed clung fast to her faith in God, she lifted the precious burden, which she would trust to no hands but her own, and carried it down to the water's edge.

Most likely it was not to the wide black flow of the great Nile that she went, but to one of those

smaller channels or canals near which the Israelite population lived. Her way would lie through green meadow lands, on which the kine were feeding, then through a border of rank marsh-grass, before she could reach the line of nodding reeds in which she must hide the tiny ark.

She laid it down at last close beside the water. It was not quite hidden, a sharp eye could see it from the path by the bank ; but Jochebed dare not bury it more deeply amongst the rushes, lest the child should die there with none to pity it.

She might not linger ; and she turned away with a passionate prayer in her heart for the little one whom she was leaving, and then hurried on, scarcely daring to listen for the cry which she feared and yet longed to hear.

Jochebed well knew that it would not be safe for her to remain in any spot whence she could see the ark. Her neighbours would wonder and watch, and thus she might betray her child to the very death from which she still believed he would be delivered.

But little Miriam might sit near the water's edge, might play there with Aaron, or might gather and weave the green rushes, and no one would notice her or think it strange. So Miriam was sent down into the meadow to a place whence she could see all that chanced upon the river-bank, and take heedful note of every movement amongst the distant reeds.

By-and-by there was heard far off a sound of feet and voices, girls' voices singing Egyptian songs, the sound of merry laughter, of quick question and reply. Then a gleam of bright dresses showed through the screening palm trees, and Miriam thought she knew who was coming.

That lady with the sad face and rich robes who walked alone was the daughter of Pharaoh, of the mighty Rameses, King of Egypt, and those who followed bearing soft towels, and ointments, and perfumes, were the maidens who waited on her. In those days of a simpler life, it was no unusual thing for the greatest princesses to come down to the water side to bathe and anoint themselves. No doubt often before, in the cool shadows of the early morning, had Miriam watched Pharaoh's daughter coming with her train to the bank of the river.

The bright company made their way along the water's edge ; Miriam could see how near they were to the spot where her mother had laid the woven papyrus cradle that held such a treasure. The princess was lifting her hand, she was pointing out something to the maidens who gathered round. Could it be that she saw the ark ?

Miriam crept nearer, and could see how one of the train had, at her mistress's command, taken up

the basket, and was carrying it unopened to the princess. We can fancy how all the maidens gathered round it, full of wonder and curiosity, while Pharaoh's daughter herself cut the cords

and heard all round him the chatter of unfamiliar voices, the little boy began to cry, and this cry of the helpless babe woke up a sudden pity and love in the heart of Pharaoh's daughter.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

which fastened down the lid, and throwing it back, showed them, lying within, the beautiful boy. He was awake now; and when, instead of his mother bending over him, he saw a stranger's face,

There is a story told about her which is not written in the Bible, and which we are not quite sure is true; but this story tells us that she was not only Pharaoh's daughter, but a king's wife, and

that she had no children of her own, and when she saw the beautiful boy, she felt at once that it was sent to her to be like her own child.

She could not help pitying and loving the little one ; and it seems as if she must have lifted the boy out of his rough cradle and tried in vain to soothe his cries. Those cries drew Miriam nearer and nearer, and she stole softly down until she stood unnoticed, close to the princess herself. The great lady was trying in vain to hush the cries of the babe, but she could not succeed in soothing it, and turning round, she said to her maidens, " This is one of the Hebrews' children." Miriam was quick to hear the words, and God put it into her heart what to say.

" Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee ? "

No doubt Miriam tried to speak quietly, and the princess would not notice very closely the slave-girl, whose earnest imploring face would seem just what would be natural in the presence of so great a lady.

" Go," said the princess, in the short word of command which it was natural for her to use.

Miriam knew where to go. Fast she hurried up the slope towards the cottage where her mother was, her mother who dare not look out on the line of dark water, but was hidden within, and must, we feel sure, have been praying with all the intense love and longing of her heart that God would save the child.

She must have heard the hurrying steps, and we cannot tell whether it was hope or fear that she felt most keenly, as Miriam rushed into the room. How terribly long those two or three hours had been, every minute bringing with it its own new fear, and yet how quickly God had sent comfort and help. Jochebed was soon amongst the group by the water, where the princess still held the frightened child. She did not know, of course, as she laid him in the Hebrew woman's arms, that

she was giving him back to his own mother, and perhaps the great lady envied the poor Hebrew slave, as she saw how at her touch the sobs began to grow quieter, and presently all the fair little face shone out bright with smiles of content. " Take this child away," said the king's daughter, " and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Jochebed must have laughed to herself at the thought of receiving money for nursing and tending her own little son ; but of course she kept silence, only clasped him more closely in her arms, as she carried him back to the home in which now she need not fear to keep him. No hard-hearted soldier, no cruel neighbour, would dare to touch a life that had been saved by the king's daughter. Thus God had already, by this wonderful deliverance, set His seal on the child who was to be the prophet of His people, and now, in the double training which lay before him, he was to be taught and disciplined, and furnished for his great work.

First must come the teaching which he would receive under his father's roof; and we cannot but believe that both Jochebed and Amram, knowing that the child was after a time to be taken from them, and to grow up in the king's palace, would try in every way to print on his mind the knowledge of God, and of the true faith and worship. We know that he learnt that he was a Hebrew, one of God's own people, and that the poor oppressed, hunted slaves whom he every day saw toiling in the fields and by the river were his brethren, of whom he must never for one moment be ashamed.

We know, too, that deep in his childish heart was set the truth that none of the riches which would be his when he went to the palace, none of the learning with which his mind would be fed, not even the praise and favour of the mighty Rameses, nor the love of the noble queen, his daughter, were to be measured against the glory of being a son of God's chosen people.

#### CHILDREN'S WARM FLANNELS FOR HOSPITAL USE.



DO not know if any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS have ever visited a children's hospital ; if they have not they have been spared a sorrowful sight, but they have also lost a most interesting one. On a very cold and dreary day, in fog and rain, my business led me, just after the New Year, to Shadwell, where, close to the London Docks, the river, and the shipping, the East

London Hospital makes an ark of refuge for the children of the poor who are " always with us," and never are their needs more sorrowfully visible than in such a gathering of invalids of tender years. As I stood in the open door of the " Enfield Ward " of the hospital, and before me lay the long vista of small white-quilted cots, each containing a red-jacketed inmate, I thought of the fresh enjoyment it would be to the little folks who give their work so gladly, if one of the new competitions for 1879

could be "Warm Flannels," which would really add to the comforts of the brother and sister little folks in the children's hospitals.

The flannel petticoats for children and infants, and the little flannel jackets, besides being such useful presents, are very well calculated to show the neat and tidy work of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS; and as all flannel

work has an especial character of its own, it is needful that children should learn early the right method of making it up. The first thing to be done is to procure the flannel of the proper kind and quality. I think that a good Welsh flannel will probably be the most suitable for the petticoat, as it washes and wears the best of all. Two straight widths of it are required for a petticoat to fit a child of seven or eight. They should each be twenty-two inches long, or perhaps half an inch over. The allowance is two inches for the hem, and four for each tuck. The length, when torn into two equal breadths, is joined together by being run up, and then herring-boned. But first you must tear off on each side what is called the selvage, which is either of a pink or blue colour. This selvage is not useless, and before I conclude I shall tell you how you can make it into something which will be also an acquisition to poor children.

The running-stitch, simple as it appears, requires some little care in taking up the exact number of threads at each stitch. It should be quite even to

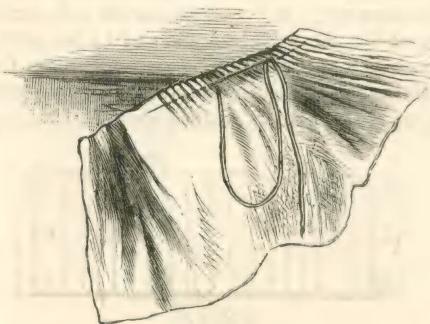


FIG. 2.

a thread, about a quarter of an inch from the edge, the two parts being laid together, face to face, on the wrong side. The stitches taken should be short, about three threads up, and three threads down. When you have finished running the

breadths together, you must lay the edges of the flannel open in the middle, and double them back on the cloth. Then holding the flannel firmly across the first two fingers of your left hand, press the left side tightly with the thumb and third finger. Put in the needle under the fold to your left and bring it out at about the centre, taking a stitch on the material, then on the fold, and so on successively, with the needle facing you, till you reach the end. Then turn the flannel and herring-bone the other side of the seam in the same way. The length and slope of the herring-boning should be in proportion to the size of the edges of the seam (Fig. 1).

Having completed the seams of the petticoat, you must thence proceed to hem it. The depth of the hem depends on the size of the tucks. If they be two-inch tucks a similar hem may be used. This hem can be done in the usual way, or the edge might be left unturned, or it may be re-



FIG. 3.

hemmed by means of herring-boning. The edge is also sometimes embroidered with button-hole stitch in scallops, done with wool, or filoselle, or silk floss.

The tucks are always run, and require careful measurement so as to keep the exact width. The hem and the tucks should be at least an inch apart. Cut a placket-hole down the centre of the back breadth—this should be about two fingers and a half in length; turn down and herring-bone an inch wide hem on one side, and a half-inch one on the other. Lay the wide hem over the narrow one, and stitch across twice at the end of the opening. The top of the petticoat will require a small slope in front, and then must be gathered, stroked, and sewn into a straight waistband of calico. The band is fastened by a pair of strings made of tape, or a button and button-hole.

Fig 2 represents the gathering, and Fig 3 the stroking, or gauging, of the gathers. This last operation in the hands of beginners very often results in long lines of holes after a few weeks' wear or washing, because the pin or needle used

to stroke is too short, and was held too straight Before beginning to gather, the petticoat should be divided into halves and quarters, each being marked by a thread or a pin, the same plan being adopted with the band into which the gathers are to be sewn. When you have done one quarter, draw the gathers closely, and fasten the thread round a pin. Then take a long darning needle or steel pin, and with your left thumb hold the gathers firmly, pick out each gather with the needle held in the right hand and gently push it under the left thumb ; tighten up the thread, stroke the gathers again, and finish by stroking the top of the gathers above the thread to give the work a neat appearance.

Our next description is of the baby's flannel, of which a sketch is given at Fig. 4. The flannel best suited for this purpose is, I think, Saxony, and one yard is sufficient. Form three box-plaits

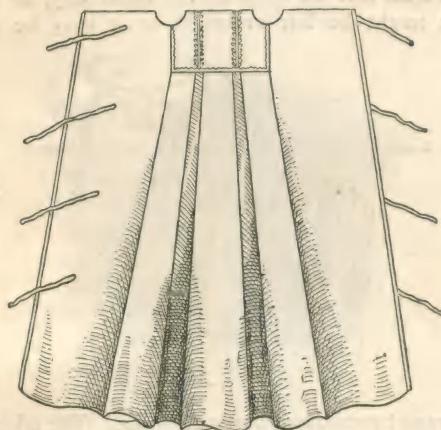


FIG. 4.

in the centre of the width, as represented, and tack them down flat on each edge to the depth of about eight inches. When these plaits are made, the width of the body should be about eighteen inches across. Work down both sides of each plait a row of coral-stitch in linen floss or crochet cotton ; then slope out the little arm-holes, and bind round the whole with flannel binding. There are no less than three methods of putting on flannel binding, one of which—putting it over the edge, and making one single running do—is a most slovenly and careless plan, of which I trust we shall see no example in our competition. The right way is to run the binding on the edge up on the right side of the little flannel, and then turn it over and hem it down on the wrong side very neatly. I hope you will also take great pains in sewing on the strings properly, and will carefully take notice of their proper position.

I have mentioned red or scarlet as the usual colour of such jackets as worn by the little patients ; but this colour need by no means form the rule,

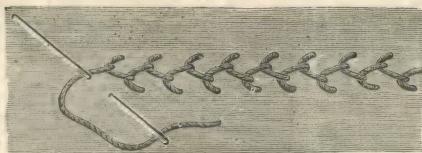


FIG. 5.

for any other is allowed. The very simplest and plainest shape will be found the best, with no joinings up the back, and not made to fit the figure at all. The sleeves should also be of the simplest cut—one side straight and the other on the bias in the old-fashioned way. It should be cut small at the wrist, without any cuff or band, as in that way it is easiest to get on and off. These jackets may be plainly hemmed round with a row of coral-stitch in white as a finish (see Fig. 5), or else they may have a scalloped edge of button-hole stitch, and dots in white or coloured wool. The scallops may be traced with carbonised paper and a sheet of black tracing-paper, or a pattern may be cut in cardboard or paper, which may be traced round with a soft lead pencil. I have no doubt but that many of the workers who compete will be quite able to manage this for themselves, and will not regard the embroidery as any great difficulty. About two yards of flannel will be requisite to make a little jacket, and the material chosen should be as thick as possible without being too coarse. Very fine flannel would only be suitable for babies' use.

I mentioned, when I began my description, that I would show my young readers how the coloured selvages of flannel could be used, and I give at Fig. 6 a sketch of a pair of child's stays made from them. The lining may be made of a piece of strong linen cloth, or of red flannel, and it should be nine inches

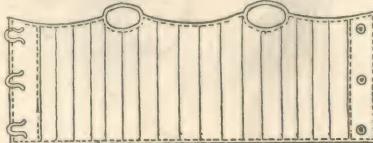
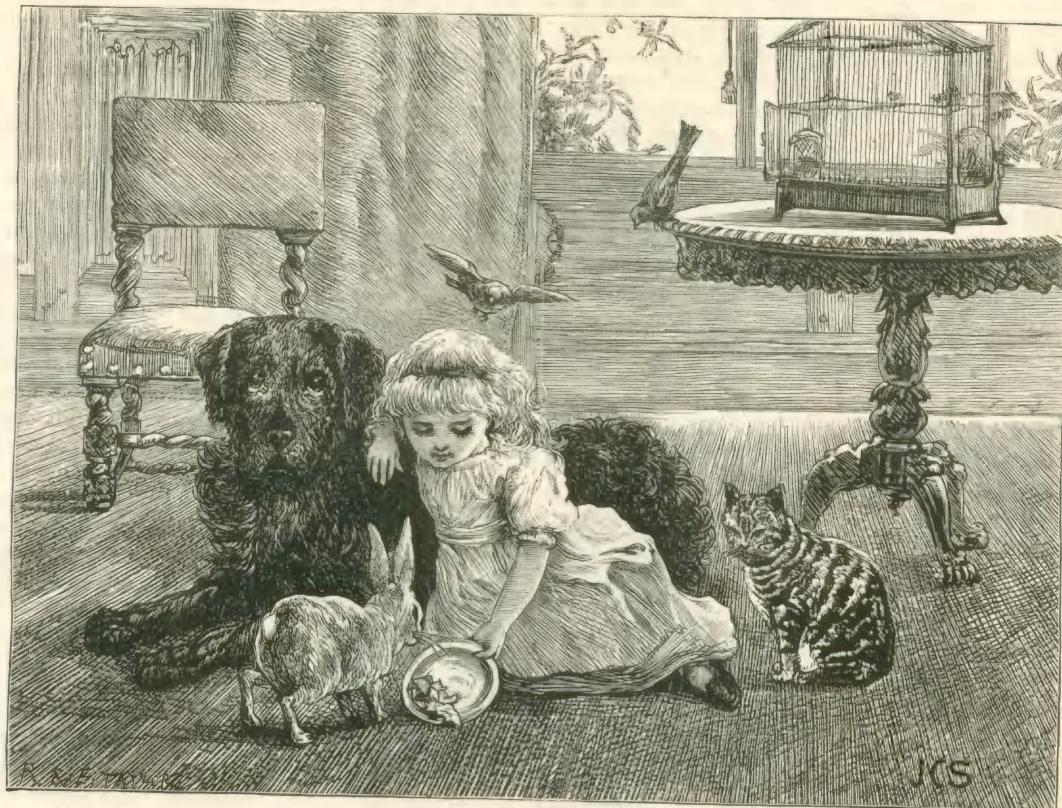


FIG. 6.

wide, and a little over eighteen inches long. The strips of selvage are cut of the same length, nine inches, and run upon the lining, as shown in the illustration ; then each strip is turned over, and the next strip is run on to the edge, so that no sewing is seen.

DORA DE B.



## OUR PETS.

## I.—HOW TO MANAGE PET DOGS.



"T IS true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true" that many thousands of good honest, kind-hearted little folks—aye, and big folks too, for the matter of that—own dogs, and yet do not know the proper way to manage them. By management please to understand me to mean, the doing of our duty towards them, in a manner conducive alike to their health and happiness, leaving for the moment the pleasure they afford us out of account entirely.

Now I could very easily adduce a hundred reasons why we ought to cherish and be kind to the animals who are given to us for our comfort or protection. Instead of doing so, however, I will appeal to your own heart and your sympathies. You love that beautiful dog of yours, whose sweet brown eyes dwell upon you so fondly, who thinks there is no one on earth so good and noble and

lovable as you, and the dearest desire of whose heart is to be always near you. You love your dog? Nay, I will *not* have you use the verb "like;" apply that term to a pine-apple, if you please, but not to your favourite. You love him? You do; thank you, I thought I would manage to coax a confession out of you. I now have to tell you that there is not the slightest reason why you should be ashamed of the honest affection you bestow on your faithful friend; it shows the good that lies at your heart, and besides, next to man himself, the dog is the noblest animal that our Father has created, and one can honour the Creator in admiring and being kind to the created.

On the other hand, the life of a dog is, at the best, but a short one. You yourself are young and strong, and just as buoyant and full of life and frolic as the pet that trots at your heels or scampers on before you, and in ten years time *you* may still be young, but poor Fido, where will he be? If his eyes have not been already closed in death, they are

dimmed with age, his poor joints are stiff, and although he loves now as ever, he can no longer follow you a-field as of yore ; you must take your walks without him, leaving him to his sorrow, for do not imagine he does not feel the change that is stealing over him. Aye, he does, and the very sight of your going away without him is a grief to the old dog, that helps to break the heart that soon will cease to beat.

Yet, short as is the life of a dog, I am happy to tell you it is in our power by kindness to him, and attention to his daily wants, to add many days, aye, and years, thereto. And I will now, in as few words as possible, endeavour to tell you how this is to be accomplished.

Everything, then, depends upon the way you treat him, both morally and physically. I'll take the morally first. In your treatment of your favourite dog you must never forget that he is an animal of the greatest intelligence, that the amount of wisdom he possesses is really very extraordinary, that he knows a great deal of what you say to him, and that from his habit of watching your every action he can read your intentions, and even your thoughts, from your face far better than any human friend could. To make

him obey you, therefore, you must first get him to love you. If you succeed in this, and there is no reason why you should not, he will be willing to do anything in reason that he can, in order to please you. He is, too, an animal of an extremely sensitive and nervous nature. He is pained by ingratitude, delighted when notice is taken of him, sensible to ridicule, and rendered, for the time being, quite wretched when his well-meant advances are repulsed by scolding or unkindness. You will do well to remember these things in your intercourse with him.

But I must give you the shady side of a dog's character as well as the sunny, or my picture would be far from complete. Well, then, there are times when a dog, either from a little fit of naughtiness coming over him, or from sheer love of fun and mischief, and a dog's fun occasionally is mischievous, is guilty of faults. In this case how are we to act ? To pass a fault over is folly ; to beat him for it were bad policy, not to say crime. No, the best plan is to reason with him, show him where

he has done wrong, scold him if need be, but do not lose your temper ; your anger he *can* bear, but, presuming that he loves you, he cannot endure to see you vexed, and after you have lectured him, his ludicrous capers and romps and his kisses are all meant to woo back to your face the smiles that his thoughtless conduct was the means of banishing.

You see, I want your mind to be completely *en rapport*, as it were, with the instinct of your pet, so that you may be able to look behind the commission of a fault, and study the *causes* that led up to it.

Your dog, too, will love you all the more, if you are not too straightlaced with him when out for a ramble. Do not, therefore, be always calling him in to heel. The animal, although he has given up the companionship of even his own

species for your sake, likes a little liberty now and then, and one of his chief delights when out for a run is to trot up to some other dog that he may chance to meet, just as it would seem for the sake of saying "How do you do?" or making a remark or two about the weather. This habit of his should not be rudely checked. Perhaps he is telling his canine friends all about his dear young master or mistress and extolling you to the skies, if not

considerably higher, for your kindness to him.

Now, one of the most important things to learn about dogs is how to feed them, for, depend upon it, that injudicious treatment in this respect never fails to result in serious illness at some time of the dog's life. If you want your favourite to live long, then, and to be always healthy, happy, and frisky, you must feed him in a rational, common-sense kind of way. And upon what? is your natural query. Well, there is generally plenty of spare scraps from the table for little dogs, and this does very well for them, provided these scraps are collected after dinner, and contain a due proportion of bread, vegetables, and any kind of meat, except salt provisions. These should be carefully mixed together and put down to the dog, after, not during, your own meal.

The great mistake that people usually make in the feeding of pet dogs is this, they give their favourites too much ; they thus soon get fat and gross, and become a burden to themselves and



SKYE TERRIER.

a bother, not to say nuisance, to their human friends. House-dogs should never have all they can eat.

You must also feed them at exactly the same time every day, and two meals are abundant, namely, a light breakfast and a generous dinner. Tit-bits and morsels between meals are the ruin of many a good dog.

Let the dog's dish be as clean as your own, and never place before him the remains of a previous meal. Much greasy food is unwholesome for dogs. Pastry, cheese, and sugar and other sweets, are also apt to induce disease of the liver, obesity, and skin ailments. Too many bones should not be allowed, although a large one to gnaw is good for them.

Larger dogs require the same attention as regards regularity of feeding as small ones, but they need specially prepared diets, such as oatmeal porridge and milk, rice with sheep's-head broth and meat, boiled or soaked biscuits, &c. All dogs, too, need change of diet occasionally, as much as we ourselves do ; and a portion of well-boiled cabbage or greens, nicely mashed, should be mixed with the food once a week at least, to keep the blood cool and pure.

A nice clean dish of water should always stand in an out-of-the-way corner, where your pet is sure to find it. Let the basin be washed out every morning, and the water be the purest of the pure.

Next to food and drink, the *most* essential thing is exercise. A dog can hardly have too much romping in the open air. Pet dogs should always have playthings, and probably there is nothing better than a moderately sized indiarubber ball, a hard solid one.

As to the animal's bed at night, it should always be placed in one corner of the room ; and do not forget this—if he is a smooth short-haired dog, his bed may be moderately soft ; but if his coat is long, the bed ought to be hard—basket-work, covered with strong cotton, for example—else he will never have nice long hair. And this leads me to say a word about the grooming of your little favourite. If you

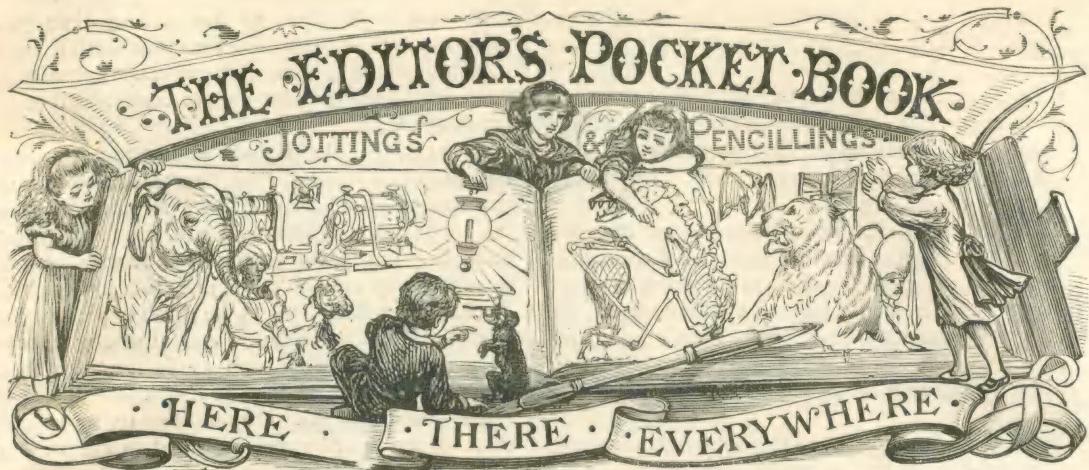
wish your Fido, then, to live a long time you must buy him a comb and brush for himself, both moderately strong ones, and you must consider it your duty *every* morning first to comb and then to brush him well.

If you do this, the dog will seldom require washing, but when you do wash him attend to one or two things. I will number them for you. (1.) Let the soap be the mildest you can get. (2.) Never use soda. (3.) Do not let the water be very hot, and rinse the soap well out of his jacket. (4.) Give him a cold shower from a jug at the finish to prevent his catching cold. (5.) Never wash the dog except on a fine day, and as soon as he is well rubbed down take him out at once for a run.

You see, then, that I have been trying in this short paper to tell my young readers the way in which they can keep their dogs in health, for the oft-quoted reason, that prevention is better than cure ; but at some future time I hope to be able to give you a description of the few simple ailments to which pet dogs are liable, and the best method of curing them. But here I think it my duty to tell you one thing, and I put it in *italics*, to make you aware of its importance :—*Most of the severer forms of illness in dogs are caught from exposure to wet and cold when the stomach is empty and the animal in a state of inactivity.* Never, therefore, allow your favourite to shiver on the doorstep, and if he is a short-coated dog, he ought not to be allowed to go abroad when it is raining or when cold winds are blowing without his little jacket on.

It is a good plan to occasionally give a dog a tiny dose of castor oil when you think he is out of sorts. The dose for a lap-dog is a dessert-spoonful, and if you make it warm you will find it more easy to administer. After this, if he still seems to be dull give him one of the following boluses twice a day. It is the neatest little doggie's dinner-pill that I can think of :—Of powdered rhubarb one grain, powdered ginger one grain, sulphate of quinine half a grain, and extract of dandelion three grains. Let any respectable chemist compound this for you, and send you two dozen.





#### A Scene in the Jungle.

A party of ivory hunters were one day out in an Indian jungle near the river Ganges in search of elephants. They were obliged to be careful and keep their eyes about them, for they had heard that a fierce man-eating tiger had been seen several times near one of the neighbouring villages, and they knew that they must be prepared in case he became aware of their presence, and felt inclined to make a meal of one of the party. So they loaded their guns with the heavy ball necessary for elephant shooting, and primed the pistols they carried in their belts, so as to be ready for any emergency. They watched for some hours before seeing any sign, either of tiger or elephants, though one man declared that he heard a low growl about noon, which was proof positive that the man-eater was at no great distance.

By-and-by, as the afternoon drew on, a troop of elephants was seen quietly moving on towards the river, led by an old male with an enormous pair of tusks. As he approached a shelving part of the bank he suddenly raised his trunk and uttered a cry like the blast of a trumpet, which not only alarmed his comrades, but also the peacocks and other birds, which took to hasty flight, screaming as they went. A little elephant calf turned tail and sought protection from its mother, and as the hunters watched, they saw the leader rise up on his hind legs, while the dreaded tiger sprang out of the jungle at his feet. To fire straight into Sir Tiger's open mouth was the work of a moment. The shot told, the savage brute rolled over lifeless, and the hunters made haste to secure the much-desired elephants, some of which, however, escaped in the general confusion.

#### Palimpsest Manuscripts.

In olden times writing materials were not so plentiful as they are now, and the people who could write were not so numerous either. Those who could do so were principally the monks, who in their convents had more leisure than the busy toilers in the outside world. In the convents were many old parchments and vellum manuscripts which were not regarded with much reverence by the monks, who when they were in want of vellum to write down various items concerning their order or convent, would wash out the lamp-black or colouring matter of the ink upon the old parchments, and sometimes rub it down with pumice stone, or scrape it. And parchments which had been thus used were termed *palimpsest*, from a Greek word signifying twice scraped.

The ink used, however, was made with vinegar, and later with an infusion of iron, and both these materials sink into parchment, so that though the surface colouring may be rubbed off, yet the iron or vinegar having sunk into the parchment still remains.

Ink being a combination of iron and a solution of *galls*, it has been found that if with a light brush a solution of galls is applied to a palimpsest manuscript, the original writing is restored, and in this manner many manuscripts have been restored to their first condition.

#### School Life in Japan.

Education has always been carefully attended to in Japan, and children were kept at school till they could read and write before the country was thrown open to foreigners, and a new system of teaching introduced. In the old days they had exclusively

to learn the difficult Chinese characters, which took a great deal of time and did not help them at all if they ever wished to become acquainted with any other language, but now they are beginning to be taught the Roman letters in which all our books are printed. The native custom has always been that of sitting crossed-legged on the floor on soft mats, with the books and writing materials spread out on low desks of the most primitive construction, but latterly the improved school furniture used in England has been introduced, very much to the discomfort of little bare or sandalled feet which feel the winter cold when dangling from a form far more than they did when comfortably tucked up under the body. A great many of the teachers employed by Government are English or American, and when the native pupil teachers are considered sufficiently well educated under them they are drafted off to teach their young country people in different parts. Japanese children have remarkably good memories, though they do not reason much on what they learn, and are always glad of the slightest excuse for a holiday. Their gentle manners and respectful demeanour make them very pleasant pupils to teach, and they usually pay great attention to their tasks. The empress takes much interest in the education of the girls, and has built a school for them at Jeddo out of her own private purse, where they are superintended by American ladies, who among other useful things show them how to do plain needlework, and to cut out and make their own clothes.

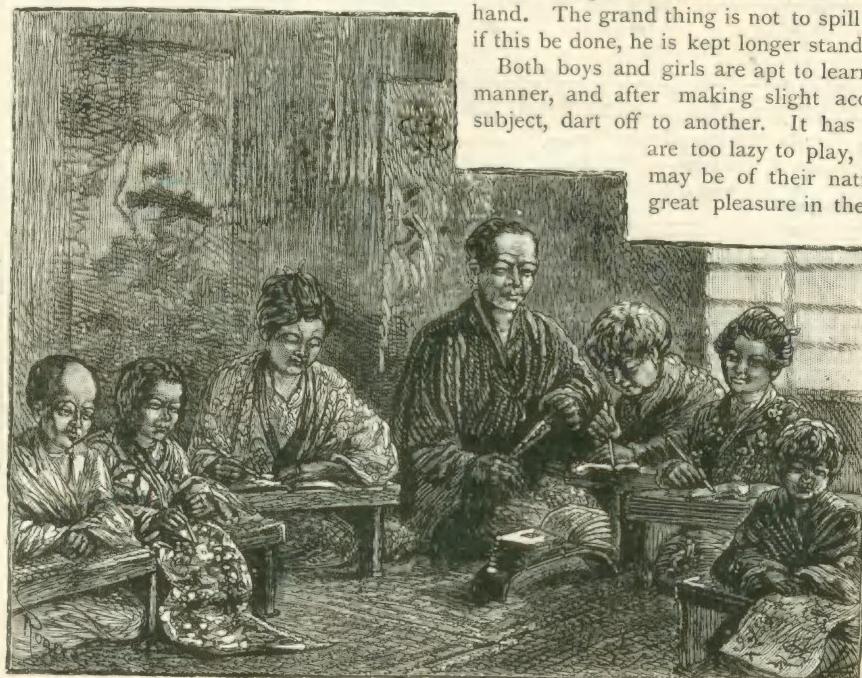
However docile children may be, a little mischief is sure to crop up sometimes. The Japanese have a great dislike to inflicting corporal punishment, and try every other means of correction before resorting to the rod. Sometimes the culprit has to stand and hold a thin piece of burning punk or bamboo about a foot long till it is all consumed. The natural way of shortening this penance is of course to break a piece off the lower end; but if this be detected, a second punishment is added. A capital way of keeping a restless, fidgety child quiet is by making him stand still with a cup of water in one hand. The grand thing is not to spill any of the water, but if this be done, he is kept longer standing in disgrace.

Both boys and girls are apt to learn in a very superficial manner, and after making slight acquaintance with one subject, dart off to another. It has been said that they are too lazy to play, but however true this may be of their native habits, they take great pleasure in the gymnastic exercises

for which every opportunity is given them in the playgrounds attached to the larger schools; and it has been found that where the swings, climbing poles, parallel bars, &c., are well used, the pupils are in far better health than before these means of relaxation and physical exercise were adopted.



A PUNISHMENT.



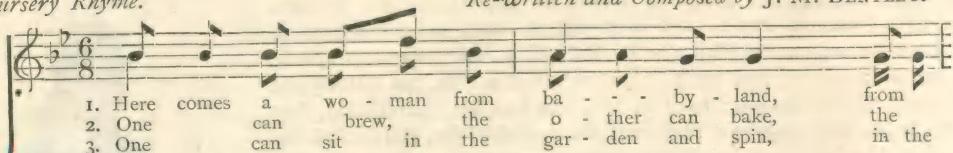
A JAPANESE SCHOOL

# The Children from Babyland.

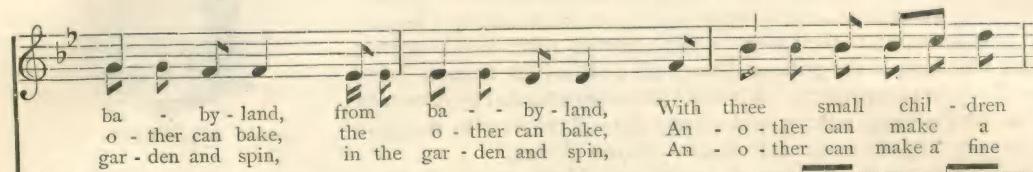
Old Nursery Rhyme.

Re-written and Composed by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.



PIANO.



in pret - ty her hand ;— Pray, ma'am, will you take one  
 bed for round a cake ;— Pray, ma'am, will you take one  
 king ;— Pray, ma'am, will you take one

in?..... Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?.....



RIDING IN STATE.

## BLOWING BUBBLES AND WHAT CAME OF IT.



LITTLE Arthur delighted in blowing bubbles ; he blew and blew, and tossed them away and watched the shining globes floating in the air.

"Fairy bubbles!" said Effie. "If you say

"Bubbles, bubbles, take me up high  
To fairyland in the bright blue sky,"

you will go up, up, up ; only you must be by yourself when you say it, no one but the fairies must hear it."

Little Arthur, who was half undressed, stared at his sister, and did not know what she meant. And after he had blown a few more sparkling bubbles his mother carried him off to bed.

So Effie was left alone, and she repeated very softly,

"Bubbles, bubbles, take me up high  
To fairyland in the bright blue sky."

Then she shut her eyes; and when

she opened them, she found herself indeed going up, up, up, on the top of the table, which had come off and was held up at each corner by a white bird.

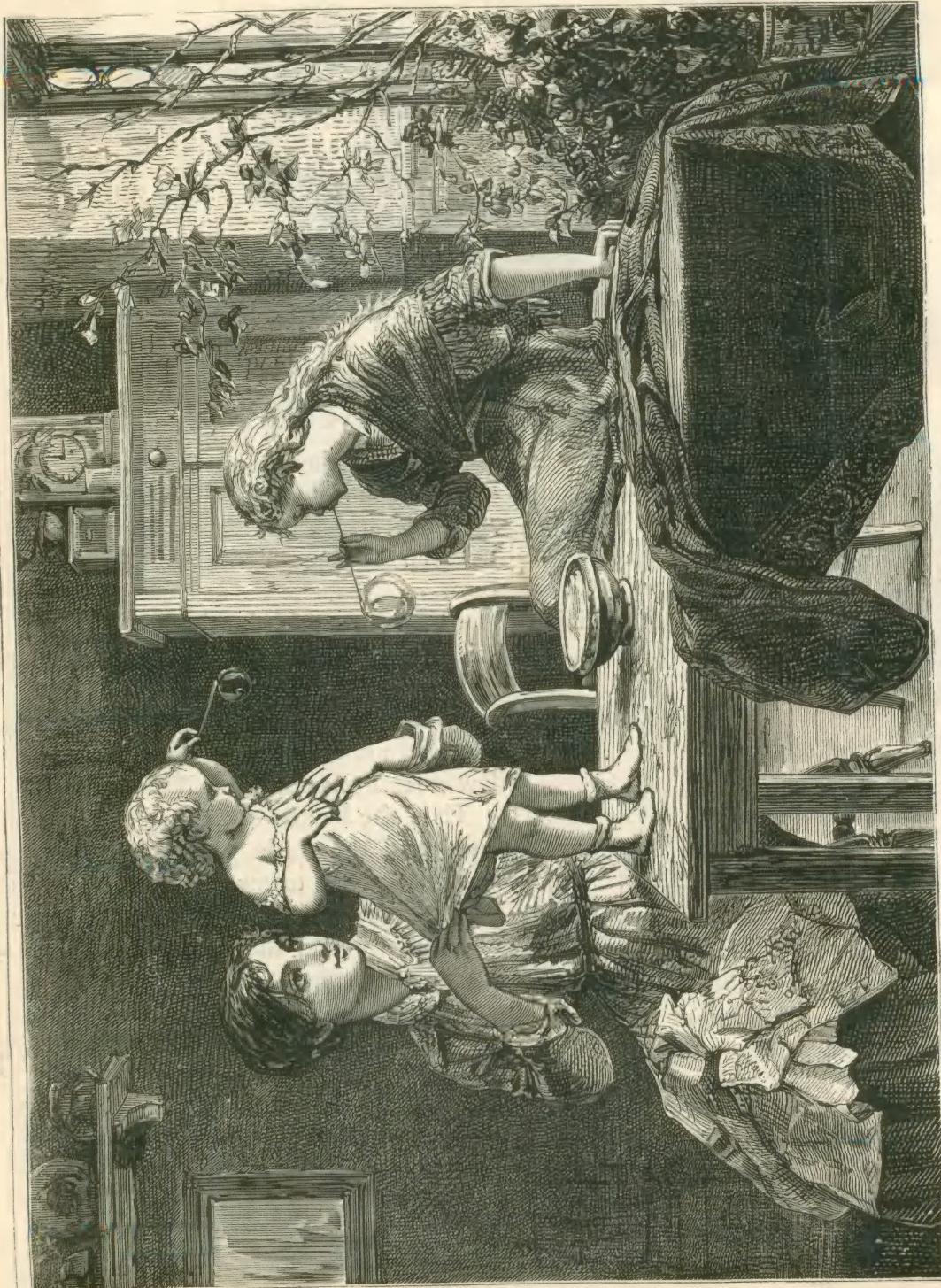
"Very strong birds, though small," said Effie. "Oh, oh ! I have a new dress of striped silk, and a pair of red shoes, and the wind is blowing my hair straight up. How fast I am going ; I wonder I am not giddy."

Then she looked down, and saw the trees and the fields growing smaller and smaller, and towns whose buildings looked like toys, and the streets like tiny threads, and the people in them like ants rushing about.

"Oh dear, oh dear ;  
I shall fall I fear !  
I wonder if fairyland is near."  
said Effie.

"All in the moonshine the city you'll find,  
You can see its turrets unless you are blind,"  
said a voice, and looking up Effie saw  
a great shining face close to her.

"Why I believe you're a bubble,"  
said she.



BLOWING BUBBLES. (See p. 247.)

"Of course I am. I am the bubble that is taking you up to fairyland. Just say after me,

Bubble, bubble, cease your trouble,  
Stop the table if you're able,  
Into Elfland let me drop."

Effie repeated the words after the bubble, and then the bubble burst and the birds flew away and Effie tumbled off her table into the middle of a rosebush in the fairy palace-garden, round which rode a troop of fairies mounted on butterflies.

"A mortal, a mortal, we have caught her;

She shall be the fairies' daughter."

So shrieked the fairies, springing from their butterflies, and singing,

"Grow small, grow small, you are too tall

For fairy bower or fairy hall."

Then Effie became as small as the fairies; she had wings also, a silver crown, and a wand. "And all this comes of blowing bubbles," said Effie; and she laughed and danced and sang as gaily as the fairies, and even rode upon a large blue butterfly.

"The king and queen are coming," said the fairies, as suddenly a horn was heard somewhere in the distance. Then they turned their butterflies and rode forth in elfin state and pomp to meet the royal train.

"A child of earth we bring, we bring,  
An offering to the queen and king."

"Where is she?" said the queen.

"Here!" murmured Effie, and she tried to spring from her butterfly. But, alas! her foot caught in the stirrup, and she fell to the ground and was stunned.

When she opened her eyes she saw no fairies, but only her mother, who said,

"Have you hurt yourself Effie?"

Effie looked round.

"Where is my striped silk frock and my crown that the fairies gave me?"

"I think you must have been dreaming," said her mother.

"Oh no," said Effie, "look at this bruise on

my arm; I got it when I fell off the butterfly the fairies sent to carry me."

"I am glad you are no worse hurt," said her mother; "you slipped off the table when you were asleep."

Effie shook her head.

"I have not been asleep," said she. "I sang—

'Bubbles, bubbles, take me up high  
To fairyland in the bright blue sky.'

and then I went up, up, up, with a great bubble into fairyland." J. G.



GOING TO FAIRYLAND. (See p. 247.)

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

## ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY

WANTING WORDS (*page 64*).

## FIRST PRIZE ANSWER.

**T**HE Land-crab is, perhaps, one of the most curious creatures that can be met with in the wide field of natural history. Though Land-crabs live principally on land, and are easily drowned, they make an annual journey to the sea in vast multitudes, to deposit their spawn; but can neither travel nor deposit their spawn without a certain quantity of rain for the one, and sea-water for the other. Different varieties of them are to be found in most tropical countries, particularly in South America and the West Indies, but the most remarkable are those of the highlands of Jamaica. They commence their seaward journey in the spring, travelling in millions, and not allowing any impediment to deter them from their path, but always going over it in a straight line, whether it be a house, rock, or any such obstacle. If they come to a river they follow its course till they arrive at the sea. They march in three bodies. The first is composed of the strongest males, which body is often obliged to halt for want of rain. The second body is made up of the females of the party, and does not set out till the rainy season has set in. The third body is a disorderly mass, consisting of both males and females. As they travel very slowly they are often three months reaching the shore. Many of them are caught for food, for they are esteemed a great delicacy.

When they have come to their destination they deposit their eggs in the sand. This being done, they begin their journey back to the mountains, travelling by night, and resting by day in holes and inequalities of the ground. When they reach the mountains they have become exceedingly feeble and poor, so that they are no longer hunted for food. Then they retire to their burrows for the purpose of changing their shells. They hollow a hole in the sand, being careful to vary the direction in which they throw it out of the hole, so that it will not form a heap in one place. The holes are then filled up with dry grass, leaves, &c. They remain an uncertain length of time in their burrows in an inactive state. After the eggs on the coast which have escaped being eaten by the fishes (who watch eagerly for the arrival of the Land-crabs) are hatched, multitudes of young crabs may be seen travelling towards the mountains.

Land-crabs are generally of a dark purple hue, but they are sometimes spotted, or an entirely different colour. They have very sharp eyes, and can run very fast. When pursued by an enemy they take refuge in holes or crevices, and if attacked, try to catch hold of their adversary with their claws, which pinch severely.

The picture represents them leaving their holes previous to proceeding on their journey, and we will hope that it will be safe and prosperous, as we bid them farewell.

IRENE E. V. PETRIE.

(Aged 15.)

14, Hanover Terrace,

Ladbroke Square, W.

Certified by MARTIN PETRIE, Lieut.-Colonel.

## SECOND PRIZE ANSWER.



**N**the picture in LITTLE FOLKS for January, we have the Violet Land-crabs of my sunny home in the West Indies, making their annual march from the mountains to the sea-shore, to deposit their spawn; after which they again return to their mountain homes.

They commence this expedition in the spring, the strongest among them taking the lead, with all the order of an army, under the command of a brave commander, after which a straggling tribe, much lower in caste than the former, and not so robust, follow.

Should anything transpire to frighten them in their march, they become confused, and hold up their nippers, with which they are ready to inflict torture, and sometimes turning over on their backs; and oftentimes they make a noise by clapping their nippers together—I suppose, to frighten their enemies.

Having gained the shore and deposited their spawn, hungry fish quickly devour numbers of the eggs. Those escaping are hatched in the sand, and soon afterwards ascend the mountains. The old ones become feeble, and make holes in the earth, into which they go to recruit their wasted strength. They now throw off their shell, and at the end of two or three weeks come out fat and plump, and are considered by the natives a great delicacy.

The cunning monkeys who visit the sea-side this time of the year, put their tails into the holes where the crabs have taken refuge, the crab grasps the tail, when the cunning fellow, with a sudden jerk, brings out his prey, and devours it with great satisfaction; but it happens sometimes, to his disappointment, he only pulls out a leg, but it is pleasant that it will grow again.

HEARTIE MILFORT BOYCE BATE.

(Aged 9.)

Fern House,

Risca, Monmouth.

Certified by T. P. BATE.

## LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour:—IRENE E. V. PETRIE (15), 14, Hanover Terrace, Ladbroke Square, W., and ARTHUR H. ALLCROFT (14½), Guinness Rectory, near Doncaster (equal). Second Prize, with Officer's Medal:—HEARTIE M. B. BATE (9), Fern House, Risca, Monmouth. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal:—CHARLOTTE H. COWDROY (15), 21, Hanover Square, Kennington Park Road, S.W.; LIZZIE C. BLAKE (15), 107, High Street, Winchester; EUGÈNE G. DE LA MARE (13½), 70, Walton Street, St. Giles, Oxford; SARAH H. HUGHES (13½), 103, Junction Road, Upper Holloway, N.; MABEL M. COUPLAND (8), Hemswell, Kirton Lindsey, Lincoln; LANCELOT E. ABNEY (10½), 2, St. Alban's Road, Kensington, W.*



## THE WRECK.

PERHAPS, my dear friends, when you see this little story entitled "The Wreck," you will think that I am going to give you an account of a voyage half round the world, and then a wreck on a desert island. No such thing, however, for I am no great navigator, as I have never yet had the pleasure of going out of England, so I am only about to tell you of something that happened two years ago, when I was twelve years old. Alfred, Charley, Noel, my twin brother, and I, Ruby Clare, were staying in Cornwall with an old aunt, Mrs. Rust by name, on account of Charley, who had been very delicate ever since he broke his leg by tumbling off a tight-rope at school; and as mamma did not care to leave him there while she and papa were away at Brest, in France (where they had gone on a visit of six months), it was arranged that we should stay, as I have told you, at our Aunt Lizzie's.

The time of the year was March when what I am about to tell you happened, and we had been there since the latter part of November.

On the 10th of March a letter arrived from mamma, to ask how we all were, and if auntie would telegraph to say whether she would like her and papa to come home by the *Gauntlet*, instead of waiting for the *Shannon*, a steamer that would bring over some old friends of mamma's; but as auntie did not see any need for them to come home earlier, she wrote a telegram to say so, and sent it to the office by Alfred and me.

No sooner, however, had we got the paper into our own possession, than, indignant with auntie for not asking them to come home by the *Gauntlet*, we determined to change the words "come by the *Shannon*" into "come by the *Gauntlet*." Having done this we thought for certain we should see mamma and papa on the 1st of April, the day that the *Gauntlet* was expected to arrive, instead of in May.

Nearer and nearer drew the day, and harder was it for us to keep our secret, till on the very morning of the 1st of April we had all gone down to the beach (for we had let Noel into the secret) to hear what "Old Sam" (a fisherman who told the people when it was going to be rough) had to say about the weather, but oh! what was our dismay on hearing him say that it was going to be a very rough night! Oh, how heartily we wished that we had never meddled with the telegram, for "Old Sam" never foretold a thing that was not sure to happen.

I cannot describe the misery of that day to us, and yet we seemed to wish to prolong it rather than go to bed with the thought that perhaps mamma and papa were getting tossed about by the boisterous waves which we could hear lashing against the rocks outside, for Sam's prophecy had come only too true, but at last we were obliged to give up hope for the present, and go to bed.

For two or three hours I lay awake, listening to the noise

made by the waves and wind, and repenting heartily of the naughty trick we had played, and which might have such fearful consequences.

At about twelve o'clock I heard a knock at my bedroom door, and jumping hastily out of bed, I asked who was there, when, to my surprise, it was Noel, who answered—

"It's only I, Ruby; be quick, dress, and come to the cliffs with Alfred and me, for we heard Dan go next door to call up Mr. Ross, and he said that there was a ship in sight, off the Lizard Point."

As soon as we were all three ready we set out in the dark, amidst rain and wind, and made our way to the place from which the steamer *Gauntlet*, for such it proved to be, could be seen.

Here and there a few old fishermen shook their heads, and muttered "It's no good a-trying to save her, she's as good as a-gone down a'ready!" for nothing could be done to save the fated vessel.

For some time the steamer was not visible to the naked eye, but now it could easily be distinguished from the white foam around, as it was lifted and plunged about by the waves.

Every eye was strained now, as it was lifted high above the surface of the water, for all present knew that if the wind changed one bit to the east the vessel would strike on a small piece of rock which jutted out into the sea, and then what would become of the people on board her? Did they see the danger? Oh yes! they were making ready to launch the long-boat. Would they be able to do it? was the question which was eagerly asked by every one present, as they stood breathlessly straining their eyes and ears for any sound, however slight, that might enable them to know what was going on on board.

"Hurrah! hurrah! they are safe!" was the cry which rang through the crowd, and the next minute a crash was heard. The vessel had struck just as her crew were safely in the boat.

Oh, the intense excitement with which the boat was watched as it was tossed about by the waves. And now it was only a few yards away, and dozens of strong men rushed into the foaming sea to drag her on shore. I shall never forget with what joy we saw the boat drawn safely up, and with what thankful hearts we were clasped in the embrace of our parents, who only a few minutes before we had dreaded we might never see again.

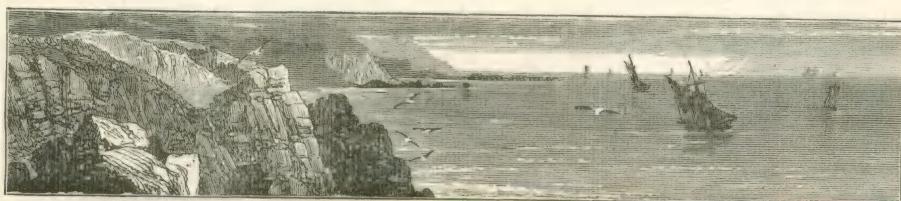
Mamma and papa were too glad at seeing their darlings (as they called us) once more, to scold us, so we all went home as quickly as possible, where, as you may be sure, we astonished auntie and Charley, who, as the cliffs were some distance from the house, knew nothing at all about the wreck.

MARY EDITH NEWTON.

3, *Leslie Villas, Orchard Road,*

(Aged 14.)

*Kingston-on-Thames.*



## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## REBUS.

**A** TRUE apostle of the Lord ;  
A wicked man who lied ;  
The man who doubted Christ's own word ;  
A sin God oft did chide.  
One of the titles Christ did bear ;  
A city where he dwelt ;  
A virtue, lovely, sweet, and fair ;  
A man who ne'er death felt.  
Read the initials and you'll find  
A virtue wanting in mankind.

MARY ELIZABETH COLLYER-BRISTOW.  
*Beddington Place,* (Aged 15.)  
*near Croydon.*

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

**A** CELEBRATED disciple of our Lord.  
2. A wicked king of Israel.  
3. One of the books of the Old Testament.  
4. The brother of a famous lawgiver.  
5. A famous king of Israel.  
6. The wife of a patriarch.  
7. The birth-place of a lawgiver.  
8. A king of Judah who abolished idolatry.

The whole forms the name of one of the Tribes of Israel.

T. E. SHORE.  
(Aged 10.)

*31, Montpelier Square, S.W.*

## SINGLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form the name of a country.  
**S**i. A title.  
2. A feature.  
3. An animal.  
7. A bird.

4. A complaint.	5. A relative.	6. A country.
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VIOLET ISABELLA REID.  
*27, Liverpool Street, King's Cross,* (Aged 11.)  
*London.*

## BURIED NAMES.

**S**I X buried names from heathen mythology.  
The glorious sun has marshalled in the day ;  
*From hill* and dale the darkness flies away ;  
Resplendent are the beams of golden hue  
Which span the sky of pure celestial blue.  
The sun moves on amid a sea of light ;  
The daylight gently fades ; at last has come the night.  
MATILDA C. HARDY.  
(Aged 13½.)

*Park House,*  
*East End, Finchley.*



PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

## GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

- C**ON the *H.*, one of the mouths of the *G.*; this town is the capital of the British possessions.  
2. *B.*, situated on the river *S.*, noted for its university, founded in 1810.  
3. *C.* on the *R.*, famed for its beautiful Gothic cathedral.  
4. *R.* on the *T.*, capital of *I.*, containing the residence of a well-known man.  
5. *D.* on the *E.*, noted for its china.  
6. *N.* upon *T.*, in the north of *E.*, celebrated for its coals.  
7. *S.* on the east coast of *A.*, celebrated for its fine harbour.  
8. *M.*, a town in *A.*, famed for its coffee.

MARGARET A. ABBOTTS.  
(Aged 11.)

*98, Horninglow Street,*  
*Burton-on-Trent.*

## QUOTATION PUZZLE.

**F**THE first letter of the name of the author of the first quotation, the seventh letter of the name of the author of the second, the third letter of the name of the author of the third, the second letter of the name of the author of the fourth, and the fourth letter of the name of the author of the fifth quotation will give the name of the author of the last quotation.

"The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,  
And share its dewdrop with another near."  
"The worthy abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Incheape rock."

"His beautiful wings with crimson are dressed,  
A crimson as bright as thine own."

"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet."

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft agley."

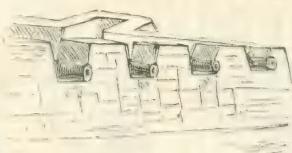
"Deserted is my own good hall ;  
Its hearth is desolate.  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
My dog howls at the gate."

HELEN AGNES DARWALL.  
(Aged 9½.)

**X**OU gain what you have never sought,  
Then seek for it, disdaining it !  
And if you should discover nought,  
You journey home retaining it !

PICTORIAL GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Cronstadt is a



ified town of Russia, and has a vast



the chief



of the



Marine.  
The port is divided into



one for

military pur-  
poses, another  
for refitting



s



and a third for



and



merchant

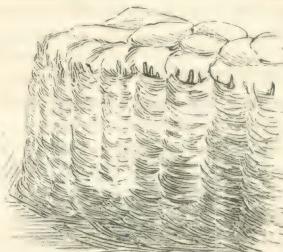


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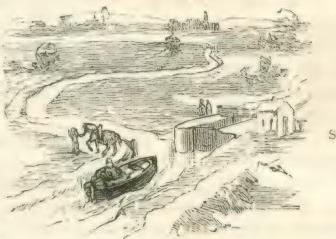


s

and



s. The town is also traversed  
by two navigable



s.

A RIDDLE.

**J** THREW myself within myself ;  
Impossible, you say.  
Aye ! if I had not been myself,  
But since I am I may.

I'm made of flesh and bone, and yet,  
With knife I can't be riven;  
I cannot stop my mad career,  
But always must be driven.

Ormesby Park End,  
Middlesbrough.

I'm clear as any crystal gem ;  
But still I'm dull and thick,  
I'm beaten oft to pull the load,  
Yet cannot feel the stick.

Aye, often am I beaten, yet  
I wish the stick away ;  
The stick is lost—I'm motionless,  
Yet hasten on my way.

J. STEVENSON.  
(Aged 14½.)



POLLIE TURLEY, Broxash Cottage, Bromyard Road, Worcester; GWENDOLINE MARY DOUGHTY, The Rock House, St. Leonards, Bridgnorth; EMMELINE M. E. FORBES, 32, Mecklenburgh Square, London, W.C.; L. GALWAY, Ivy Cottage, South Molton, Devon; BEATRICE M. PRATT, Ivanhoe House, Dudley; OLIVER DENDY, Tower Hill, Worsley; B. M. HELLIWELL, Newlands, Brighouse, Yorkshire; ALICE M. BOWIE, Hythe, Southampton; JULIA ETHERIDGE, Langdown, Hythe, near Southampton; GEORGINA C. GIBBONS, Mount Eton, Queenstown, Co. Cork; MARGARET A. LLOYD, The Rectory, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks; R. M. ADELAIDE JONES, Shelton House, near Shrewsbury; ALICE DOUGALL, Strawberry Hill, Inverness; C. R. STEWARD, 29, Victoria Road, Old Charlton, Kent, are all willing to assist in the collection of old postage stamps if it can be shown that they are of real service.

H. A. S. writes:—"K. M. MACKINTOSH can send her stamps to the Rev. Y. M. H. Du Pontet-de-la-Harpe, B.D., French Parsonage, Bayswater, W., who collects them to make snakes, and sells them; and the money goes to support the mission to the French in London and Great Britain, in connection with the French Protestant Evangelical Church in Bayswater. A friend of mine sends them once a year."

L. S. writes in answer to MAY TANNER's question as to what is the address of the Japanese agent. L. S. replies that she does *not* know his address. If she will look in the September number of LITTLE FOLKS, she will see that some one has asked for his address, but there has been no answer. L. S. also asks for what purpose MAY TANNER is collecting postage stamps.

A. BLACK, 8, Harley Gardens, South Kensington, and CHARLES HUNT, 3, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, will be extremely glad if any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS will kindly assist them in collecting used penny postage stamps, as they want a million.—[Can A. BLACK or CHARLES HUNT supply any trustworthy information as to the use of the stamps when collected?—ED.]

L. W. H. writes, in answer to Q. B. and Q. N., that the way to make snakes of used postage stamps is to begin with threading halfpenny ones for the tail for about half a yard, and then penny ones for the body. The head is made of velvet, sewed to the body; beads should be used for the eyes, and the lips painted red.

LILIAN SHEATHER can give Q. B. and Q. N. "some information for making snakes of stamps. Cut the stamps out with paper still adhering; then thread them on strong string, making them smaller towards the tail; cut out the head in cardboard, stuff it with cotton wool, and cover it with black silk. The eyes are made by round patches of scarlet flannel, with a black bead in the centre; a strip of

scarlet tongue must be inserted in the mouth. It will require about four thousand stamps for a large one."

P. B. C. would be grateful if 'any reader can inform him whether old penny postage stamps intended for sale should be removed from the paper or not.

KATE M. B. also asks:—"Whether it is necessary that the old postage stamps collected for China should be soaked in water, or otherwise, to free them from the envelope paper, or may they be neatly cut out instead? Perhaps some little folk can tell me."

G. KNIGHT writes:—"Would you kindly tell me how to make a small electrical machine (cylinder), as I have made one, and it does not emit a spark. Also, would you tell me how to charge a Leyden jar with a bichromate battery, through an ordinary induction coil?—[See paper in forthcoming number.—ED.]

EDITH writes:—"In answer to COCKIE, on page 127 of the February number of LITTLE FOLKS:—A very pretty and easy way of making a handkerchief-case is to buy a sheet of cardboard, which must not be too limp, three yards of narrow ribbon, and one yard of ribbon an inch and a half wide. To begin, a square must be cut of cardboard, a little bigger than a large pocket-handkerchief (when folded); it must then be bound with the narrow ribbon (which, of course, must match with the wide). Then, to form the sides, the wide ribbon must be sewn on to the cardboard square. Then, for the top, four pieces

of cardboard must be cut in this shape  . When sewn on, they must fold, one on the top of another, and the two top ones must be tied together with a bow of the narrow ribbon. On the four pieces which form the lid must be, to make it look pretty, either etchings, dried flowers (gummed on), or picture scraps; flowers look best. The handkerchief-case will then be completed, and, unless the ribbon be expensive, it ought not to cost above two shillings."

JANEY RICHMOND writes:—"I send you an answer to COCKIE's question about the handkerchief-case. It should be twelve inches long, and ten wide. Two pieces should be cut out alike, a pretty border cut round, and a bunch of flowers worked in the middle of one, and 'Mouchoir' on the other; quilt a bit of silk, with wadding between, which scent with a little otto of roses, or other strong perfume; bind it with narrow ribbon, and join with ribbon bows and strings to match."

R. J. W. writes in answer to F. H. J. G.:—"Florence comes from the Latin *florens*, flowering. The Latin for Florence is Florentia. Harriet is the feminine of Harry, which is contracted from Henry, which is German, and means a rich lord." M. S. also writes:—"In answer to F. H. J. G., page 127 in the February number, Harriet is

the feminine diminutive of Henry, which means a head or chief of a house, and is derived from the Latin Henricus. Florence means blooming, flourishing, and is derived from Florentia (Latin).—[B. E. M. and A. M. W. also send answers to this question.—ED.]

KITTEN writes:—"I shall feel obliged if you or any of your readers can tell me how to make an inexpensive electric light."—[I hope to have a paper on this subject in an early number.—ED.]

BIRDIE would like to know if any of the little folks could inform her where to get some paper patterns of a doll's outfit.

H. VICKERS.—[No notices of articles for sale or required to purchase can be inserted in "Questions and Answers."—ED.]

ROBERT BARROWMAN asks:—"Can any of the readers

of LITTLE FOLKS inform me what is the best varnish to use for flet-saw work, and what is the best way of copying patterns?"

EDIE ; A. GRISNEVSKY ; CAROLINE BIGGE ; B. M. J. TOULGE.—[Short stories may always be sent to me, but only a selection of the best can be printed.—ED.]

A LITTLE FOLK.—[1. The year is sufficient. 2. The exhibition has been held; see particulars in January, February, and March numbers.—ED.]

T. DIXON.—[Your suggestions for special competitions for those over seventeen are receiving consideration.—ED.]

W. B. LUMLEY has been good enough to point out that the word Imamat—a state ruled over by an Imaum—has been confused with the word Imaum—a sheik, or ruler—in the Pictorial Geographical Puzzle on page 61.



### PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR 1879.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—By an unfortunate mistake "Competition IV." was printed for "Competition V." in the first of the detailed regulations on page 182. The regulation should have been as under:

(1). Every Competitor must be under the age of 15 years, except in the case of Competition V. for Groups of Dolls, in which Candidates must be under 17; and in the case of the Painting Book Competition, for which special regulations were issued.

PAINTING BOOK COMPETITION.—In deference to the wish of many readers of the Magazine who desire to have the "Little Folks" Painting Book in a more permanent form, it has been bound in cloth, and may now be obtained in paper wrapper, One Shilling, or cloth, Two Shillings, through any Bookseller, or, on receipt of fourteen or twenty-six stamps respectively, it will be forwarded direct by the Publishers, Messrs. CASSELL PETTER & GALPIN, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.



### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (Pages 189 and 190.)

#### PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.

##### STRENGTH.

S tature.	N et.
T ent.	G un.
R ace.	T rumpeter.
E lm.	H arpooner.

#### ANAGRAM DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

##### POPE.—GRAY.

P eriw G.	P anoram A.
O sie R.	E arnesti Y.

#### NAMES OF BRITISH TOWNS.

1. New-castle. 2. Hull. 3. Rams-gate. 4. Ports-mouth.  
5. Brad-ford.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC. SCOTLAND.—ABERDEEN.

1. S ardini A.	5. L ongfor D.
2. C henau B.	6. A drianopl E.
3. O us E.	7. N il E.
4. T rafalga R.	8. D o N.

#### ANAGRAMS ON BOYS' NAMES.

1. Lionel. 2. Edward. 3. Conrad. 4. Theodore.  
5. Edgar. 6. Hubert.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ELBURZ.—AMAZON.

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. E lb A.    | 4. U Z.       |
| 2. L eitri M. | 5. R eggi O.  |
| 3. B avari A. | 6. Z utphe N. |

#### SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

##### JORDAN.

- |              |             |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. J oseph.  | 4. D an.    |
| 2. O shea.   | 5. A mram.  |
| 3. R ameses. | 6. N imrod. |

#### CHARADE.

Butter-cup.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

GUERNSEY.—ALDERNEY.

- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. G ar A.    | 5. N ew Hanove R. |
| 2. U ra L.    | 6. S hanno N.     |
| 3. E nglan D. | 7. E lb E.        |
| 4. R om E.    | 8. Y ance Y.      |

## PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book, and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour, will be given for the best short and original description of this Picture. A smaller book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best description relatively to the age of the Competitor. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their letters must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of April next (the 15th of April for Competitors residing abroad).

## OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "The Young Berringtons; or, the Boy Explorers," "At the South Pole," &c. &c.

## CHAPTER VIII.—AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.



they had gone by mistake to any other place. We were on the point of starting when we saw a party of horses and men approaching. They proved to be those we were expecting, but there were only eight horses, less than half the number we had sent off. The men in charge had a sad account to give. The rest had been stolen by Indians, and one of their party had been killed, while they had to make a long round to escape from the thieves, who would otherwise very likely have carried off the remainder. The men also had brought a dozen dogs—our three especial favourites being among them—to be used in dragging our sleighs in case the horses should be unable to get through. We had carried the materials for forming sleighs with us in the canoes, while the harness had been transported thus far with the other packages by the horses. The poor beasts, though very thin, were better than no horses at all. There were a sufficient number to convey our stores and provisions, one for Uncle Donald, who carried Rose on his saddle, and two others for Hugh and me. The rest of the party had to proceed on foot. I offered mine to Madge, but she declared that she could walk better than I could.

We made a short day's journey, but the poor animals were so weak that we were compelled to camp again at a spot where there was plenty of grass. It was here absolutely necessary to remain three days to enable them to regain their strength.

SEVERAL days passed by. We were not molested by the Indians, but the horses did not arrive. Uncle Donald never fretted or fumed, though it was enough to try his temper. I asked him to allow me to set off with Corney and Pierre to ascertain if

While we were in camp Uncle Donald sent out Pierre and one of our Indians to try and ascertain if any of the Blackfeet were still hovering in the direction we proposed taking across the mountains. We did not wait for the return of our scouts, but started at the time proposed, expecting to meet them on the road we should travel.

We were engaged in forming our camp, collecting wood for the fires, and putting up rough huts, or rather arbours of boughs, as a protection from the wind—which here coming off the snowy mountains was exceedingly cold at night—while the gloom of evening was coming on, when one of the men on watch shouted—

"The enemy! the enemy are upon us!"

While some of our people ran out intending to bring in the horses, the rest of us flew to our arms.

Uncle Donald, taking his rifle, at once went out in the direction in which the sentry declared he had seen the band of savages coming over the hill.

Our alarm was put an end to when, shortly afterwards, he came back accompanied by Pierre and his companion, who brought the unsatisfactory intelligence that a large body of Blackfeet were encamped near the pass by which we had intended to descend into the plains of the Saskatchewan.

Ever prompt in action, Uncle Donald decided at once to take a more northerly pass.

The country through which we were travelling was wild and rugged in the extreme; frequently we had to cross the same stream over and over again to find a practicable road. Now we had to proceed along the bottom of a deep valley among lofty trees, then to climb up a steep height by a zigzag course, and once more to descend into another valley. Heavily laden as were both horses and men, our progress was of necessity slow. Sometimes after travelling a whole day we found that we had not made good in a straight line more than eight or ten miles.

The weather hitherto had been remarkably fine, and Hugh and Rose and I agreed that we enjoyed our journey amazingly. Our hunters went out every day after we had camped, and sometimes before we started in the morning, or while we were moving along, and never failed to bring in several deer, so that we were well supplied with food. The cold at night was very considerable; but with good fires blazing, and wrapped up in buffalo robes, we did not feel it; and when the sun shone brightly

the air was so pure and fresh that we were scarcely aware how rapidly winter was approaching.

It should be understood that there are several passes through the lofty range it was our object to cross. These passes had been formed by the mountains being rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature. All of them are many miles in length, and in some places several in width; now the pass presents a narrow gorge, now expands into a wide valley. The highest point is called the watershed, where there is either a single small lake, or a succession of lakelets, from which the water flows either eastward through the Saskatchewan or Athabasca rivers, to find its way ultimately into the Arctic Ocean, or westward by numberless tributaries into the Fraser or Columbia rivers, which fall, after making numerous bends, into the Pacific.

We had voyaged in our canoes up one of the larger tributaries of the Fraser, and had now to follow to its source at the watershed one of the smaller streams which flowed, twisting and turning, through the dense forests and wild and rugged hills rising on every side.

The country had become more and more difficult as we advanced, and frequently we had to wind our way in single file round the mountains by a narrow path scarcely affording foothold to our horses. Sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other were steep precipices over which, by a false step, either we or our animals might be whirled into the roaring torrent below. Now we had to force a road through the tangled forest to cut off an angle of the stream, and then to pass along narrow gorges, beetling cliffs frowning above our heads, and almost shutting out the light of day.

At length we camped on higher ground than any we had yet reached. On one side was a forest, on the other a rapid stream came foaming by. The sky was overcast, so that, expecting rain, we put up all the shelter we could command.

The hunters having brought in a good supply of meat, our people were in good spirits, and seemed to have forgotten the dangers we had gone through, while they did not trouble themselves by thinking of those we might have to encounter. We had no longer hostile Indians to fear; but we still kept a watch at night in case a prowling grizzly or pack of hungry wolves might pay the camp a visit. The wind blew cold; not a star was visible. The light from our fire threw a lurid glare on the stems and boughs of the trees and the tops of the rugged rocks which rose beyond.

Having said good night to Rose, whom we saw stowed away in her snug little bower, Hugh and

I lay down a short distance from the fire, sheltered by some of the packages piled up at our heads. Uncle Donald was not far from us. On the other side were Pierre and Corney and Red Squirrel, while Madge took her post, disdaining more shelter than the men, close to Rose's hut. Two of the men kept awake, one watching the camp, the other the horses, and the rest lay in a row on the opposite side of the fire.

Such was the scene I looked on till, completely covering my head up in a buffalo robe, I closed my eyes. I was awakened by finding an unusual weight above me. I threw my arms about, when down came a cold shower on my face, and clearing my eyes, I could just see the snow on every side, while my body was completely covered up. I was perfectly warm, however, and felt no inclination to get out of my cosy bed to brush the snow away. I drew my robe again over my head; being well assured that Uncle Donald would arouse us if there was any risk of our being completely covered up. How much longer I had slept I could not tell, when I was once more awakened by a terrific howling, yelping, the barking of dogs, the trampling and snorting of horses, followed by the shouts and shrieks of our men.

I speedily drew myself out of my snowy burrow, and through the gloom I caught sight of our horses endeavouring to defend themselves by kicking out with their heels against a pack of wolves which had followed them up to the camp, and Uncle Donald with the men engaged, some with their rifles and others with sticks, in endeavouring to drive off the savage brutes, but they were afraid of firing, for fear of wounding the horses. I felt about for Hugh, who being covered up by the snow, had not been awakened by the din.

"What is happening?" he exclaimed, sitting up.  
"Are the Indians upon us?"

"Only some hungry wolves, and we are all right," I said.

"Why, I fancy it has been snowing!" he exclaimed.

"I should think so," I answered. "Come, jump up, we'll help put those brutes to flight."

When the wolves found themselves encountered by human beings, they quickly turned tail, but we had some difficulty in catching the frightened horses, and I was just in time to seize one which was on the point of dashing into Rose's hut. As it was almost daylight, no one again turned in; the fires were made up, and we began cooking our morning meal.

The snow continued to fall so heavily, that Uncle Donald decided to remain where we were, or rather to form another camp more under shelter of the trees.

To proceed with the horses would have been almost impossible, and he therefore settled to send them back and to prepare the sleighs and snow-shoes for the rest of our journey.

A sleigh is simply a thin board, ten feet long and about a foot broad, turned up at one end. The baggage is secured to it by leathern thongs.

To form a cariole, a cradle of framework like the body of a small carriage is fixed on a sleigh such as I have just described, and is covered with buffalo skin parchment, the inside being lined with a buffalo robe. When the traveller is seated in a cariole with outstretched legs, he is only separated from the snow by the thin plank which forms the floor. The dogs which drag the sleighs are attached to them by leathern thongs and collars generally decorated with beadwork and tassels, surmounted by arches, to which are suspended strings of small bells. We had brought a supply of snow-shoes and moccasins for all the party. The snow-shoe is an oval frame five or six feet in length, about one in width, the intermediate space being filled with network, except a hole in the centre for the heel of the wearer. It is attached to the foot by leathern thongs. All hands were busily engaged in putting the sleighs together, fitting the harness to the dogs, and arranging the cargoes. The horses were sent back. The canoe men had taken their departure, and our party now consisted of Uncle Donald, Rose, Hugh and I, Pierre, Corney, Madge, Red Squirrel, and four Indians.

We had to wait until the snow had somewhat hardened, and the stream up which we were to proceed had been frozen over. Uncle Donald had made for Rose to sleep in a bag of buffalo robes lined with softer furs, which kept her perfectly warm. She was the only person who was to enjoy the privilege of a sleigh, drawn by Whiskey and Pilot, and guided by Uncle Donald. The rest of us were to travel on snow-shoes, a mode of proceeding which, though fatiguing, kept us warm.

The last night of our stay in camp arrived. We were to start, should the weather be propitious, the next morning. Soon after we turned in for the night, before I had fallen asleep, I was greatly surprised to hear the sound of chopping in a wood at no great distance off. I called to Hugh, he heard it also, as did Uncle Donald.

One after the other the men expressed their wonder at the sound. Corney, who was on guard, walked a few paces in the direction from whence it came, evidently thinking that something was wrong, but he soon returned, declaring that he could see no one. Suddenly there came the crash of a falling tree. After this mysterious occurrence,

nothing could induce him to go up to the spot, though it could not have been more than two hundred yards off. No one had been seen on the previous evening, and had Indians been there, they would have observed our fire, and would long ere this have gathered round it.

What Uncle Donald thought I could *not tell*, he certainly did not get up to try and solve the mystery, nor did any of the Indians. Night passed away without disturbance, and the next morning, though Hugh, and Pierre, and I made a circuit of the camp, we could discover no footsteps to indicate that any one had been in the neighbourhood, nor signs of chopping, nor a fallen tree, so that the mystery remained unexplained.

Breakfast over, our four Indians were sent ahead to trample down the snow with their snow-shoes, the loaded sleighs following, driven by the other men and Madge, who was as good a driver as any of them, Uncle Donald in charge of Rose bringing up the rear with Hugh and me. Such was to be our proceeding for many a day, until we were over the mountains.

We were now in the heart of the "Rockies." The valley of the river we were following was about a mile wide, and on either side rose high rocky peaks, covered with perpetual snow, among which big-horns could be seen watching us, the intruders into their domains, and daring us, as it were, to scale the glaciers and meet them on their own ground.

We several times met with moose, one of which was shot nearly every day to supply our camp with meat. We were anticipating getting through the pass without difficulty, when we found ourselves at the bottom of a fall a hundred feet in height, with thickly timbered hills on each side, which, rising abruptly from the water's edge, seemed to offer no footing even for a snow-shoe, much less a practicable trail for the dog sleighs.

Uncle Donald was not to be defeated, however, and at once ordered a regular track, graded round the face of the bluffs, to be formed. By using snow-shoes as shovels, and poles and brush for bridges, we crossed the intervening gullies and reached the edge of the first fall. Going on a mile further, we found the river confined between perpendicular walls of rock, up which there was no climbing. We had to form another path, carrying it over ledges of rock, banks of ice and snow, making bridges from one huge boulder to another, with the dark water boiling at our feet ready to engulf any one who might make a false step.

To our joy, the formidable obstacle being surmounted, the good ice was reached at last, when

we pushed on, the dogs trotting gaily along, and we following behind. But ere long another fall barred our progress. Before attempting to surmount it, we halted for dinner.

As I was looking up I espied a big-horn, or mountain goat, and believing that we could get near enough to shoot it, Hugh and I set off with our guns. The animal is about the size of a common sheep, with conical horns, nearly three feet long, and forming a complete circle, but so thick is the wool which covers its head and body that their full length is not seen.

"Sure, you'll not be gettin' up after that baste!" I heard Corney say, he having followed us.

"We'll try," I answered, and began ascending the *steep rocks*. The difficulties were greater than we expected, but still we did not like to be defeated. We had been deceived by the clearness of the atmosphere, and after climbing up and up, the goat appeared as far off as ever. Presently he saw us, and off he bounded, springing along places where it would have been madness to follow.

"I tould ye so!" cried Corney from below, for he had still followed us. "Ye must git above one of those gentlemen if you want to shoot him. Now dinner will be cooked, and we had better be after getting down to eat it."

We accordingly descended to where we had left our snow-shoes.

"Stop a moment!" cried Corney. "Just let me get a drink of water, for I see a rill dripping over a rock there."

Corney accordingly made his way up to the perpendicular bank, but scarcely had he reached it, when, to our horror, there was a crash, and he suddenly disappeared, leaving, however, his long pole behind him.

I knew that the river was running like a mill-sluice down below, so rushing forward I shoved the pole across the opening, and holding it in one hand, as I threw myself flat on the ice, I thrust down my arm. To my relief, I felt Corney's head as he came to the surface, and seizing his hair, hauled away with might and main. Hugh now assisted me, and we managed to drag up the Irishman from his fearfully perilous position. It required caution, however, to get him on the ice, as that at any moment might give way, and we should have to share the fate from which we were trying to rescue him.

"Arrah! the spalpeens! why don't they come to help us?" cried Corney. "Shout, Mr. Archie! shout, Mr. Hugh!"

Our cries brought Pierre, who was nearest at hand, carrying a long rope and a pole.

By resting on the poles, and lowering the rope

with a bowline knot at the end, we got it under his arms, and soon hauling him upon the ice, we hurried away from the dangerous spot.

He was none the worse for his dip, though it was no joke to be plunged head over ears in that icy cold water. Several of the other men fell in at different times, for although it was freezing hard, the rapidity of the current prevented the ice forming securely in many places. We had occasionally, therefore, to leave the river, and to make our way through the forest—no easy undertaking. But we could get through any places, provided they were more than two feet wide. When camping, we shovelled away the snow until we reached the moss on which we formed our beds; then we made our fire in the centre of the hole, and took our places round it.

When we went to sleep it was pretty deep, but in the morning, on getting up, I found that I could not see over the wall of snow. By beating down the edges, however, we managed to climb out.

In spite of the depth of the snow, we travelled on, though as our snow-shoes sank in places nearly a foot deep, the fatigue was very great.

Rose laughed heartily as she saw us trudging on, and wanted Hugh to take her place in the sleigh, and let her go on foot while he rested.

Again we came to a more mighty canon than any we had yet encountered. This necessitated a detour, to avoid it, of about three miles overland.

A canon (from the Spanish) is a deep gully or gorge, either with a river or stream flowing through the bottom or not, but the canons in this part of the Rockies nearly always have a stream at the bottom.

We had again reached the river *where it flowed* on a more even course. It was entirely frozen over, but we were high above it, and the difficulty was to get down.

Pierre was the first to start. Away went the dogs with the sleigh, Pierre hauling it back and trying to stop its way. But all would not do; and presently he, dogs, and sleigh, went rolling over and over, until they plunged into the snow at the bottom, to a considerable depth.

"Och! sure I'll be wiser," cried Corney; and he made fast a tail rope to a tree, thus enabling him to lower it gently for a short distance at a time. In slipping it, however, from one tree to another, the sleigh gathered way, but scarcely had it got abreast of the dogs than it sheered off on one side of a small tree, the dogs rolling on the other. The tree—a mere sapling—bent, and the impetus carried the whole train nearly twenty feet out towards its end—the dogs hanging by their traces on one side, counterbalancing the sleigh on the other, where they swayed to and fro in the most ludicrous

fashion, yelping, barking, and struggling to get free, and running a great risk of being hanged.

"Surely I'll be asther losin' me dogs, an' the sleigh will be dashed to pieces!" cried Corney, wringing his hands in his despair.

Fearing that Rose might meet with a similar accident, Uncle Donald, taking her in his arms, carried her down, while Hugh and I managed the sleigh. As soon as we were all to rights, we had the satisfaction of seeing before us a clear "glare"



"WE MANAGED TO DRAG UP THE IRISHMAN FROM HIS FEARFULLY PERILOUS POSITION" (p. 260).

Uncle Donald told us to take charge of Rose; then springing down the bank with the agility of a young man, axe in hand, with a few blows he cut the traces and set the poor dogs free, while the sleigh bounded down the hill into the snow at the bottom, where Pierre was trying to put his train to rights, the new arrival adding not a little to his difficulties.

of ice. The dogs, entering into our feelings, set off at a scamper to cross it.

In less than an hour we had got over a greater distance than we had the whole of the previous day. We had now reached the entrance to the pass. On either side rose pyramidal peaks, covered with perpetual snow, three thousand feet above the valley. Shortly afterwards we came to the foot of

a magnificent glacier, which must have been scarcely less than a mile in length and several hundred feet in height. As we had made a good day's journey, and evening was approaching, Uncle Donald was looking out for a place at which to camp. We had just fixed on a spot on the bank of the river at the edge of a thick belt of trees, which here intervened between it and the cliffs, when a roar as of distant thunder reached our ears.

"Look out! look out!" cried the Indians in chorus, and they pointed upwards.

We did look, and there we saw the whole side of the mountain, as it seemed, in movement. Huge rocks and vast masses of ice came rolling down towards the spot we were passing over, threatening to overwhelm us.

Down rushed the fearful avalanche. One huge rock was so directing its course that our destruction seemed certain, when it crashed in among the trees, tearing several up by the roots, but meeting with one of a larger size, just before it reached us, it was turned aside, and forcing its way through the remainder, it plunged into the river, not many feet from where we stood.

As may be supposed, we did not camp at that spot, but, thankful for our preservation, pushed on to where, the valley slightly widening out, we ran less risk of being overwhelmed by an avalanche.

#### CHAPTER IX.—LOST IN THE SNOW.



THE first part of our difficulties are approaching an end," said Uncle Donald the next morning, as we were starting. "It is possible that we may reach the dividing ridge by nightfall."

The news caused every countenance to assume a cheerful expression. We pushed on in high spirits. The river, which had been

growing less and less as we proceeded, at length became a small stream, fed by a fall down a steep slope, up which we had, as before, to make our way by a zigzag path.

On reaching the summit we found ourselves

in an elevated valley, with mountain peaks on each side towering magnificently to the sky, the rays of the rising sun glancing on their snow-clad sides.

The surface of the lakes afforded a level and easy road. Away went the dogs at a brisk trot, the men shouting with glee as they thought our difficulties were over.

Climbing up the banks of one lake, we crossed over the ground to another, and then went on again as before. We quickly got over seven or eight miles, when we saw a stream, which, issuing from the eastern end of the last lake, ran down a gentle incline. The bright rivulet was a feeder of one of the vast rivers which flow towards the Arctic Ocean.

A joyous shout was raised; we had crossed the dividing ridge, and the vast plain through which flow the Saskatchewan and Athabasca lay below us. Several trees which grew by the lakelet were marked, to show the boundary of the North West Territory, into which we had now entered. Having quenched our thirst from the little stream, we again set out, the ground sloping perceptibly towards the east.

The rivulet widened as we advanced, and after we had gone a short way we found it completely frozen over. The ice being of sufficient thickness to bear our weight, we at once descended on to it, and away we went at a greater speed than we had hitherto gone, every one being in the highest spirits.

We had now to make a long circuit through a dense forest, keeping away from the river, for fear of slipping down over the precipices which formed the side.

Hugh and I, while sitting on our snow-shoes, were gliding downwards, fancying that we should reach the bottom of a hill without difficulty, when presently I saw him, on coming to some object concealed by the snow, give an unintentional jump, and over he went, head first, clutching at the shrubs and trying to stop himself. I was laughing at his mishap, when I felt myself jerked forwards, and then away I went in the same fashion.

After some tumbling and rolling, with arms and legs outstretched, we were both pitched into a deep snow reef at the foot of the hill.

One of the loaded sleighs, driven by Corney, before he had time to unharness the dogs, as he was about to do, broke away from him, and away it went, the poor dogs, terribly frightened, endeavouring to keep ahead of it, but it went faster than they could. In vain Corney and Red Squirrel tried to stop it. Had it kept clear of all impediments no great harm would have happened; but,

unfortunately, it came in contact with a log, turning the poor dog who had the leader's place into a pancake, while the front part of the sleigh itself was shattered to fragments. We hurried to the spot. The poor dog lay dead, with its head and limbs fractured.

We were some time occupied in repairing the broken sledge and harness. Continuing our journey, the river level was at last reached, when, on looking up, we saw that we had stood on a projecting ledge of ice not more than two feet in thickness, which might have given way beneath our weight and carried us down to destruction.

Hitherto, when not travelling on the ice, we had to make our way over snow seldom less than two feet deep, but as we reached the base of the mountains it suddenly disappeared. As far as we could see to the eastward, not a patch was visible. Had it not been for the frozen rivers and the leafless trees, we might have fancied that summer was returning. This phenomenon occurs along the whole base of the Rocky Mountains, where there is a belt of nearly twenty miles in width perfectly free from snow.

The ground being hard, we made good way over it, directing our course about south-east towards a stream running into the Saskatchewan.

The stream we were steering for was reached. Travelling over the ice, we were soon again in a region where the snow lay thicker than ever, and it became very trying to our dogs. Our special favourites, Whiskey, Pilot, and Muskymote, went on bravely, in spite of their hard labour by day and the intense cold to which they were exposed by night. They, knowing fellows, whenever they stopped, carefully picked out the snow which, getting between their toes, would have cut them severely; but some of the younger ones, not understanding the necessity of so doing, allowed it to accumulate, and became lame.

The snow now lay two feet in thickness over the whole surface of the country, making it fearfully heavy work to get along. We frequently had to go ahead to form a track; and even so soft was the snow, that the poor dogs would wallow through it up to their bodies, until they were well-nigh worn out with their incessant labour. We, however, pushed on, for had we ventured to stop our whole party might have succumbed. Our provisions were well-nigh exhausted, and neither buffalo, nor deer, nor smaller game appeared to enable us to replenish our stock of food. Our object was to get on a stream with a southerly or south-easterly course, on which we could travel until we could strike a line across the country leading to the missionary station.

We made short journeys between sunrise and sunset. At the end of each day our first task was to clear away the snow, so as to have a space for our camp fire and room for the party to stretch themselves round it. The most sheltered spot was selected for Rose's hut, which, when wood was wanting, was formed of buffalo robes. She seemed to enjoy the journey, and was as blooming and merry as ever. The poor dogs were the greatest sufferers. They had hard work and scanty food. First one stretched out its legs and died, and then another did the same; and one morning, when we were starting, even Pilot could not be coaxed away from the camp fire. No one had the heart to kill him, but stand on his legs he either could not or would not, so he was left to his fate, in the faint hope that in an hour or so he might recover his strength and overtake us.

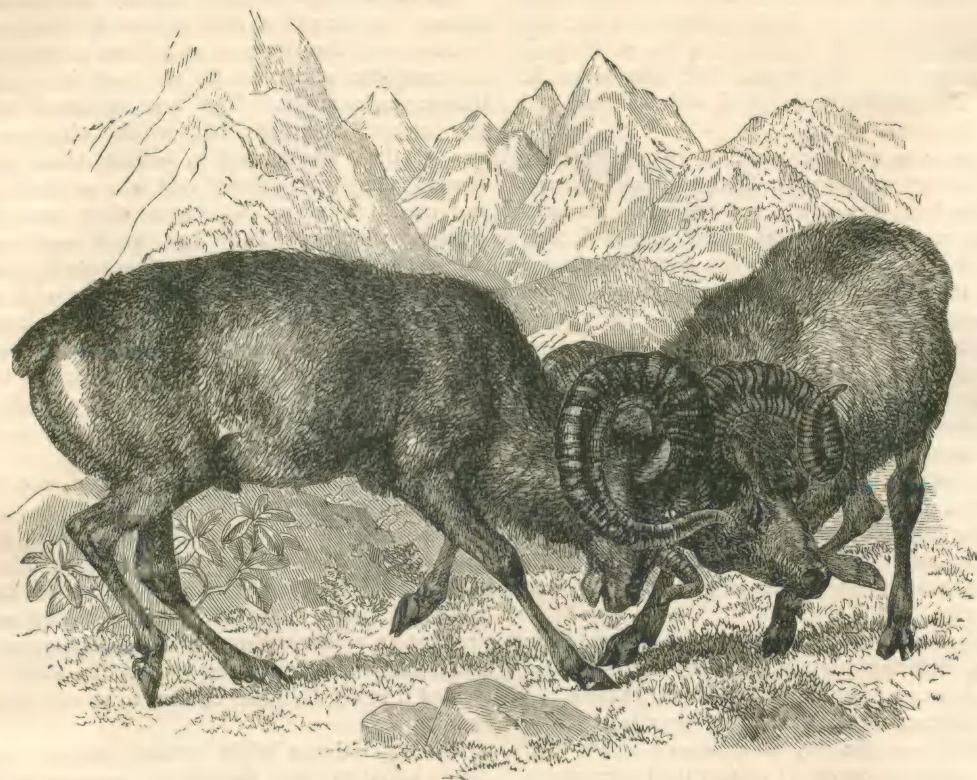
As we pushed forward, on one side rose the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and on the other stretched out a vast extent of comparatively level land, in some parts open prairie, in others dense forest. The boughs of the trees were thickly laden with snow, the whole country, indeed, was wrapped in a white wintry mantle. The scenery was dreary in the extreme. Our spirits sank; it seemed that we should never come to an end of our long journey.

The sky, hitherto bright, became overcast with clouds about the time that we had got over about two-thirds of the day's journey. Hugh and Red Squirrel and I were at some distance in the rear of the party, when snow began to fall and the wind to blow with unusual violence. The snow came down so thickly that it seemed as if the contents of a huge feather-bed had suddenly been emptied upon us. Thicker and thicker it fell; so great was the obscurity that we could scarcely see a yard ahead, while the tracks of our companions were almost instantly obliterated.

We shouted, expecting that they would reply, and that we should be guided by their voices, but no sound came in return. We tried to run on, hoping to overtake them, when Hugh fell and broke one of his snow-shoes. We, of course, stopped to help him up, and in so doing must have turned slightly about. Red Squirrel, ever fertile in resources, set to work to mend the shoe. This he did very rapidly; but even that short delay was serious. As soon as Hugh was on his legs we again hurried on, supposing that we were following close behind the rest of the party. We shouted and shouted, but still there was no reply. I asked Red Squirrel if he thought we were going right.

He did not answer.

It is seldom that an Indian loses his way, but at



BIG-HORNS. (See p. 259.)

length I began to fear that he was at fault. He acknowledged, indeed, that he was so. We unslung our guns, hoping that if we fired our friends would hear the report, and fire theirs in return, but neither Hugh's nor mine would go off. We put on fresh caps, and both again snapped. I felt in my pouch for my pricker, to try and clear out the nipple, but could not find it. I asked Hugh for his.

"I'm afraid that I dropped it yesterday evening in the camp, and I thought that I would look for it in the morning, but forgot to do so," he answered.

At last we gave up the attempt in despair. More valuable time had thus been lost. Red Squirrel urged us to go on, saying that he thought he could guide us by the wind. On and on we went. The snow fell as thickly as ever. At last Hugh declared that he could go no further. We were both suffering from fearful pains in our ankles—the *mal de raquette*, as the French Canadians call it, produced by the pressure of the snow-shoe straps.

I looked anxiously about, hoping to discover some trees or shrubs which might afford us shelter and enable us to light a fire, but a thick veil of falling snow shrouded us on every side. I con-

sulted Red Squirrel as to what we should do. One thing was certain—that if we remained in the open, exposed to the biting blast, we should perish. I feared that such would be our fate. Poor Hugh gave way altogether, and, casting off the straps from his ankles, threw himself down on the snow, and begged us to leave him.

#### CHAPTER X.—SNOWED UP.

To leave Hugh was not to be thought of.

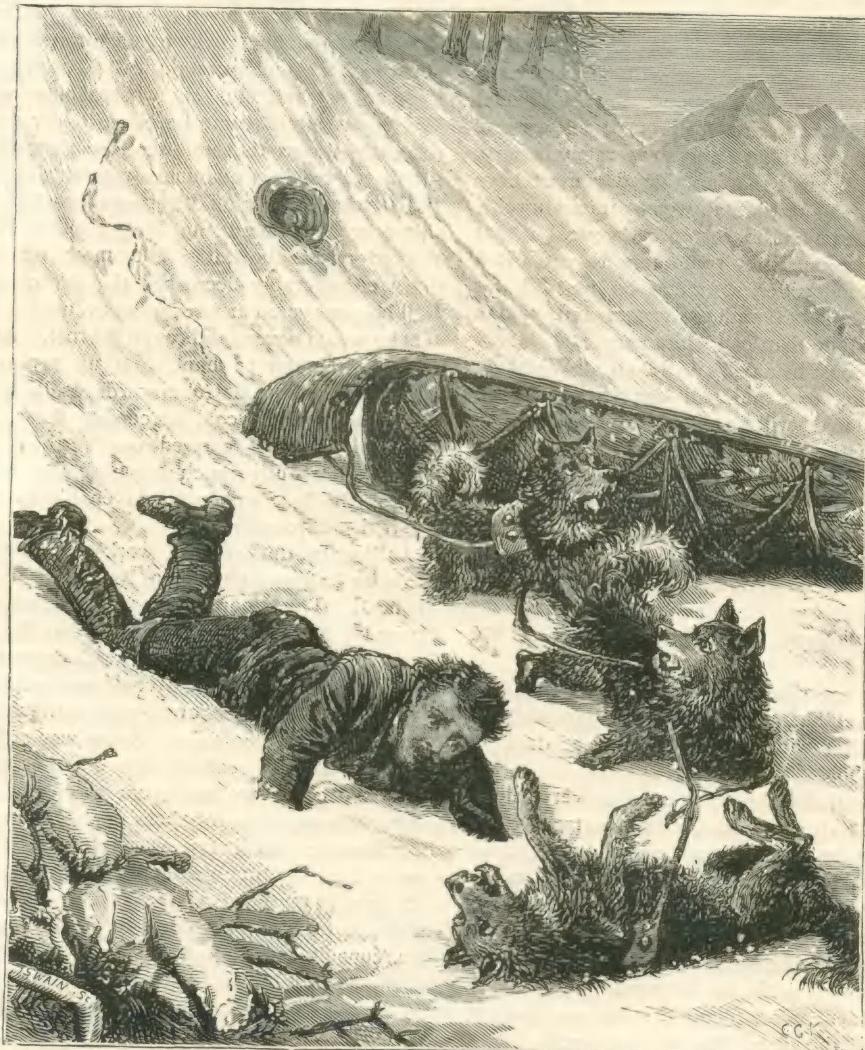
"Oh, say what we must do!" I exclaimed, addressing Red Squirrel.

"Make haste," he answered, taking off his snow-shoes.

I took off mine also, and using them as spades, we energetically set to work to shovel up the snow until we had got down to the ground, building up a wall with what we had thrown out. There was just sufficient space to hold three. We then placed Red Squirrel's shoes on the top, for they were the longest, and Hugh's above them, while with mine we threw up more snow to form a roof. As soon as we had got thus far, we lowered Hugh

into our burrow, that he might be sheltered from the wind, placing the guns beside him. We then continued throwing up the snow until we had completely surrounded the hole, leaving only a small aperture through which we could crawl in on

feel tolerably comfortable, and we had no great fear of being frozen to death. Hugh, from not having exerted himself in building the hut, suffered more than Red Squirrel or I, and as soon as the door was closed I set to work to rub his



"HE, DOGS, AND SLEIGH, WENT ROLLING OVER AND OVER, UNTIL THEY PLUNGED INTO THE SNOW AT THE BOTTOM" (p. 260).

hands and knees. We next covered one of my snow-shoes with snow, patted it down until it was like a board, and this served as the door of our burrow. We had just space sufficient to sit up, or lie down packed close together, for we knew that the smaller its size the warmer it would be, or rather, the less should feel the cold.

The change from the outer biting air made us

hands and feet to restore circulation, for I was afraid that they might have been frost-bitten.

A very faint light at first came through the snowy walls, but this lessened, until we could not see our hands held close to our faces.

Night we knew must have at length come on. We were very hungry, but as we had not a particle of food, there was no use in complaining.

For a long time neither Hugh nor I could go to sleep. At last Red Squirrel set us the example, and when, some time afterwards, I addressed Hugh, he did not answer, so that I knew he had forgotten his troubles, and I hoped that perfect rest would enable him to recover from the pain he had been suffering. I at last also dropped off to sleep.

When I awoke the darkness was as complete as ever, though supposing it was still night, I once more went to sleep. The next time I opened my eyes it was still dark as before. I felt warmer than I had expected, but I was desperately hungry. From this I fancied that another day must have begun. In a short time my companions awoke. Hugh said the pain in his instep had gone, but that he would give much for something to eat. Red Squirrel did not suffer as much as we did, for Indians are able to endure hunger and pain a much longer time than can white people.

"Surely it must be day," said Hugh. "We ought to try and get out, and find our friends. Rose and Uncle Donald will be dreadfully frightened at having lost us."

"I hope that no accident has happened to them," I could not help saying, for the recollection came upon me that they also had been exposed to the snow-storm; but then I reflected that they were a large party, and might have reached the shelter of a wood. This was some consolation.

"Oh, how hungry I am!" cried Hugh. "We must get out."

I took up my rifle and tried to open the door with the barrel, but, although I ran it up to the lock, on again withdrawing it I could not see daylight through the hole.

"I am afraid that the snow must be very thick," I said. The dreadful idea now occurred to me that we were buried alive in a snow tomb. Such had happened to other people, I knew, and it might be our fate, for if the snow once froze over us we might be unable to force our way out. I asked Red Squirrel what he thought.

He answered with an ominous "Very bad! Try," he added, and I found that he was groping about to find the door. He did not speak, but I heard him scraping away with his hands, just as a terrier does at the entrance of a rabbit burrow, with a vehemence which showed how much he feared that we were completely buried. I could feel the snow which he dug up coming down on my legs.

At last he asked for my gun. He thrust it into the hole he had formed, but still no light streamed through it. We must, however, by some means or other, force our way out or perish.

"We had better try to work upwards," I observed.

"The falling snow has surrounded the walls of our hut, and though we made the roof pretty thick, we are more likely to reach the open air through it than by working at the sides."

The Indian followed my suggestion. Of course, we could all work together, but then we might have pulled a mass of snow down on our heads. Our object was simply to make a hole through which we could look out and ascertain if it were daylight, and if so to try and find out whereabouts we were. We might all the time be close to our party. I earnestly hoped that we were, so that we might satisfy the cravings of hunger without delay. The Indian tried to force off the snow-shoe which formed the door, but found that impossible. He then worked away above it. The snow he brought down considerably decreased the size of our hut. Still he persevered in working away, until I thought that he would never get through the roof. At last he asked me again to hand him up my gun, and having forced the barrel upwards, as he withdrew it we could feel the cold air coming down, while a gleam of daylight entered our burrow. But it would still require much labour before we could enlarge the hole sufficiently to enable us to force our bodies through it.

At last, by dint of hard work, standing on the snow he had brought down, Red Squirrel got out his head. The report he gave was unsatisfactory. Scarcely, however, listening to what he said, I jumped up and thrust out my head, eager to ascertain the state of affairs. I could see nothing but a vast plain of snow on every side without a single object to direct our steps. Snow was still falling and had already reached above the level of our hut. We could not make our way over the vast plain without our snow-shoes, and it would take a considerable time before we could dig them out; and in the meantime we should be well-nigh frozen.

I drew in my head again, my face chilled by the cold air, and, sinking down to the bottom of the hut, consulted with Red Squirrel and Hugh as to what was to be done. Hunger made us all anxious to go on; but then arose the question, In what direction should we go? We might perish in the attempt to reach our friends. We accordingly agreed to wait until the snow had ceased.

Red Squirrel had, in the meantime, stopped up the hole to prevent the cold from getting in. Hunger and darkness soon caused us again to drop off to sleep, and thus we must have remained some hours. When at length I awoke, I had neither the inclination nor power to move.

I called to Hugh. He answered faintly. I had, however, my senses sufficiently about me to be aware of our perilous position. The acute sensation of hunger

had gone off, and my only wish was to be left alone. I tried to rouse myself, and endeavoured to get up, but sank again to the ground. I then asked Red Squirrel to take a look out. He at once rose and scrambled up to the hole. It was some time before he could force off the snow. He then told us that the snow had ceased, and that it was night, for he could see the stars shining overhead.

"We must wait until morning, then," I said, thankful that I should not have to move.

Once more we all dropped off into a state of stupor rather than sleep. I don't know how long we had thus remained, when I was aroused by a noise which came down the funnel. It seemed as if some animal were scratching away at the entrance. The idea seized me that it was a bear, and I thought how unable we were to defend ourselves. I felt about for my gun, forgetting that

it had refused to go off. Just as I grasped it I remembered this, and desperately plunged my hand into my pouch, when at the bottom I discovered my pricker, which my numbed fingers had before failed to feel. Clearing out the nipple as well as I could in the dark, I put on a fresh cap. While doing so, I awoke my companions. Hugh answered faintly. Red Squirrel immediately got up, and together we managed to crawl to the opening through which I thrust my rifle, ready to fire should the bear show himself.

The scratching continued more vehemently than before. "He'll be upon us presently," I whispered to Red Squirrel, as a gleam of light came down through the aperture. "Do you take the gun; I haven't strength enough to fire;" and I sank back quite exhausted.

(To be concluded.)

### THE WOODCUTTER AND THE SNAKE.

A FABLE.

**A** WOODCUTTER and snake tried whether  
They could not live in peace together.  
An odd companionship, may be,  
But pray, why should they not agree?  
Upon the plan they both were bent,  
And forthwith made experiment.  
For some time (as is oft the case  
With friends who're chosen by the face),  
Though different each in inclination,  
This had no outward indication.  
Unluckily, it chanced one day,  
As the woodcutter chopped away,  
His hatchet slipped, and by the slice  
Off went the snake's tail in a trice.  
The man thereon apologised—  
Said he was quite distressed, surprised,  
Could not have thought it; need he mention,  
To do it he had no intention;  
Was sure his fellow-lodger's sense

Would own he meant him no offence.  
The snake had got his hat before,  
And now moved off towards the door.  
"What you say may be very true,  
But we must part, and quickly, too.  
That you're sincere, I do not doubt,  
But I am now my tail without.  
What next may happen I know not,  
But wisdom's by experience got,  
And I have now made up my mind  
No one shall me so foolish find,  
As with a man again to live,  
Whatever promises he'll give,  
Who in his house a hatchet keeps,"  
And then away the sufferer creeps.

#### MORAL.

This fable, then, would serve to show  
A truth which many people know—  
Edged tools are dangerous, and when  
They cut we do not come again.

H. G.





## DOWN IN THE MINE.

## A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

## CHAPTER I.

UR Peter was no common dog ; it would be a great mistake if you thought that. I do not pretend that he was perfect as to his points, or of high

descent, but for cleverness and loyal affection I never knew his equal.

We found him, Dick and I, one cold January morning, lying half dead beside the pond in our field. How he got there we never discovered. Our father had him cried and advertised, and then, when after a long time nobody claimed him, he said we boys might have him for our own.

He had got quite at home with us by that time, for we had warmed him, and fed him, and nursed him back into healthy life again ; and he would look up into our faces with his loving eyes, and lick our hands, and follow us about full of gratitude. I wonder if we should have been half as thankful if any one had done for us what we did for him ? I fear not.

Well, as I said, Peter belonged to us both, but my brother Dick was the one he took to the most. Dick was a strange sort of boy ; though there were only us two, and though on the whole we were very good friends, yet I always felt that I didn't quite understand Dick, that he was a little beyond me somehow. He was as fond of games as I was, but he was a deal fonder of books. It used to anger me sometimes to see him go off on a splendid summer morning, when I was mad for cricket, into the woods with a book under his arm, and I knew very well that he would not appear again till dinner-time. Dick was a year younger than I was, too, and ought naturally to have cared less for books than I did.

Well, as I was saying, Peter belonged to us both, but if he had a choice which of us to follow, he would always follow Dick—Dick, who didn't make half as much fuss over him as I did. This sometimes made me angry, I'm afraid, and Peter became occasionally a bone of contention between us, though it generally ended in Dick's giving up his plans for me, so that I might not be disappointed of Peter's company.

Peter had been with us a whole year, and had been so carefully trained that he was now quite

a useful little spaniel, and father had promised that he would take him and us out shooting with him this September, if we would be very careful to keep out of the way of the guns, and would leave Peter entirely to his direction. This, of course, we gladly promised to do.

How well I remember that day ; I don't think I should ever forget it if I lived to be a hundred ! It was a perfect September morning ; a slight haze hung about the distance, and the dew-drops in the fields through which we passed sparkled like a thousand diamonds in the sunshine. There seemed to be a delicious *taste* of freshness in the air, which made me feel so excited I could hardly keep from shouting for joy. Dick was calm, as usual, but there was a glad look in his eyes that spoke more than many words.

And whilst our spirits were still in the highest state of delight, the real excitement of the day began. Off went the dogs on the scent of the rabbits, Peter foremost amongst them, and crack went the guns of the sportsmen, and the poor little victims stood but a small chance for their lives, I feared, for, in spite of all the excitement, my sympathies could not but go with the gallant little rabbits, struggling against such heavy odds of men and dogs.

"Dick," I whispered, as we followed in the rear, "it seems rather sneaky, don't you think ?"

"When I'm a man," said Dick, "I'll hunt lions and tigers if I hunt at all ; there'd be some pluck in that, I'm thinking."

But in spite of our secret disapproval we got very eager in the chase, and were not a little proud when, as we all sat down to our lunch above the lovely windings of the river, and with the spoils of the morning displayed before us, the sportsmen, one and all, began singing Peter's praises.

"A very promising young spaniel," said one.

"I shouldn't mind giving a tidy sum for him to these young gentlemen, if they were willing to part with him," said another.

"But we are not," said Dick, quietly.

"We wouldn't sell him for a bag of gold, would we Dick ?" said I.

"There is no need to talk about it," replied Dick, "I'd almost as soon think of selling you, Tommy, as of selling Peter."

The gentlemen laughed, and we went on enjoying our pasties, and feeding Peter liberally from the same. It was Peter's first field day, and he had behaved nobly ; was he not entitled to the best that we had ?



AT LUNCH. (See p. 268.)

By-and-by the sport began again, and we joined in it with even more enthusiasm than before, from our newly-excited pride in Peter. We talked to him encouragingly before he set forth, heaping up praises upon him, and urging him on to still greater deeds of prowess. Evidently he understood our meaning ; his eyes seemed to kindle, and his body was in almost a quiver of excitement.

We were scouring that afternoon the lovely woods overhanging the river Tamar, that beautiful winding river which divides Devon from Cornwall, and the water from which is used in working the mines in several parts. We were not near the working mines, but one or two old shafts of abandoned mines were noticeable among the woods, by the ruins of their timber. In some places these gaunt wooden arms even were gone, and nothing remained but a fencing parapet of wall to guard the dangerous openings.

Suddenly a shout reached our ears. What was it? Our father's voice, clear and commanding, was calling back Peter. Could Peter be doing anything wrong, and so about to shame us? Oh! why had we lagged behind? He knew our voices better than father's, and father would not have minded our interfering if it were a case of necessity.

By the time—a few minutes only—that it took us to come up with the sportsmen all was still. Still, that is, save for the barking of the dogs. But Peter's bark was not among them—that was the first fact that brought any dread to our hearts. We pushed forward between the sportsmen till we were stopped by a low rough wall of stone.

"Back, boys!" shouted our father, more sternly than we had ever heard him shout before. And then the dreadful truth flashed upon me. Peter had been foremost in the chase, and heedless of danger, heedless of all but the work set before him, had followed the scent of a rabbit to the very brink of the gulf, and while the little creature he had started had fled in an opposite direction, Peter had plunged head foremost into the black darkness of the disused mine!

I gave a bitter cry, and big boy though I was, I threw myself upon the heap of stones, and scalding tears forced themselves down my face.

Dick stood still, perfectly rigid, but his face was colourless and his lips were pressed firmly together, as I had seen them once or twice before in my life, when he had been making up his mind to a dangerous leap or conquering a stubborn sum.

This look of his frightened me, and made me *restrain my foolish weeping*.

"Father," I said, "are you *sure* he is dead?"

"As sure as that I stand here, my boy. We could hear the poor little beast knock against the

sides as he went down. He died in doing his duty."

"But he might be only wounded, and bleeding perhaps, father, and not *quite* dead," I urged ; "and then how dreadful for him to lie there all alone, with no one to tend him ! I wouldn't mind so much if I were sure he was quite dead."

"Then you may take that comfort to yourself, little man," said one of the gentlemen. "Just think of the depth, and the hard rock at the bottom ; besides, we have been listening, and not a sound is to be heard."

"He might be stunned," said Dick, in a hollow voice. It was the first word he had spoken.

"No, no, my lad, he's as dead as a door-nail ; the more's the pity," said the gentleman who had offered to buy Peter of us at lunch-time. "Now, if we could have foreseen this, you would have been wiser to take my offer just now."

He meant no harm, but I felt my face flush with indignation at this trifling talk, as I deemed it. Dick's brow darkened for a moment, but he did not reply ; only, turning to my father, he asked, quietly, "How deep do you suppose the hole to be, father?"

"Not more than sixty feet to the first level I believe, Dick, but that is deep enough to kill any number of dogs or men who might fall headlong into it, as poor Peter did. But now, come, I think you boys and I will go home ; we should have no heart for more sport after this, I fancy ?"

So we bid the rest of the party good-bye, and my father calling off his own dogs, we retraced our steps towards the Manor House. But oh ! how everything had changed ! The sun still shone brightly on the blackberry leaves, and slanted in amid the trunks of the fir trees, and flickered to and fro through the waving boughs, but the sunshine had died out of our lives for ever, so it seemed to us then, and the continued brightness all around seemed only cold-hearted indifference.

"I hate the sunshine," I said, petulantly, to Dick, as we entered the house. "I wish it would rain cats and dogs."

"Don't talk nonsense, Tommy," answered my brother ; "I hope it will be a clear moonlight night."

What could Dick mean? I looked up in surprise, but before I could ask he was gone.

## CHAPTER II.

DICK did not appear again until tea-time, and then he hardly spoke a word. For the matter of that, we were neither of us in a talkative mood. Dear mother, in the kindness of her heart, had put out a fresh jar of our favourite strawberry jam, hoping to cheer us. But how could we think of

strawberry jam or anything else, with the picture of poor Peter at the bottom of that dreadful hole continually before our mind's eyes? Being very hungry, I allowed myself to eat a little dry bread, and felt rather ashamed of myself for really enjoying that. But Dick, to my surprise, though he did not even notice the strawberry jam, made a capital tea of bread-and-butter. As soon as it was over he said he had some work on hand, and must be off again at once.

"Mayn't I come with you, Dick?" I asked, feeling rather hurt at his silence.

"No, no, Tommy; you stay at home and mind mother," he answered, going round by our mother's chair, and giving her a hearty kiss before he went out.

Then mother began asking me, very kindly and gently, about poor Peter, and as we sat by the window in the twilight I told her all the sad story.

"How did Dick take it?" she asked, when I had done.

"Like the old stoic that he is," I answered. "You could see he cared by his face, but not by aught that he said."

"Where is he now, Tommy, do you know?" she asked.

"No," said I; "he didn't choose to tell me, and of course I wasn't going to be prying after him."

A note was brought to my mother just then from father, who had ridden into the town on some business soon after we returned from the shooting, saying, that as the business would require him to be on the spot early on the morrow, he should sleep that night in the town. The letter ended with a message to us boys, to take care of mother in his absence.

Father and mother had a habit of appealing to us in this fashion, which, I think, was good for us, making us thoughtful for others and self-reliant.

"I should like to see any one trying to harm you, mother, with Dick and me by to defend you!" said I.

Mother smiled one of her rare beautiful smiles as she said, "I often thank God, Tommy, for giving me two such good sons—they are two of His best gifts to me."

After that we sat silent a long time. There was always something soothing in being alone with mother, and by degrees my great grief about Peter subsided into a more resigned sorrow. Poor Peter! he was at rest at least, and he had died doing his duty, and mother had always taught us that, living or dying, that was the great thing to make sure of. So we sat on till the daylight faded, and the glorious harvest-moon rose in the east.

"Dick is working late; Tommy, couldn't you go

and find him?" said mother at last, when the supper was brought in and no Dick appeared.

"I'll just look round a bit, but I musn't leave you long, mother," said I. "I'm bound to mind you now father and Dick are both away."

However, I had a good hunt all over the premises, and Dick was nowhere to be seen. He had not been working in his garden, for that was untouched; he was not in our carpentering shop, though that showed signs of disturbance, and a huge coil of rope that lay generally in one corner of the shed was gone. Perhaps Dennis, our man, who had been a miner before he came to us, had lent it to one of his friends for some purpose. I had not been in the carpentering shop for nearly a week, so this disappearance did not strike me much at the time. Having hunted in vain, I returned at last to mother, somewhat concerned about Dick, but determined not to make mother anxious by my silly forebodings. Was it Peter's accident that had made me so foolish, ready to imagine all sorts of concealed dangers?

A great relief it was, at all events, to see through the unshuttered window when I returned, Dick sitting quietly by mother at the supper table, apparently making good use of his time.

"I say, Dick, I call it rather too bad, to send me a goose-chase hunting for you, and then to come home and enjoy your supper, without ever troubling to let me know that you were all right!"

"It would be like the old story of rolling one loaf of bread down the hill to bring back the other, if we had gone on in that way," said Dick. "I thought I told you to stop and mind mother, and here I found her all alone."

"Tommy went at my bidding, he had not left my side all the evening till then," said mother, smiling kindly upon me. "And now you must both be my guardians to-night, for father is not coming home till to-morrow."

I saw Dick start at this intelligence, and then he asked how it was; and mother showed him father's letter. Dick was very quiet after that; he seemed to be puzzled and disturbed.

"You are not really afraid, mother, are you? You would not mind, now, if one of us was away with father, to stay in the house at night with the other, would you?"

"Oh, no!" answered mother, laughing. "You know there would be Dennis, besides the maids. I think I should be safe even if you were both away; but I like my boys about me best."

Still Dick's face looked troubled.

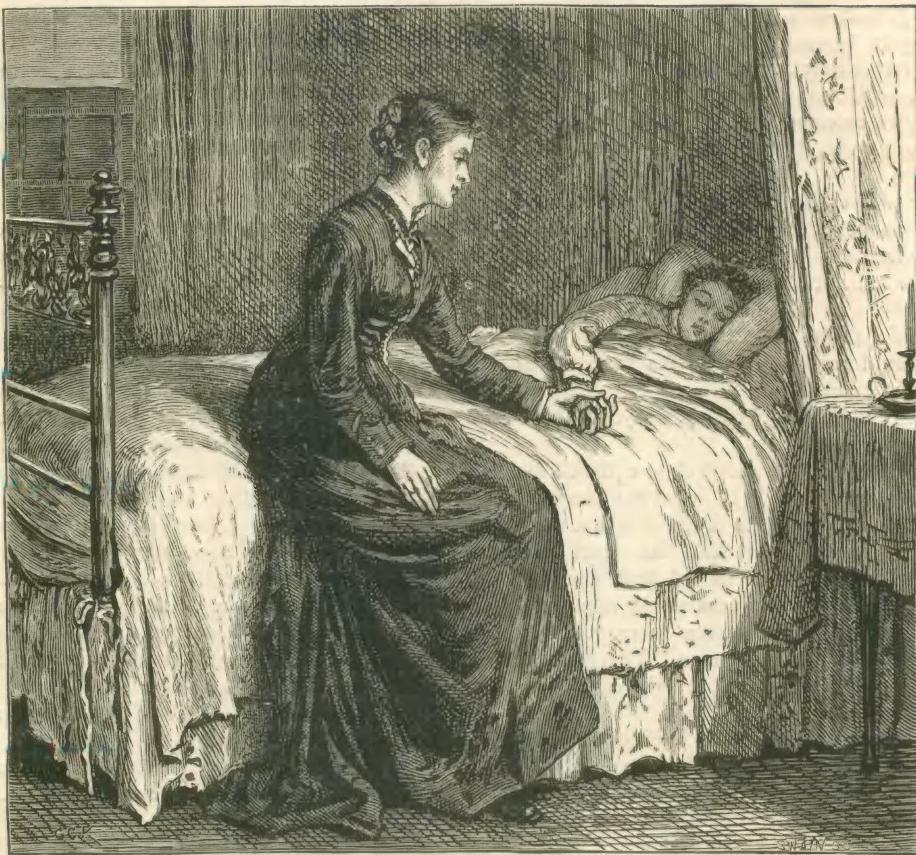
"But would you really be timid, mother, if Dennis were away too? Wouldn't Tommy and the maids be enough to protect you?"

"Oh! to be sure they would!" said mother, still smiling. "There is nothing to be afraid of at all, and we have always our Heavenly Father watching over us wherever we may be."

And then, supper being over, mother rang for the servants, and we had family prayers, and being early people we soon all went off to bed.

I was a very sound sleeper; so sound, indeed,

the door, to see if he were as restless as myself But no answer came. No doubt Dick was sleeping peacefully, just as he had eaten his tea and his supper calmly. I began to think him rather hard-hearted, and that he could not really have cared half as much as I did for Peter, in spite of Peter's devotion to him. Another nap, and another start. I really must awaken Dick to keep me company.

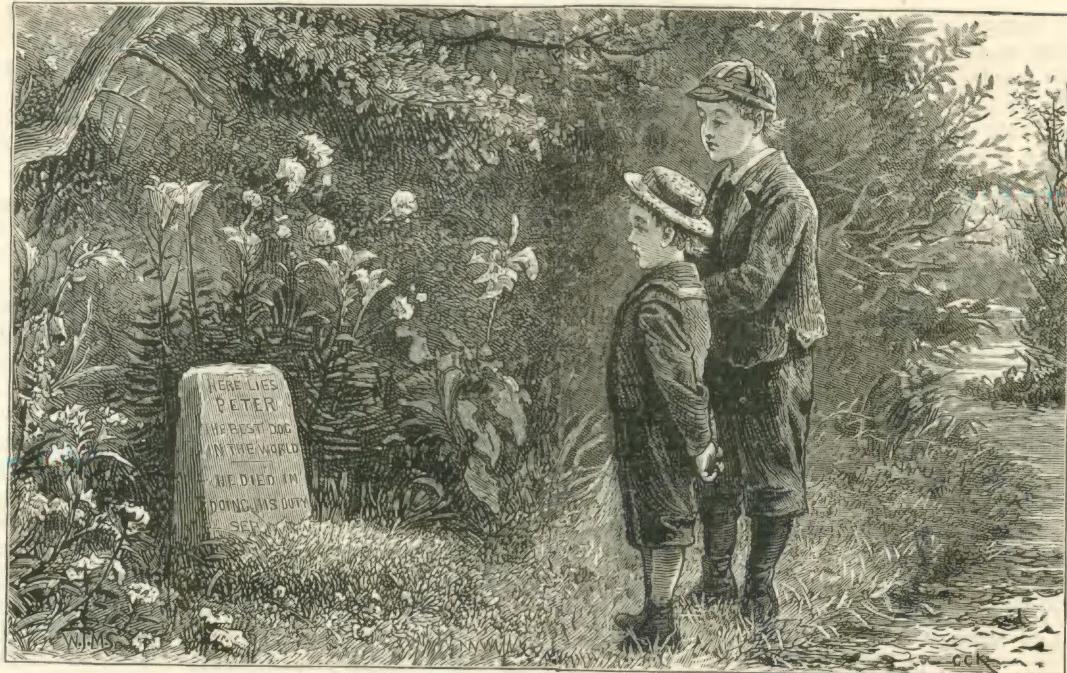


"SOOTHED TO SLUMBER BY MOTHER'S SWEET VOICE" (p. 275).

that it was a joke against me. But to-night, somehow, I felt restless. Was it the wonderful moonlight, bright almost as day? Was it the grief about poor Peter? Was it the thought of keeping guard over mother that so often half roused me from my slumbers? But only half roused. I would be dreaming that I was falling down the black hole with Peter, and awake with a start, only to turn on the other side and fall asleep again. And so it went on for a long time, till at last, weary of my many wakings, I called to Dick, who occupied a bed in the same room near

"Hullo, Dick!" I cried out, "don't sleep so tremendously soundly. Can't you speak a word to a poor fellow who has been awake half the night?"

But no answer came from Dick's bed: I could not even hear him breathing. Suddenly, with an undefined dread of something amiss, I jumped out of my bed and strode across the moonlit room to Dick's quarters. What was my horror, as I stood there shivering in my white night-shirt, and with my bare feet, to find the bed empty—no vestige of Dick was there! What could have happened? He had got into bed when I had, and had lain so quiet



PETER'S GRAVE. (See p. 273)

directly that I concluded he had fallen asleep at once. I glanced at the chair by the bed-side where he always laid his clothes, and that too was empty ! What could it all mean ? My first impulse was to rush to mother and tell her ; but then I remembered father's charge, and felt that would not be the way to shield her from trouble. What should I do ? Dennis might know something about it, or at least I could consult him.

Dressing myself hastily, I stole quietly out of the room, carrying my thick boots in my hand in case of need. I had to pass mother's door in reaching the corridor where Dennis slept, and I paused a moment on the mat outside, and listened to her regular breathing. Mother, at least, was safe.

At last I reached Dennis's door without any creakings or mishaps. I dared not knock, so I gently turned the handle and stepped inside. Was I dreaming ? Dennis's bed too was empty, and his clothes and boots were gone. Whatever was doing, he and Dick were both in it. What could it be ?

All of a sudden a wild thought struck me with the force of conviction. Dick had determined to go down himself and bring up Peter from that awful hole, and had beguiled Dennis—Dennis who was a miner and understood the matter—to help him. That was why the coil of rope was gone from the

shed ; that was why Dick had looked so disturbed at hearing of father's absence, and had been so anxious to hear from mother whether she would be timid if left alone with the maids and me. This was why Dick had not seemed to grieve over Peter—he would not believe him dead ; he was going himself to succour him, at the risk of his own life. How could such a hero be sad ?

These were the thoughts that rushed though my mind, as I stood in Dennis's deserted room all alone in the moonlight. Then came the picture of that dark deep hole, and of *my* Dick being lowered into it—down, down, into the darkness, perhaps to miss his footing when he came to the first platform on which poor Peter had been heard to fall, and then to slip down, down, into the more awful depths below, where he could never, never, be found ! It was too terrible ; I could not bear the dread of such possible horrors shut up in-doors. I must go out myself and run to that fatal spot in the woods and learn the worst. Mother could come to no harm ; God would take care of her, she had said so ; and Dick must not perish alone with only Dennis standing by.

Down the back stairs I crept, and out at the back door ; the bolts were all as usual, Dick must have got out at one of the windows not to leave the house in any danger. Through the back yard

I hurried, along the high road gleaming white in the moonlight, and then down into the sombre fir woods, looking weird in the silvery light—on, on, as fast as my feet would carry me, till I came in sight of that treacherous heap of stones, festooned with brambles and branches.

## CHAPTER III.

THERE was a cleared space around the disused shaft, so that I could see it all as plainly as by daylight, the sombre fir-trees making a background to the picture. I stood rooted to the spot in speechless suspense. Standing by the opening to the shaft, and carefully hauling up a rope, which was fastened to an iron bar laid across the mouth of the hole, was Dennis, our man. I could see the anxiety written on his face, and fearful lest any interruption might interfere with his work, I kept out of his sight till the end of the rope appeared, and a burden attached to it was landed beside him. Then I could restrain myself no longer, and rushing forward, saw—not Dick, as I had hoped, safe amongst us once more—but the body of poor Peter, tied carefully to the piece of wood at the end of the rope with some of the string I knew Dick always carried in his pocket.

An exclamation of disappointment from Dennis brought me to myself. There was work to be done that needed all our energies; not a moment must be lost.

"Bless the boy!" exclaimed Dennis. "Does he think a dead dog of more account than himself?"

"Dennis, I will help you this time," said I, coming forward. "Oh! let us be quick! Is Dick really down in that awful place?"

"Aye, aye, Master Tommy, and an idiot I was to let him go; but the lad always gets his way with me, and now I'd give my right hand to have said him nay. Suppose I should let the rope slip! I'm losing nerve like, I fear; I think I'll run and get a comrade to help me, if you'll stay and mind the hole."

I saw that the perspiration stood in beads on the man's brow, and that his hand trembled. He was right not to risk Dick's precious life, and yet the nearest miner's cottage was half a mile off. What an age of waiting it would seem to Dick down there in the dark pit.

"I'm going to get a man to help me, Master Dick," Dennis shouted down into the darkness. "Keep up a good heart; Master Tommy's watching over you."

And then he strode away and left me in my misery peering down into that impenetrable blackness, where my dear old Dick was hidden.

"Dick, are you all right?" I shouted down, as soon as my voice was steady enough.

"Yes, I'm all right. Go back to mother," came the answer, sounding so mysterious from the depth.

"Mother's all right; I listened at her door. I can't leave you, Dick," I said. "Isn't it awful down there, old boy?"

"The stars look a long way off," came the answer; and then—"I say, Tommy, if I don't get up safe, give my love to mother, and ask her to forgive me."

I could not answer; I felt choked. But I knew what he meant: he felt now that he had had no right to risk his life, so precious to us all, even for the sake of Peter.

The voice spoke again.

"The poor little brute is quite dead, isn't he, Tommy? I couldn't believe he was; that was why I came down. It would be an awful place to die slowly in."

The last words were uttered solemnly, but there was no tremor in the voice even then.

My own heart felt bursting. I knelt down by the heap of stones in the moonlight, and prayed, as I had never prayed before, that Dick might be brought up safely. I begged and intreated the good Lord to save my Dick so earnestly, that at last a little comfort came to my heart, and I leant over the pit's mouth again, and called down to my brother—

"I say, Dick, it will be all right; God will take care of you, and not let you come to harm."

"I'll trust Him, anyhow, come what may; tell mother that," said the voice, sounding so weak and distant now.

What was it? Was Dick's brave heart sinking? or was the close atmosphere of the place making him feel faint? Evidently he began to have doubts about coming up alive. Oh! why had he done it! Could not I go down and help him when Dennis came back? And oh! would he never come?

Just as I was getting in despair I heard a rustling among the leaves, and two men came into the moonlight.

"Here they are, Dick," I shouted out. "We'll have you up in a twinkling."

"I'm afraid I can't hold on, Tommy; I feel all cramped and weak," said Dick, in a feeble voice. "Mind you give my love to father and mother, and bury Peter in my garden, if I don't come up."

The last words were so low that I had to strain my ears to catch them. Terribly frightened, I told Dennis my fear.

"We must let down the rope with a big slip knot, and bid him put it over his head and under his

arms," said Dennis. "It's a pity there's no one to tie him on, as he tied Peter."

"Couldn't you let me down first, Dennis?" I asked; "and then I could tie him fast."

"No, no, Master Tommy; you keep still. All will go right, please God; and if it don't it'll break my heart, and that's all about it!"

We were so engrossed in the preparation of the rope, that we did not notice a cloaked figure that came quietly out of the shadow, and stood in our midst.

"Now then, Master Dick," shouted Dennis down the hole, "catch the rope, and slip it over your head and under your arms, and hold on like a man, and we'll have you up in a trice!"

Quickly the rope was lowered to the right depth, and then, after waiting a few minutes to give Dick time to adjust the loop, the two men began carefully to haul up the rope. But only began, for no weight was attached to the other end, and carefully as Dennis was handling it, the first pull sent him over on his back, and the loose rope came dangling up out of the pit.

That was an awful moment. We looked at one another in mute despair, when suddenly mother stepped forward to the mouth of the shaft, startling us with her unexpected appearance, and the calmness with which she spoke.

"Give me the rope, Dennis," she said.

Dennis obeyed in silence. We all seemed stupefied, and watched mother in a sort of dumb amazement. She tied a phial bottle to the end of the rope, and leaning as far as she could over the opening, spoke to Dick in a clear and commanding tone.

"Dick," she said, "mother wants you; arouse yourself, my boy!"

"Mother," said Dick's dreamy voice, "where are you? It's so dark I can't see."

"No, but I can; it's light up here. Make haste, Dick, and catch the rope I am letting down; it has a bottle at the end. Pull out the stopper and drink, and then slip the loop over your head and under your arms, and cling on above with all your strength. Do you hear me, Dick? It is mother who speaks; do just as she bids. Now, feel for the bottle."

There was a breathless pause, as mother herself lowered the rope which Dennis gave out to her, till our strained ears could hear the bottle knock against the rock.

"Now, Dick, make haste, my boy, draw out the stopper and drink! Be quick, or father will say you have left mother too long!"

Another pause, and then a feeble voice—"I'm coming, mother; all right!"

Then gently mother pulled at the rope, and feeling it resist her slight strength, ejaculated,

"Thank God!" and left the rest of the work to Dennis and his mate.

Slowly and steadily they pulled, till something dark appeared at the top of the dreadful shaft; and in another minute our precious Dick was lying on the greensward, with his head on mother's breast, and sobbing like a child.

For the matter of that, all our eyes were dim, I believe, for a while; then mother roused herself, and bid Dennis and his friend carry the young master to the Manor House after her, for he was so cramped and exhausted that he had no power at present even to stand.

Mother astonished us all—mother who was never very strong, whom we had all been accustomed to wait upon and watch over. She never faltered till Dick had been warmed and fed, and had fallen asleep in his own bed, soothed to slumber by mother's sweet voice singing the old hymns of our childhood's days. Then she left him, and coming to my bed where I lay wide awake watching her, she stooped down and kissed me, whispering, "God has been very good to us, Tommy; don't let us ever forget it," and then she went quietly back to her room.

But our precious mother did not leave her room again for many a weary month, and when at last her sweet presence was amongst us once more there was a tinge less colour in her face, a few white streaks among the soft brown hair, and, if possible, a still gentler tone in her voice. She never quite recovered that shock.

Dick could not forgive himself for many a day for the trouble he had brought upon her. He began at last to grow morbid about it, and it seemed to threaten to be a blight upon his whole life; but mother reasoned him out of it at last, and after a while he cheered up, and grew into the fine, manly fellow he is now, beloved by everybody, strong and gentle, as every good man should be.

So mother and he still live on at the old Manor House, though father has been dead these three years; and when I drive my little chaps over to see their grandmother, they rarely miss paying a visit to "Peter's grave" in Uncle Dick's garden, where their father and uncle used to spend so many hours before them.

The little mound we boys raised long ago has always been kept up, and the flowers are ever the best tended there. And the small block of granite which we, with Dennis's help, placed therefor a headstone in the older days, still bears the inscription we cut upon it in our boyhood, when our grief was fresh upon us—

"HERE LIES PETER, THE BEST DOG IN THE WORLD."

"HE DIED IN DOING HIS DUTY."

## THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

## CHAPTER IV.

**F**OR some time the king of the mice could not tell what had become of his son, and sent out spies in every direction to discover him. After many



KING NIBBLER'S COUNCIL.

fruitless wanderings they came upon his traces and heard of his sad fate in the land of the frogs, and returned to their lord with the grievous intelligence. Not only the bereaved parents and their court, but the whole nation, mourned for the prince, for he was much beloved; and the mother fretted quite as much over the fact that his body had probably been devoured at the lake bottom by a fish or snake instead of being buried on dry land, as over the actual loss of her darling Cheesethief.

King Nibbler sat upon his throne and convened a state council, in which he thus addressed the assembled princes and nobles:—"My lords and gentlemen: You are aware of the terrible family loss I have sustained, and how my eldest son, my hope and pride, has been deceitfully enticed into the clutches of the king of the frogs and by him

cruelly and maliciously drowned. If we would not therefore become the scorn of our neighbours and a by-word among animals, we must vindicate our honour by making immediate war against Sebold Blobcheek, and exterminating him and his people from off the face of the earth."

The assembly replied by begging their monarch to send delegates into every part of his realms to arm and summon troops, and requested him to lead them in person to the fight, where they were sure that the righteousness of his cause would ensure success, and result in the wholesale slaughter of the frogs. A herald was therefore sent, with a strong body-guard, to the court of Blobcheek, declaring war against him within the space of three days. The frog king was horrified, and summoned a hasty meeting of his most trusty councillors under some ferns and rushes on the margin of the lake. His Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, bearing reeds, on each of which a fly was impaled as their insignia of office, stood before him, and silence having been commanded, he addressed them all as follows:—



THE FROG KING'S COURT.

"My lords and lieges: I fear you look at me with unfriendly eyes, as if this declaration of war had been brought on you by my fault. But you know how kindly I entertained the mouse prince, and could I help it if he was so foolish as to venture on the water when he had never learned to swim? I did for him what I would hardly have done for my own child—carried him on my back; why could he not have held tighter when the snake came? and then I should have borne him safely to my palace door. He talked about his gift of prophecy, the foolish fellow! why did it not forewarn him that the snake would come? And if he forgot to keep his mouth shut and swallowed too much water, he did so without any fault of mine. However, since the mice are determined to go to war, they must accept the consequences, and will assuredly fall into the pit that they think they have dug for us. We all know that they can do nothing

in the water, whereas we are as much at home in that element as on land, so if they are silly enough to come here we will seize them by the ears and throw them at once into the lake, and on the spot where we thus destroy them wholesale will afterwards erect a tower in memory of the victory gained by the water lions over their despicable foes. May I hope that in this crisis you will one and all stand by your king?"

There was a great shout of "We will! we will!" which made the welkin ring again; and though Sir Fisher of the Pond moved a resolution that instead of going to war they should offer a handsome sum of money to King Nibbler, it was instantly negatived. Preparations were made in

earnest for the fight, and as each polished up and prepared his weapons there was a universal hum of "Quickquack, quickquack, quictoria!" which sounded very much like rejoicing beforehand over the expected victory.

Meanwhile, the mice were not idle, they picked up plenty of needles and pins, which served them as swords and spears, their helmets were of acorn cups, their shields of horn bitten out of old lanterns, and they tied their tails up in smart knots to keep them out of the way.

Those who had been so unfortunate as to lose a finger or get their tails cropped, were saddled and bridled so as to act as horses for the cavalry. King Nibbler was mounted on one of these steeds, wearing a mantle made of black mole-skin, with the claws turned outwards and the head, with its row of white teeth, serving him as a helmet, on the top of which he wore his crown. Round his waist was a

girdle decorated with small bells, and with a mighty sword made of the blade of a penknife, in his right hand, he reviewed his army, and placed himself at its head, shouting, as he rode forth, "I go to avenge my son!"

King Blobcheek and his soldiers were equally ready for the fray, clothed in fish and lizard skins, and mostly with snailshell helmets on their heads. The monarch himself wore the skin of a green lizard, with carbuncles set for the eyes. The creature's head was his helmet, and bore his crown; round his neck and his burly person were rows of pearls; his doublet was of the greenest moss, his spear and shield were of mother-of-pearl, and on the latter was emblazoned his royal crest—the similitude



KING NIBBLER REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

of a monster, with the head of a dog, the arms of a frog, and the tail of a fish, surrounded by the motto "I bound on land and swim in water." His snorting charger was caparisoned with a mossy saddle, decorated with a bunch of green leaves on either side; the action of his fore-legs was remarkably fine; and the king sprang on his back with agility, took his long shining spear from the hands of his armour-bearer, made his steed plunge and rear two or three times, just to show off his horsemanship, and declared himself prepared to pierce King Nibbler to the heart the moment he got a chance.

The two hosts met in the middle of a great plain, and fell upon each other with the utmost fury, every mouse uttering a piercing shriek and every frog a croak. In the confusion of the first encounter King Blobcheek, with Lieutenant Greencoat and a picked squadron of warriors, contrived to move off

under the shelter of a little wood, whence they could watch the combat, and assist the main body of the army by harrying the mice in the rear, if occasion should ultimately require it. The frogs endeavoured to drive their opponents towards the lake, and the mice withstood their efforts with heroic firmness, plunging their sharp needle swords into the throats of every foeman who approached. Many and many a gallant frog fell forward, bleeding to death with a spear or arrow in his chest, many a one felt the grip of a mouse-knight's fingers at his neck, and the bite of his sharp teeth as they threw away their weapons and closed with each other in deadly strife. The field soon resounded with groans and cries for help. A gigantic mouse, of

iron strength, although his fur was dark with age, slew Sir Fisher of the Pond, and dragged him up by sheer force from where he lay, that he might possess himself of his shield.

At length King Nibbler commanded that every one of his troops should scoop a little hole for himself in the ground, from the shelter of which they could discharge their arrows at the enemy; and no sooner did the frogs see this being done than they jumped at the conclusion that the mice were digging sand to throw into their lake, so as to fill it up, and cut off their last hope of safety. Full of this idea, they retreated pell-mell towards the water, and the mice stood still, astonished at their sudden flight.

King Blobcheek deemed that it was high time to ride to the rescue, and, issuing with his band from the wood, speedily encountered Nibbler face to face. As they recognised each other the mouse-

king's blood mounted into his head, grief for his loss made his heart swell, and he hissed out between his teeth—

"Now, cowardly tyrant! who betrayed my only son to his death, you shall pay the price of your life for his. Come to me, and as you did to him, so and more also, will I do to you!"

Greencoat suggested to his master that it was not meet for kings to fight like commoners; but Blobcheek, casting a prudent eye around, and seeing that the woody shelter from which he had just emerged was too far off to be readily regained, silenced his lieutenant, and cried to his foe:

"Since it pleases you to threaten me, and shed such rivers of innocent blood, let me tell you that



KING BLOBCHEEK REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

your son was lost through his own folly in venturing on the water when he could not swim, and that if he had only clung closely to me I should have carried him to my palace safe and sound. I wonder you should have the audacity to try your strength with me, but as it is so, I will give your carcase as a banquet to the next cat that comes this way!"

Both of them spurred their chargers and drew lance. Blobcheek stood ready to receive his adversary, who thrust at him with all his might. The frog king almost tasted the bitterness of death, but at that instant his steed made a sudden spring.

Nibbler's lance, instead of being sheathed in the body of his foe was embedded harmlessly in the sand, and Sebold Blobcheek rolled over into a puddle, where he soon found a footing, and dragged his antagonist down into the mud. First he tore off the mole-skin mantle, then

stopped his ears with clay, and smeared him all over with mud. Poor Nibbler, deprived of sight and hearing, forgot about revenge and hatred, and shrieked with a lamentable voice for help. His legions, who were not far off, rallied around him at his call; Blobcheek's little squadron was surrounded and slain; and had it not been for an unlooked-for occurrence, not one would have lived to tell the tale.

#### CHAPTER V.

AT that moment it came to pass that a high wind arose, black clouds were blown across the sky, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, rain fell

like a deluge, and hailstones came pattering down upon the combatants. They were like a shower of cannon-balls among the mice, who were confused, startled, and bruised by them, besides being frightened out of their wits by the storm. The frogs, whose tough skins were quite impervious to such missiles, took very little notice; and indeed the wetter the ground became the more they liked it. Blobcheek, under shelter of the storm, hopped gradually nearer to the lake, while most of his

opponents got on the highest ground they could find and took shelter under a tree. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the water, and a phalanx of mailed warriors appeared and made towards the shore, rallying round one of their number who carried a spear decorated with a bunch of flowers, from which hung a large pair of scissors. Their backs and sides,

legs, arms, and their very hands, were plates of armour, spears grew out of their cheeks, and their mouths were garnished with elephantine tusks. Their breasts looked like huge cuirasses, and there did not seem to be a single vulnerable place in their bodies. One, who appeared to be a leader among them, approached King Blobcheek, who was standing disconsolately near the bank, seized his hand, and announced himself as the Chief Magistrate of the Borough of the Crawfish. He and his fellow burghers, he said, had heard that the mice had made an incursion into their neighbourhood with the intention of burrowing holes into the lake and thus drawing



THE ARRIVAL OF THE CRAWFISH.

off the water. It was very kind and patriotic of the frogs to go forth and withstand them, but hearing that they were in danger of being overwhelmed, the crawfish thought it only right and neighbourly to go to their assistance.

So as soon as the blinding hail ceased they advanced, with the remnant of the frogs, against their common foe. In vain the mice formed themselves into squares, discharged their little arrows, hurled their spears, and thrust with their needle swords. One and all of these weapons either glanced aside from the armour of the new comers or were broken at the first touch, while numbers of mice were squeezed to death by the horny hands, had their limbs snapped off, or were killed in an instant. It was clear that they had the worst of it now, so they sought shelter by burrowing and creeping into every little hole capable of hiding their small bodies. The crawfish, no longer seeing any one to fight with, drew off and returned to their homes, and the woefully diminished nation of the frogs

gathered themselves together and resumed their usual avocations.

They soon forgot their losses, the vacant places were speedily occupied afresh, and, thankful for peace and rejoicing in freedom, when May-day came round again they gathered once more about their monarch to witness and join in the national sports and pastimes. You might have seen them treading the water, catching gnats on the spring, fishing for red worms, wrestling, going through sham fights, and, in a word, disporting themselves both on land and water with the well-known skill and agility of their race.

The musicians piped and harped, the tenors and basses took their accustomed parts as though strife and hate and war were things unknown, and the chorus they sang ran thus :—

“ How blessed are the golden days,  
When every glad to-morrow  
Brings hours of peace and joyous lays  
To hearts set free from sorrow.”



### LONGING EYES.

**A** DAY that oft comes, still and fair,  
Amid the winter's storm and cold ;  
Two silent children standing where  
Glad words of promised pleasure told.  
  
No passer-by might understand  
What doubts, what dreams, the moment swayed,  
The meaning of the loving hand  
Upon the brother's shoulder laid.  
  
He first could speak, with pause between—  
“ The vicar said we, too, might come ;  
So fine a sight we have not seen,  
And stars would shine to light us home.”  
  
Each day, at home, when evening came,  
Worn was the ailing mother's face ;  
And little Jack in noisy game  
Ran tripping through the darkening place.

Much need there was of succour near,  
With father on the ocean deep ;  
Mother so weak to tend and cheer,  
And baby Jack to sing to sleep.

The children silent stood again ;  
What struggle passed the angels knew  
She felt the most the brother's pain ;  
He felt for her a little too.

At last she said, “ Dear, we must wait,  
Though scenes are bright and stars may shine ;  
And I shall make the house all straight,  
That working I may not repine.”  
“ And I for little Jack,” said he,  
“ The horsemen all in line will set,  
And beat the drum right cheerily,  
And see if haply we forget ! ”





LONGING EYES. (See p. 280.)

## PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS.

## HOW TO MAKE A DOLL'S CARPET.



OLL'S houses are, I hope, still valued by many of my girl readers. Surely that possession which used to afford me and my companions so much pleasure, varied amusement, and interest is not considered to be a foolish delight by the girls of to-day.

The doll's house which stood in our

nursery was a hundred years old, and was quite a large dwelling for those small folk. It was really possible for a live girl or boy to get into any of the four rooms it contained, and many a time I have been shut up inside one; of course, while therein I was in a very crushed up and cramped position.

Now, in the "North Country," it is customary each year to have a spring cleaning. There are few people, however, who regard this annual household topsy-turvy in a favourable light, for most of us generally grumble and growl during the week of discomfort. Well, when the time came for the general turning upside down and inside out of the big house, it was the signal for our doll's house to be made tidy and renovated. Consequently, as spring has come, I am going to tell you how you can make a new and fashionable carpet for one of the rooms in your tiny house, an undertaking which need not frighten you in the least degree.

At the present time the fashionable carpets are square, and do not reach close to the walls of a room, and many of these are of foreign manufacture, the patterns of which are generally confused and undistinguishable; these two things considerably favour our design.

The style of work I am about to describe is often done for bedroom mats, to put before a dressing-table, or by the bedside—a nice warm comfort for the feet to rest upon when they are turned out of bed on a wintry morning. For a large article placed in a large room, coarser materials can be employed, and in such a case we should use Leviathan canvas and fleecy wools, but for a dainty doll's house we take finer canvas and single Berlin wool.

In this way the carpet is made. Take canvas which for ordinary wool-work you would consider to be coarse, cut a square piece an inch larger every

way than the size of the square you require; hem round this to prevent roving threads. Select some skeins of wool; the colours which usually abound in Indian and Turkish carpets are dull reds, orange brown, pale yellow and blue, cream colour, blue-greens, and dark slate-blue, together with a little black.

Have some thin twine at hand; if the canvas is white I prefer the twine to be coloured, because it is more easily discernible during the progress of the work. Cut off pieces of twine four or five inches in length; cut a piece of thick cardboard about two inches long and barely an inch wide. Wind wool six times round the width of the card, take it off, hold the loops together at one end, give them a twist, turn them up and tie the little bunch firmly at that end with a piece of twine.

Some people make these tufts in a different way, and one which they consider to be more expeditious. They take a piece of wood and put in it two nails or pegs, a certain distance apart; they then wind the wool round these, and tie the threads together in the middle before taking the loops off the nails. Other workers use a card barely half an inch wide, and tie the loops together without twisting and turning up the ends. So you have the choice of three plans.

I make a great number of these tufts of various colours, and then I attach them to the foundation. Put the two ends of string through two corresponding and adjoining holes in the canvas, and tie them at the back of the canvas in a firm knot. Miss two holes of canvas between each tuft, both in the lines down and also in those across. If the ends of the wool, when cut off, are left rather longer than the loops, they can be tied in at first, and will not obtrude, but should they rise up they must be cut until the same height as the loops. These latter are not cut, but remain loops. Our aim and object is to get these said loops into orderly fashion, all of the same size and in the same position. Fingers will soon be deft and cunning enough to accomplish this, so do not be disheartened if the array looks rather higgledy-piggledy on first trial. A little practice in a private corner soon makes us perfect in the art.

If you prefer another style, you can cut the loops and make the surface closer and not so deep. Again, if you prefer a carpet of fewer colours, shades of green or of crimson are particularly effective.

When the square is finished, the back is covered with thin cloth or thick serge.

E. C.

## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## V.—THE OIL OF GLADNESS.

" Latest born of Jesse's race,  
Wonder lights thy bashful face,  
While the prophet's gifted oil  
Seals thee for a path of toil.  
Go ! and mid thy flocks awhile

At thy doom of greatness smile ;  
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,  
Dimly guessing of the road—  
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,  
Though thy foot be angel-tended."

**U**PON the side of one of the green hills of Bethlehem flocks of sheep were feeding ; they were under the care of a young lad with bright hair and a beautiful face. He was plainly dressed, and wore round his neck a shepherd's bag, while in his hand he carried the staff with which to herd his flock.

You would hardly at first, seeing him here among the sheep, think that he was the son of the chief man of the little village which lay in the valley below. But in those Eastern lands such work was counted as quite worthy ; and, moreover, this boy, David, had seven brothers older than himself, and while they went to fight for their country it was natural that the youngest should help his father with the flocks at home.

But just now they were all gathered at home, for a feast and sacrifice was being held, at which it was the family custom that all the sons should be present. David, however, was as yet counted too young or of too little importance to be called ; and no doubt it was a great surprise to him when, as he sat amongst his sheep, a servant came hurriedly up the hillside from Bethlehem, bearing a message from David's father, Jesse, to bid the boy come at once to the feast.

If, as the young shepherd hastened down, he asked the messenger the reason of this unlooked-for summons, he was doubtless told how the great Prophet Samuel, the head and judge of the nation, had suddenly arrived at the village, and, joining in the sacrifice, had refused to sit down to the feast until Jesse's youngest son had been called to eat with them.

David would have no time to change his simple shepherd dress, though the other guests had, no doubt, put on the robes which became a feast ; but the eyes of Samuel were fastened not on the tunic, but on the fair frank face above it, while the whisper of God spoke to the old prophet, and told him that this shepherd was to be God's chosen King of Israel.

There stood the aged seer, "an old man, wrapped in a mantle," gazing, with eyes which God had

opened to see the future, on the young boy who was to be more than *he* had ever been, in whose future was bound up not only the future of the nation whom Samuel loved, but in some mysterious way that of all the world.

It was a great moment in the life of David when Samuel lifted the horn of sacred oil which he had brought with him, and solemnly, as in the name of God, poured it over the boy's bright hair as he stood, wondering and awestruck, amidst his seven tall brothers. Nothing is said of whether the prophet told either Jesse or his sons why he had done this ; though, of course, it would be understood by all that he was in some way set apart, that some great and solemn work lay before him in the time to come.

The story, as we have it, would rather lead us to think that nothing was said, unless it were a whisper in David's ear ; for very soon the boy is found again amongst his sheep, and both Jesse and his elder sons seem to have forgotten that David had been in any way specially noticed or distinguished, unless, indeed, we trace some remembrance of this in the half-concealed jealousy with which his brothers seem to have looked on him.

Quiet days and peaceful nights seemed to pass over the boy, just as they had done before Samuel came. But David knew that they were not the same, that his whole life had been altered and deepened, and that his childhood had passed away. For when that sacred oil was poured upon his head he received from God the gift of His Spirit, which henceforth dwelt in him, to stir him to all brave, and noble, and unselfish deeds.

And though he could not know what was this new and wonderful life which was working within him, yet others could trace how the boy was growing into a brave and noble youth. He was known already beyond the little valley ; even some of the king's body-guard had noticed him, speaking of his courage and good looks, and, above all, of his beautiful music, which he may have learned perhaps at one of those schools of the sons of the prophets which, under Samuel, were beginning to rise here and there through the land. *David was*

so famed for his skill on the harp that sometimes he was sent for even to play in the presence of King Saul.

But David's heart was still in his shepherd life, with the "few sheep in the wilderness," every one of which he knew, and for whom he had sometimes **to peril** even his life itself on those wild and unguarded hills of Bethlehem.

He was alone there one day, as usual, when suddenly a lion and a bear fell at the same moment upon his flock. Perhaps the sheep that was seized was one that had strayed further than the rest towards the thickets on the Jordan side of the hills of Bethlehem, where wild beasts often made their lairs. When its frightened cry called the young **shepherd** **to its** help, he ran hastily and fearlessly towards the spot where the two wild beasts were. He had no weapon in his hand, except his shepherd's staff, and the lion was even now retreating to the jungle, carrying the helpless lamb in his mouth. But David ran faster than the lion, and, overtaking him, he tore the lamb out of his jaws, while he struck the fierce beast on the head with his staff. **The lion, and** perhaps the bear also, turned fiercely on this new foe; but the shepherd-boy, catching the angry lion by the throat, struck him such terrible blows that soon he lay dead on the hillside, while his conqueror pursued and slew also the **retreating** bear, and carried the lamb home in safety to the fold. Such brave deeds were known and spoken of by many, and the son of Jesse the Bethlehemite came to be looked upon as one who would do great deeds hereafter. The very praise which David won made his brothers angry with him; they were grown men, and the three eldest were just now gone to fight under King Saul against the Philistines.

Perhaps David was hardly glad when Jesse, his father, bade him go to the camp and bring home tidings of his brothers' welfare; and yet the boy's heart must have leaped up at the thought of seeing the soldiers, and perhaps helping in the battle.

But he did not go armed. Swords and spears were **very few** amongst the men of Israel. Not long before none but Saul and Jonathan, his son, had possessed them, for the Philistines had taken them by force from every Israelite. David had to carry corn and bread to his brothers, as well as cheeses of goat's milk, which had been made in Jesse's house, and were sent by him as a present to his sons' captain. But though he had so much to carry, the young shepherd never thought of laying aside the strong sling with which his aim **was** so sure and steady, nor his staff with which he had slain the lion and the bear; but with these in his hand, and his wallet round his neck,

he set off on his way to the camp while the dew was yet white across the pastures.

As he turned back he could see his sheep, left for the day under the care of a servant, and he could hardly have thought, as he looked at them, that never again should he gather them to their fold at night, or watch beside them on the hillside, or lead them to the water. But the eagerness with which he turned from them towards the hills of Judah was the prophecy of a great change that was now to come over the quiet life.

Now he was near the camp; but before he came within hail of the tents themselves he reached the place where the rude waggons and the heavier baggage of the army were ranged in a line of defence to protect the rear, and be a sort of refuge for the sick and the wounded.

Just as he passed through this line, he heard, from the hillside below him, a wild, loud shout. David knew it well. At that sound the heart of every Israelite beat higher, for it was the battle-cry of God's people. He knew that the army was just going forth to the fight; he could see the morning sun shining on the ranks of Israel, drawn up in order, tribe after tribe, each with its own banner; and on the other side of the dry water-course of the ravine of Elah he beheld the long ranks of the Philistines.

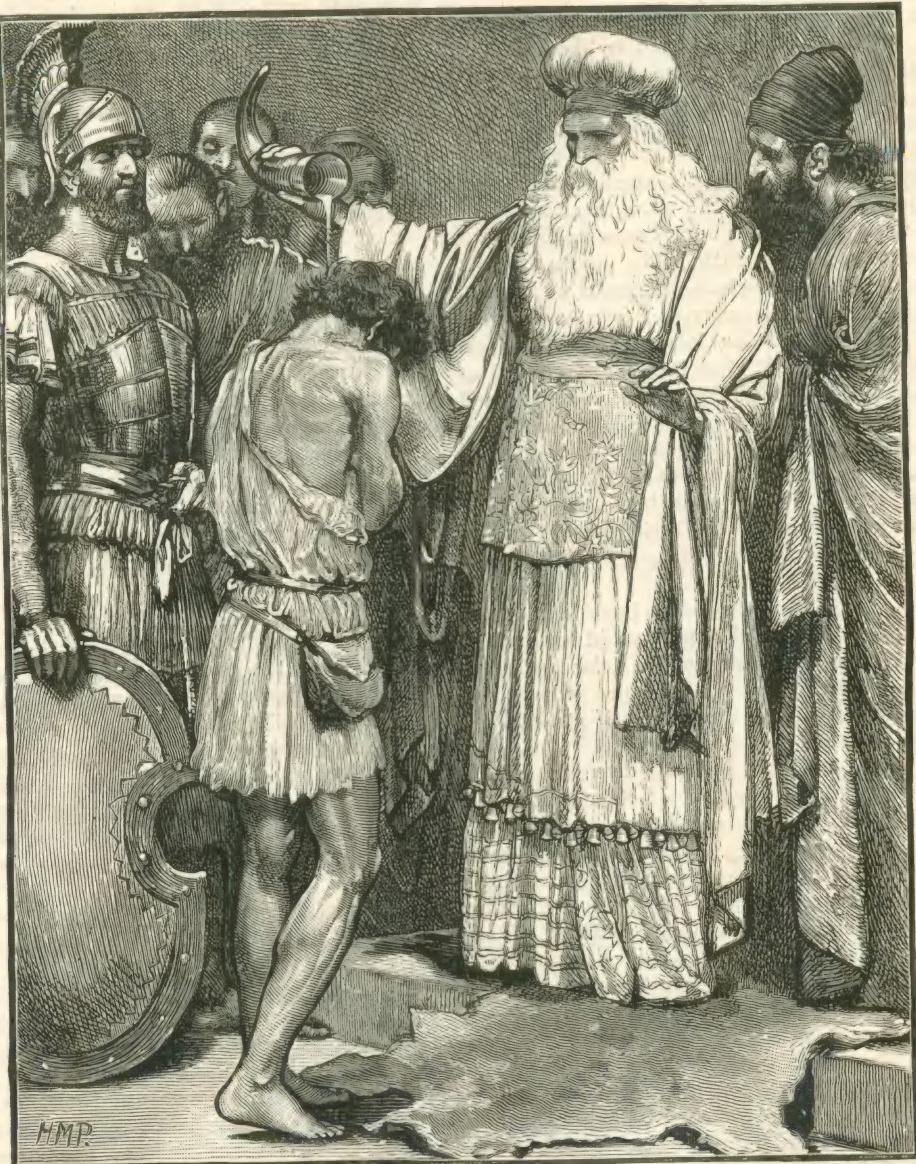
Breathless with haste, the lad gave the present which he carried into the hands of the officer who had charge of the baggage. He could move more quickly now; and he ran down the long slope towards where, in the forefront, were posted the men of his own tribe of Judah. But when he reached the well-known standard, he found that the army, which had just before gone forward with such brave shouts, was now crowded together, as if in fear, the foremost half turning back, some already fleeing up the hillside, while Saul and the other leaders were hidden in the tents. David hastened to his three brothers, saluting them with the usual "Is all well?"

But before he could ask them the meaning of this panic amongst the soldiers the boy heard a wild, hoarse cry, which made him look across the ravine towards the army of the enemy. The sound was strange to the new-comer, but for more than a month the army of Israel had heard that shout each morning from before the enemy's camp, and each morning, hearing it, they had turned back in terror from the fight.

For there, in front of the ranks of the Philistines, stood a man of such enormous size that he seemed scarcely human. A descendant, most likely, of those Anakims who of old had been the terror of the children of Abraham, this giant, like his

forefathers, used his great strength to oppress the people of God, and did not know that there was anything in the world better than to subdue the

from their foes, trembled at the very sight of this terrible giant, clothed in gleaming armour of brass, and feared his mighty spear and sword as if they



SAMUEL ANOINTING DAVID. (*See p. 283.*)

weak, to trample on all that was good or lovely, and live at ease in selfish pleasures.

The Israelites, untrained in war, not long since gathered from the caves and thickets and rocks in which they had hidden themselves, armed only with such weapons as they had been able to take

had been able to overthrow their whole camp and army at a blow.

The cry that David heard—his hoarse voice as he raised it in a challenge to the army—was like the cry of doom to them, meeting them morning by morning when they were ranging themselves for

the battle, and making them crowd back upon each other in terror and hopelessness.

"I defy the armies of Israel this day ; give me a man, that we may fight together."

But David, instead of being frightened, was only made indignant by the sight and by the defiance ; and the soldiers looking on the sparkling eyes and **bold men of** the lad, seemed to feel him a sort of protection against their own panic, and clustered round him as he stood.

They were talking eagerly. Some sought to make him afraid by describing the strength and exploits of this giant of Gath ; some were telling what terrible weapons he carried ; while others cried out that King Saul had promised honour and riches, and his daughter in marriage, to any one who would fight with and slay Goliath. So quickly and noisily did they talk, that David was obliged to turn away to some who seemed less excited, and ask quietly what really was the truth of the matter, and whether Saul had indeed promised such a reward to the successful champion of Israel.

Eliab, David's elder brother, heard the question, and he was very angry that David should speak at all about matters which he thought concerned only soldiers.

There was some jealousy of the boy's high repute in his mind ; he wished David would keep quiet with the sheep at Bethlehem ; and he told him, roughly enough, that he would be better there than making excuses to thrust himself into matters which did not concern him.

But David knew too well the deference which, as a young lad, he owed to his elder brother to allow himself to reply angrily ; he only turned quietly away, too full of a sudden purpose to have any words with which to answer his brother. Meanwhile, David's questions had been repeated by one soldier to another ; some were speaking of his courage and his bold look, some of his fearless words, until at length an officer lifted the curtain of the tent within which Saul sat in moody silence, and told him that one was come to the camp who alone of all gathered there did not seem to have any fear of the champion of the Philistines.

Perhaps, then, this new-comer would be willing to go forth to meet him. David was at once sent for, and led in to where the king was seated. Long ago the boy had seen Saul, when he had played the harp in his presence ; but at those times the king had perhaps hardly looked at the face of the minstrel whose music soothed him, and did not know that it was the same shepherd-boy, grown tall and strong, who stood before him now, looking, with pity in his eyes, at the man, himself a head and shoulders taller than any of the nation, who

was now cowering in his tent, shrinking even from the thought of the giant.

Saul, who had disobeyed God and gone away from Him and grieved His Holy Spirit, had no courage for the strife, though he was naturally brave, and was so strong and active ; and David, who loved his king, could not bear to look on him in this unmanly fear, and felt his own purpose growing strong within him.

"Let no man's heart fail because of him ; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine," said the youth.

Saul, half ashamed, half hopeful, bade David at least arm himself with the bright armour in which Saul should himself have been going forth now to the battle. But the boy's free limbs could not move under the weight of armour, which he had never learned to wear. Nor was this the only reason why the young champion put off the breastplate and greaves in which Saul had dressed him ; it is plain that he was taught by the Spirit of God that if he trusted in the defence of a soldier's armour, and went out to the fight as any other warrior might go, he would be putting away from him the only might in which he could hope to overcome this terrible foe.

For if it were a question only of force, human strength against human strength, what hope could there be for little David in his struggle with the giant ? He must put himself, unarmed, weak, into the hands of God, and then it would be not the simple shepherd-boy, but the might of God, which would be arrayed against the foe. And thus it comes to pass that the history of how David fought with the giant has always been felt to be also a parable of what is always going on in the world.

Sin is very strong ; it is like a giant sheathed in armour ; and by ourselves we cannot hope to overcome it.

David, the pure-hearted, innocent shepherd-boy, going forth unarmed against him, is a type or figure of Jesus, the Sinless One, overcoming Satan, and a type, too, of the battle which every soldier and servant of His must fight under His banner.

His soldiers win the battle through weakness—that is, by taking with them no strength of their own ; in their hands they carry the cross, as David grasped his shepherd's staff. He would take nothing else except his sling, and thus, just as he had entered Saul's tent he left it again, and saw once more before him, still waiting in proud defiance on the opposite slope of the hill, the mighty figure of the bright-armed Goliath.

Instead of feeling any fresh fear at the sight, David ran down the steep towards him, and so

into the dry water-course between the hills, which, when the rains have filled it, marks out the ravine of the Terebinth, as the gorge is called.

The great giant looked with scornful eyes at the boy who was coming towards him, and gave orders to the man who bore his shield that he should move forward, that they might meet this champion, and learn whether he did indeed intend to fight.

And this did not seem very likely; for at this moment the fearless boy was quietly searching in the dry bed of the stream for smooth stones fit for his sling, five of which he placed in the wallet round his neck.

Goliath does not seem to have noticed either the sling or the stones; they would seem to him only the playthings of a child. But he saw the staff which David firmly grasped as he came up the slope, and felt, through all his dull, coarse mind, fierce anger at the thought of being assailed by the same weapon with which a shepherd drove away the wild dogs which worried his flock. His amusement and scorn gave place now to threats and fierce cries, as he promised himself that he would tear the young limbs of the boy who dared thus to play with the great Goliath.

Moving slowly in his ponderous clanging armour, the Philistine descended the hill, and his shield went before him. The boy who, with uncovered face and limbs undefended, was hurrying fearlessly towards him seemed to all who looked on as if he had no shield; they could not see how an angel went before him and covered him from all harm. The boy answered the fierce cries of the giant by a very different battle shout—"Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield.

but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts."

Both armies stood firm in their ranks and looked on in silence, as the giant raised his mighty spear and poised it; but David was not yet within reach. He had placed one of the five stones in his sling, and taking aim above the covering shield at the brazen helmet, he struck his foe full on the temple.

Loud on the stony mountain side clanged the armour of the champion of the Philistines as he fell lifeless on his face. And it was with the giant's own sword that David, standing over the mighty bulk of his fallen foe, cut off his head, that all might know that Goliath would never again defy the armies of Israel.

And now the ranks of the Philistines were broken; for, seized with terror, captain and soldier turned and fled up the long slope, pursued by the shouting and rejoicing host of Israel. Long was the chase that day and terrible the slaughter, for it did not cease till the remnant of the Philistines had crowded, faint, wounded, and spent, within the walls of their nearest fortress, while the whole camp, with all its spoil, fell into the hands of the conquerors.

Henceforth, life to David was entirely changed. He was no longer an unknown shepherd lad, but a favoured warrior, the armour-bearer of the king, the chosen friend of Jonathan, the king's son, and after a time the husband of Saul's daughter. Thus his boyhood ends; and we leave him on the threshold of that wonderful life of adventure and success and bitter loss, of hope and sin and repentance, which is traced out for us in the histories of the Bible.

### BIBLE EXERCISES.

#### XII.

"Neither doth God respect any person."—2 SAM. xiv. 14.

Are all men equal in God's sight?—Deut. x. ; 2 Chron. xix. ; Job xxxiv. ; Matt. xxii. ; Rom. ii. ; Eph. vi. ; 1 Pet. i.

A good man once found it hard to believe that all are equal in God's sight.—Acts x.

In one place all are equal.—Prov. xxii.

#### XIII.

"If I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, He will shew me His habitation."—2 SAM. xv. 25.

David longed after God's house.—Ps. xxvii., xlivi., lxxii., lxxxiv., cxxii.

Hezekiah longed after God's house.—Is. xxxviii. The tabernacle was called God's dwelling-place.—1 Kings ix. ; Ps. lxviii., cxxxii.

#### XIV.

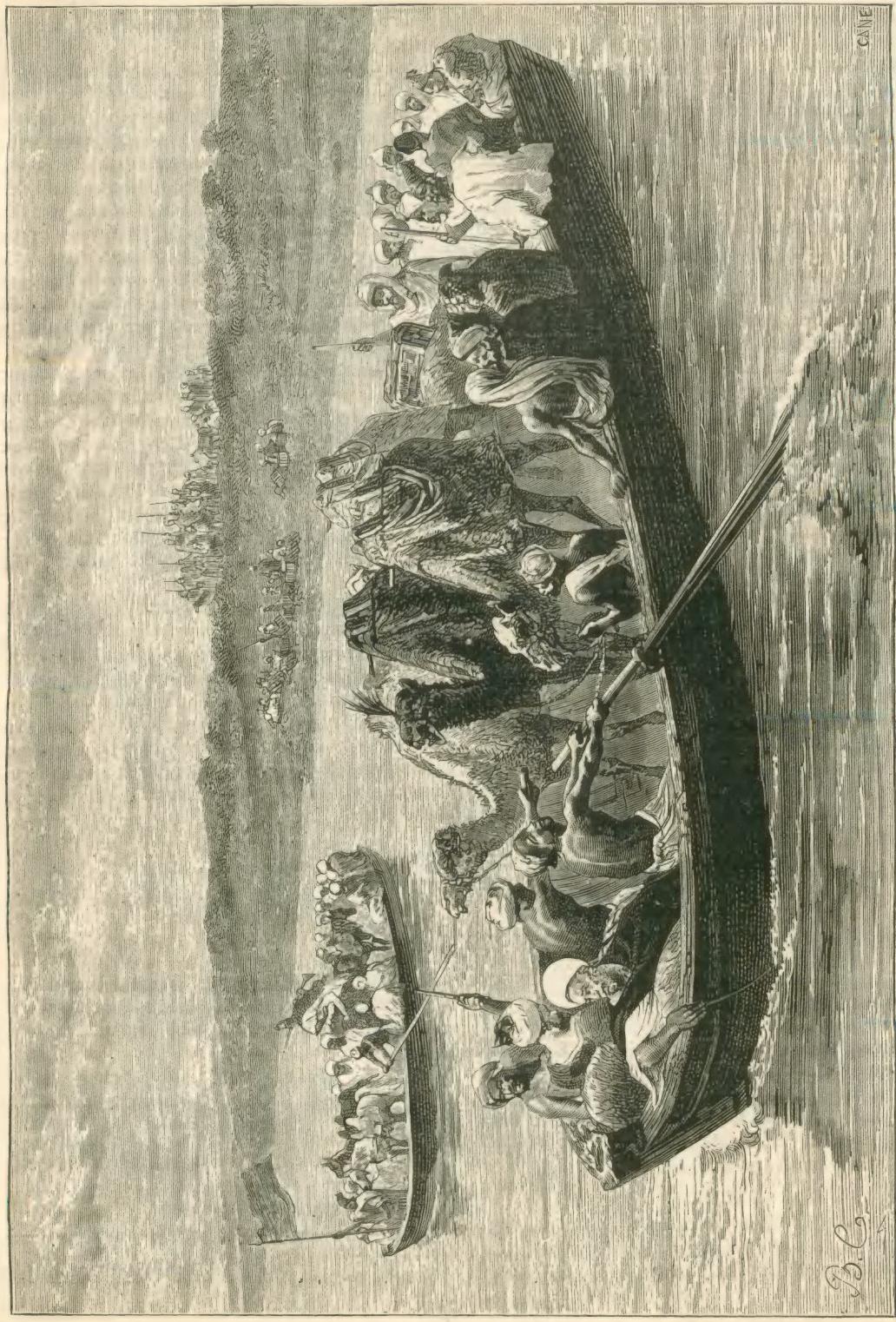
"He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings."—2 SAM. xviii. 27.

They thought a good man should bring good news.—1 Kings i.

To what is good news compared?—Prov. xxv.

What are the best tidings?—Isa. lii. ; Nahum i. ; Luke ii. ; Rom. x.

Should we be glad to hear these tidings?—Luke ii.



MOORISH FERRYBOATS. (See p. 289.)

## FERRY-BOATS IN MOROCCO.



FROM very early times ferry-boats have been a common means of conveyance across rivers, but in civilised countries like our own where bridges of all descriptions abound, ferries are not now so much used as formerly, and are valuable, as a rule, only for passenger and light traffic. In foreign countries, however,

ferry-boats are often the only means of transport across rivers. In Morocco the rivers are but small compared with those in other parts of the African Continent, but still they have to be crossed, and as there are no bridges, both men and animals are conveyed from one side to the other in large flat-bottomed ferry-boats rowed by half-naked negroes. Many of these may be seen on the river Draha, on the southern side of which lies the route across the Sahara to Timbuctoo. The principal merchants occupy the place of honour in the bows, then come the rowers, next the dromedaries and their drivers; and the mixed multitude crowd together as best they can in the after part of the boat. Horses are not taken on board the same ferry as the "ships of the desert," for these equally useful creatures prefer one another's room to their company, and must be kept as far apart as possible. As so few can be taken at a time, large parties of travellers have no resource but to wait patiently on the banks for the return of the boats, and the transport of a whole caravan from shore to shore is the work of many hours.

## TWO FOURPENNY BITS.

*By the Author of "Poor Nelly," "Tiny Houses," &c.*

## CHAPTER IX.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.



EMMY was very much astonished when Floss said she knew what she had been about. How did she know? Could Louie have told her? And if Louie had told her, why had she specially desired Emmy not to say a word to Floss? Could it be

only to try her, and to see if she could keep a secret?

"Thank you, Floss," she said, grateful for and soothed by this active kindness; "but please, how do you know what I have been about?"

"Because I know *you*," answered Floss, "and I know you have been watching the front door, and waiting and hoping for that canary bird, and all the time it is safe in London, and cannot make its appearance here till to-morrow morning."

Oh! that canary bird, that every one supposed she was thinking of, and that in reality she had not been thinking about at all. She felt like one guilty of disloyalty to a good cause, inasmuch as her thoughts and attentions had not been devoted to the canary bird.

"Now come along," said Floss; "it's full time, and more than time, that we were down-stairs. It struck seven two minutes ago."

"And you have made yourself late for me, you kind Floss!" said little Emmy. "But oh, Floss! it was not the canary —"

She stopped short before she finished her sentence, not knowing what to say or how to account for herself. Floss was running down-stairs rapidly, and Emmy did not feel sure that she heard her. She felt rather unhappy, and as if she were being

guilty of deception, and she repeated, almost fretfully, "It was *not* the canary."

Floss looked back over her shoulder and laughed good-humouredly.

"Never mind what it was," she said, "but come along now."

And Emmy followed her in submissive silence.

But if Emmy and Floss were late, there was somebody else who was later, and that somebody else was Charlotte Hopkins.

The fact was, she had seen Emmy dawdling about when the others had gone into the house and then run down towards the kitchen garden. From her bedroom window she plainly distinguished her coming from among the trees with some sort of bundle *in her hands*, and without saying a word to her sister, having hurried off her things, she ran downstairs and out of doors to meet her. It seemed to her the most extraordinary thing that Emmy should have gone into the paddock at that hour in the evening, and she was quite determined to discover what the child meant by it.

We know how she and Emmy ran up against each other, and how startled and frightened Emmy was when she saw her parcel on the ground, but we do *not* know what happened after she had picked it up again and hastily carried it away; and that is *what I am* going to tell you now.

Charlotte saw what Emmy did not see, and that was that when the parcel fell something fell out of it. She was not sure what it was, and she did not say a word to Emmy, but she waited standing between it and her till she had run away and was quite out of sight. Then Charlotte turned round, stooped down, and picked up a cheesecake! Charlotte was very much astonished indeed. "Well," she said to herself, "I never should have suspected *Emmy of this*—no, I never should—naughty little thing! And didn't I find her eating a tart in the parlour on Wednesday, and she said it was only the crumbs of it? Sly child! why she must be regularly buying cakes and tarts of the tart woman, and hiding it from everybody! I wonder if Floss knows? She can hardly manage it all, sleeping in the same room with Floss, without her knowing. I could not have believed it of Floss. But, as Mrs. Midhurst says, live and learn; and as my old nurse used to say, wonders will never cease, and that, I believe, really *is* truer than anything else. It will only serve her right if I eat up this cheesecake myself; and that I most certainly mean to do."

Charlotte suited the deed to the word, and hiding behind the bushes, cheerfully ate up the cheese-cake.

"It is quite delicious!" she said, with feeling, "perfectly delicious!"

After she had quite finished, and then looked steadily, though really without hope, on the walk to make quite sure another cheesecake had not fallen out unobserved by her—though she was quite sure before she looked that this was not the case—she turned round and went back to the house; but she did not run, for I am afraid that Charlotte Hopkins was a little cunning, as dull people sometimes are, and she did not want to have any appearance of heat, or hurry, or breathlessness about her when she went in to tea.

"Three of you late," said Mrs. Midhurst; "how very unusual! What have you been about? Three marks to be put on the wrong side! I hope it will not happen again. And does any one know where Miss Martyn is?"

Then Emmy, though very unhappy at having a bad mark herself, and still more so at having gained one for Floss, was obliged to speak, and to deliver Miss Martyn's message, which till that moment, in the confusion and complication of her thoughts, she had entirely forgotten, and which even then she found she did not retain any clear recollection of.

"She desired me to say that she did not want anything to eat, so it would not make any delay when she came in for a cup of tea," was what she said. Mrs. Midhurst looked rather mystified.

"But is that really what she told you to say, Emmy? Is anything the matter? Is she ill? Is she in her room?"

"She is in the garden, and I think she has a headache. But oh! please don't give Floss a bad mark—it is not her fault, she waited for me to brush my hair and hurry me. Oh! please, ma'am, give me two bad marks instead."

And unable to control herself any longer, Emmy laid the untasted piece of bread-and-butter down on her plate and began to cry.

"Don't cry, my dear; there is nothing to cry about," said Mrs. Midhurst, kindly. "I shall not give Floss a bad mark, if that is the case, and I will not give you two either, only the one you have earned for yourself."

Emmy smiled through her tears, and then dried them.

"Oh! thank you very much indeed!" she said, humbly.

Louie Lincoln had said nothing all this time, though she must have known that it was her fault that Emmy was late and had got a bad mark. It had seemed to Emmy the most natural thing in the world that she should tell Mrs. Midhurst it was her fault that Floss was late, and beg for a bad mark instead of her. In fact, the not doing this was impossible to her, and so she spoke,

though the doing so agitated her so much ; yet it never occurred to the little girl for a moment that Louie might have defended her, saved her from a bad mark, and explained that it was through her that Emmy had been late ; and certainly it did not occur to Louie either to do anything of the sort. The idea of blaming herself in order to screen another was, I fear, the very last thought that was likely to enter Miss Louie Lincoln's mind.

Just then Miss Martyn came into the room, looking a little pale and heavy-eyed, and made her own explanations to Mrs. Midhurst.

"I hope it will soon be bed-time," said Emmy, her interest in the canary bird fully restored now Louie's mission was fairly off her mind, "as then the canary will soon be here."

"Soon !" cried Louie. "What an idea, when there is the whole night first !"

"The night is nothing," replied Emmy, calmly ; "how can it be when we are asleep ? It doesn't reckon. I never count nights ; do you, Floss ?"

"We count them into the day, at any rate," said Floss ; "we say the day is twenty-four hours long, reckoning them both together—we never say that the night is twenty-four hours long."

"No, because that would be too foolish," Emmy pronounced, decidedly.

"I think you are talking so long over your tea that you quite forget this is the evening for working for the poor and reading a story-book aloud," said Mrs. Midhurst. "We shall get on a very little way to-night either with our small flannel shirts or with the 'Talisman' if we don't make haste."

Gladly the girls rose and went into the drawing-room, where they set to work at the little soft garments intended as gifts to poor children, while Mrs. Midhurst read aloud that fascinating book, which filled their minds with pleasant and beautiful thoughts.

While Sir Kenneth's adventures were listened to with breathless interest, not even Emmy's attention strayed to other subjects, and the canary itself was absent from her memory. Charlotte Hopkins alone did not care much for the kind of book, and she was reflecting a good deal about Emmy's naughtiness in buying cakes, and wondering whether she could in any way manage to get a share of the cakes she bought. The taste of the cheesecake still lingered in her mouth, making her long for more, and she could hardly fancy that such an unselfish child as even she, with her not very keen perception, recognised that Emmy was, would buy cakes and tarts, and keep them entirely for her own eating. "I wonder whether she has missed that cheesecake?" thought

Charlotte, "and whether she will fancy the tart woman did not give it her, and whether she will tell the tart woman, and the tart woman will say she did, and it will be found out that I ate it? and then she will refuse to give me any more, even if she lets all the other girls have some. That will be very hard indeed upon me."

The hour's reading was over, and the girls were at liberty to chat till they went to bed. Mrs. Midhurst left them, as she had letters to write ; and Miss Martyn leant back in her chair and closed her eyes, for her head still ached, and she felt weary.

Although Floss had been appointed treasurer for the canary fund, and kept the paper with the six sums of money that were to be subscribed written on it, the money itself had not been given into her hand, for when it was arranged that the bird was to be bought in London by Miss Martyn's brother there was no occasion to put the money together beforehand. Miss Martyn said she would send her brother a post-office order, and that the children could then all of them pay her. No one had an idea what the canary bird would cost or what the cage would cost ; but Miss Martyn's brother had been told by her that the price of the two together must not be more than seventeen shillings and eightpence.

A sort of idea was now floating in the air that the money might as well be collected to-night, and given into Floss's safe keeping, and then she could hand it over to Miss Martyn when she had heard from her brother. The notion seemed vague at first, and no one knew where it originated ; but it gained in substance, till it became matter of open discussion.

"It seems to me it would be the most business-like way of managing," Louisa Hopkins, who was always practical, said.

"I don't know," replied Adelaide Lester. "Suppose the canary costs less than the seventeen shillings and eightpence, Floss will have to give us all back something, which will be unnecessary trouble."

"I can give my half sovereign at any time, now or then," said Louie, grandly.

Emmy looked at her with imploring eyes. "Oh, Louie !" she said, faintly, and then stopped short, her face crimson, and her imploring eyes again fixed on her.

Floss was astonished. "Why, what is the matter, Emmy?" she cried, "and why do you say 'Oh, Louie !' in that way ?"

But Louie seemed to understand, for she nodded her head at her and laughed.

"Shall we put it to the vote?" said Louisa

Hopkins. "Floss, as treasurer, need not vote, and so there must be a majority on one side."

Emmy looked anxiously from one to the other, and at last said, "Where would be the use of giving Floss the money?"

Again Floss was quite surprised.

"I declare, Emmy," she said, "any one would think that you couldn't bear to part with your two dear, precious fourpenny bits a minute before it is absolutely necessary."

Emmy's eyes filled with tears; but she hung down her head and said nothing.

"Do let us vote," said Louisa. "Charlotte, what will you vote?"

"Oh, I don't care, Louisa. I think it signifies very little; only I don't want the trouble of going to fetch my shilling."

"You need not go and fetch your shilling; we can all give our money to Floss when we go up-stairs. I do wish you would vote, Charlotte."

"I don't see why I should vote first. I don't want to vote and you do. Why can't you vote first?"

"I have not the least objection. I never heard of a subscription being made in which it wasn't made—I mean in which everybody didn't pay in to somebody else. We appointed Floss treasurer; where is the use of appointing a treasurer and then not giving her anything to keep? I like doing things in a business-like manner, and so I vote that we all of us give the treasurer our subscriptions when we go up-stairs to bed."

"What do you vote, Adelaide?" asked Charlotte.

"I don't care; I'm quite willing to give my subscription," began Adelaide; but Louie interrupted her.

"No, no; why should we? Where's the use? And then if the bird (oh, I am so tired of that bird, I wish it had never been born!) does not cost as much, Floss will have to give us back little sums, and she won't know what to give to each person. Suppose it costs fifteen shillings and one penny, instead of seventeen shillings and eightpence, how will she divide the two shillings and sevenpence among us all? I vote that we don't give our money till we know what it is that we have to give."

"Very well," said Adelaide, "then I will vote the same."

"Now, Charlotte," cried Louisa, "no one ever can tell how you'll vote about anything, so be quick, do, and make up your mind, and let us hear what you'll vote."

"I vote to give the money to Floss, then."

"Very well," said Louisa, "then there are two on each side; that's even. Now for the casting vote.

What an important person you are, Miss Emmy, you have the casting vote."

"Have I?" replied Emmy. "What is the casting vote?"

"Don't you understand?" said Louisa. "Two of us vote to give the money to Floss, and two of us vote not to give the money to Floss; so whichever way you vote will decide the question, for then there will be three on one side or the other."

Emmy looked at Louie with wistful eyes like a dog. Louie again nodded her head and laughed.

"I think we won't give the money yet," said Emmy, but she seemed ready to cry as she said it.

"What, you won't give your money to your own dear Floss," cried Adelaide. "Well, I am surprised; I thought there could be no doubt which way you would vote."

Emmy was very much agitated; she knelt down by Floss and hid her face in her lap.

"You don't mind, do you, Floss?" she whispered.

#### CHAPTER X.—VERY ANXIOUS.

FLOSS assured Emmy that she did not mind, but it cannot be denied that she felt surprised and a little vexed, and had some difficulty in making her manner quite unrestrained and cheerful. Emmy dried her tears rather sorrowfully. Perhaps she detected the want of heartiness in Floss's voice.

She looked round her wistfully, and said, from the bottom of her heart, "It is a great comfort things don't last."

Emmy's eyes usually closed in slumber the moment she put her head on her pillow; but not so that night. Many and worrying thoughts rushed through her little brain in a strange tormenting confusion. Bed became suddenly distasteful to her, and the idea of Eugenie for ever lying in her bed grew inexpressibly sad. Then the canary seemed reproaching her, because it had neither arrived nor been paid for; and then, worst of all, she hid her face under the bedclothes, terrified at the recollection of her daring expedition, and trembled as she seemed again to hear that horrible wail sounding in her ears—that horrible wail that was, after all, only the "moo" of a cow. But she now forgot that it had been the "moo" of a cow, and, unable any longer to endure the terror of it and of the darkness of the trees, she screamed aloud. Then she found that she had been asleep, and had waked herself by screaming, for instead of being in the orchard, or even in bed with her head hidden under the clothes, both of which positions she had seemed to herself to occupy, she was sitting upright in her bed moaning, and trembling all over.

In a moment Floss was out of bed by her side, comforting and protecting her.

"Oh! don't make such dreadful sounds, Emmy dear," said she, in a soothing tone.

clasped Floss tightly, while even Floss felt it pleasant to hold Emmy's hand. Both felt a fear, though they knew not of what, and were relieved when Charlotte, a large shawl thrown round her, peeped in.



"MRS. MIDHURST READ ALOUD (p. 291)."

"Was I asleep? Floss, do you think I was asleep?" cried Emmy. "Was I screaming?"

"You were asleep, and you made a shocking wail. Don't do it again, or I must beat you," Floss said, kissing her as she said it.

"But you know I could not help it if I was asleep," said little Emmy.

At that moment the door opened, and Emmy

"I know what you're about!" she said.

"Go away!" cried Floss, angrily; "you have no business here. I will tell Louisa of you."

"If you tell I tell," said Charlotte; "if you don't I don't. Give me a share; it's very ill-natured."

"It *must* still be all a dream," cried Emmy, quite appealingly, to Floss. "But oh, Floss, I do wonder which of us *is* dreaming it! is it you, or is it I?"

Floss very soon proved that everybody was awake by turning Charlotte bodily out of the room. She then kissed Emmy, and, getting back into her bed, was asleep in five minutes.

Emmy could not settle herself down to slumber *quite so placidly*, so she knelt up in her bed and said a little prayer, after which unpleasant thoughts departed, and she found herself smiling at the remembrance of the canary. What joy when it arrived! what greater joy when they took it to Eugenie! She longed to see it. She knew it would be yellow—all canaries are yellow; but there are so many different yellows, and she could not make up her mind which shade of that gorgeous hue it would be clothed in. There was the yellow of Mrs. Midhurst's watch, and the yellow of Miss Martyn's Sunday gloves, and the yellow of the roses on the lawn, and the yellow of the sunset in the sky; but before little Emmy could decide which yellow Eugenie's canary-bird would resemble, she had lost all knowledge of gold, gloves, roses, and sky, and was fast asleep.

At breakfast next day Emmy told Miss Martyn she hoped her brother had bought the bird the day before.

"It would be so nice for him to have it yesterday evening," she said, with shining eyes; "only I am afraid he would not like to part with it to-day. *Don't* you long to see it washing itself, Miss Martyn, in a real dear little washing-stand, where it can splash? I've seen them splash, and I do like it."

Then the post came, and a letter for Miss Martyn, announcing that the bird would arrive in the course of that day. The words left the train by which it would travel rather vague, and if it came by a late train it could not be taken to Eugenie till the next day.

Emmy's lips trembled and the tears came into her eyes; but Floss only remarked, "It will be nice to have the canary bird here for one whole day."

Emmy gave a great start at that, and a delighted smile. "Miss Martyn," she cried, "do you *think* Mrs. Midhurst will *like* to have it in her own room? If not, it will be most fair to hang it up in the schoolroom, where *everybody* will see it and *nobody* will have it."

"That will be quite fair," replied Miss Martyn, smiling, and patting her head, "but somebody must feed it. Who will that be, I wonder?"

Emmy got very pink all over her face and held down her head, not even glancing at Miss Martyn through her eyelashes. She knew that it would be perfect happiness to feed the canary entirely herself, but then she did not doubt that all the other girls felt the same, and she was anxious not

to be selfish, nor to deprive another of so great a pleasure. It was quite a shock to her when Louie said, calmly, "Sarah will feed it, I suppose, and take the bother off our hands."

"Bother! Oh, Louie!" was all little Emmy contrived to say.

"Bother is not a very lady-like expression, Louie," said Miss Martyn, smiling.

"It needn't drive Emmy wild, though," said Louie, rather sulkily.

"It wasn't *that*," replied Emmy, looking at Miss Martyn, sure that she would understand her.

"No, it *wasn't* *that*," replied Miss Martyn, instantly, "Emmy was astonished that you should think it a trouble to feed a dear little bird."

"*Chacun a son goût*," said Louie, lightly, and pronouncing *goût* like the English word *gout*, upon which all the girls laughed, and she, after staring at them for a moment, laughed also, so that none of them felt sure whether she had made the mistake in joke or in earnest.

By this time the bell had rung for lessons, and everybody had to go into the schoolroom and settle to work.

When the girls were out-of-doors for the hour's recreation before dinner, Floss said that Miss Martyn was gone to get the post-office order that afternoon, and they had better all of them give her their money.

"Nonsense!" cried Louie. "Where's the hurry?"

"What do you mean?" replied Floss. "Why do you object to the money being paid?"

"Why do you always want to manage, and to have your finger in everybody's pie?"

"Oh, Louie!" cried Louisa Hopkins, "how vulgar!"

"Vulgar be scaramouched!" said Louie, coolly, "I use the language that expresses my feelings."

"What is scaramouched?" asked Emmy, awestruck.

"Do you want to pay?" asked Louie, sharply.

Emmy turned actually pale, but she only said "Don't, Louie."

"Why should not she?" enquired Floss, calmly. "What is the matter, Emmy? Why don't you tell her that you do wish it? Of course we had better pay the money."

"Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes!" cried Louie, tauntingly. "Listen to Floss the treasurer, whom nobody trusted with their money. Oh yes! oh yes!"

"Not trust our Floss!" cried Louisa Hopkins, indignantly. "We will give her the money this minute, and she can hand it over to Miss Martyn just when she chooses. Put it to the vote."

"It was put to the vote, and it was *not* given to Floss the treasurer. Oh yes!" almost shouted Louie.

Adelaide had not come out with them, but Louisa and Charlotte instantly produced their shillings, and handed them in quite a respectful manner to Floss.

"Now then, Louie and Emmy, give up your subscriptions, if you please," Louisa said, with dignity.

"Oh, Louie, pray, pray do!" gasped Emmy, in the deepest emotion.

"Oh, Emmy, pray, pray, do!" echoed Louie, mimicking the gasp as well as the words. "As for me, I am doubtful whether I shall give half a sovereign. It is a large sum, I can tell you, though my papa is so rich he could buy and sell a dozen English families."

"You must give the money; you promised it," said Floss. "We could not have bought the bird without it. To draw back now would be not only mean, but dishonourable."

"Floss, the treasurer, wants ten shillings!" cried Louie in the same shouting tone she had used before.

"I don't!" cried Floss, indignantly. "I won't take your ten shillings. Give it to Miss Martyn at once, and these too"—she returned the girls their shillings. "There need not be a treasurer—and I won't be treasurer after the way in which Louie has spoken."

"Oh, oh! the grapes are sour, are they?" sneered Louie.

Floss turned upon her then, and spoke with heightened colour, but considerable command of temper.

"What do you mean by your taunts and innuendoes? I must trouble you to explain them."

Louie smiled her broad smile from ear to ear, and looked as good-natured as it was possible for a girl to look.

"In-nu-en-does!" she said, with the utmost simplicity. What a big word! Does it mean anything, please?"

Charlotte Hopkins burst out laughing, and little Emmy began to cry.

"Don't cry, Emmy," said Floss; but she spoke rather loftily, for she felt keenly that Emmy had not offered her the two fourpenny bits, and she could not forget that it was her casting vote which had decided before that she was not to have the money. "There's nothing to cry at."

"No, I don't suppose there is," replied Emmy, meekly, and drying her eyes.

After that she sat down on the grass in a sorrowful attitude, while the others walked about, chatting and amusing themselves. Floss did not take any notice of her.

Presently Louie and Charlotte, deep in conversa-

tion, came near her, and she cried out very eagerly, "Oh, please, Charlotte, would you go away? I want to speak to Louie."

"That is how they all treat me," grumbled Charlotte. "Can't you speak before me? and can't you go away instead of me?"

"No, indeed, Charlotte, I can't say what I *have* to say while you are there, for then it would still be Louie and you, not Louie and me. If you would only just go away!"

"You are very rude, Emmy!" said Louie, "and I don't want it to be Louie and you. I don't want Charlotte to go away. And who are you, pray, that you are to order your betters here and there, without with your leave or by your leave? Are you the Empress of Peru, or the Queen of the Cannibal Islands?"

"I *did* say with your leave *and* by your leave," replied Emmy, very earnestly. "I asked her as politely as ever I could think of. Oh, Louie, you *must* know what I want! I do think you are very unkind."

"Never mind, Emmy," said Charlotte, who, though she had her faults and was not very bright, was good-natured, and, like everybody else, extremely fond of Emmy. "I was only in fun, I'll go away if you wish it."

"Thank you, Charlotte, very much indeed; there is nothing in the world I do wish so much."

Charlotte accordingly walked away, but, to poor Emmy's surprise and dismay, Louie immediately did the same. The child ran after her and caught hold of her.

"Oh, stay, Louie; do stay!" she cried out piteously, and her face was covered with tears.

"Stay went away," sang Louie, in a croaking voice; "only pain comes back again. There, there, don't bother me, you little goose! It will all be right in lots of time, I promise you that, if you *don't* bother; but if you *do* it shall never come right in this world—never at all. I hate bother!"

Emmy dropped the dress that she had caught hold of, dismayed at the threat.

"You promise, Louie," she said, faintly. "You *said* you promise."

"Oh yes, I promise, if you are a good girl and do what you are bid. And I promise just as much the other way, if you're not."

"I *am* a good girl," replied Emmy, sadly; "everybody says so."

As she spoke these words a murmur of many voices, ending in a little enraptured cry from Emmy herself, so sorrowful the moment before, sounded over the lawn. Miss Martyn had come very softly from the house and stood among them, and in her hand she held—*something*.

It was a large thing, and it was covered by a white handkerchief. But just before that little cry sprang from Emmy's lips she twitched off the handkerchief and displayed a handsome cage with bright brass bars, and inside that cage the most beautiful bird that any of them had ever seen in the world before. It would have been all yellow—the prettiest shade of that colour Emmy had ever beheld, far prettier than gold or roses—only there were a few tiny lines of a darker hue in its wings, just enough to give character to this charming individual of the canary race. It sat on its perch and, as it regarded the company with bright speaking eyes, held its head on one side as only a *real* bird could do.

"Oh, Eugenie!" cried Emmy, with clasped hands; and, led by Floss, the girls all set up a cheer, and "Hip! hip! hurrah-h-h!" sounded merrily over the smooth lawn and among the old trees.

#### CHAPTER XI.— DESPAIR.

THEY all crowded round the cage to chirp, kiss at, and admire the beautiful little creature, but for some time no articulate words were uttered. Emmy was the first to put the chaos of delighted thoughts into definite expressions.

"Oh, Eugenie!" she repeated with rapture. "May we not go at once?"

Her pleading eyes turned from the canary to Miss Martyn's smiling face, and the "at once" was spoken with an emphasis and an intensity of meaning that brought the coming moment nearer than any "at once" had ever been brought before.

"I do not see any reason why we should not," said Miss Martyn; and another cheer broke from those who heard her. (It is a pity that everybody does not know what a delightful thing it is *not* to wait.)

"And now," said Floss, "let us first pay Miss Martyn the money, and then the post-office order can be got as we go to the farm."

"Yes," replied Miss Martyn; "I had better send

it by this evening's post, as my brother is going out of London to-morrow morning."

Adelaide, Charlotte, Louisa, and Floss at once produced the sums they had promised, and handed them to Miss Martyn.

Louie said loftily that she did not carry GOLD about in her pockets—her papa never allowed her to do *that*; it was well enough for those who had only silver; but when they went to get ready for the walk her half-sovereign should be forthcoming.

Then Miss Martyn, still smiling, held out her hand to Emmy with the air of a person who knew she was conferring pleasure by doing so.

Emmy looked helplessly about her, and neither spoke nor moved.

"I suppose you've got your precious four-penny bits locked up, too, little miser," quoth Louie, "and will produce them when we go up-stairs?"

Emmy's poor little face became one smile at the words.

"Oh, thank you, Louie!" she cried, with an emotion that seemed quite inadequate to the occasion.

They all ran upstairs to prepare for their happy walk, Miss Martyn included; but when they got to their room doors, and were

just about to separate, Louie fell suddenly down, with a loud scream.

"What's the matter?—what is it?" cried half-a-dozen voices, as half-a-dozen pair of hands assisted her to rise; but she only staggered with their assistance into her own apartment, and flung herself on her face.

"It's the pain in my leg," she said, as if that explained everything.

"The pain in your leg!" cried everybody, astonished.

"Yes, the pain in my leg," she replied, almost angrily, and then she gave a loud scream.

They all stood round staring at her.

"Which leg is it?" asked Miss Martyn, "and what does it come from? Have you ever had it before?"



"EMMY CLASPED FLOSS TIGHTLY" (p. 293).



"THEY ALL CROWDED ROUND THE CAGE" (p. 296).

"It comes from my leg," said Louie, "and nobody *could* ever have it," and here she screamed again.

Miss Martyn looked steadily at her, and then said quietly that she thought leeches or blisters might be the best remedy for the sort of thing it seemed to be.

"Let me sleep," replied Louie, "and I shall be all right." And she closed her eyes, and appeared, as she did so, to be fast asleep, breathing deeply and regularly.

Miss Martyn made a sign to the others, and they all left the room.

"What can be the matter with her?" said Floss.

"She is a very *odd* girl," replied Miss Martyn, thoughtfully, "but I don't think there is much the matter. Perhaps she makes a great fuss about some little trifling pain. I will tell Mrs. Midhurst, and, unless she sees any reason, we can still go to Eugenie. She herself, I know is not going out this afternoon, and Sarah will attend to Louie if she wants anything."

Sarah was a trustworthy and excellent upper servant, who had lived with Mrs. Midhurst twenty years.

"We will all of us give you our money," said Floss; "but how shall we manage about her ten shillings?"

"I can advance it," replied Miss Martyn. "Bring me your shares here," she added, sitting down on a chair in the passage, "and then I will keep them and take a sovereign of my own instead, for I want change."

They all ran into their rooms to fetch their money. Gladly and cheerfully they went, all but *one*. That one was poor little Emmy. She remained for a moment in the passage, not following Floss into the bedchamber, but standing in an attitude of dejection, almost of terror, and then she suddenly and softly crept into Louie's room unperceived by the others.

It seemed to Emmy that as she entered the apartment Louie was reading a book, and she could even have declared that their eyes met, but the next instant she felt how curiously mistaken she had been, for there was no book of any sort to be seen, and Louie was lying with closed eyes, fast asleep, and breathing so deeply that it might almost be said she was snoring.

Emmy walked up to the bed, very much agitated.

"Louie," she cried, "it can't hurt your leg to be awake and speak to me. Louie, you *must* give me my two fourpenny bits!"

But never a morsel did Louie stir. Then Emmy became quite desperate, laid her hand on her and shook her.

"Louie! Louie!" she cried, with a sob in her words, "give me my two fourpenny bits!"

"If I am waked," sounded a sepulchral voice out of Louie's frame, "with this pain in my leg I shall die. They always do. It will be MURDER!"

Emmy fled affrighted, and found herself in the presence of Miss Martyn receiving the money from all the other girls.

"Why, Emmy, where *have* you been hiding?" said Floss, rather sharply. "Don't keep us all waiting. Run away and bring your two fourpenny bits, and put your hat on. Everybody is ready but you."

Emmy was as white as a sheet; she did not cry or feel inclined to cry, but she believed that her heart was breaking.

"I can't," she said; and even to herself her voice sounded loud and unnatural.

"You can't do what?" said Floss.

Miss Martyn was surprised at the sharpness with which Floss addressed her little cousin, and this, added to Emmy's distressed face, made her think there had been some quarrel between them, and she spoke to Emmy in a kind and encouraging manner.

"Whatever you can't do I know what you *can*, and that is, you can fetch me your two fourpenny bits;" and she smiled as she said it.

"I can't," repeated Emmy.

"You can't fetch the two fourpenny bits; but why not, my dear?" And she still spoke gently.

"I have not got them," was the only reply, and still Emmy did not cry or break down, only, if it was possible, she grew paler and paler, and she still felt as if her heart would break.

"You haven't got them!" or words to that effect, were repeated by everybody, while everybody gathered round her and stared at her astonished.

"Why, Emmy, you haven't spent them nor lost them?" cried Floss, incredulously. "What are you dreaming of?"

"What have you done with them if you have not got them?" asked Miss Martyn: and she spoke very gravely indeed.

Emmy said not a single word.

"What have you done with them?" repeated the other. "I insist upon you telling me."

"I can't," said Emmy.

"You refuse to tell me? But, my dear Emmy, that is being naughty, and you are not a naughty little girl. You *must* tell me. If you have done wrong it is better to confess at once, and not make a fuss about it; and if you have not done wrong nobody will be angry with you or scold you, because you have spent your own money, only you

know it was not right to spend it after you had promised to give it for Eugenie."

At the name of Eugenie Emmy's lips trembled, otherwise she stood just the same—like a little white miserable ghost, yet hardly seeming to feel what happened, so passive and quiet was she.

"But, indeed, she cannot have spent it," cried the bewildered Floss. "She cares more about the bird and Eugenie than any of us; she would rather help buy the bird than anything else, and would not on any account have spent the money. Besides which, Emmy never broke a promise in her life. My dear child, *do* explain. It *is* so silly to go on in this way."

"I can't," said Emmy, in a hollow voice.

"I know!" cried Charlotte, suddenly, light at that moment breaking in upon her.

"*You* know!" they all repeated, astonished. Emmy's behaviour was strange enough, but wonders would never cease if Charlotte was to be the one to explain it or anything else.

"Yes, I know," she repeated, with a triumphant feeling of importance, for which, the next moment, her good heart reproached her; for if Charlotte had not been, as we all know she was, rather stupid, she would not have felt triumphant at all, for she was really good-natured, and fond of Emmy. Indeed, who among them was *not* fond of Emmy, the pet, plaything, and favourite of the whole house?

Emmy now began to show some emotion; she turned her woe-stricken eyes on the other, and said, faintly, "Oh, Charlotte! you don't, do you?"

"Yes I do," replied Charlotte, and her manner had become quite compassionate; "but I won't tell; poor little Emmy, I won't tell!"

"But indeed you must tell," said Miss Martyn. "We can't have this sort of thing going on; and it is very bad for Emmy, very bad indeed. It is far better that you or any one should tell what she has done, than that she should conceal it."

"I don't like telling," grumbled Charlotte. "This is just what always happens to me. Louisa, must I tell?"

"Indeed, Charlotte, you had better do what Miss Martyn thinks right; only, for my part, I don't believe you have anything *to* tell. You can't have; how can you?"

"I dare say I can't," said Charlotte, still grumbling. "I never can. Only I *do* know that she spent the money on cakes. I ate one of them!"

Murmurs of amazement sounded all round.

"She bought cakes and gave you one!" cried Miss Martyn, and there was deep pain in her voice. "Oh, Emmy! Emmy!"

The little culprit said nothing; she stood there

more like the figure of a child cut out of stone than an actual living child ; but the stone eyes stared at Charlotte as she spoke, and there was neither shame nor detection in them.

Then Floss spoke out, eager, agitated, scornful. "She did not ! she never did ! she couldn't ! My Emmy ! No, no ; she never bought cakes with Eugenie's money !"

"It was *not* Eugenie's money," replied Charlotte, stolidly ; "it was her own two fourpenny bits."

"But, indeed, Charlotte," said Louisa, with some anxiety, "you should be careful in what you say ; it is so very unlikely."

"Unlikely !" cried Floss, flaming up again ; "it is impossible—it is untrue !"

"Oh, come now, Floss," replied Charlotte, provoked in her turn ; "and I believe you know all about it yourself. What were you doing at Emmy's bed in the middle of last night, pray, if it wasn't that she was giving you some of her tarts and cakes ?"

"How dare you say such a thing !" cried Floss, with extreme indignation. "Emmy giving me tarts and cakes in the middle of the night ! Never mind, my darling ; no one will believe such horrible nonsense of either of us. Miss Martyn, I'm sure you don't believe it."

"I certainly don't believe Emmy and you were eating tarts and cakes in the night, Floss," replied Miss Martyn, almost laughing, vexed and pained as she was at the whole business ; "and the fact of Charlotte saying this throws doubt on her former evidence. Still, I should like very much to know what Emmy has done with her two fourpenny bits."

"Tell her, Emmy, whatever it is," cried Floss. "It is silly and it is wrong not to do so, and you see what it exposes you to. Tell her at once, and have done with it."

Emmy was quite silent. Then she made a little gasping effort to speak, and failed. And finally she repeated the only words she seemed capable of saying—"I can't, Floss."

"Then, Charlotte, we turn to you, and you *must* tell us what foundation you have for the accusations you have brought against Emmy." Miss Martyn looked with compassion on the white child, and added, briskly, "There has been a great deal too much said about it. This sort of thing can't go on ; it must be finished at once."

"I don't want to tell tales," said Charlotte, almost blubbering ; "and I'm very fond of Emmy. I wish I had not said a word : I shouldn't have, if I had thought a minute ; but I was so astonished when I remembered that I knew that I couldn't help calling out."

"How many more words are to be said about

it ?" cried Miss Martyn, impatiently ; "and how often am I to desire you to tell what you have to tell, and have done with it ?"

"Oh yes, Charlotte ; do speak, and have done with it !" said Louisa.

Thus urged, Charlotte began, and told with tolerable clearness how she had met Emmy coming up from the trees, and all that had happened, even to the fact of her having picked up and devoured a most delicious cheesecake. She added that she had not been so much surprised because she had seen Emmy before eating pastry.

"I *told* you it was only crumbs, Charlotte," said poor Emmy, but, when Miss Martyn questioned her as to whether it had all happened as Charlotte said, she did not deny it.

"Only," she added, very earnestly, "I did not know that I had dropped a cheesecake, or that Charlotte had eaten it."

Miss Martyn looked at her a little puzzled and very sorrowful.

"This is the saddest thing that has ever happened since children came to live here in the Manor House," she said. "Go to your own room, Emmy. You cannot take the canary to Eugenie ; we must go there without you, and we must tell Eugenie how all of you joined to buy her the present, except Emmy, who spent her money in cakes and—"

But here Miss Martyn stopped, for Emmy had given way all in a minute, and was in such an agony of tears, that in mere humanity she could not proceed any further.

"Go to your own room, Emmy," she said, instead of continuing her reproaches.

Emmy obeyed, silently weeping. Floss was following Emmy, but Miss Martyn stopped her. "No, my dear, not just yet," she said. "Let her be alone at first."

"Miss Martyn," said Floss, very earnestly, "I know Emmy better than anybody else in the world does, and I am quite sure she has not done this. Will you please not let us go to Eugenie this evening. It will break her heart. Please wait a little time to see if *something* does not make it different."

"My dear Floss, I am so very sorry, but nothing can—it is all as clear as daylight. I would give anything if it had not happened, but it *has* happened. However, it is getting very late, and you would none of you enjoy it after this sad scene, which has been too much for us all, so we will put off the visit to Eugenie, and you may go out into the garden ; you will need a little time to recover yourselves ; and I must go and tell this sad story to Mrs. Midhurst. I quite dread doing it. It will give her great pain."

"Miss Martyn," reiterated Floss, with intense earnestness, "I am quite certain it has not happened."

"Yes, my dear Floss," replied the other, shaking her head, "that is all very well, only it *has*."

The girls went out in the garden with slow reluctant steps, looking back to the door, on the other side of which the pet and favourite of them all was disgraced and miserable.

"I couldn't have believed it of Emmy," said Adelaide.

"Nor I," said Louisa. "I never was more astonished or shocked at anything."

"I suppose you'll none of you speak to *me*," said Charlotte, discontentedly. "You all of you consider it as my fault. Of course you do."

"No we don't," replied her sister, sharply, "don't be silly, nobody blames you; nobody is thinking about you at all."

"Oh no, of course not, nobody ever *does* think about *me*."

"But if you don't believe it, Floss, how do you account for it?" asked Adelaide.

"I don't believe it and I can't account for it," replied Floss, very shortly.

"Well, I do," said Charlotte, "because I spoke

to Emmy and I ate the cheesecake; but I did think she was giving you some in the night, Floss."

"She wasn't, then," answered Floss, haughtily. "She could not sleep, and had bad dreams, and I was comforting her."

As she spoke the last two words her pride gave way, and she cried out in great excitement, "Oh, my little Emmy!" and burst into sudden tears.

"It's all my doing, as it always is," said Charlotte, and she began to cry too.

Crying and laughter are both catching. The girls had all of them been overstrained by the sad scene attending the unexpected delinquency of their favourite, and that mixed state of feeling of blaming severely where you love deeply—one of the most painful that can be imagined for anybody—is almost intolerable when you are young. It is not surprising, then, that in another moment every one was in tears.

And this was the end of all the happiness expected from the actual arrival of the canary bird for Eugenie. Louie up-stairs with a pain in her leg, the others all crying in the garden—all except Emmy, who lay crouching on the floor in her own room, a very type of despair.

(To be concluded.)

### OUR PETS.

#### CATS, AND HOW TO KEEP THEM.



never at a loss to understand, and most of them know exactly what I say, and what I mean, because

I WHO pen these lines am fond of all animals, and am not ashamed to say so. You see I do not say *dumb* animals, because whatever they may be to others, my pets are certainly not dumb to me. They have a language of their own, which I am

I ever treat them with kindness and consideration, and I well know that they are not ungrateful, and their loving caresses often cheer me when my heart is sad enough.

I myself, in my short life, have kept and tamed the queerest animals imaginable. Were I to write the history of some of these to you, as I one day may, I feel sure it would amuse you exceedingly, and all the more so that you would know and feel that what I was telling you was perfectly true and painted from life, for no imagination could invent the drolleries of many of my dead and gone pets.

But in this paper I am going to tell you something about cats, animals that are I think fitted by nature as the pets *par excellence* of young folks. As a rule, they are very gentle and good-tempered—indeed, I have long believed that a cat rather prefers being teased and pulled about by children, and even by dogs. I know of one instance at present, of a very large tom-cat, as black as jet, and with eyes of flaming green, who positively refuses to let any one caress him except his little master, Johnnie Gray. This cat is positively fierce to every

one else. Yet is he Johnnie's constant playmate ; Johnnie can carry him by the tail or pull him thus round and round the garden lawn, and, indeed, I'm not at all certain that he doesn't share Johnnie's little bed at night.

Cats are exceedingly fond, not only of children, but of babies. They have been known to watch by the cradle of a sick infant, and to speedily give

life. Perhaps, too, one of the most wonderful traits of Pussy's character is her extreme independence. Accustomed from her very kittenhood to rely upon her own unaided judgment to guide her safely through the events of her life, she seldom seeks advice or assistance from any one. But if she needs help, she boldly asks for it, even from a stranger. A dog will sit and shiver for four-and-twenty hours



A FAMILY GROUP.

the alarm if baby cried or even awoke. And one instance is on record of a cat's having saved the life of an ailing child. The latter had been left on the sofa of the drawing-room, enveloped in rugs, and had rolled off on to the floor, and but for the outcry that watchful Pussy raised, the little creature would undoubtedly have been smothered.

No one who owns a cat can have any doubt of the extreme sagacity of this little animal. This is displayed in every action, however trivial, of its daily

at his master's door, if he cannot get in, but a cat, especially a cat brought up in a town, will merely wait till the very first kindly-looking passenger comes along, and forthwith ask him or her, with all the politeness and suavity possible, to "Please pull the bell."

A cat of my own has a habit when she wants to get in-doors, of coming all the way down to the garden room, where I usually write, and mewing at my door. Of course I invite her in. "No, no,"

Pussy seems to say, "that won't suit ; you come this way, and open the back kitchen door for me," and away she trots in front of me, with tail erect and loudly singing. And of course I follow her and do exactly as I am told.

Higher instances of the sagacity of cats I could give you in dozens, but that is not my object ; it is the wisdom of the animal as shown in little matters I want you to study. The mental qualities of the dog are, I grant, of a higher order, and some of his actions seem prompted by a judgment almost akin to that of the human being. But considering the peculiar mode of Pussy's existence, the enemies she has to encounter, and her struggle, as a whole, for the life that, I am sorry to say, is often begrimed her, the cat is quite as wonderful an animal in its way as the dog. I think, too, that Pussy is of the opinion that she is far superior in intellect to her canine rival.

"Just look now," you may imagine one cat saying to another, "at that monster of a Newfoundland dog. He is big and good-natured, if you please, and loves his master dearly, but there you have him all. I love my master as well as he does, but I'm not going to stick at his heels all day, like a shadow ; catch me doing anything so foolish. Now that great dog wouldn't know where to lay his hands upon a mouse to save his life, he can't climb trees and capture birds, and he can't open the latch of a door, nor get out through a window, or up a spout, or anything. He is kind-hearted, but far from clever. Why, if he only goes down one street and up another without his master, he is lost, and can't find his way home again. Only just about a week ago, I met him in a village not five miles off—I had been twenty miles away that day in the woods, and some glorious fun I had too, I can tell you. Well, I was just trotting home again, when I spied our friend there, and a nice to-do he was making. He was tearing along the streets like a mad thing, first one way and then the other, and telling everybody that he had lost himself and had lost his master. 'Whatever is up with you, Master Nero?' I asked.

"'Oh dear ! oh dear !' he cried, panting for breath, 'what a terrible affair, I've lost my master and I'm lost myself, and I'll never, never get home again. Oh dear ! oh dear !'

"'Keep your mind easy, Master Nero,' I replied, as cool as you please. 'Just you trot along quietly behind me, and don't let any other bow-wows interfere with me, and we'll both be home in less than half an hour.'

A cat's affection for a kind-hearted master or mistress is very great ; indeed, it is almost unnecessary for me to mention this, for the animal is gentle and

affectionate, and loves not only the human race, but her own species, and often becomes greatly attached to dogs or any other animals with which she happens to be brought up. Pussy's choice of a friend is sometimes curious enough ; I have known many instances of cats having selected as their companions hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs, canaries, starlings, and parrots.

Those who have not studied the nature and habits of this little fireside favourite can have little idea what an honest, cleanly, clever pet she may be made under judicious and rational treatment. Pussy, too, can be taught a large number of funny little tricks, some of which you could hardly believe possible. Now if you wish your pussy to learn any of these small performances, you must begin to teach her when she is young, and you must first and foremost gain her entire confidence and affection. You can teach your puss to jump to surprising heights, by placing morsels of food at different elevations, and encouraging her to spring up for them. A hare's foot tied to the end of a supple wand by a piece of string, about a yard being left to dangle, will induce your cat to perform some wonderfully funny feats. Begging for food like a little dog is an easily taught accomplishment ; so is shaking hands, or giving a paw, standing on the hind-legs in a corner, lying down when told, watching a mouse-hole, &c. Jumping through a hoop, or a succession of hoops, gives a cat great delight if she has been early trained to the performance.

I wish from my inmost heart that poor cats were better treated than they generally are. They are often cruelly used, but only, I think, by those who never studied them, and who do not know what kind and gentle creatures they become when properly cared for. Others, again, badly use their pussies from ignorance. There is a belief pretty generally held, but a very erroneous one nevertheless, namely, that the withholding of food from her will make a cat a good mouser. The very reverse is true ; if a cat is hungry she has no heart to hunt, and the very best vermin-killers are those pussies who are well fed, but not over-fed, so as to make them fat and lazy.

The best and handiest food for a cat is just a little of what you are having yourself, but not given as tit-bits, but placed in a saucer after you have had your own meal. She ought to have a double porcelain dish, one side of which is for the food or milk, and the other for *pure clean water*. The dish ought to be washed every morning.

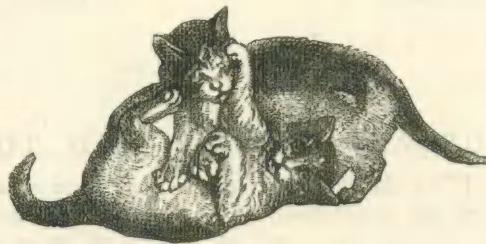
Over-feeding I look upon as one of the cruelties to cats, for it not only induces lazy habits, but brings about diseases, some of them very loathsome and almost incurable.

Some people have a habit of turning their cats out-of-doors at night. This is not only a flagrant injustice to the puss herself, but is often the means of greatly annoying the neighbours. A cat turned out-of-doors at night gets dirty in habits, thievish, and half wild. The best-trained pussy treated thus soon gets into all sorts of mischief, robs pigeon lofts, poultry-houses, and rabbit warrens, and tears up and spoils beautiful flower-beds. No, keep your cat in-doors at night if you care for her. You may or you may not make a special bed for her, but if you do, a round basket and a soft cushion, you will find, will be very much relished by your pet.

Cats are the better for being occasionally washed. When you do wash them you must use only the very mildest soap and soft lukewarm rain-water. Long-haired Persians and Angoras, those silken beauties you see at shows, require brushing every morning with a hair-brush, in order to keep their lovely coats in order.

There is a species of cruelty to cats that is, I am sorry to say, far from uncommon, and which I sincerely hope none of the readers of LITTLE

FOLKS will ever be the means of inflicting on them, but which, on the other hand, they might do much, by seasonable advice, to prevent. When people go away to the sea-side, then, either in the bustle and excitement of packing, poor Pussy is entirely forgotten, or, imbued with the idea that she can easily shift for herself, they purposely leave her behind. The sufferings of a cat shut up in an empty house, and left to starve by slow degrees, will hardly bear thinking about, but even supposing she can find egress and ingress, where is she to seek for the food to which she has been accustomed? She must of necessity join the ranks of vagrant cats, that live for the most part on what they pick up out of doors. Besides, there really is no necessity for leaving a cat behind and not taking her on the annual tour, for much as a pussy may love its home, it loves a kind master or mistress far more. Cats make capital travellers, and when taken to a strange place, if those they regard are near them, they will settle down comfortably in their new quarters in a single night, and even be the happier for the change.



#### A DRAWING LESSON.

**T**HREE were three young people learning to draw,  
And they drew such things as you never saw.  
They drew the master's attention first,  
And drew him out, as much as they durst.  
They drew lots for the prize, and drew a blank ;  
And drew a deposit out of the bank.  
They drew the blinds up and drew them down ;  
And drew the people out of the town.  
And then they drew rein, and drew breath as well,  
And drew more corks than I can tell.  
They drew beer from a barrel, a charge from a gun,  
And then they tried drawing one by one.  
They knew they must draw a line somewhere,

So they crossed the equator, and drew it there.  
They drew their boots off and drew their gloves on.  
(By-the-by they had queer things to draw upon :  
They drew on their funds, their imagination,  
And drew on account without hesitation.)  
They drew an audience, drew applause,  
And drew their swords in a worthy cause.  
They drew an inference, drew a bill,  
And drew the long-bow, which they're drawing still.  
They drew a badger, and, to their surprise,  
Drew blood from their hands and tears from their  
eyes.  
They tried to draw back, but he held them fast ;  
And they drew a veil over their feelings at last.

CLARA J. BROOKE.





*"Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!"  
Caught as the deed was almost done,  
Detected when the prize seemed won!  
In vain all efforts to conceal*

*The egg you've risked so much to steal!  
"Tu-whoo!" the owl creaks forth anew:  
"Just put it back! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!  
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!"*

#### CARDBOARD HOUSES AND TOYS.



FIG. I.—A DANCING MAN.

FOR the benefit of my young friends, whether boys or girls, who wish to compete for the prizes to be awarded next autumn at the LITTLE FOLKS Exhibition—and no less also for that of their poor sick fellow children to whose hospital homes all the toys will be sent—I am about to offer a few suggestions.

When I was in the nursery, long ago, with a brother and sister to join me in my amusements, we used to enjoy our play-hours at home just as much as our games out-of-doors. We used to cut out men and women in white or coloured paper, dressed as sailors, soldiers, kings and queens, and ladies in every description of dress. These were pencilled, painted, or sketched with a pen and ink, and scraps of gilt paper cut into

crowns, and other ornaments, were gummed upon them, or pieces of steel-coloured glazed paper (taken off packets of tea or packages of writing-paper), which looked like steel armour when cut in the form of a cuirass, and affixed to the paper warrior. The way in which we cut out a man was by folding the paper in half, and beginning at the fold, cutting the outline from the head downwards.

We also used to make either square or round pasteboard towers, and two or three squares, or circles of slighter card, to make as many floors as required, and so exactly cut as to fit inside. These floors were fixed into their places by gumming a thin sheet of paper all over the under side; cut a little larger every way, so as to extend beyond the edge of the floor. With a pair of scissors we snipped this paper here and there, neatly all round, gumming the underneath part of the snipped paper edge, having first bent it upwards, all round the card. Then we gently pushed down this little floor into the tower, till it reached just below the windows already cut in the walls. It was easy, by using a long paper-knife, to smooth against the inside walls those snipped edges, already wet with strong gum. In making the men and women for the cardboard houses, castles, or churches, you

must make them of paper only, as you can cut them both smaller and more delicately than you could in card, and you can bend them, and place them sitting or kneeling, or in any other position, just as you please. When they are intended to be used merely for play among yourselves, of course you would place them in the houses loose, so as to be taken in and out, as you were inventing and telling

yourselves the story about them (and I assure you, our stories were very entertaining to us, and used to run on for many days); but in sending your houses and paper men to the Exhibition, you had better gum them down on their chairs, or standing where you wish them to be, and turn up the ends of the table and chair legs, so as to attach them securely to the floor. Inside the openings cut for the windows you should gum on a piece of coarse net, such as is used for window-blinds or curtains, to look like diamond-panes or lattice-work for the window-sashes. Of course, if the windows be large enough, and especially if there be a party of paper men and women inside which ought to be seen and admired, you should procure from a photographer some pieces of the transparent talc-like covering which is sold to answer the purpose of glass in photographic albums, called mica, and place this inside the window holes, gumming narrow slips of paper down the edges, to secure it to the inner walls.

You must always practise on paper, and then cut the card by it; and in any case, paper will always be much needed, because the joinings must be made by it, and all the corners of the outside of a house strengthened by little straps of paper, long and short alternately, and drawn round with a pen or pencil, so as to look like "stone-facings." Begin by cutting a house a few times out of old envelopes or notepaper already written upon, and then take a double piece of stiff brown paper and make a pair of houses alike. Finish one of them to see how it looks; paste it together at the back and fix it on a stand of the same. You will soon see the faults to be corrected, and can make the alterations required on the other model. Then take the card-

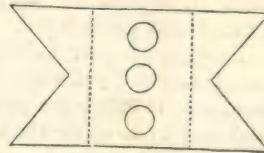


FIG. 2.—CHIMNEY.



FIG. 3.—PUMP.

board and lay this corrected model upon it, and pencil the outlines to be cut out. In making the models always fold the paper in two, and make folds again, so as to cut through double wherever the windows are to be made in pairs. But cut single where you wish one to be different in shape or position. Your paper house can have an extra strip of paper left all round, to be turned up and gummed to the ground. If the cardboard be not very thick—which it need not be for a small house—I think you might rule the lines marked for the corners, and carefully bend the card instead of cutting and joining it. The roof must be secured on to the walls by means of a thin piece of paper gummed all over the inside of it, just so far on each side as to reach the place where it touches the two side walls; there the loose part (not gummed to the roof) must be bent down so as to lie on the walls, and then stuck upon them with the gum. The roof should be made wide and long enough on all four sides to make overhanging eaves, resembling those of a Swiss chalet, only not quite so wide.

A verandah could be made on one or two of the sides, or a balcony, and steps up to the hall door, just by following out the plan of pasting on paper wherever required, to make the invisible fastening to the walls by means of a loose edge, snipped

here and there when necessary.

The building of a chimney (see Fig. 2) requires a little thought. I have given an outline of the card which will form both the sides and the top. The two notched ends are to be bent down to fit upon the ridge of the roof, and two sides gummed on. The top of the chimney must be punched in three or four places, and into these holes fix in little well gummed rolls of paper painted black for chimney pots; but do not let them be long, nor uneven in height. Children's models are generally spoilt by making the different articles of wrong sizes when compared together. For instance, you may often have seen a doll intended for a baby so big that it could not possibly be carried through the door of its house. Either the baby should be smaller, or the house larger. Observe



FIG. 4.—CHAIR.

how large or how small every thing about you is, when compared to your own size, before you attempt to make anything as a toy to go with other toys. This remark, of course, does not apply to separate things exhibited by themselves, which may be of any size you please to make them. I think that you might improve your house model by making a pump (see Fig. 3) and a trough, and standing it just outside the back-door, the house being surrounded by a paling of open-work cut in card and painted. Scraps of moss would make good shrubbery inside it here and there, and in the centre an oval-shaped bed, before the hall-door, as you should make a drive in front, where a carriage could turn, and a good cardboard gate, painted a dark colour. The hall-door and shutters should be painted alike. At the back of the house the door should be small, two small square windows cut high up, and one larger-sized for the kitchen on the ground-floor ; and on one side in the back yard you might place a rabbit-hutch, for the sake of the children of the house. But remember that you must not make such a small thing as a rabbit-hutch big enough for a house to hold the men and women.

A rabbit-hutch is very easily made ; it consists of an oblong-square box ; that means, that it is longer one way than it is the other. You have only to cut out straight strips, on one side leaving bars and open spaces extending a little more than half the length of the side, and then in the square a door must be cut. The rabbit-hutch will have to be provided with a little stand, which can either be made separately and the hutch pasted upon it, or else you could make the stand, front and back, all of one piece of card with the front and back of the hutch. You might cut out and paint a rabbit, and place it inside if you like.

If you had sufficient space in your back yard you might make a tool-house, or a dog-kennel, or a kind of shed with a back wall to it, but the roof resting on slight pillars in front. We may also suppose that the house is under repair, and you might then put a short card-ladder against it. Perhaps you would like to make a washing-tub with raised handles on either side. This should be painted a light wood-colour, with lines drawn down the sides, to show where the separate boards meet. One

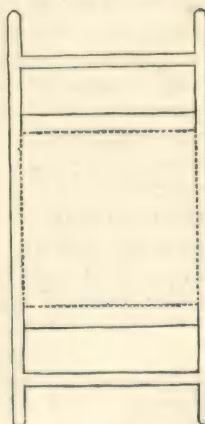


FIG. 5.—TABLE.

of you might practise cutting out a wheelbarrow also, and various other things, which I leave for you to think about, as I always think that it is twice as entertaining to plan some fresh thing oneself, and find out the way to cut out and paint it, without any further directions than the general ones given before.

I suggested your making a pump and trough, and I supplied you with a little woodcut, and you need only to follow the directions given for a house and roof to compose the whole thing for yourself. Cut a small hole for the spout of the pump, and fix in the little roll of card. I should get a scrap of that bright steel-coloured paper, and paste it round the spout to look like metal, and also on the pump-handle. And you might also make the bands round a tub of the same, instead of painting them ; and a little scrap of iron or steel wire would answer well for the iron handle of the tub, as well as for many other little things, which are amongst those which I leave you to think of for yourselves.

To cut out a chair is also very easy (see Fig. 4). I have laid the pattern flat to show how it looks, but to cut it out it must be folded together all down the middle of the back and seat. Where the dotted lines appear you must fold back the legs and gum the part lined under the seat. Then bend the back upright, and the four legs down to support the seat. A couple of little straps of paper can then be gummed across between the two front legs and the two back ones, to form the rungs. I have cut them square, but you can make them more ornamental to resemble turned legs.

A table (see Fig. 5) is made much after the same plan as a chair. The sides—of which the legs are a continuation—should be turned under the table and gummed to it, and the small flaps at the ends

bent down. Rungs should be fastened on to keep the legs together in their proper place.

A child's cradle (see Fig. 6) can be made in two ways—either by bending a straight slip of paper,

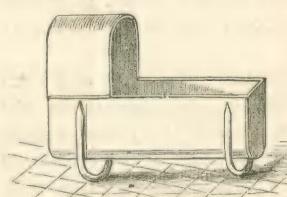


FIG. 6.—CRADLE.

like a piece of tape, leaving the foot end rounded and the head end in sharp corners, and one end lapping round the other side so as to make a flat head end, and by pressing down the bottom of the cradle into it, and fixing it in place as you would a floor ; or else by making the bottom and sides in one with an oblong square of card, leaving the underneath rounded, and putting a flat head and

foot piece. The rockers can be gummed up on each side of the body part, and left bowed out underneath it; but take care that the two straps—of either stout white paper or cardboard—be made exactly alike, and are gummed on very evenly, so that the cradle may stand and rock well upon them. The head of the cradle is a straight piece of card or paper, the ends of which, when it is bent round, should be tucked inside the body of the cradle, just at the square head end. A scrap of pink or white tissue-paper can be gathered-in at top, tied to the right depth, and sewed or gummed in place, and the two ends can be drawn together and gummed, to shut up the back, and the two ends fall down on either side, like curtains. The cradle can be covered with coloured paper inside and out.

A windmill is made as you make a pump, only you must cut one or two little windows, and paste in some coarse net for the panes of glass; and the house or top part of the mill should be placed on a larger square building, painted, to look like stonework or brick, in little oblong squares. But you must take care to make the upper or tower-like part of the mill long enough for the sails when they turn round to pass clear of the wider part which makes the foundation. The top portion of the mill should be marked with lines round, to look as if made of laths of wood; and the much-sloping sides of the roof in the same way, just like the pump. I have given a sketch of the sails (see Fig. 7). Cut a broad cross, and then shape it.

I will now show you how to make a cart and horses. I give a flat sketch of the cart, when the first

cutting has been done (see Fig. 8), showing the sides, ends, and bottom of the cart. When bent up, so as to make the corners meet, bind them with strips of gummed paper. The front part is

marked A. Next cut out a pair of shafts, and gum them flat along the lower part of each side. Cut out the wheels by laying a shilling or larger coin on a card, marking the circle with a pencil,

and then cutting away the card so as to make an upright, and a St. Andrew's Cross, in all eight spokes. If you cannot draw a horse, get a wood-cut and gum it on card, and cut it out. You will require two, for, while the cart is wide, the

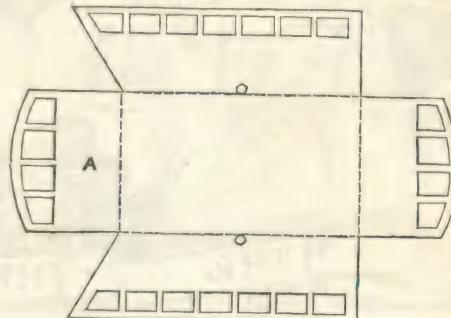


FIG. 8.—CART.

horse is only the width of the card; so I should advise you to gum a horse on each shaft. The wheels should be attached to the cart by means of a hair-pin pierced through the sides, so as to lie along the bottom of the vehicle (touching it), exactly in the centre, each point of the pin being passed through the centre of each wheel respectively, and then bent down to catch it (by means of a small pair of pliers). A piece of white paper may be gummed over the bottom of the cart so as to hide the black pin. Bridles may be put on the horses, and short ones crossing each other from one head to the other, to keep them together, and fill in the space between them. And now, with one more easily-made toy, I will bring my instructions about cardboard toys to an end.

A dancing-man (see Fig. 1) is made by first cutting out the head and trunk all in one, and the arms and upper and lower parts of the legs all separately. Let the arms be laid on the back of the shoulders as the shoulder-blades lie. Make a good knot in a thread of purse-silk, and with a needle pass the latter through the upper part of the shoulder-blade and the shoulder, and make another good knot close up to the body in front, and cut off the end. Do the same at the hips, and at the knees, so as to put all together with a single thread, as a second stitch anywhere would prevent any movement. Then pass a short piece of silk across from the lower parts of each shoulder-blade, and another short piece across from the overlapping tops of each upper leg. Then fasten a long thread to the centres of each of these short strings, and when the long thread is pulled the arms and legs will dance about in a most wonderful fashion.

S. C.

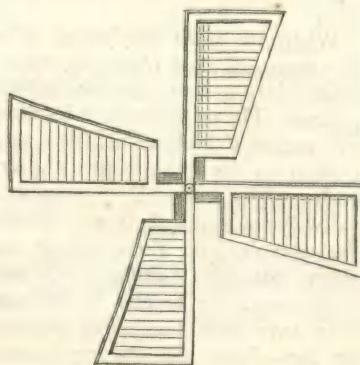
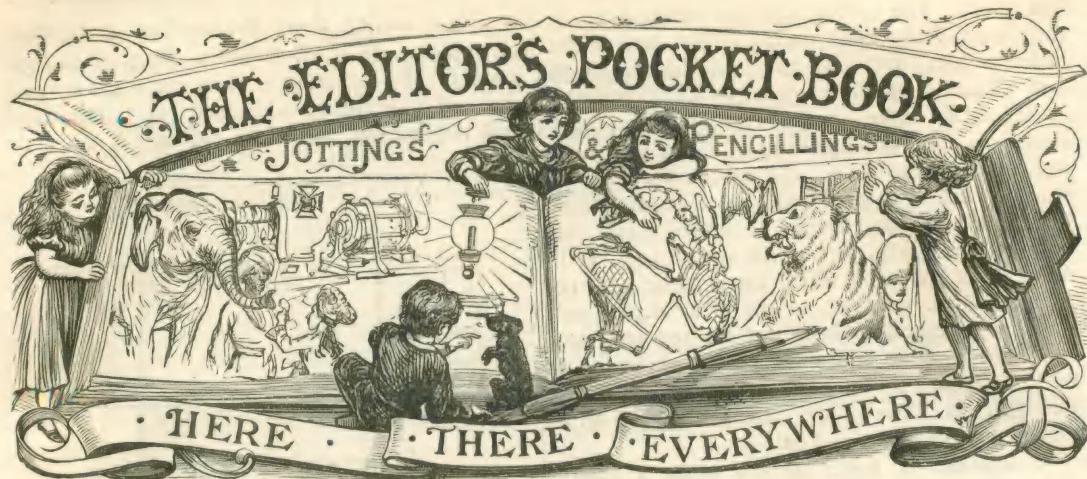


FIG. 7.—SAILS OF THE MILL.



### Something about the Zulus.

The Zulus live in a beautiful and fertile land in which they have two harvests every year, and need scarcely do more than scratch the soil and sow their seed, to secure an abundance of vegetable food. There are rich pastures on which large herds of cattle feed, so that beef is plentiful, and as the bush, or *hlanzi*, as they call it, is full of antelopes, wild boars, and buffaloes (to say nothing of larger game), and many of the men are keen hunters, they are particularly well off for meat. They are also great lovers of beer which has been compared to thin gruel made with weak hock, and though this beverage is not very intoxicating, they drink such quantities of it in the course of the day, that they are sleepily stupid by night. The Zulu idea of perfect happiness is plenty of beef, beer, and nothing to do but just to sit still, eat, drink, and listen to whatever news and gossip any one may be able to tell them. The women do all the field and garden work, with the exception of hoeing the king's corn, which is done by the men who present themselves at the royal kraal every spring for this purpose. There is, however, one particular office which women are forbidden under pain of death to perform, and that is, milking the cows, which is always done by men or boys.

They are a remarkably superstitious people, and believe devoutly in signs, omens, and dreams. A man will not go out hunting if he has had a dream of ill-success on the previous night; and if he has a wonderful escape from danger or accident, always attributes it to the care of his *Ehloze*, or guardian angel. Their ideas of a Creator are very indistinct, and consist merely in a tradition that the "big one of all" brought their nation originally "out of the reeds," and missionaries have not been welcome

among them, because King Cetewayo has always thought, that if he once admitted them, a foreign army would soon follow, and, to use his own expression, "eat him up."

### Reasoning Powers of Birds and Animals.

The knowledge of time by birds and animals is very curious, and one must give them credit for great accuracy in their reasoning with regard to it. How soon the dog finds out which day is Sunday, and never thinks of offering to accompany his master to church. How soon, too, he finds out the time for his master to come home, and begins to be restless and expectant as soon as the hour draws near for his return. Birds, too, know the time, and long before their food is scattered for them, may be seen congregating in expectation of it.

When we were staying at Würzburg we had an opportunity of observing this. The windows looked into a courtyard where there were several pigeons. The primitive hour for dinner in Würzburg was twelve o'clock, or a little past, and it was our custom to feed the pigeons after it. It was a curious sight to see the pigeons at about a quarter to twelve winging their way to the roofs opposite the window, and there taking up their station, sitting patiently waiting until it was opened. No sooner was the handle of the casement touched than over flew the seven pigeons and perched on the window-sill, eagerly devouring the scraps that were given to them.

But the more we observe the ways of animals, the more we are impressed with a sense of their wonderful instinct, which amounts in many to a reasoning power. An instance of this came under our notice not long since. Two dogs were eating

bones on a small lawn, at some little distance from each other. Suddenly one of them was attracted by something or other, and ran off to see what was the matter, leaving his bone on the grass. No sooner had he gone than the other dog brought his bone to the place where his companion had been, dropped it there, and taking up the bone that the other dog had left, returned to his own place with it, and quietly gnawed at it as if he had never stirred away when his friend had gone off. The other dog returned, but did not discover the exchange that had been made.

#### Kashgar Children.

Kashgar is one of the four rich, fertile, well-watered provinces into which Chinese Tartary

found to be a thriving agricultural people of mixed nationalities, the greater part being half Kirghiz, and half Persian, with a sprinkling of Chinese, Kalmucks and Toonghanees, who, though of Chinese birth, are Mahometans in creed and customs. Children swarm in the streets and are usually fat, round-cheeked, and happy-looking. This is not to be wondered at, as beef costs only about a penny a pound, and a good dinner of several courses may be had for three halfpence. Both sexes wear the same dress, a wadded *chogah*, descending below the knees and often to the feet, which are naked in youth, but adorned with shoes of the most fanciful description in later years; and a fur cap frequently completes the costume. A



KASHGAR CHILDREN.

is divided, and it lies to the north of the Hindoo Koosh mountains, which are the natural barrier between India and Afghanistan. Between this range and the valleys of Kashgar stretches the Pamir Steppe, a tract of barren country which is called by the natives "the roof of the world."

Very little was known about this part of Asia until a British Embassy was sent there in 1873, to arrange a commercial treaty with Yakoob Beg, and the Khans who ruled, like him, over their own small but flourishing countries. The object of this expedition was to pave the way for Manchester goods and the tea now grown in the Himalayas to be bought and sold in the bazaars of Yarkund and Kashgar, which latter kingdom, and especially its capital, is thought likely to become the most important market of Central Asia. The inhabitants were

baby's cradle is roughly made of bamboo, open at both sides with the exception of a couple of canes by means of which the occupant is able to pull itself up, and at the bottom there is an arrangement by which it can be carried by staves like a palanquin. Education is given by the Mollahs, but is not of a very first-rate character, and many of the schools are endowed by charitable persons.

#### The Career of William Pitt.

The childhood of this statesman was marked by the promise of his future greatness. His father, the Earl of Chatham, early foretold that his boy would one day be the first man in the senate.

One day a member of Parliament proposed taking young William and his elder brother John to hear a debate at the House of Commons, but

Lord Chatham would only allow the elder brother to go, "for" he said, "if William hears any arguments of which he does not approve, he will rise to controvert them; and young as he is he has not even in that able assembly many equals in knowledge, reasoning, and eloquence."

Lord Chatham entertained the most ardent affection for his son. He assisted in his early education, and ever gave him the best advice. When only fourteen Pitt could read with ease the Latin authors. But he seems to have been as much beloved for his amiable disposition and liveliness as for his talents, and his tutors commended him in the *highest* terms for his diligence and regularity. He passed through college life brilliantly, and there was scarcely a Latin or Greek author with whom he was not acquainted.

In 1778 Pitt lost his father. He was then nineteen years of age. In 1780, at the age of twenty-one, he was called to the bar, and Lord Mansfield prophesied success for him if he continued in the profession; but Pitt preferred a political career, and in 1781 was returned to Parliament for Appleby. And in the twenty-fourth year of his age he was made Premier. So extraordinary a career at such an early age seldom falls to the lot of man; but one sees throughout that Pitt did not, as so many possessed of talents are wont to do, allow himself to be idle on the strength of them. He worked diligently at home with his tutor, at school at Eton, at college, at the bar, and in his political career.

#### True Friends.

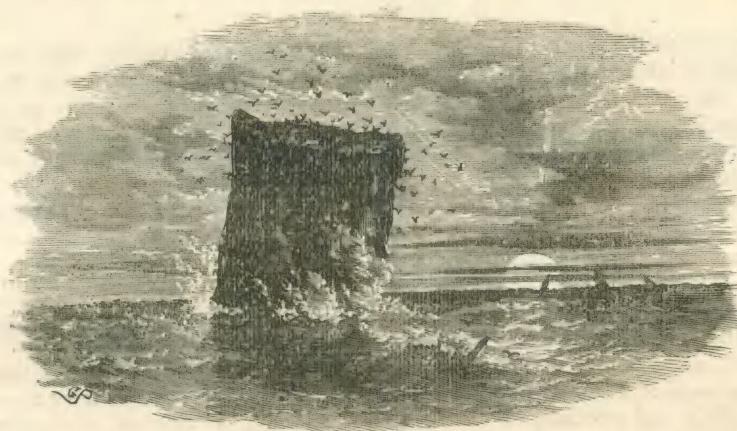
The protective friendships of large dogs to smaller ones is often displayed in a manner showing both judgment and sagacity. A gentleman passing often through a certain street was in the habit of noticing

two dogs which appeared to have formed a friendship for one another. One day he observed the smaller one eating a bone, surrounded by numerous curs trying to deprive him of the coveted prize. The large dog, from his master's shop opposite, was watching the proceedings, and after awhile, seeing that the small dog was likely to be overpowered, he rose, shook himself, and marched over to his friend, dispersed the crowd of dogs molesting him in a very summary manner, and then returned to the door of his master's shop, where he lay watching his little neighbour with evident satisfaction.

A similar instance of protective care occurred many years ago in the neighbourhood of Falkirk. A farmer had a mastiff which went to church every Sunday in company with a small mongrel. The way to church lay through a street where lived a butcher who kept many dogs—some of them very quarrelsome and noisy; these dogs had often evinced a desire to interfere with the little mongrel, but were restrained by a wholesome fear of his giant protector. One Sunday, however, the little dog himself began an attack, and was getting the worst of the battle, when his friend quietly took him up by the neck and carried him some distance, until he was beyond reach of his foes, he then placed him gently on the ground, and the two jogged on together.

#### The Meal-Sack Rock.

About twenty miles from the coast of Iceland, standing right out in the ocean opposite the harbour of Reykjavik, is a peculiar rock, called the Meal-Sack, from its resemblance to the shape of a sack of meal. It is a favourite haunt of gulls and other sea-birds, which swarm around it at all times, and especially in stormy weather.



THE MEAL-SACK.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

"TRUE FRIENDS." (See p. 310.)

# Ladybird! Ladybird!

OLD RHYME.

Set to Music by J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.D.

**VOICE.**

1. La - dy - bird ! la - dy - bird ! fly a - way home, The field mouse has gone to her  
 2. La - dy - bird ! la - dy - bird ! fly a - way home, The glow-worm is light -ing his  
 3. La - dy - bird ! la - dy - bird ! fly a - way home, The fai - ry bells tin - kle a -

**PIANO.**

rest ;..... The dai - sies have shut up their sleep - y red eyes, And the  
 lamp ;..... The dew's fall - ing fast, and your fine spec - kled wings Will be  
 far ;..... Make haste, or they'll catch you and har - ness you fast, With a

bees and the birds are at rest..... So la - dy - bird ! la - dy - bird !  
 wet with the close cling - ing damp..... So la - dy - bird ! la - dy - bird !  
 cob - web, to O - be - ron's car..... So la - dy - bird ! la - dy - bird !

fly a - way, fly a - way, La - dy - bird, fly a - way home.....



## LITTLE RHYMES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

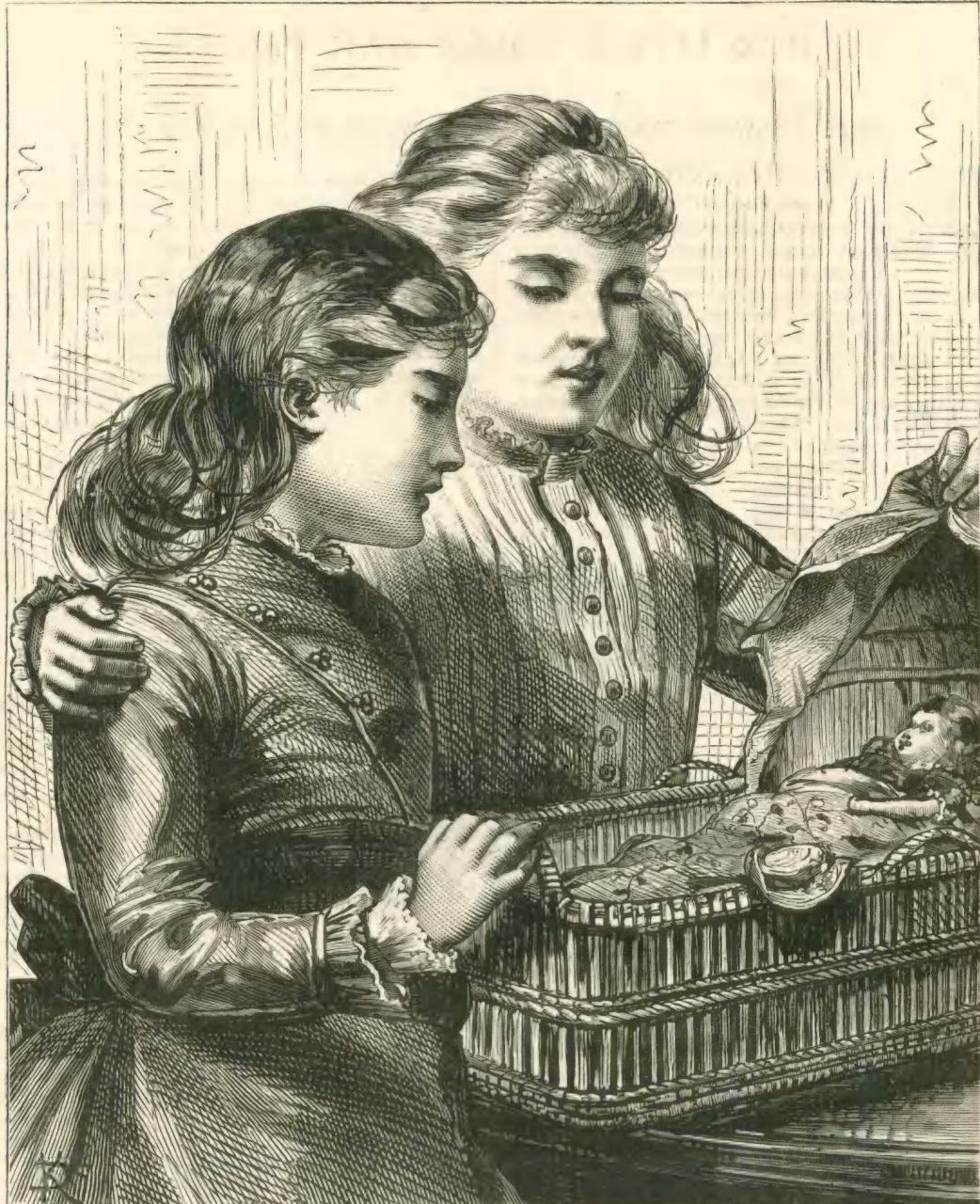
### PUNCH'S SHOW.

THERE once was a showman of Ross  
Who was very unfeeling and cross ;  
When the children all ran,  
And said to the man,  
“We want to see Punch play'd at Ross,”  
He answered them, “Where is your cash?  
To play without pay would be rash.”  
And as they had none  
The showman went on,  
Saying, “Punch can play only for cash.”

### THE ORGAN GRINDER.

THERE once was a man of Verona,  
Who was of a monkey the owner ;  
He taught it to beg,  
And stand on one leg,  
Whilst the organ he played at Verona.  
He travelled away then to Dover,  
His monkey and organ brought over,  
And made money so fast,  
That before a year passed  
He went home, and is living in clover.





ROCKABY Dolly, the cradle is new,  
From the shop father has brought it  
for you.

One o'clock, two o'clock, three and  
away,

Dolly shall have on her silk frock to-day.  
Four o'clock, five o'clock—five! can it  
be?

Get out the tea-cups and let us have  
tea.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

PRIZE ANSWERS TO PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS (*p. 128*).

## FIRST PRIZE ANSWER.

## A MOORISH CITY.

**I**N the northern part of Africa are situated two countries, Barbary and Morocco by name, inhabited chiefly by a dark-skinned, well-formed people known as Moors. Principally dwelling in the towns, they constitute, for the most part, the tradesmen, merchants, artisans, and farmers, although a few lead the lives of shepherds.

The picture on page 128 of LITTLE FOLKS is a representation of a street in one of their towns. To the right of this picture may be seen the booths or small shops common to all Eastern cities. These are open to the street, and do not in the least resemble our shops; in fact, to a European observer they seem nothing more nor less than slight recesses in the walls, and it has often been a subject of wonder to travellers how business can be carried on in such places. However, it is carried on, and the goods are displayed in so tasteful and tempting a manner as to entice most strangers to buy things they have little or no need for. It is a common thing to see during the hottest part of the day, when business is almost altogether neglected on account of the heat, the customers or neighbours of the owner of one of these shops enjoying, in true Oriental fashion, the pleasures of gossiping and story-telling.

However, it must not be supposed that the inhabitants of Barbary and Morocco are altogether Moors. On the contrary, there are representatives of many nations and peoples. Of these may be mentioned Europeans, Bedouins, Jews, Turks, and Negroes. In the picture one of the men, from his dress, seems to be a Jew, and another a Negro.

The customary dress of Moors living in the towns consists of a long narrow strip of woollen cloth, in length about five ells, in breadth one and a half. This, which is known by the name of "haique," is worn thrown over the shoulders, and then fastened round the body. With a pair of slippers, a cap or turban, and a hood, it forms the dress of the people. One of the pests of a city of this kind is the great number of lean and hungry dogs which prowl about the streets in all directions. To the left of the picture, two of these may be seen lazily basking in the sun; while in the background we catch a glimpse of what seems to be one of the chief streets

of the city. Along this street a person of the higher rank is seen riding on horseback, with the proverbial sandal-like stirrups, which are always so short that the knees of the rider are on a level with the horse's back.

The streets of such a city as that depicted on page 128 are usually very narrow, so as to protect the passers by from the fierce rays of a tropical sun, and are, to say the least, not very clean. They have no pavements, and the thoroughfare is, to a greater or less extent, much hindered by the only scavengers, the dogs, who lie in the centre of the street, and will rather be trampled on by horses, camels, and human beings than move out of the way.

The chief manufactures of a Moorish city consist of caps, fine silks, and leather. In the production of the last-mentioned article, the Moors far excel Europeans, as they are able to render almost any kind of leather soft and white by the use, it is said, of two plants indigenous to the soil of Barbary and Morocco, but unknown to Europeans. They likewise excel in producing those bright and beautiful colours in leather which are so much sought after and admired.

Yet another peculiarity, which I had almost forgotten to mention, is the bazaar, one of which every town of any considerable size invariably possesses. Here all the business is transacted and all the scandal and gossip discussed.

To conclude, much has been and may be said against the

atmosphere and general cleanliness of our cities, but any who complain—and it may be justly—of these, were they to visit such a city as it has been my poor endeavour to describe, would be once and for all most effectually silenced on this point; for notwithstanding what "Arabian Nights" and other beautiful and poetical Oriental tales tell us, our northern cities may well seem as Paradises when compared with those of the East. Of nothing, then, than an Oriental city can it be more truly or aptly said that "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

ROBERT OSWALD.

1, Alfred Place,  
Newington, Edinburgh.

(Aged 14.)

Certified as wholly original by JOHN OSWALD.



MOORISH CHILDREN.

## SECOND PRIZE ANSWER.

MOROCCO AND THE MOORS.

**T**HE "Picture Wanting Words" is, I think, the Moorish town Morocco, which is the capital of the country of the same name. It is in the northern part of Africa. The people believe in Mahomet, and are called Mussulmans or Mahometans. Their churches, or mosques, are very large. The inhabitants are Moors, Arabs, and Jews ; there are also a number of slaves. The men wear very loose trousers tied tight round the ankle, tunics, and turbans, which are a covering for the head, and are pieces of white linen wound round several times. When a Moor wants to pay respect, instead of taking off his turban, he takes off his shoes. Their clothes are generally white. The women have the same trousers and tunics on, to which are fastened petticoats, that come about down to their knees ; they have a veil over their heads, which covers all but their eyes, and nearly reaches their ankles ; they are also dressed in white, because of the heat. The children are dressed much the same ; the boys generally wear a fez. Slippers made of leather are generally used. Almost everybody smokes a long pipe called a chibouque ; there are also pipes in which the smoke passes through water called Narghitès. Moors are good riders ; they use horses called barbs. Like all Eastern people, they ride with very short stirrups, and have very long pointed spurs. There is a space where Jews live, divided off from the rest. The bazaar is that part of the town in which are all the shops. In Eastern countries all the shops of one kind are together, and have an open front, and are very small, in the middle of which sits the shopkeeper, with all his goods round him, smoking his chibouque, waiting for a buyer. When one appears he always asks about two or three times as much as he expects to get, so that it is a long time before the price gets down. The Jews carry on most of the trade, especially with the Negroes, to whom they send caravans laden with manufactured goods, and have in return slaves, gold, and ivory ; caravans also go to Mecca to take people to worship. The animals are chiefly lions, tigers, and wild boars ; there are also snakes. The fruits are oranges, lemons, figs, and a great many more. Morocco is famous for its leather made of goat-skin. In the picture you can see the buying, and observe they are dressed as I have said before, some with the tops of their fezes peeping above their turbans, and some with the hoods of their burnouses over their heads. Moors are of a copper colour. There are always plenty of dogs called Parials, that roam about the streets picking up all the refuse, and they do not belong to anybody. Over the windows and doors there are beautiful tracings. Morocco is governed by an emperor. The shops in the picture all appear to have slippers hanging in the windows ; probably the shopkeepers in that part of the bazaar are shoemakers. And now I must finish about Morocco.

JOHN S. LIDDELL.  
(Aged 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)Rodlease,  
Lymington, Hants.

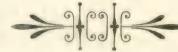
Certified by E. H. ELERS.

## LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour :—ROBERT OSWALD (14), 1, Alfred Place, Newington, Edinburgh. Second Prize, with Officer's Medal :—JOHN S. LIDDELL (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Rodlease, Lymington,*

Hants. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—IDA BLANCHE MITCHELL (10), Ballinure, Grange Con, Athy, Ireland ; LILLIAN H. HENDERSON (10), 24, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, London, N.W. ; ROBERT L. BRYDEN (12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), 15, Dalhousie Street, Glasgow ; CLIFFORD G. JONES (15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Nicholas Street, Pontypool, Monmouth ; STEWART ROBINSON (11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), St. Catherine's Lodge, Cambridge ; EILA BAILLIE (11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Loch Loy, Laird, Scotland.

[The locality of this picture seems to have puzzled some of my young readers, and very few discovered that it was a scene in Morocco. The following are some of the places given in the letters received by me :—Alexandria, Cairo, Constantinople, Kabul, Algeria, Damascus, Tunis, Bagdad, Mecca, Beyrouth, Palestine, Calcutta, Cyprus.—Ed.]



## NORHAM CASTLE.

**N**OW Norham Castle is old and grey,  
All its grand turrets are mould'ring away,  
Just like a leaf on an autumn day,  
Mould'ring away, mould'ring away.

Not any ivy o'er it will creep,  
There it stands, a desolate keep,  
All its strong wall a ruined heap,  
Crumbling away, crumpling away.

There beside it the Tweed glides by ;  
There above it the wild birds fly ;  
Far o'erhead the clouds in the sky  
Floating away, floating away.

MARY LOUISA GRETT.  
*Birch Hill, Norham-on-Tweed.* (Aged 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
Certified by E. R. MURRAY, Governess



## THE LOST MOUSE.

**L**OST for ever, lost for ever  
Was the food she loved so well ;  
And the kitten, though so clever,  
Could not track it to its cell.

Long she sought it, sought it vainly ;  
In her face a change appeared,  
And her mews were loud and piteous,  
And her whiskers white and seared.

And this kitten, once so playful,  
Now is prematurely old ;  
And one morning, near the filter,  
She was found quite stiff and cold.

Many tears were shed upon her  
By the children of the house ;  
And they said, while tears flowed faster,  
" 'Twas the fault of naughty mouse."

MAUD V. VERNON.  
*Old Trafford, Manchester.* (Aged 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
Certified by MRS. G. V. VERNON.



## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**M**Y first is a bird with a very long bill ;  
If my second could catch him he'd eat him at will ;  
My third is a part of the human frame ;  
My fourth is a Jewish and Christian name ;  
My fifth is brought from climes far away ;  
In my sixth some children are oft sent to play.  
Initials read downwards a battle will name,  
And finals a prince who fought at the same.

MATILDA C. HARDY.

(Aged 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)Park House,  
East End, Finchley.

## SINGLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials will form a proverb.

1. A boy's name.
2. A fruit-tree.
3. A quadruped.
4. A verb.
5. A fluid often used.
6. A part of speech.
7. A measure.
8. A vowel.
9. A short sleep.
10. A little flower.
11. What soldiers do.
12. A public conveyance.
13. A dried fruit.
14. A colour.
15. A bird.
16. A well-known fish.

MARGARET HALL.  
(Aged 13.)Hall Garth House,  
Hexham.

## KNIGHT'S TOUR.

A quotation from Shakespeare, beginning with the word "So."

So	a	mer-chants,	home,	in	they	stings,	correct
venture	others	nature,	have	make	at	rule	kingdom
teach	work	king,	like	which	home.	magis-trates,	their
and	trade	with	bring	sum-mer's	boot	peopled	a
the	the	the	buds ;	merry	pillage	in	like
abroad	officers	march	they	upon	velvet	by	a
act	honey	sorts ;	like	order	creatures	some,	armed
of	others,	of	bees ;	where	soldiers,	to	that,

Monkwood, Maybole, N.B.

CHARLOTTE L. PATERSON,  
(Aged 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

**T**HE letters read downwards from left to right will form the name of a country.

1. A Turkish title.
2. An unbeliever.
3. Calculation by symbols.
4. A million of millions.
5. A silk fabric.
6. Graceful, refined.
7. A small dagger.

EDITH M. WALES.

(Aged 15.)

Downham, Norfolk.

## SINGLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form a text in the Bible.

1. The place where Ahaziah was slain.
2. The son of Ruth.
3. One of the sons of Jesse.
4. The son of Abraham.
5. The wife of Abraham.
6. One of the books of the Old Testament.
7. A great prophet.
8. The wife of King Ahasuerus.
9. One of the children of the prophets.

ADA WILLIAMSON.  
(Aged 13.)

133, High Holborn, London.

## LOGOGRYPH.

**T**HE initials AM a word of ten letters.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is part of one's body.

My 4, 2, 8 is an animal.

My 8, 9, 2, 10 is a drop of salt water.

My 10, 2, 1 is an animal with horns.

My 5, 6, 2, 10, 8 is what I live by.

My 5, 6, 3 is a fowl.

The whole is the name of a large town in England.

## ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials give the name of a country of Europe.

1. The name of a country in the south of Europe.
2. A large town in Scotland.
3. A city of Italy.
4. A town of India.

5. A country of Asia.  
6. One of the United States.  
7. A county of England.

The Parsonage, Leith. WILLIAM G. JACKSON (12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ).

## MESOSTICH.

**T**HE centrals name a city of southern climes,  
Which was very famous in olden times.

Me every British soldier did once possess ;

In me you see a babe which you caress ;

In the time of the gods I was seen in a wood.

All little dogs are like me if they're good.

Apsley Guise, Woburn, Beds.

ETHEL PAGE (14.).

## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

In this Puzzle 52 words are to be found ; what are they ?



The words are represented by the pictures, and by the pictures in conjunction with the surrounding letters.



## ANAGRAMS ON ANIMALS.

**T**HE words and letters in italics are the anagrams.

## I.

As I rush from the jungle, and with my great feet  
Tramp on all that may lie in my way,  
*Then pale* turns the hunter, and, lest he may meet  
With a terrible fate, flees away.

## II.

Along *my road, red*, sandy, hot,  
To carry burdens is my lot,  
And 'neath the sultry Eastern sun  
Over the deserts I must run.

## III.

I love to roll about in the mud ;  
To me 'tis a pleasure untold ;  
*For no riches* to me can be so dear  
As the mud which lies on the Nile-banks here ;  
To me 'tis more precious than gold.

## IV.

I run as swift as eagles fly,  
I love to roam on mountains high,  
And I can spring o'er ravines deep,  
Where after me you dare *not leap*.

## V.

*Up ! O prince*, come hunt me out,  
For I am not afraid ;  
The armour sharp upon my back  
To me is of great aid.

NELLIE RUDD.  
(Aged 14.)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**F**HE initials and finals read downwards form the names of two celebrated authors.

1. A town in Somerset.
2. A county in Ireland.
3. Capital of Thibet.
4. A river in Russia.
5. A mountain range in Germany.
6. A county in Scotland.
7. A river in Africa.
8. A province in Spain.
9. A town in South America.
10. A town in the Indian Archipelago.
11. A gulf in Italy.

HELEN HOPE.  
(Aged 14.)

3, Elm Terrace, Beech Street,  
Fairfield, Liverpool.



In reply to LISA's question, JESSIE BRIDGE, NELLIE WARNER, FREDERICK T. POWELL, P. APPLETON, and PAULINE FERRAND send answers to this effect:—Godfrey de Bouillon died 1100, returning from an expedition against the Sultan of Damascus. It is said that he was poisoned with some fruit sent to him by the Emir of Cæsarea.

FRANCIS and ANNA D'ARCY, Rock Glen, Clifden, Galway; F. T. BOLTON, 31, Cavendish Square, Margaret Street, Hull; H. M. VEALE, Constitution Place, Sprowston, Norwich; KATE ROBSON, 1, Hadleigh Villas, Wood Lane, Highgate; MARY LORD, Lock House, Castleton, near Manchester, will be glad to help in the collection of postage stamps if they are of any real use.

TWEEDLEDUM asks:—"Will any little folks kindly tell me what the initials A E I mean?"—[The letters form the Greek word *aει*, *for ever*.—ED.]

ANNIE CARVER.—[A paper on Rag Dolls and Animals was published in LITTLE FOLKS for May, 1878.—ED.]

ETHEL PARSONS writes:—"As I live in a country place, and do not know where to procure the lens spoken of, would E. W. kindly say where she obtained hers?"

In answer to L. S., TAG, GWENDOLINE HAMILTON, MURIEL WHITEFORD, and NELL HARLOCK all agree that in the winter a canary should be kept in a room where there is a fire, and the cage be covered over at night with a shawl or something warm.

A. G. WELSFORD; ADAM AND EVE; E. M. T.; EDITH; T. RIX; E. C. OWEN; A. M. BARTHOLOMEW; C. S. VAUGHAN; MARY NOËL.—[See special notices as to Prize Competitions for 1879 on next page.—ED.]

FLORENCE S. DE KANTZON.—[All readers of LITTLE FOLKS are eligible for the competitions, whether they buy the magazine at a bookseller's or from the publishers.—ED.]

A. E. BEZANT.—[Readers of *all* sects and denominations may compete for the prizes offered in LITTLE FOLKS.—ED.]

DAISY asks:—"Firstly, if for the single dolls in costume the dolls may be bought? Secondly, is it allowable to buy their shoes and stockings? And, thirdly, should the name of the subject be put at the bottom?"—[1. Yes. 2. Yes; but it is better to make them, if possible. 3. Yes.—ED.]

M. C. T. F.—[1. The size of the dolls is left to your discretion. 2. More credit is given if the dolls are made to undress.—ED.]

CATHERINE VAN ZYL.—[In the "Editor's Pocket-Book" for January you will find the information you require.—ED.]

L. H. HAMILTON.—[No to both of your questions.—ED.]

RENÉE FERRAND.—[Puzzles in French may be sent to me.—ED.]

EVA GLOSTER.—[All contributors to our Little Folks' own pages must be under sixteen years of age.—ED.]

ANNIE.—[Yes; your group should be fixed.—ED.]

LILLIE.—[Yes.—ED.]

QUICKSILVER.—[The pictures can be treated as you wish.—ED.]

JOSIAH MACKAY.—[1. The senders of puzzles also send the answers. 2. No. 3. No.—ED.]

E. J. G.—[1. It is not absolutely necessary to use the LITTLE FOLKS Paint Box, but it is recommended: 2. Yes.—ED.]

TAG.—[1. See answer to WEIVIE. 2. Yes; dry colours may be used instead of moist, if preferred.—ED.]

In answer to SCARLET RUNNER's question about Lord Macaulay's riddle, FLORRIE BURNES, EMILY BENNETT, W. J. MOORE, MARY DEBENHAM, M. E. T., A. K. R. T., HELEN, M. BARBER, W. J. HENDRY, M. A. F., CAROLINE A. BIGG, GARI, E. A. STILL, EDITH L. WEBB, DORA WINCHESTER, NORA BRIGGS, PAULINE FERRAND, M. C. T. F., W. EW BANK, and T. T. CLEAVE all agree that the riddle is Lord Macaulay's, and give it, with slight variations, as follows:—

"Cut off my head, and singular I act;  
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;  
Cut off both head and tail, to nothing I contract,  
Nothing to blind man's touch or wise man's ear."

"What is my head cut off? The ocean tide.  
What is my tail cut off? A shining river.  
And through their mighty depths I fearless glide,  
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever."

Answer—“COD.”

KATIE WETHEREL.—[Competitors should not be helped in the spelling of their compositions.—ED.]

WIEVIE and others ask whether they may be allowed to compete in the special competitions for 1879 if they send in their work before they reach the age prescribed in the regulations, as before the 15th of October they will have passed the age specified?—[Yes; they may compete on these conditions.—ED.]

TAG writes to ask:—If she dressed a party of dolls in a drawing-room for the competition in LITTLE FOLKS, would she have to *make all* the furniture, or may she buy it?—[The furniture may be bought in such a case, as the competition is for groups of dolls in costume.—ED.]

T. BROCK.—[1. See regulations. 2. No.—ED.]

F. E. J.—[This is left to your own discretion.—ED.]

KATE ROBSON.—[Toys must not be made of wood in the competition for cardboard toys.—ED.]

ZINGARA.—[Yes, the clothes may be sewn with a machine, but more credit is given for hand-work.—ED.]

L. H.—[Yes; parents may in some cases certify work.—ED.]

DAVID CAMPBELL writes :—" In answer to J. M. BYRNE'S question about keeping a tortoise in winter, my father has kept one in his kitchen garden for thirteen years. When it gets cold, about October, it burrows in the ground, and we don't see it again till the warm weather. I think the reason it does not burrow in the greenhouse is because it does not feel cold."

TIGGY writes :—" In answer to the question of WALTER COWEN. Draw on a paper the subject you desire to paint. Lay it on a table, or any flat surface, and place the glass

over it ; then draw the outlines with a very fine pencil, in varnish mixed with black paint, and, when dry, fill up the other parts in their proper colours. Transparent colours must be used for this purpose, such as carmine, lake, Prussian blue, verdigris, sulphate of iron, tincture of Brazil wood, gamboge, &c.; and these must be tempered with a strong white varnish, to prevent their peeling off. Then shade them with black or white bistre, mixed with the same varnish."—A. K. C. also sends an answer somewhat to the same effect.

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR 1879.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

To meet the wishes of many Competitors it has been decided to enlarge the scope of the Seventh Competition for "Knitted Articles useful in Hospitals (Shawls, Jackets, Under-vests, and Crossovers)," and to admit Crocheted or Knitted articles of the kind mentioned.

In the case of the Painting Book Competition the name and address of the Competitor and the certificate should be written on the first page (the half-title) of the Painting Book. Paper or cloth copies of the book may be forwarded.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (Pages 252 and 253.)

#### REBUS.

#### PATIENCE.

P aul. A nanias. T homas. I dolatry. E mmanuel.  
N azareth. C harity. E lijah.

#### SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

#### MANASSEH.

1. M atthew. 2. A hab. 3. N umbers. 4. A aron.  
5. S olomon. 6. S arah. 7. E gypt. 8. H ezekiah.

#### PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

Ding, dong, bell,

The cat's in the well.

Who put her in ?

Little Johnny Green.

What a naughty boy was that

To drown poor pussy cat,

Who never did him any harm,

And killed all the mice in father's barn.

#### SINGLE ACROSTIC.

#### ENGLAND.

1. E arl. 2. N ose. 3. G oat. 4. L umbago. 5. A unt.  
6. N ormandy. 7. D ove.

#### BURIED NAMES.

Mars, Lethe, Hebe, Pan, Midas, Atlas.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. Calcutta on the Hooghly, one of the mouths of the Ganges ; this town is the capital of the British possession.
2. Berlin, situated on the river Spree, noted for its university, founded in 1810.

3. Cologne, on the Rhine, famed for its beautiful Gothic cathedral.

4. Rome, on the Tiber, capital of Italy, containing the residence of the Pope.

5. Dresden, on the Elbe, noted for its china.

6. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the north of England, celebrated for its coals.

7. Sydney on the east coast of Australia, celebrated for its fine harbour.

8. Mecca, a town in Arabia, famed for its coffee.

#### QUOTATION PUZZLE.

#### BYRON.

B rowning, Southe Y, Wo R dsworth, L O ngfellow,  
Bur N s.

#### ENIGMA.

A splinter in the finger.

#### PICTORIAL GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Cronstadt is a fortified town of Russia, and has a vast harbour, the chief station of the Russian marine. The port is divided into three parts—one for military purposes, another for refitting ships of war, and a third for loading and unloading merchant vessels. It is defended by ramparts and bastions. The town is also traversed by two navigable canals.

#### A RIDDLE.

What's beaten oft to pull the load?

A donkey, ass, a neddy.

What's clear as any crystal gem?

A river, stream, an eddy.

## NATURAL HISTORY WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour will be given for the best short and original description of this Picture. A smaller book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best description relatively to the age of the Competitor. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their letters must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of May, 1879 (the 15th of May for Competitors residing abroad).

## TWO FOURPENNY BITS.

By the Author of "Poor Nelly," "Tiny Houses," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XII.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



when Miss Martyn told the story of Emmy's sin to Mrs. Midhurst, the tears overflowed her eyes also, and they filled Mrs. Midhurst's as she listened.

Perhaps children don't know how really unhappy they make grown-up people when they commit bad faults. Now this was a very bad fault of which poor little Emmy was believed to be guilty. It was not only that she had spent the money which she had promised to keep for Eugenie, but she had spent it on a forbidden pleasure—the purchase of cakes. So she had been—or at least Mrs. Midhurst and Miss Martyn both thought she had been—mean, disobedient, deceitful, and greedy; and then, when detected, she had absolutely refused to confess. And this was Emmy, whom they all loved so dearly, and whom they all had believed to be a very good little girl.

Her punishment was evident. The price of the bird must be made up, without her having any share in it, and the bird must be taken to Eugenie while she was left at home in disgrace. That in itself would be punishment enough for Emmy; but it was impossible that the consequences of her fault should end there: she would, for a long time to come, feel herself in disgrace, and know that she had lost the good opinion of those about her. This would be felt by her all the more if she persisted in not confessing. A frank confession, evincing real repentance, would in some measure atone for what she had done, so that she would not feel herself so entirely separated from the others, as she must do if she were obstinately

silent. But Mrs. Midhurst said it would be better not to try to force confession from her, and then there would not be any more of such agitating scenes, that could only be bad for so young a child. She would speak to her once very seriously, and after that, if she did not own that she had bought the cakes, she must take and bear the punishment of not owning it; at the same time, as we have said, Mrs. Midhurst did not intend to urge confession on her, so as to perhaps tempt her to add falsehood to her other errors. She should take her fault for granted, without asking her if she had committed it, though careful to give her every opportunity for confessing it, if she would only do so.

A very melancholy party assembled round the tea-table that evening. The canary hanging in the window sang loudly and sweetly, but no one looked pleased at it. On the contrary, all eyes were averted, and the listeners also wished that they could have closed their ears. Emmy was not to come down, and her tea was taken up to her by Sarah, Mrs. Midhurst requesting Floss, who was eager to carry it, not to go near her as yet.

"It is better not, dear," she said, gently.

Then she looked round the table and asked where Louie was. Miss Martyn had been so entirely occupied by thoughts of poor little Emmy that she had quite forgotten Louie and her leg.

She told Mrs. Midhurst what had happened, and said she did not think there was much the matter. Louie always disliked walking, and tried to escape going out with them; and she did not care for Eugenie or the bird, and considered the whole thing a bore; and having slipped, and hurt her leg in the fall, Miss Martyn suspected she had made the most of it in order to avoid going with them to the farm.

While she was still speaking the door opened and Louie walked in, not at all lame, and looking remarkably well.

"I am as hungry as a hunter," she remarked, coolly, sitting down to the table, and commencing immediately on the bread-and-butter.

"How is your leg?" asked Miss Martyn.

"Quite well, thank you. I have been fast asleep, and I always sleep my legs off."

Sad as they all were, there was a suppressed titter at the mention of this curious fact.

"And how did the wonderful bird expedition progress?" asked she of Adelaide. "What did the wonderful Eugenie say to the wonderful canary?"

"We didn't go," replied Adelaide, shortly.

"Hello! Why not?"

Adelaide made no reply, and Louie looked from one to the other with her good-natured broad smile.

"Put it off till to-morrow, eh?" she asked.

"Yes; I suppose so," answered Adelaide.

Tea, usually a cheerful meal, where a great deal of chattering went on, passed very drearily this evening; nobody had anything to say, and nobody said anything. The grown-up ladies were as much out of spirits as the children themselves, and as little inclined for conversation.

*After tea* Mrs. Midhurst told Floss she wished to speak to her. They went into her own sitting-room.

"This is the saddest thing possible," said she "and I am sure, my dear, you feel it very much; but I want to ask you if the poor child has been unlike herself, and if you have observed anything before to-day which puzzled you, and is now accounted for."

Floss coloured crimson, coloured till the tears sprang into her eyes, and she looked deeply distressed.

"Yes," she said, "there were a great many little *things*—." She stopped a moment, though her sentence was unfinished.

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Midhurst, sighing deeply. "That could not help being the case. It is impossible that she could have carried it on without your suspecting it. And only think of her actually making the woman bring her cakes and tarts to the end of the garden late in the evening, and concealing it from any one—so daring and so very deceitful! Who could have suspected Emmy of such behaviour?"

"She did not do it!" said Floss, but, overwhelmed by the situation, she spoke in a very low voice, and Mrs. Midhurst went on without heeding her.

"One thing, however, appears certain, she cannot have done it for long, because, you see, she *had* only those two fourpenny bits, and that woman never sells anything on credit. I will tell you how I think it happened, Floss. I think she yielded to sudden temptation. She had run down the garden, and the woman must have been in the lane with cakes and tarts she had not sold during the day, and did not like taking home with her, and she persuaded Emmy to buy them. Emmy, very likely, carried the two fourpenny bits about with her, ready to give to you for the bird. And so it was not a planned deceit or disobedience after all, but a sudden temptation to which she yielded."

Quick as lightning Floss thought of all the circumstances that confirmed this more lenient theory,

and of the other circumstances that pointed to the conclusion that Emmy *had* parted with her two fourpenny bits before that evening that she had given them for the tarts which were to be brought in the dusk, and probably left where she could fetch them unsuspected. She remembered Emmy's miserable night after she had been met, as Charlotte declared, with the cakes, and how easily remorse might be the cause of such a night, and she did not forget that Charlotte, who had no motive whatever for saying what was untrue, even if she would have said it with a motive—which nothing in Charlotte justified her in believing—had declared that she had picked up and eaten a cheesecake dropped by Emmy.

But with all this evidence staring her in the face, and believing it all, still Floss's faith in her little Emmy remained unshaken. For, on the other side, came her knowledge of Emmy's character, her remembrance of all the sweet communion they had had together, and her *certainty* that Emmy was innocent and good. So faith, the most beautiful thing in the world, remained pure and strong in her heart to comfort Floss, and comforted by that, she opened her lips and spoke.

"I am quite sure Emmy did not do it."

"My dear Floss, would that I could say the same! But there is no getting over the proofs."

"There is no getting over the proofs the other way."

"But what are they, my dear Floss? There are none. I should be only too delighted if there were any single circumstance in her favour. No, my dear, it is all too evident. It is only foolish to try to shut our eyes to facts that cannot be contradicted."

"There are proofs, Mrs. Midhurst; indeed *there* are. Emmy herself is a proof stronger than anything against her."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Emmy *could not* do what you think she has done. I *know* Emmy, and I say she did not do it! And I would take my oath in a court of justice that she did not, without one moment's hesitation."

"My dear Floss! Pray do not talk so wildly."

"I am not talking wildly; indeed, indeed I am not! If you would only believe me! What can I do to make anybody believe me? My poor little Emmy, breaking your heart up there!"

"Some of the girls say she voted against giving you the money."

"I know she did. Oh yes, I cannot explain anything. I don't understand it in the least. The money was gone, and she had not *got* it to give me. I know that. She may have been foolish and

wrong—of course I know the darling has her faults—but she never spent Eugenie's money in buying cakes for herself, and concealed that she had done so."

"It grieves me to the heart, my dear Floss, that you should have such a disappointment and sorrow in store for you, as finding out that she *did* will be. Don't go into the other extreme *then*, and think you have been mistaken in her altogether, but try to remember that everybody is liable to yield to temptation, and unless we keep right, by prayer and battling against the wrong, any one of us may sin. Poor little Emmy has sinned grievously, but I think it was a sudden temptation overtook her. I have convinced myself of that."

"Mrs. Midhurst, may I go to her, and try and make her tell me the truth?"

"Indeed you may, Floss; only *don't* tell her you trust her still, for that will make confession a great deal more difficult."

Without another word, Floss ran up-stairs and entered the bedroom. Her heart smote her pitifully at the sight she saw. Emmy lay in a little crushed, tumbled heap on the floor, her face flushed and stained with the many tears she had wept, but the poor eyes that had shed the tears were closed in sleep, and the child was slumbering as placidly and happily as if neither sin nor sorrow had ever approached her. Emmy was still rich in one of the prerogatives of childhood—she could cry herself to sleep.

Floss longed to take her in her arms to kiss her and comfort her, and assure her that there was one faithful heart in that world of theirs that did not believe in her guilt; but she felt that it was better for the poor child, tired out by a suffering so unusual, to sleep in peace, if she could sleep, so she stole out of the room again, and returning to Mrs. Midhurst, told her what she had found.

"Poor little thing!" said that lady with a compassionate sigh. "It is best so."

The other girls were all preparing their lessons in the schoolroom for the next day, and Floss had to join them, but I very much doubt whether *any* lessons were well prepared on this occasion, and I am quite sure that Floss's were not. After that, they always worked a little before going to bed, and sometimes they talked, and sometimes there was reading aloud. They were occasionally left alone, or Mrs. Midhurst and Miss Martyn might be with them, this last bit of the evening, which was very home-like, with no settled plan, except that there was generally needlework, and as all the girls had some pretty piece of work on hand it was a part of the day of which they were fond. This evening neither of the elders appeared, and the

girls worked on in silence and depression, till Louie suddenly exclaimed, "Could anybody play the Dead March in Saul?"

"Why?" replied Floss, shortly.

"Because it's so lively this evening, and so uncommonly like a funeral."

No one vouchsafed any reply to this remark.

Then Louie looked round the room, put down her work, rubbed her eyes, and looked round again. "Hullo!" she said; "where's Emmy?"

"Have you only just missed her?" asked Charlotte Hopkins. And she wasn't at tea either."

"Oh, but at tea one is hungry, and it takes a lot of resolution too to eat such *very* plain fare, I can tell you that—at least, to any one who is accustomed to Jamaica. One has no time to *think about* one's fellow creatures. I shouldn't miss my best friend at a meal; but now I *do* miss her! Where is she, pray?"

The girls looked at each other in silence, no one liking to be the mouthpiece of poor Emmy's disgrace.

"She is asleep in her own room," replied Floss at last, speaking rather quickly, as the idea occurred to her that one of the others might tell her the story of Emmy's supposed guilt; and her heart shrank from the idea of Louie discussing it more even than from hearing it spoken of by anybody else.

But Floss was not to escape.

"She hadn't her two fourpenny bits, because she had spent them on cakes," Charlotte said, "and so she is in disgrace."

Louie gave a long whistle all on one note.

"Don't, Louie," said Adelaide; "it is very unladylike to whistle."

"Did she *say* she had spent them on cakes?" was the next question.

"She wouldn't say what she had done with them. She was asked over and over again, and given every chance," explained Adelaide, "but she was obstinate and would not confess. She said she had not got the money, but nothing would induce her to own what she had done with it. I do wish she would confess, and then there would be an end to it. She would be punished, I suppose, in some way or other, but the worst part would be over; and it is so very uncomfortable now."

"But what made them say she had spent it in cakes?"

"Oh, because she had."

"I found her with them, and she dropped one. She was carrying a parcel up the garden last night, and she explained nothing, but she dropped a cheesecake, and I picked it up and ate it, and it was delicious. Sly little thing!" said Charlotte.

"Only if she *was* to do it, it was just as well that I got that cheesecake."

"Oh, Charlotte, how *can* you?" said her sister.

"*Well, it was* just as well. I don't wish her to have bought the cakes, but since she *did* buy them, I'm glad I got that cheesecake."

But Louie's only reply to all this information was another prolonged whistle, all on one note, but a much higher note than the first.

"And she didn't deny it, and didn't make up any story about anybody else?" queried Louie, in a surprised tone.

"She only kept on saying 'I can't' when asked to explain or defend herself. And she said 'I can't' so often, that the two little words seem to me the saddest in the world, and keep on ringing in my ears," said Adelaide.

"Well, she *is* a brick!" cried Louie. "I never heard of such a brick before, did you?"

"What do you mean by a brick, Louie? What *our* slang means, is something thorough and to be depended on; does your slang mean something hardened and wrong?"

"Our slang and your slang!" cried Louie; "fiddle-de-dee! I thought slang was not allowed at all in the old house at home. And now you are talking about slangs, just as if they were features belonging to each of us. Have we eyes and ears and slangs, pray, in this tight little island called England?"

"You do say the oddest things, Louie," said Charlotte, opening her mouth in astonishment.

"That you wonder where I was reared," replied Louie, giving her great broad smile, which they all by this time knew so well, and yet which always took them by surprise. "Well, Miss Charlotte, live and learn, as the proverb says; I've learned something to-day."

"I suppose you've learned your lessons, Louie," said Charlotte.

"You *are* the brightest gal!" cried Louie, with the liveliest admiration. "When a prize is given for wits, Charlotte, I know who'll get it, I do!"

"I must say," said Floss, impatiently, "that I think Jamaica must be a vulgar place. I wish you wouldn't talk in that sort of way, Louie. There's no fun in pronouncing girl, gal, or in ending off your sentences with unnecessary 'I do's' and 'I am's.'"

"Well, Floss, that flogs Europe," cried Louie. "You *are* the most ladylike young creature I've ever heard of, and no mistake. This child had no notion that the first person singular of a verb was vulgar."

"If this sort of conversation goes on," said Floss, "I shall take a book and read aloud. I

don't wish to report it to Mrs. Midhurst, but I shall have to do so if it does not stop. As the eldest, she expects me to keep up a nice tone, and I must do so."

"By telling tales," said Louie. "Tom Tit Tell Tale, one werry wicious whale; Tom Tit Tell Tale."

"Really," said Floss, "one might as well be among a lot of uncivilised barbarians."

"Oh, might one?" retorted Louie, very quickly. "You know; I don't, because I don't know anything of such people."

At this some of the girls could not help laughing, but Floss, with heightened colour and scornful eyes, continued her work.

The most weary evenings do come to an end at last, just as the most pleasant evenings do, and in reality at the very same time, however much to the contrary it may seem to us; and the hour for going to bed at last did strike at the Manor House. No one felt more relieved than Floss at the sound. She was not only tired from the excitement and distress which the afternoon had brought with it, but she was disgusted with Louie's conversation, and longing to question Emmy.

In the latter desire she was disappointed, however. She found that Emmy had, as she expected she would, waked during her absence; but that she had gone to bed, and was once more fast asleep, and Floss thought that it would not be wise or right to wake her.

"Perhaps she is having pleasant dreams," she said softly to herself; "and if so, I would not call her back from them."

She thought it probable, however, that Emmy's dreams might not prove very charming during the whole night, and that as, worn out by an agitation to which her poor little body and soul were unaccustomed, she had slept a good deal that evening, she would be sure to wake in the night frightened and miserable; and so Floss firmly resolved that she would not sleep at all, but would keep awake to comfort the poor darling, and by no means miss such an opportunity as that, for winning her confidence.

Alas, poor Floss! At sixteen it is very difficult to lie awake, even when we wish most to do so. The eyes of the young close, whether they will or no, and their lithe, supple frames, so restless in the daytime, require the renovation of many hours sound slumber when the daytime is passed.

Perhaps she lay awake half an hour, but after that she knew no more of the outer world; and if she had any intercourse with Emmy it was only in the land of dreams.

By-and-by she awoke with a great start and

shock, such as we all have experienced ; though it generally comes on the border-land, as we are falling asleep, and not after we have been sleeping soundly for some time. It was a start and a shock

increased force on Emmy's bed. How would Emmy look in the pale wonderful light ? a light which fancy might teach us must reveal the most treasured secrets. How did Emmy look in it ?



"LITTLE EMMY WAS KNEELING IN HER NIGHT-DRESS BEFORE THE CAGE" (p. 326).

quite painful in its intensity, and Floss lay for some time hardly knowing where she was, and puzzled at the jump that had actually moved her in her bed.

The moonlight streamed into the room, peaceful and serene. Could it have been that which had awaked her ? It filled the whole chamber, but to her excited imagination it seemed to pour with

Why, strange things would never cease ; Emmy was not in it at all ! Emmy was not there !

Floss called her, thinking she might be in the room, but no answer came. She listened attentively, but there was no breathing to be heard except her own. Then she sprang from her bed frightened, and wrapping a dressing-gown round her and putting her feet into slippers, she ran

hastily out into the lobby. What new mystery was this? Where could Emmy have gone? What was she doing? Was her absence in any way connected with the two fourpenny bits?

Emmy was not in the lobby; Emmy was not on the stairs. Down the stairs Floss ran, but Emmy was not in the schoolroom. The door between the schoolroom and the morning-room was open, and from the latter came an unusual sound; it was the sound of a bird singing loudly, sweetly, almost violently, in the splendid moonlight. Unused to a bird in the house, no one had thought of throwing a handkerchief over the canary's cage, so that sleep was impossible to that poor little personage, who apparently revenged himself for the neglect by pouring out his most beautiful music when there were no ears to listen. But what bird can be blamed for singing to the moon? Almost forgetting Emmy for the moment in the pleasure that this delightful bird gave her, Floss moved softly into the next room—led, perhaps, by the same feeling, whatever it is, that makes us like to look at a man or a woman when they sing, or a clergyman when he is preaching.

Then she discovered that, after all, it was not perhaps to the moon that the canary sang—at all events, he had another auditor. The very person that she was searching for was there. Poor Emmy! Had some instinct caused her to come down-stairs to hear the song of the bird, out of whose purchase so much sorrow had come? What a long way off it seemed to Floss as she stood there in the middle of the night, bathed in moonlight, and listening to the joyous song, and what a long way off seemed the day when they had grouped themselves round Eugenie's bed and offered her a choice of presents, and she had chosen a canary!

Little Emmy was kneeling in her night-dress before the cage. Her eyes were shut, and her lips were moving as if in prayer, and the moonlight lay over her and round her, and made her look very bright and pale. Her eyes were shut as if she wished not to see, only to hear, the bird, and her lips were moving as if she prayed to the rhythm of his melody.

As Floss stepped forward she heard a few words that came from those moving lips.

"Make me a good girl. Please don't let me tell. Make me a good girl. Oh, let Floss love me!"

She sprang forward. "Emmy!" cried she.

Little Emmy turned round on her knees and faced Floss, who, falling on hers, clasped her in her arms and kissed her.

"Floss does love you, my darling!" she cried. "Floss does not believe you have been naughty and bought those cakes."

"Oh, Floss, Floss!" cried little Emmy, clasping and kissing her in return, as she had never clasped or kissed any one in all her life before.

Then she leant back in her encircling arms, and looked steadily in her face, while tears streamed down her own. She said, "Really, Floss? You really don't?"

"Really and really, my poor pet!" cried Floss, weeping too. "Not for one minute, not for one single minute; and I have told them so from the first, and will never cease telling them so to the end."

"Oh, Floss, Floss!" and there was a deep content in the tone. "But what do you think, then?"

"Nothing—except that—absolutely nothing. I am puzzled and bewildered, and utterly unable to explain. I know nothing at all, except that you didn't do it."

"No, I didn't do it."

"And won't you tell me what you have done with the two fourpenny bits?"

"I can't," replied little Emmy, hanging her head.

"Oh, Emmy, Emmy! don't say those two horrid words again. That's what you kept on saying till I could have beaten you."

"But I can't, dear Floss; and you must not ask me. It would be naughty to tell. I promised."

"Oh—h!" said Floss, quite startled by the new light these words threw on the matter. "You promised?"

But Emmy's thoughts had gone to the bird, and she was looking at it with the warmest affection.

"I did not know what would be done to me," she said, with an extraordinary sort of calmness, "and I did want to see him once, just once. I was dreaming of him quite as if I had got him there, and I could not help coming down to him, and as I came near I heard him singing—singing. It was almost too beautiful, Floss. Do you think God let him sing to comfort me? And then I was so afraid it would make me long too much to see Eugenie get him. And I was just saying a little prayer not to be naughty, when up you came, you dear, awake Floss; and I thought you were asleep in your bed; and I did not know whether you would kiss me in the morning. Oh, Floss! Floss!"

And again the little arms clasped her neck and the little lips kissed her.

The two children returned now to their beds, both feeling happier than they would have thought it possible, an hour before, that they could feel. After a little while they slept, and did not wake again till morning.

The first thing that Floss did, was to go to Mrs. Midhurst, in order to tell her exactly what had

happened. She felt sure that when she heard of Emmy praying beside the canary-bird's cage, and of what she had said to Floss afterwards, she would feel as certain as she herself did that she was not guilty.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Midhurst had a bad headache, and had issued strict orders that she was not to be disturbed ; so Floss had to give up her plan, discomfited, at the very door of her room, where Sarah stopped her. Miss Martyn was too busy to attend to her revelations, but as they went into breakfast she said to Floss—

"I am afraid we cannot put off the visit to Eugenie any longer. We must go this afternoon—it would not be fair on her not to do so ; and I suppose, dear Floss, by this time even you have become convinced about our poor little Emmy."

"Indeed, no !" cried Floss ; "less than ever. After breakfast you must let me tell you——"

"After breakfast come lessons," interrupted Miss Martyn, shaking her head ; "but after lessons you shall tell me anything you like. Not that it can make the slightest difference, because we know she did it. Nothing can alter the fact of her carrying the cakes, of which Charlotte actually ate one."

They were in the breakfast-room, so no more could be said. Emmy was to breakfast in her own room, and not join the others at lessons—in fact, not leave her room till the matter had been settled in one way or another.

While they still sat round the table Miss Martyn announced that they should take the bird to Eugenie after dinner that evening. The intelligence was received sorrowfully enough ; every one felt dull at the idea of carrying out the plan in which Emmy had delighted without Emmy.

"I think we ought to wait," cried Floss, boldly. "It will be unfair and unkind to Emmy, for I know she is innocent."

"My dear Floss," remonstrated Miss Martyn.

"How do you know?" said Louie, sharply ; at which they all looked surprised.

"Because I know Emmy," Floss replied, coldly.

"Oh ! is that all ?"

"Only I did eat that cheesecake," said Charlotte.

"And the proof of the pudding is in the eating," said Louie.

"That proverb is wholly inapplicable," remarked Floss, loftily.

"Why ?" asked Louie. "The proof against Emmy seems to be Charlotte eating a cheesecake. It proves that the cheesecake did exist ; for I suppose that not even Charlotte could eat a thing that wasn't."

"I'm not a bit fonder of eating than you are," grumbled Charlotte ; "they all say how much you care about it."

"To be sure I do," replied Louie, calmly. "Why not? Eating is a *great* pleasure. It is particularly dear to children and old people, and it is universally agreed that middle age is the most uninteresting portion of human life ; and as it is the only time when eating is not so much thought about, it speaks well for eating. Little children would like to be eating all day ; and my grandfather—*though* he hadn't much of a digestion, poor old fellow!—used to say that the one hour in the twenty-four that he looked forward to with interest and back on with pleasure, was the dinner-hour."

"Oh, Louie, what a grandfather !" Adelaide could not help saying.

"He was a splendid man," replied Louie, with some indignation ; "and if he had been born in England instead of Jamaica, he would have been an earl."

"How so ?" asked Miss Martyn, calmly.

"Because there are no earls in Jamaica, so he couldn't," answered Louie, as if that settled the question ; and none of the girls could help laughing, neither could Miss Martyn herself.

When breakfast was over, Mrs. Midhurst came in, leading Emmy, pale and miserable, by the hand. Floss was horrified ; she had wished so very much to tell what had happened in the night, before anything more was said about it to Emmy, as she could not help thinking a new light would thus be thrown on the matter, especially by Emmy having said that she had "promised ;" and now there was no chance of any good being brought about, and poor Emmy would be exposed to useless torture.

"I have brought this little girl in here because I think she is very sorry for what she has done, and that she will tell us so."

Poor Floss ! She felt as if a dagger had been plunged into her heart ; for one single instant her faith in Emmy reeled, tottered, and almost fell. Was it possible ? had she confessed ?

"It is very sad," continued Mrs. Midhurst, "that Emmy should not be able to join in the present to Eugenie, but it is a great deal sadder that she should have been disobedient, and then refused to confess her fault. However, it is not at all too late ; it is never too late to repent and confess anything we have done wrong ; and now I hope Emmy is going to atone for her fault, as far as she can, by confessing it, and telling me how sorry she is."

Mrs. Midhurst said all this very quietly slowly, and gently, wishing to give the little culprit time to reflect and courage to speak.

The knowledge that Floss trusted her, and the strength that always follows sincere prayer, perhaps alone enabled Emmy to bear this appeal.



TAKING THE BIRD TO EUGENIE. (See p. 330.)

Her misery was extreme ; but she looked neither to right nor left, merely clasped her little hands tightly together, and answered not a word.

"Mrs. Midhurst," said Floss, desperately ; "oh, please, may I speak?"

Mrs. Midhurst looked vexed at the interruption, but replied kindly, "Don't you think you had better not just yet, dear Floss?"

"But not just yet is never," cried she, in a sort of despair. "Mrs. Midhurst, I *know* she did not do it, and last night I don't think she *meant* to say so much, for she is all honour ; but when I urged and urged her to tell me, she—who never concealed a thing from me in her life—she said she could not, for she had promised."

Promised ! Certainly they all felt this was a new revelation ; but who could she have promised ?

"Can she have given them to some poor person, and promised not to tell ?" suggested Adelaide.

"But for what reason should any poor person make her promise ?" replied Miss Martyn, shaking her head scornfully.

"And why did I eat that cheesecake ?" said Charlotte ; an odd question, but they all knew what she meant.

Louie, meantime, was regarding Emmy with a steady, inquiring, puzzled look, as if she were some natural phenomenon that she was vainly trying to

understand. "Why don't you tell them, Emmy ? Don't you mind it all ?" she said, sharply.

Then Emmy's pale enduring expression gave way for the first time to strong emotion. A crimson flood of colour rushed all over her face, and her features worked strangely. "Mind it !" she cried. "I am the most miserable child in the world !"

"Poor little thing !" said Louie ; "and I do really believe you are the best. I can't stand this any longer. Of course you'll all pitch into me, but I can't help it. I didn't believe in going in for generosity and goodness, but I do now. It's a precious queer dodge, but I see it *is* a dodge, and a real one, and it makes me feel nohow."

"What *are* you talking about, Louie ? Do you know anything about Emmy ?" asked Mrs. Midhurst.

"Deed I do," replied Louie, nodding her head. "Why it was to *me* she lent her two bothering fourpenny bits !"

"To you ?" "Not really !" "To you ?" "Why, you had heaps of money !" And expressions of this kind sounded all over the room.

"I'd spent it all—the half-sovereign I meant to give for Eugenie too—on cakes. I am lamentably fond of cakes ; and what I shall do now I don't know, for they won't give them on trust. I've no money left, and I suppose you'll none of you

lend such a black sheep as I am anything." She looked deprecatingly round on them.

"But you didn't take that poor child's money; you couldn't be so wicked," said her aunt.

"Deed I could, then, and a deal more, if I'm tried. But I *do* think it's a shame not to give us a regular course of sweets, and that is what has led to it all. I could do without my clothes sooner than without my cakes and tarts. So when I'd spent all my own money, what could I do but borrow Emmy's? She put it into my head her own self by always boasting and talking about her two trumpery fourpenny bits. Very well, my lady, thought I, we'll make some use of them at last."

"But *why* did I eat that cheesecake, then?" asked Charlotte, gloomily.

"Yes; what was Emmy doing with those cakes?" added Mrs. Midhurst.

"Bringing them to me, to be sure. You're *not* bright, or you'd see that without telling. The old woman used to leave them for me at the foot of the garden, and I got them up as I could. And the night before last I was obliged to send Emmy for them, because I saw cows, and I'm very much afraid of cows; so I had to do it."

Mrs. Midhurst and Miss Martyn were so busy kissing and comforting Emmy, that at first they did not show the horror they felt at Louie's story.

"I didn't know it was cakes," Emmy whispered.

"No, my darling, we are quite sure you did not. You are a very, *very* good little girl."

Then Mrs. Midhurst, smiling, held out her hand to Floss. "Dear Floss," she said, with extreme kindness, "how happy you must be that you trusted her." And Floss's face shone sweet and fair through her tears.

"I never felt so comfortable in all my life," said Louie, to the astonishment of every body, as she looked from one of the principal actors in the scene to the other, and so back again. "It's like having had a *real* good dinner!"

"No words can express how shocked and distressed I am at your conduct, Louie," said her aunt, beginning to think of *her*, now the first emotion about little Emmy was over. "And you appear to have no shame and no feeling. I don't know what to do with you."

"Yes, I see I'm wicked," replied Louie, calmly, "but I didn't know it before. Emmy has shown it me. I didn't believe any one ever went in for goodness and all that as she did, but I believe it now; and that, and having given myself up as if it wasn't me, is what makes me feel so uncommonly comfortable. I know I'm wicked, aunt, but I wouldn't mind it too much, if I were you; p'raps I'll get a little good by-and-by. I think it's just possible."

Mrs. Midhurst was quite out of countenance and did not know what to do with this extraordinary girl.

"I think," said Miss Martyn, "it is not quite want of feeling in Louie makes her talk like this. She feels relieved by having confessed her fault and taken the blame on her own shoulders. I think I partly understand what she means."

"Then the cakes were yours!" exclaimed Charlotte, greatly astonished, and evidently only just at that moment taking in the full bearings of the case.

"And remarkably nice they were, too," was Louie's reply, "and no mistake!"

"Louie, I can't have you staying here among us after such behaviour. I really don't know what to do with you, or what your punishment will be," said Mrs. Midhurst; "but for the present go to your own room, and consider yourself a prisoner there."

"All right," said Louie. "But you'll not forget me when dinner-time comes, I hope." And she turned and left the room.

"What is to be done about her? What can I do with her?" said Mrs. Midhurst in a sort of wild despair.



"EUGENIE GAVE A LITTLE CRY OF DELIGHT" (p. 330).

"After all," said Miss Martyn, "she did confess it when she need not have done so. We should never have known the truth; and I don't think she meant any harm when she said she felt comfortable. I think it was the relief of having done right at last, and sacrificed herself, gave her a new feeling that she liked."

"And it was our little Emmy who taught her, and showed her the way," said Mrs. Midhurst, kissing the child as she spoke. "And if Louie ever should become a good girl, our little Emmy will have helped her."

Emmy's only answer to this was a warm, eager kiss in return for the one her kind friend had given her.

"Don't you think, ma'am, that we might have a holiday to-day?" said Floss. "I don't believe that any one of us could settle to lessons; and then we shall all have tamed down and got quite quiet and happy by dinner-time, and after dinner you will let us take the bird to Eugenie, won't you?"

Mrs. Midhurst willingly consented to all Floss's proposals; and the wisdom of her plans was shown by the band of happy smiling faces that surrounded the canary when, in the cool of the evening, they set off with that pretty little creature towards the farm. Emmy could not carry the cage all the way by herself; it was too large and too troublesome a shaped thing for one person, still more one little girl, to carry, so a stick was passed through the round handle at the top of the cage, and she held one end of it the whole way, while her friends took it by turns to hold the other. And thus, in great pomp and state, was the bird conveyed to Eugenie.

When they arrived at the farm the first person they saw was Monsieur De Bois, who was performing a small dance all by himself in the comfortable large kitchen by which they entered the house. He had not his fiddle, which gave him in Eugenie's eyes quite a new and strange appearance, for she had never seen him dance before without his fiddle. He performed wonderful pirouettes, and quite beautiful leaps; and while he did so, evidently kept time to something, for there was a meaning and a rhythm in all he did. Probably his movements were regulated by some tune in his own brain. He continued this singular amusement with a grave but beaming countenance, perfectly unconscious that there were any spectators of what he did. The girls all stood still, astonished; Emmy scarcely breathed while she watched him; and when at last

he paused for a moment on the tips of the toes of one foot, while the other leg was extended in the air behind him, she exclaimed, under her breath, "How beautiful!"

At the same moment he perceived the group of girls, but he was not the least put out of countenance by their appearance; he merely let his hind leg drop quietly down, with one foot behind the other in the exact position best qualified for making a graceful bow, which he executed just as if it had been part of a pre-arranged programme.

Then he advanced to the girls, smiling and sparkling. "Ah, mesdemoiselles!" he cried, "pardon, but it was a dance de joie. My Eugenie, my petite child, she is to live. He says it—the goodest of the doctors, who cette chere madame made run into my desolate house. He ran in, and the dear happiness ran in with him!"

The children clustered round him, expressing their delight. Miss Martyn's eyes filled with tears as she thanked God; and the canary, determined to be considered one of the party, suddenly set up the loudest song he had ever sung in his life.

Monsieur De Bois laughed gleefully, and pointed at the bird with a thrilling upward movement through his whole figure, almost as if he were beginning to dance again.

"Leetle Master Bird knows all about us," said he.

Then the happy procession marched up-stairs to Eugenie, who still lay, very white and small, in her large comfortable bed. Her father flung open the door, and the girls walked slowly in, two and two, with Emmy last of all, holding the cage in both her hands rather in advance of herself, and so almost concealing her small person. Eugenie gave a little cry of delight, and then exclaimed—

"It is too much! I am a perfectly happy child. Ah, my papa, put on your new waist oat!"

We can hardly leave our young friends under better or pleasanter circumstances than these; and we hope the few incidents in life at the Manor House which we have related may have interested and amused our readers. If any of them should care to hear further of Emmy, of Floss, and of Eugenie, or, still more, should feel curiosity in Louie's future, and in the answer to the momentous question whether she was ever reformed or not, we do not at all say that at some future day we may not be in a position to gratify them.

THE END.



## THE SPIDER THAT LONGED FOR A GOOD NAME.



THE earth was fair and golden as a dream, for sunshine rioted everywhere, and all young things rejoiced, as if life were one long glad holiday. The tender green leaves whispered and tittered merrily together, as the gentle breeze romped among them ; and all the birds seemed to be playing at hide-and-seek, flying now here, now there ; all the butterflies seemed to be out, as if to add their beauty to the rest ; and bees, gnats, flies, and I know not how many more little folk, flitted, hummed, worked, and enjoyed. And only one little spider was unhappy. He was no thing of beauty ; nobody was his friend, all the world were his enemies ; no one needed him, no one wanted him ; all his family had a bad name. It all swept over him that fair May morning, when to live was such a joy to all other living things, and nothing, as it seemed, to him, a poor ugly spider.

"Yes, I am ugly," he moaned. "I have a bad name, and I never shall get on in life and win a better one, although I long to do something useful and noble and grand, like the rest of the world—something for the general good !"

Ah, children ! the little spider was very wretched just then. "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," says the wise world ; and thus many a poor little trembler with a bad name has gone down, and won no better one, just from down-heartedness at the coldness and the cruelty of those looking on.

But to return to the spider. There he lay, with his head resting on his small black claws—if a spider may be said to have claws—a wee, sorrowful thing, weeping and moaning in the very dust.

"Why, you poor little mite, how now ?" cried a frog, in his usually hoarse voice, briskly leaping towards him, as if about to swallow him up. "Why, this is a pretty way to spend a bright May morning ! What's the trouble ?" he continued, as the mite glanced up, disdain curling his tiny nose, and then down went his head again.

"I want none of your croaking," he muttered in the dust.

"Well, child, I don't want to croak, but nature is nature, and I can't help it. What is the trouble,

though, I say ? the old story of ugliness ?" said the frog, looking as grave as a judge.

"Yes, and my uselessness, and my bad name," moaned the spider. It is a comfort to have even a frog to talk to when we are in trouble.

"Well, some folk say I am no great beauty, but I don't let that stop me from being useful in killing a slug now and then."

"But they all believe me as useless as I am ugly, and as bad as both !"

"Eh, who is that talking of being ugly ?" It was a toad which spoke, peering wisely out of a flower-pot which lay close by.

"Me, Mr. Toad"—you see, we cannot expect spiders to understand anything of grammar—"I am a useless, bad-named do-nothing."

"Well, I never did agree with people giving themselves bad names—the world will do that fast enough. They say I am ugly, but then I don't believe it. I am sure my eye is a perfect gem of beauty, and I know the gardeners like to see me in their gardens." And the toad laughed a knowing laugh.

"But they say I do harm," moaned the spider.

"So they say of me. They say I poison folks. Ha, ha ! that's a good joke ! poison them, indeed !"

"They say I'm spiteful, and bite, and that my bite kills sometimes. But who wouldn't bite and snap, poked about as I and my family are ?"

"Cheep, cheep, cheep ! how do you do ?" chirped a robin. "I help to keep the spiders in order—

'If it wasn't for the robin and the knowing little wren,  
The long-legged grizzly spider would overcome a man.'

"'Tis a lie !" shrieked the spider, stung to the quick by the taunt.

"I heard you say something about biting," spoke a cockroach, halting in his morning walk to listen. "I know a better way than biting when ill-used."

"What ?" The spider opened his bright, eager eyes now, and rose from the dust.

"I breathe a very unpleasant smell wherever I go, that teases people more than a bite—something the same as evil-speaking does among men. I only give a sly bite or two in self-defence."

"Shame, Mrs. Cockroach, to give such advice !" said a little ant, creeping along and overhearing the talk. "I am for helping the world and making it better. I know it is but little I can do, still—

'Many little heads and many little hands  
Can scatter little blessings over many lands.'

That's my opinion."



MR. FROG GIVES HIS ADVICE. (See p. 331.)

"Well, as you are a wise little lady, come and teach this poor discontented spider his duty, for I don't know what it is."

"How should you? Everybody should learn their own duty first, and it seems you haven't learnt yours. Now, I don't want to boast, but this I will say, that as I teach industry so a spider can teach patience. Don't any of you remember the king who learnt patience and trust from a spider, and went and won a great battle afterwards? Go and teach the world this."

"I am so ugly, and have such a bad name," sighed the spider.

"Go with your ugliness; the lesson will be just

as beautiful. Beauty of work is better than beauty of form. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' says the world, dear lover of beauty though it be. Teach the world to trust and take hold, to clutch and cling, to hope and work on, to throw self aside, and who knows that your name will not be handed down with that of some great king and conqueror, as that of your far-off relation is?"

The ant made a homely bow and plodded on its way; the cockroach had long since crawled on its course; the frog and the toad hid away from the sun; and the poor little spider was left alone, with all the glad sounds of summer life wooing him to the right and the true.

The tiny creature crept away into a barn near, as we can suppose that other spider of Scottish history did, and pondered and mused, till by-and-by the night came on, and the world slept. A homeless wanderer lay slumbering and sleeping just below where the small insect was perched; he wondered if that could be some king whom he was to encourage to fight another battle. A feeling of awe crept over him, his heart throbbed with a longing to do what he could. But no, not a king, he decided, as the hours glided on; then came thick smoke, burning, and flame; and still the man, who was no king, slumbered and slept.

Down on the sleeper's face he dropped—he never knew why. Something prompted him; it may have been the wish to do good—he never knew. But the

next morning he heard the man say to the owner of the barn—

" 'Twere a spider done it, master. If he hadn't woke me when he did, the whole lot would have been burnt down." So the spider did a good turn for the farmer, and saved his farm, and, taking courage therefrom, felt that, with his ugliness and his bad name, he could be of use, and looked right and left for more work.

Winter came, and he crept into the house. Up, up, always up he seemed to be mounting, and at last he found himself in the sick-room of little Nina. He climbed into a sunny window and began to weave, while two little languid eyes watched the tiny thing, now breaking his thread, now joining it, now going on with a right good will. Watching thus, the child's weary tossings to and fro ceased, and she slept. When she awoke, they hoped with glad surprise that she was better, and again she lay, smiling and watching the spider.

"See that spider, mamma!"

There was a ring of pleasure in the weak little voice. The spider had been weaving for days, but only Nina had noticed it, so anxious had they all been about the little girl herself.

"Dear me! let me poke him down," said mamma.

"No, mamma, don't; it makes me better to watch him," pleaded the child; "he's so pretty and so hard-working. I should like to be a spider."

"Pretty and hard-working!" The little weaver's heart throbbed with joy as he listened.

"Yes, spiders are hard-working little fellows, dear; but let me poke this one down," replied mamma.

"No, mamma, he makes me better," was the child's plea. So mamma let him stay; and by-and-

by she and Nina called him "Dr. Spider," because he made the little sick thing laugh and grow cheerful, and with cheerfulness came strength.

But by-and-by a day rolled round—frost and snow, with biting winds, were abroad out of doors—when Nina was carried down-stairs, and Anne, the servant, came to air and dust the room. Poor little Dr. Spider in the window! poor, eager-eyed, tiny worker, with such a future of usefulness stretching out, as bright and golden as a spider's future could be! Anne saw him, knew nothing of his healing

powers, nothing of what he had done for Nina; she only saw him as a long-legged, grizzly spider. She poked him down, she crushed him, poor little longing, throbbing heart and all! He lay on the window-sill, not dead, but quivering with intense pain. Must he die? It was hard, very hard, for him to be cast aside like this, but he had thrown his mite of work into the world; he had not lived uselessly, though but a poor little ugly insect with a bad name.

True he had sent no great king to battle, strong and brave and full of hope, like that spider in history; still he felt he had not lived in vain. He bowed his head and grew calm, and just then came Nina's mamma into the room.

"Oh, Anne! what have you done? Killed poor little Dr. Spider!" So she said, and crossed over to the window where he lay. "Why, I do believe he has done more for Nina than all our nursing and the doctor's medicine together, for we never could get her to smile till he came. And now he's dead!"

A tear dripped down upon his small mangled body; it thrilled him through and through. He panted, his heart gave a great leap of gladness, it burst, and he was dead!

That human tear of sorrow at his loss had crowned his life and made his death a glory.



THE END OF DR. SPIDER.



## PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS.

## ORNAMENTAL LEATHER-WORK.

**H**AVE been suggesting to you lately different ways in which an ornamental use can be made of various odds and ends. Perhaps I possess more of these than most people, for, on account of being supposed to have the faculty of converting into use scraps of all descriptions, my friends are in the habit of passing over to me all the materials which remain unused when they have finished the piece of work for which these materials were bought.

It so happens that two friends have been embroidering tablecloth-borders with silks of many colours. Well, what remained of these were bestowed on me—I never beg. A miscellaneous lot they were, and nothing could be attempted where the continuance of any special colour was required. You shall hear how I utilised some of them—the rest lie idle; when I call them into action I will let you know in what way they are to serve.

Those little folks who live in towns may have seen at the fancy-work shops pieces of thin soft leather, with holes pierced in them, and lines marked between the punctures. The idea is that purse-silk should be taken along these lines and through these holes, and in this manner an ornamental design be portrayed on the surface of the leather. Slippers, mats, shaving-tidy, handkerchief-case, or work-case, traced and pierced ready for needle and silk, are obtainable. According to my mind, the cases will repay us better than slippers or mats. There is also choice as to the colour of the leather—bronze, oak, crimson, drab (light and dark), are laid before you, and from these you must select, with a view to the colours of the silks which you possess. The work is comparatively so easy that I shall not have occasion to weary you with intricate descriptions, but there are a few things that you should know.

The thicker the silk is the handsomer will the work look. When the silk is not very thick I go over the lines again; I find this plan better than the quicker one of using double silk at first, because then the silks are more apt to twist round one another than when you lay them separately side by

side, or one on the top of the other. I also consider that the silk, whether thick or thin, lies more evenly and firmly along the lines when the work is done in the back-stitching fashion. At first I was inclined to consider this to be an extravagant use of my silk, for more appeared on the back than on the front, and therefore it was tempting to put the needle through the nearest hole, in cases when the seeming waste could be avoided; but after a trial I concluded the effect was in a measure spoiled by this careful act, and so I abandoned my effort to save my silk.

Where many lines intersect and cross one another the appearance of the work is considerably enhanced if different colours or several shades of colour are used. When this is done the same hue should not lie on the top every time, but should alternate, and creep under the next crossing line, and then take its turn to march across that following.

Another effective variety can be introduced by laying a length of silk along a line, and holding it in position by taking another silk attached to the needle, always over the back of the first-named; thus yellow silk crossed over by blue looks light and pretty, and these two combined appear to be twisted together; another advantage of this plan is that the holes are covered, provided that the under-silk be sufficiently thick. This work can, however, only be adopted where the holes for the crossing silk are close together, for when they are far apart the under silk cannot be kept close to the line.

The last remark I have to make is one of importance, more especially when short lengths of silk have to be used—it concerns the fastening off. Ends of silk will wriggle through to the front, unless they are well secured at the back, where in this work there is nothing firm to which they can be fastened. When I have plenty of silk left in my needle I button-hole it to a piece near, and then cut it off; but when I have not enough left to make several of these stitches, I take another needle with fine cotton, and sew down the end to any lying near it.

E. C.



## THE STORY OF A LETTER.

UNCTUALITY is a very important part of all our undertakings, and the neglect of it may bring most unpleasant results, as this short story will show.

Lucy Wilmore was an only child, and as most only children are, was made a great pet of by her parents. They, however, were too sensible to spoil her by over-indulgence, and Lucy herself, being naturally of a good disposition, behaved much better than many children who are more sternly treated. Her great fault was *putting off*.

Mr. Wilmore had a brother in Madras, who, when he left England, had promised to bring back a little monkey as a playfellow for Lucy. She had begged so earnestly for this, that her mother had consented to have added to her household one of these intelligent but mischievous little creatures ; and Uncle Richard could refuse very few things to his bright little niece.

When Mr. Richard Wilmore went away, his brother's family were living at a village called Sunbay, in Cornwall, but at the time when they heard of his intention to return, it had become necessary for them to remove nearer to London, so Lucy's father wrote immediately to give the new address, in order that his brother might not have the trouble to go all the way to Cornwall, only to find them all gone. This was the more necessary because the village was small, and a long way from a town ; in fact, it contained no accommodation for a traveller, beyond a poor inn of a very humble kind. Mr. Richard Wilmore, if he went there expecting to find the family still living at Rose Cottage, would have to drive all the way back to Pentorthen, or else sleep at the uncomfortable little tavern. The morning Lucy's father wrote that letter to his brother, he was obliged to go some miles along the coast on a matter of important business, so he came into the garden, where Lucy and Jerry—a favourite cat—were sitting, and giving his daughter the letter, told her to be sure and put it in the post before eleven o'clock. That was the hour at which the rural postman, who rode on a pony, collected the Sunbay letters and took them to Pentorthen, whence they were despatched to London. The post only left Sunbay once a day ; this was Tuesday, and the last day a letter could be posted by the next mail, in time to reach Uncle

Richard before he started on his return journey. Lucy took the letter and promised to post it in time.

"Be sure you do it," cried out her father, as he was re-entering the house, "for it will be extremely inconvenient to Uncle Richard not to get our new address."

Now I must tell you that Lucy was very properly anxious to improve in her studies. Just at present she was reading a history of Wales, and amongst other things in it was the name of a place near the Menai Straits, a very formidable-looking name. Many of the Welsh words contain a great number of letters, especially consonants, and this one, though it looks dreadfully long in print, was by no means the longest one in the book. The Welsh language contains many longer, as you will find some day, if you study it. Lucy tried very hard to pronounce this name—Llanfairpwllgwyngrobwchllandysiliogogo\*—and the more she tried the less she could manage it.

Time went on, and Lucy was still struggling with these forty-three letters, when old Rebecca popped her head out of window and called out, "Miss Lucy, haven't you a letter to post? It's half-past ten!" Lucy answered, "Oh! very well, Rebecca, there's plenty of time, it's only five minutes' walk to the post-office."

Old Rebecca mumbled something, and drew her head in again.

Lucy went on, "Llanfair, Llanfair, oh! silly old gogo, I can't pronounce you at all. What silly names the Welsh have!" she said, jumping up impatiently. Without looking where she put her foot, she had trodden on Jerry's tail very hard ; he gave a loud yell, a look of reproach, and then climbed a tree out of her way. She could just touch him with the tips of her fingers as she stood on tiptoe, and explained that it was quite an accident. Jerry made no reply, though I think he believed her, for he gathered his tail tidily round his toes, but he would not come down, and perhaps said to himself, "It's just as painful to my tail if she does do it by accident."

As Lucy ceased talking to Jerry and stooped to pick up the book, something fell from her dress—it was the letter, and just at the same moment the clock struck eleven ! With a little cry of dismay, she rushed in-doors to find her boots, which she had often been told to put on early in the morning, so as to be ready for walking with her father

\* Meaning the church or parish of St. Michael's near the pool of the white larches, near to the pool of Saint Silio-gogo.



"TOLD HER TO BE SURE AND PUT IT IN THE POST" (p. 335).

without delay, a thing he much disliked. This morning she had thought at nine o'clock, "Oh! I needn't put them on now," at ten, "I'll do it directly," and afterwards had forgotten altogether. And now where was the button-hook? Lucy in her hurry turned upside down her own and her mother's work-box, vainly searching. The rural postman always sounded a horn as he left the village, Lucy heard it now, and regardless of consequences ran out into the road just as she was, with her unfastened boots threatening to come off at every step, and retarding her progress greatly. **Hot and breathless** she arrived at the post-office, just in time to see the postman going over the top of the hill. He blew a last note with his horn, his back towards her, and disappeared from view.

The office was at a little grocer's shop, the only one in Sunbay, and was in charge of Mrs. Beans, a fat, good-natured old woman, who never had been seen flurried or excited within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

"Oh, Mrs. Beans," panted the little girl, "what

shall I do? This letter is for India, and I have lost the post."

"Dearie, dearie me!" said Mrs. Beans, lifting her fat hands, "Dearie, dearie me!"

"My uncle is coming home, and he won't know where to find us if the letter does not go," continued Lucy excitedly.

"Well now, that be a pity," replied Mrs. Beans, "it be indeed, only to think!"

Lucy found there was no comfort to be got out of Mrs. Beans, who only shook her head and looked wise, so she darted off again, and ran as hard as she could to the brow of the hill. A long way off now, and climbing another hill, for there were many in that part of the country, she saw the postman, and quite forgetting that he could not possibly hear her, she shouted aloud. Some one heard her though, and he was close by. This was Lazy Jim, as every one called him, an idle improvident sort of fellow who never did anything useful when he could help it, and spent his time in that hardest of all labour, if people would only believe it, doing

nothing. He was lying under a bush half asleep, but wondering why little Miss Wilmore was so excited, he quickly assumed a sitting posture and called "What's to do, missy, what's to do?"

"Oh! Jim," said Lucy, glad in her distress to have even him to appeal to, "will you catch the postman and give him this?" As she spoke she exhibited the letter. When Lazy Jim understood what she wanted he slowly lay down again chewing a stem of grass, and saying, "Postman comes to-morrow day, he do."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said, "but that won't do." Then a thought struck her. In her pocket was a new shilling; holding it up, she went on, "Jim, I will give you this if you will run and catch him."

Jim was up in a minute, he took the letter and the shilling, and grinning from ear to ear, started off at a pace that soon put him out of sight.

Then Lucy gave a sigh of relief and turned back home, where Mrs. Wilmore, who was in bed with a sick headache, had been wondering what the truant lassie had been doing. Lucy soon explained, and her mother said, "Well, I dare say Uncle Richard will get it, if Jim is quick, but it must be a

lesson to you not to put off; you see, it has already cost you a shilling."

But Lazy Jim was not quick—at least, not for long. It was very hot for the time of year, the postman was far ahead, and Jim could not see the use of hurrying. "Would not the next post do as well? of course it would." So the messenger slackened his pace, then he stopped, then sat down on a bank, afterwards dozed off, and finally forgot all about the letter until he was passing the post-office, on his way to hunt up some dinner, when he posted it, and felt as if he had done a day's work!

So the Indian mail was lost.

Very soon after the Wilmore family left Sunbay, and were settled comfortably in their new dwelling when the time arrived for Uncle Richard to return home, and eagerly was he expected. Lucy spent all her spare time in reading natural history books about monkeys and apes, large and small, Indian, African, and American, black, brown, grey, bearded and smooth-faced, tailed and tailless, and more than once she put down her book to ask her mother if she were sure



"WATCHING HIS MASTER'S MOVEMENTS WITH HIS KEEN BLACK EYES" (p. 338).

Uncle Richard would not bring a young gorilla by mistake, always getting an affirmative reply.

It was the second week in November, and in the evening after tea the Wilmores were sitting sociably round the fire up-stairs, while old Rebecca down in the kitchen was meditating a dreadful warfare against beetles and mice, which were the great plagues of her life, and listening to the melancholy voice of Jerry, whom she was very fond of shutting out into the garden, as she had an idea that he was not perfectly honest in the matter of fish and milk. "Miou ! miou !" called out Jerry. "Humph," said Rebecca to herself, "there you shall stop." But he didn't, for his little mistress came down-stairs and let him in, and cook pretended to be angry. Lucy only laughed; she knew Rebecca was not really so cross to the cat as she made believe.

As Lucy returned to the drawing-room followed by Jerry, with his tail erect in the air, Mr. Wilmore was saying to his wife, "Was it not the *Lynx* that Richard was to come home by ?"

The little girl pricked up her ears at the mention of her uncle's name.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilmore, "I am sure that was the name."

"He ought to have been here to-day then, for the *Lynx* has arrived in port," Mr. Wilmore went on, looking over the paper.

Lucy hung her head and felt very much vexed with herself; no doubt the letter could not have reached Uncle Richard, or he and the monkey would have been there now.

It was quite true. That very evening a carriage drove through Sunbay and stopped at Rose Cottage. The night was dark, and the sunburnt gentleman saw that Rose Cottage was dark too, and the gate padlocked. Much perplexed he went with the carriage to make inquiries, and learnt at the post office (where the Wilmores' new address had been left with Mrs. Beans) that the family had removed, and where. The tired horse, the heavy luggage, and tiresome roads prevented a return to Pentorthen that night. To find a bed, therefore, was the first thing. This it turned out could only be done at the "Boatman's Arms" and there the accommodation was far from luxurious; but Mr. Richard Wilmore was an old traveller, and as such made the best of things; and so to a long low up-stairs room with a lean-to roof his lighter luggage was taken, and with it a large basket containing something alive. It was a pretty little white-faced monkey of Ceylon, which the uncle had bought on his travels for Lucy. Up-stairs Mr. Wilmore unfastened the basket, and Dick (as the monkey was named) got out and curled him-

self up in his little red jacket before the fire, watching his master's movements with his keen black eyes. That master, having washed, and having taken such refreshment as the inn afforded, decided to take a walk in the neighbourhood. It seemed preferable to passing the rest of the evening with no other companionship than Dick's, though he was an intelligent little fellow.

It happened that Lazy Jim had been hovering about the kitchen on the watch for scraps, and he followed the visitor (inquisitive creature as he was) to find out in which direction he had strolled, and any other item of information he might gather concerning him, for the enlightenment of the village gossips, among whom he was a great authority. Very soon, however, his red head came round the door-post again, and he announced, "The light be up at Pendrigan."

Pendrigan was a projecting headland, a species of natural breakwater, on which, in very bad weather, or when the wind was particularly on shore, a fire was lighted to warn foreign vessels off, as no lighthouse was at that time built. When the fire burned at Pendrigan it was a sure sign the coast-guard feared danger for the shipping, and often it indicated that a vessel, through ignorance or mishap, was steering straight for the dangerous and rocky coast. This, indeed, was the case now; and when the people from the inn, and many other villagers, assembled on the beach, a large ship could be plainly seen in the moonlight, driving swiftly towards a reef which almost entirely barred the mouth of the bay. The heavy seas broke over her, and her strong masts seemed to bend with the force of the momentarily increasing gale. Still on she bore nearer and yet nearer to the fatal reef. Partly disabled by the storm, it appeared as if she could no longer answer to the helm. Not a word did the people speak one to the other—indeed, only shouts could have been heard in that wind; silently they watched the doomed vessel. Down near the white surf breaking on the shore stood the tall figure, with sun-burnt face and iron-grey hair, of Mr. Richard Wilmore. He had been a sailor in his youth, and knew, none better, the terrible danger in which the crew of the strange ship were placed. All drew a deep breath; it seemed as if a tremendous wave were lifting the vessel right over the line of rocks. She rode upon its crest! but no, its force was spent, it expanded and subsided, the vessel sank heavily upon the pointed summit of the reef. A sea caught her on the beam and ground her timbers against the submarine foe, carried away two of the boats, and swept into the angry waters many of the hapless crew. Each moment increased the danger, for the ship was

breaking up, and her last boat had broken from its fastenings. Then Richard Wilmore raised his voice, asking who would go with him to save the crew. There was no lifeboat, only the fishing craft ; he who ventured to sea that night must carry his life in his hand. So many a courageous fisherman thought of his wife and children and hesitated. But not for long. The grey-haired stranger quietly divesting himself of his upper garments, as if he were merely going on a pleasure trip, instead of being about to risk his life for others, had a calm courage about him that inspired the same virtue. The first who joined him was a man as old as himself, whose relations were all dead. The next a lad of twenty, full of youth, and strength, and courage. One by one they came, and soon a boat's crew was gathered around Richard Wilmore. They took their places in a large roomy boat, and soon pulled against the increasing waves out to the wreck. The distance was not great, but the strain was terrible, the foaming waters every moment threatened death. The poor ship was gained, a dozen of the exhausted men taken off, and back the rescuers came. Many a fisherman rushed into the surf, and seizing the boat's bow, drew her on the beach. Once more into the ever-increasing storm the brave volunteers ventured. Again they reached the wreck, again took on board half-drowned men, but, alas ! too many. Deep laden though she was, the little craft was labouring once more towards the shore, when half way from the wreck a great mass of water rose

behind like a mountain, fell with a crash like thunder, and overwhelmed rescued and rescuers ! Never more did they rise in life. But next day many corpses were washed ashore. Even now there are fishermen on the coast, old men bowed and bent, who will show you where in the rocky bay, in the raging storm, the brave stranger and the gallant volunteers died doing a noble duty. They carried all that was left of Richard Wilmore and laid him on the humble bed of the inn. When Lucy's father, hastily summoned, came down to Sunbay and looked for the last time on his brother's features, they bore that calm expression that the faces of brave men wear who fear not, neither in life nor in death, but believe.

Poor Dick mourned so truly for his master that he refused food. And so he died, never even seeing the little mistress for whom he had come all the way from India.

Poor Lucy ! She was deeply, painfully grieved ; she bitterly reproached herself, and even thought that if she had posted in time the letter to her uncle he would not have been drowned. But her father gave her comfort. He said, "The good God willed that Uncle Richard should die and be taken as he was, straight from a good deed to its reward, and all the letters in the world would not have altered his end. There is one thing, Lucy," he went on, stroking the little girl's fair glossy curls, "which you and I, and all of us, *must learn* from his death—to be ready, as he was ; do not put off being ready—Do it now."

### STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS AMONG ANIMALS.



**A**LTHOUGH the old saying may generally be true that "birds of a feather flock together," there have been many instances known of animals totally unlike in habits living together in perfect happiness. In just the same

way as many boys and girls whose tempers are altogether different live together with their parents, and choose quite distinct occupations to suit their various tastes, so birds, and cats, and dogs, and cattle have sometimes shown the greatest affection for each other in spite of their individual peculiarities.

It happened once that a cat was deprived of all

her kittens : most likely they had to share the same fate as many other kittens, and were taken from her to be drowned. At any rate, the poor animal was so desolate and miserable that she actually took under her care a litter of young rats, which she nursed and tended with all the care of a fond mother until they were old enough to take care of themselves. The owner of the cat, who was a poor man, exhibited the animals, in return for which he collected a considerable sum of money.

I remember, too, reading of a goose that was very fond of a house-dog. They sat together near the kennel the day through, only parting at meal-times, when the goose went to be fed, returning immediately afterwards to its place by the side of its friend. They quite understood each other, for when the dog barked the goose would cackle and run at the offender ; and if only permitted, she liked to roost

with the dog all night, instead of taking her proper place with her own companions. Sometimes, when the dog ran into the village, the goose would, if possible, follow him, running and flying alternately, in order to keep pace with her friend. One day the dog began to be ill, when the faithful bird stationed herself at his side, and could not be induced to move even to take food; so to prevent her dying of hunger, her pan of corn was placed close to the kennel. Notwithstanding her care, however, the poor dog died; and in a few days a new house-dog was installed in his place, who so nearly resembled the old one in form and colour, that either the goose mistook him for her old friend, or she felt attracted to him because of the similarity between the two animals, and approached quite in a friendly way within his reach. Sad to say, the new dog seized her by the throat and killed her on the spot, so that she was not left long to mourn her sad loss.

Hares and rabbits also have frequently been tamed to great perfection. A gentleman once had a hare that would eat its food from his hand, and its two companions were a greyhound and a spaniel. During the day the three animals romped about and frolicked in high glee, and at night were often seen lying together on the hearth. The greyhound and the spaniel were field dogs, and amused themselves by hunting hares, though they treated their playfellow with the greatest kindness.

Another gentleman had a dog, a hare, and two

cats living together, and a very happy life they had of it. The dog acted as a guardian over his three friends, evidently conscious of his own superiority in strength, for he barked quite savagely at any one for whom they manifested any sign of fear.

In Scotland, not very long ago, a dog, cat, and two rabbits lived together on such very good terms with each other that they well deserved the designation they were known by of "the happy family." The dog was evidently, both in her own estimation and in that of all the other members of the family, at the head of the establishment. The rabbits were two fat, smooth, and lively animals, but not rounder or handsomer than Minnie, the cat. If the dog regarded herself as the head of the family, puss unmistakably regarded herself as the mistress. When the dog was lying asleep, she used to seat herself on her back, either to doze or to take a quiet survey of what was going on around, as if the seat had been made expressly for her use. The rabbits gambolled about, too, to their hearts' content, the touch of their soft paws seeming rather to soothe the dog than to cause her any annoyance. When, one day, two puppies appeared upon the scene, they were welcomed with scarcely more joy by the mother than by puss and the rabbits. A large box was provided for them, where they all slept together at night, and not many sights more interesting can be imagined than the peaceful slumber of this happy family.

### A CHAT ABOUT THE ZULUS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

*By a Former Resident.*



EVERY new year there is held in Zululand a great festival called the "Umkosi," or Feast of First Fruits; after which, if the omens are propitious the army goes out to war. It was so this year and for the first time it was waged against the English. Some years ago, when I was present at the great feast, the Zulus were about

to "eat up" a small neighbouring tribe of the Amaswazi, and naturally present events put me much in

mind of those days long ago. For instance, I find this note in my journal, "There are only two occasions great enough among the Zulus for the chief's own song to be chanted. One is at the great festival, and the other, if an army has gone out and has been overtaken by much rain on the way. It is believed that it will not become bright until this song is sung; then the heaven clears and the army proceeds again." Some months after the English Mission had been established in Zululand, King Panda sent us an invitation to attend the New Year's Feast, which we very gladly accepted. It was two or three days' waggon journey, or "trek," from Kwamagwaza to Konodwengu, the king's great kraal. A trek was at all times a treat, if it did not last too long, and the weather were fine.

On approaching the royal kraal, our Hottentot driver William became more alert than ever. He



A HAPPY FAMILY. (See p. 340.)

hopped on to the waggon box, "yekked," and skipped down again to run alongside the team, poking "Gelderland's" ribs with his elbow, whispering a "ye-ek, Colberg," to the next, at the same time touching up the leaders "Roybek," and "Appelveldt," with a crack that made them shake their ponderous horns and lash their tails, and at last quicken their pace. But not till the tiny man's shrill voice had, with all its might, yelped out each name of his fourteen bullocks, and chattered to them a heterogeneous monologue of Dutch, English, and Zulu, abusing this one, and praising that, did he get them into the desired canter, a very inelegant one at best. We always woke early on a trek, and we were very happy and thankful on our last morning to find the weather beautiful, and everything around freshened by the recent rain. I saw the sun rise, casting a gorgeous glow on the waking world; white fleecy clouds rolling slowly round the Indhlasatya (saddle-shaped mountain), disappeared amongst the Amabedhlana peaks; the river changed from leaden to blue; the hum of voices began to be heard in the distance, and smoke from huts might be seen here and there ascending in steady, thin bluish columns. We encamped at a respectful distance from the royal domain about eight o'clock, when the king's sentinels approached, and told our Kaffirs that there was a noise within the "Isigodhla," (private huts of the chief of a kraal), and that we might presently expect a summons into the presence of the "great chief!" But while the sentinels were chatting with our people we were half stunned with the noise of the crowd of boys and girls, and old women that rushed out to stare at us, and scream out an excited welcome.

Presently, however, half stunned with the uproar, we were much relieved by some Zulus coming to meet us, evidently well-to-do gentlemen, sleek and fat, with very long nails, and shiny black rings, like ebony coronets, round their heads. Each wore a heavy brass armlet, which William informed us was worn by all on duty in the immediate service of royalty; in fact, it was the king's livery. They greeted us at once with the usual salutation, "Sako bona, Inkosi!" (literally, "I see you, chief"), which Mr. Robertson properly acknowledged, "Ye-bo, Baba" ("Yes, fathers"); an absurd salutation to English ears, but equivalent to the well-bred greeting of our own land. They then inquired of our health, and we of Panda's. They said he was not well, and would be glad if the Fundisi (teacher) was come to give him medicine.

After a few more words they escorted us to the out-spanning or camping place his majesty wished us to occupy. It was close to his own exclusive group of huts, and not far from those of his daughters,

who are kept very secluded. The privilege of encamping here, the three messengers took pains to inform us, was no little honour, and we were expected to appreciate his majesty's kindness in remembering we were missionaries, and "the children of great Victoria, whom he loved," not traders or hunters who occasionally paid him visits, and tried, often in vain, to get their "quid pro quo" out of the wary old monarch.

In a few minutes a little car (evidently of European manufacture), like a waggon on a small scale, drawn by two soldiers, and escorted by three or four attendants, issued from the kraal gate, and stopped under a tree near our encampment. We were sent for, and we went accordingly. Within the car we beheld an enormous man sitting tailor fashion. I never saw before or since so corpulent a being. He looked very dignified withal, and somewhat haughty, but by degrees, as he conversed agreeably with us, I thought he might have been rather good-looking in his youth.

The difference between the well-fed, pomaded aristocrats, and the lean, sinewy athletes who constituted the ranks of the army was very striking. The Zulus do not give any one credit for gentle birth if the shape of his bones is perceptible. A thin or sickly gentleman, who ought to be fat, would not be allowed to live. If he did not flee his country, and so escape the clutches of his comrades, he would not be allowed to live, but be cast out as bewitched, and cruelly put to death. He is condemned not by a jury, but by a witch-doctor, (inyanga) a professional whose employment it is to find out all those who are possessed of supernatural power for wicked purposes.

In the course of the morning, we were entertained by watching a company of soldiers return from fetching wood for roasting the bull, the principal ceremony of the Great Feast. They marched past our waggon in single file, each man bearing a branch of dry wood, and chanting a war-song as they came. Passing the enclosure where the fire was to be made, each pitched his burden over the fence-right-about-faced, and proceeded in good order to his quarters.

We saw Zulu war-dances to perfection this day, and never tired of watching them through the whole ceremony, in the broiling sun. All the men were in full dress (of feathers and skins), and each regiment had its distinguishing uniform, which gave the troops an orderly appearance not to be expected from savages. There were present even some remnants of regiments of the late King Tyaka (pronounced Chaka), the names of which I did not make a note of, but we admired their appearance particularly. They were all old weather-beaten

veterans, yet sang and danced in such perfect time.

The uniform of a regiment consisted in its peculiar coloured shield of ox hide, and kilt of tails, with tassels from their elbows and knees to match. The consequence was that in different districts cows of a favourite colour predominated. One regiment, "the King's Own," has white shields, tassels, tails, and head feathers. Another is called "Inkoyan ebomvu" (the red calf), which has red shields and uniform, but a tail feather of a grey eagle in the head. "Ubulawayo" (he that kills) has black shields, with tiger's tail kilt, and black ostrich feathers; "Ingulubi" (pig) is the one with speckled shields and monkey-skin tails; "Umtulwane" (the 'Tulwane reported at Isandula) is the crack regiment of which the Prince Cetywayo was the chief officer then, and a great many of his brothers were enrolled in it. They had black and white spotted shields. Ubulawayo's is an equally fine regiment for martial qualities, whose headquarters were about five miles from Konodwengu. "Unodwengu" is a very old regiment.

All the old soldiers wore "amabudu," or brass armlets, which are very heavy, but must not be taken off, even to sleep, till the regiment is disbanded. Some of these armlets reached from the wrist to the elbow, and those who had gained honours in past exploits, had an additional load of clumsy but bright brass above the elbow, and another round the neck. The "Ubulawayo" regiment was very wild, and its officers had hard work to enforce obedience, though they said that in war this regiment is more to be depended on than any other, from its undaunted war-like energy. When assembled in a large semicircle before the king, an order equivalent to "attention!" was given by the Induna, who, assisted by a number of sub-officers, went along the ranks, striking with great knobkerries the shields of those who were out of line, or inattentive. Each company in every regiment has its *induna*, and below him an officer or two graduating in rank.

When the forces were at last drawn up into one enormous body in the form of a crescent, they simultaneously chanted the song of Umsococeni, swerving in the action—or dance—like waving corn. About four o'clock in the afternoon the 'Tulwane regiment had assembled on the parade ground within the kraal, and rapidly formed square. They were joined by the "old men," as the soldiers of the present generation called those of the late king. There were four thousand men of 'Tulwane, and about two thousand of the latter, which was made up of odds and ends of the old regiments. They all stood silent, with their shields held upright in front of them, so as to leave nothing

of the man visible but the head above. At the word of command, they sang a low, dismal, grand chant, accompanied with a slow, graceful movement of the legs, arms, and head, all in perfect time and harmony.

Whilst this was going on, others *within the* square were catching a tremendous bull, without clubs or defensive weapons of any kind. They caught and killed it by *main force*, and even dragged the animal alive into the enclosure, at the head of the kraal, in which blazed a huge fire prepared to roast it. This has been done as a ceremony for many a long year, ever since the Zulus knew of the existence of their nation. They cannot tell us the origin of the custom, but say it is typical of the strength of the Zulus. 'Tulwane followed the bull in marching order; still singing, till they again formed square, this time surrounding the enclosure which contained the sacrifice.

The king was seated in state within, with two female attendants, and two doctors. The latter commenced operations by administering to Panda a compound of bitter herbs, called *intelezi*, and certain enchanted parts of the inside of the bull. With this his majesty had to be anointed, as well as to drink some of it. A large pumpkin was then presented to him, which he dashed against the shield of one of his great officers, typical of his own strength as a king. Then he took some juice of a peculiar herb into his mouth, and squirted it about in all directions, also a type of power and the extent of his dominions.

After this, the soldiers—specially told off for the purpose—literally pulled the bull to pieces, but the "King's Own" only partook of it. During the interval which followed this ceremony, before the grand "march past" was performed, Mr. Robertson presented us to the Prince Cetywayo. He was in command of his own regiment, "Tulwane," and with Dabulamansi and three other brothers, had just been engaged in superintending the struggle with the great bull. Cetywayo was by far the tallest and handsomest of the princes. They carried the large spotted shield denoting their regiment, and wore white ostrich feathers, magnificent tiger's-tail kilts, and monkey-skin lappets round the side of the head and face, leaving the eyes and mouth only visible. I should not have been much the wiser as to their features, had this been my only opportunity of seeing the sons of King Panda. Cetywayo himself wore on the top of his head a coronet—umbrella it might be more accurately called—of six beautiful white ostrich feathers, each not less than a yard long. From one ear hung a curiously-made long plume of blue and green parrot feathers, reaching down to the waist; from the other ear a similar long

bunch of bits of the blood-red feathers of the turaca's wing, tastefully shaded off to the delicate pink of those of the *bantwamjana* (a kind of pigeon). Between these two splendid plumes a pair of very long leopards' tails were suspended from the back of his head. He was such a fine tall fellow, and marched about with his shield and bright spears in one hand, and highly-polished knobkerries in the other.

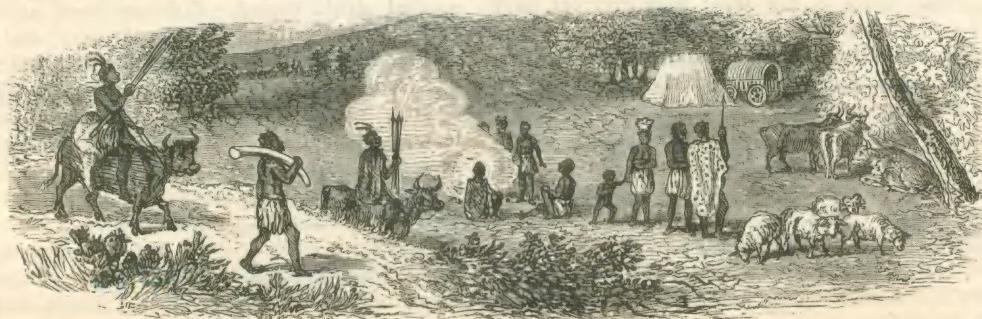
Each regiment was in turn paraded in a large semicircle, four or five ranks deep, to dance before Panda ; after which there was sham fighting, and wonderful gymnastic exhibitions. During the latter performances, the rest, who did not act, sang "jee-jee, zee-zee, chow-chow," for the others to caper to. On being dismissed they shouted terrifically, and scampered off, rattling their spears and sticks against their shields above their heads. Such a noise ! I thought it alone sufficient to frighten any civilised foe away. Presently there was a collision of two regiments, a few soldiers of regiment *Unhlono* having by some impertinence insulted the *Ubularwayo* men. In their present excitement nothing but hard blows could be mutually satisfactory, and the two regiments engaged. It was very disagreeable, to say the least of it, to be so close to wild men some seven or eight thousand strong, whose blood was up, and who were shouting and yelling as they banged at each other with their ponderous clubs. But in—what seemed to be—less than half an hour, *Unhlono* turned tail, and *Ubularwayo* pursued. We then set off to walk over the scene of action, to see if we could help any wounded. But they were immediately borne away ; some the next day came to our tent, when we had the gratification of successfully setting some bones, and strapping a few dreadful gashes.

When a chief is about to fight with another, he calls his army doctor, who brings *intelezi*, which he bruises, places in a pot, pours water on it, and then squeezes it with his hands, and mixes it with water. The long tail of a large animal, which is well known, called the gnu, is placed in

the vessel, and is used to sprinkle with. The army forms a semicircle and no one speaks, there is perfect silence ; for indeed, when an army is being led out to war, no one speaks, even a little ; it is an evil day, for men are going to die, and they eat nothing. The doctor sprinkles the whole army, going round the whole circle. When an army has had this done to it, no one among them may associate with his family at home ; if a man breaks this rule, he "kills himself, making his eyes dark ;" that is, he has made himself stupid, he has lost his senses, so that when he goes into battle he must surely be killed. On the day when troops are summoned, and assemble at the chief's headquarters, cattle is always slaughtered. The meat first eaten is black, being smeared with a powder made of dried flesh of various wild animals—leopard, lion, elephant, &c. The Zulus believe by these medicines to impart the fierce and powerful qualities of the different beasts. The whole force partakes of this wonderful meat before going into battle, that they may be brave and not fearful.

When the doctor has finished sprinkling the army, the chief comes into the midst of it, and addresses the soldiers, praising the "Amatongo," or spirits of his ancestors. He ends with an admonition to fight as becomes a brave nation ; he says, "Troops of our people, who conquered so-and-so, I shall hear of your doings. The sun is in the sky ; I have this day given the enemy into the hands of such-and-such a regiment, and I direct you to follow it. If you do not conquer, you will disgrace yourselves. My father was a brave ; he was never known to be a coward. Let the assegais wound you in front, let there be no wound in the back. If I see you coming back conquered, I will kill you ; you will find no place for you here at home. I too am an enemy if you are cowards."

Then there would begin leaping and rattling of spears against their shields ; some shouting and making vows, and then the chief dismisses the army.





A CHINESE TOY MERCHANT.

## TOYS AND TOY MAKERS.

**T**OYS and playthings are in continual demand wherever there are children to be amused, and the supply of them grows larger and more varied every year. Most of the toys which gladden little hearts in English nurseries come from Germany, and the quaint old town of Nuremberg is the centre of that kind of industry, which employs a great many hands,

and keeps the grim wolf of poverty from the door of many an industrious household. Thence come the wooden boxes containing villages, gardens, sheepfolds, and Noah's arks ; the grocer's, baker's, and butcher's shops, which form such delightful Christmas and birthday presents ; the cube puzzles, with pictures on each face of the blocks of wood which fit so neatly into their box ; the jointed dolls, now almost out of date ; the substantial-looking

horses and carts ; and, last of all, the mechanical toys which are wound up by clock-work, and perform such extraordinary manœuvres that one could almost fancy them alive. The tiny lamps, bright reflectors, and shining balls, which render our Christmas-trees so brilliant, are also imported from Germany, as well as the ornamental and *useful* articles made of horn, bone, and lacquered ware, which make such capital presents for those young folks who have outgrown the delights of dolls and wooden animals.

The Swiss peasants who in summer time find plenty of employment in tending their cows and goats, gathering the baskets of Alpine strawberries that are piled up in great dishes on every hotel table, and all sorts of services for the great army of tourists who come annually to make a peaceful invasion of their lovely land, are frequently snowed up in the châlets and mountain villages for weeks together in the winter, and employ the long hours in cutting out bears from pieces of beech-wood, often with no other tool than a strong knife, making wooden nutcrackers, match-boxes, and the curious little cottages which slide in and out of well-fitting boxes, and are universally bought by travellers as mementoes of happy holidays among the mountains.

A great many dolls are made in Paris of a wonderfully flesh-like composition, and with bodies and limbs of much more elegant shape and proportions than can be found in the mimic young ladies and gentlemen manufactured in other countries. Some of these model little people can even say "papa" and "mamma," but dolls with such wonderful accomplishments as these are of course very expensive, and only fit to be brought out on festive occasions, and handed down as heirlooms from one generation of a family to another.

The walking doll, a young person under whose ample drapery is found a key-hole, by means of which her locomotive powers must be wound up,

is an American invention. She has a pair of metal feet, which advance one before the other in the most orthodox manner, and by means of these she will walk up and down a long table, if turned when she reaches the edge, for several minutes at a time, making a curious humming sound as she proceeds. She belongs to the aristocracy of toys which may be found in well-furnished stores for the delight of the American children whose parents have unlimited dollars to spend on their pleasures. But besides these favoured little ones, who clamour for fresh novelties every day, there are thousands of humbler children, with only a few cents in their pockets, who buy ingenious constructions of wood and paste-board from itinerant dealers, and get quite as much amusement out of them as if they were the costliest products imaginable. You may see a gaunt old Irishwoman, with a gay handkerchief tied over her head, squatted on the side walk of the Broadway in New York with a basket full of "Neddys," whose riders perform all sorts of acrobatic movements in full view of the passers-by, as she pulls the string and sets their loosely jointed members in motion.

In India and China a great many toys are made of bamboo with a good deal of tinsel and coloured paper about them. A Chinese toyman carries his stock-in-trade with him, in the shape of a cane stand sheltered with a piece of cloth, and surmounting a basket of considerable size. He has lanterns of all shapes and sizes, tambourines, rattles made by enclosing dried peas between two bamboo circles covered with parchment, uncouth-looking dolls and whips, and on the very top a pair or two of small peaked shoes. Balls, too, are in great plenty, and quite as popular among the young Celestials as anywhere else, and the catalogue of his goods would be incomplete without a mention of the kites which are sure to be found among them.



A TOY-SELLER IN THE BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

## BIBLE EXERCISES.

## XV.

*"Peace for ever from the Lord!"*—1 Kings ii. 33.

Is peace God's gift?—Micah v. ; Zech. ix. ; John xiv. ; Eph. ii. ; Phil. iv.

His people have peace.—Ps. cxix. ; Is. xxvi., xxxii. ; John xvi.

## XVI.

*"Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart."*—1 Kings iii. 9.

Is wisdom God's gift?—Ps. cxix. ; Prov. ii. ; Jas. i.

God will give more than we ask.—Ps. lxxxiv. Prov. iii., viii. ; Matt. vi. ; Eph. iii. ; 1 Tim. iv.

## XVII.

*"I will dwell among the children of Israel."*—1 Kings vi. 13.

God dwelt among them in the Temple.—Exod. xxv., xxix. ; Ezek. xlivi.

He dwells in the hearts of His people.—John xiv. ; Rom. viii. ; 2 Cor. vi.

He will dwell with them in heaven.—Ps. lxviii. ; Zech. ii. ; Rev. xxi.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## VI.—CALLED HOME.

*"O star, untimely set,  
Why should we weep for thee!  
Thy bright and dewy coronet  
Is rising o'er the sea."*

**I**N the house of Jeroboam, King of Israel, a young boy was lying ill. We must not think of this house as of a great or glorious palace, such as those which King Solomon had built, for Jeroboam was living in a city where no king had dwelt before, and his house was perhaps not very different from those in which his officers and captains lived round him.

The boy who lay ill in one of the rooms of this house was named Abijah, and he was the eldest son of the king—the one who, if he lived, would come to the throne when his father died. This was one reason why his life was very precious, not only to his father and mother, but to all the ten tribes over which Jeroboam reigned. And there was another reason. Abijah had brothers younger than himself, and if he died, then Nadab, the eldest of these, would take his place, and be the heir to the crown; and of all the sons of Jeroboam, Abijah was the only one who gave promise of being a good king.

He was still quite young, and had not been able to do anything by which he might show his faithfulness to God, yet there was something about his ways and his words which marked him out as different from the rest of those about him,

who were worshippers of idols, and did not care to hear or to think of the God of their fathers.

Therefore there was great grief when it became known that Abijah was ill, and would perhaps die; but his father and mother grieved more than all the rest, and as they stood together in the morning by the boy's sick bed, they looked at each other with eyes which said, only too plainly, what great sorrow they feared was coming upon them.

Abijah's mother was not, so it seems, a Jewess. There is reason to suppose that she was an Egyptian princess, whom Jeroboam had married when he was living in Egypt, and high in the favour of the king. Perhaps she still clung to the worship of the idols of Egypt, but now, in this time of great need, she was ready to go even to the prophets of the God of Israel, if only thus she might obtain some word of comfort and hope.

They dare not go to the Temple which Solomon had built at Jerusalem, for Jeroboam had rebelled against the son of Solomon, and was his enemy; but Jeroboam knew one other place sacred to the worship of God where, perhaps, he might learn something of what was to befall his son.

At Shiloh, where the tabernacle had stood, where little Samuel had grown up, there was still a

sanctuary of God and a school of the prophets of God. There, perhaps, at the head of this school, was living an old prophet, named Ahijah, already nearly blind, and to him Jeroboam determined to send his wife, that he might inquire what God was about to do with the child.

Jeroboam had been the man who had turned away a whole nation from the worship of Jehovah ; but now, as soon as trouble fell on him and fear, he did not think of his idols any more ; he knew that they could not help him, and that there was but one God who revealeth secrets. Jeroboam dare not go himself to Ahijah, for the prophet, though his eyes were dim, would know only too well the voice of the king who had led Israel into sin. Years before, in the days when Jeroboam was yet faithful to his God, it was the prophet Ahijah who had told him that he should be king over Israel. Then he had promised blessing and honour if only Jeroboam would serve God and follow Him ; and now the disobedient king dare not go to the prophet, to be told of his sin and of its punishment.

And yet he would not send a servant ; the matter was too near his heart for this. As it was impossible that he should be himself the messenger, he would send his wife, the mother of the sick child. Her Ahijah would not be likely to recognise ; and to make this still more improbable, she must go in disguise, and appear, not as a king's daughter and a king's wife, but as a poor woman from one of the neighbouring villages, anxious for her sick child.

Then Jeroboam's wife put off her rich dress—perhaps her robe of fine linen from Egypt—and attired herself like a poor countrywoman. Yet even a poor woman would not seek the prophet empty-handed ; it was a universal rule that all who went to him should carry with them some present as an offering. If, however, the queen had taken in her hand gold or jewels, or any gift that would have suited her rank, it would be sure to betray her to Ahijah, and this seems to have been what Jeroboam most dreaded.

The king seems to have thought that God's prophet could do more than tell him what was to come—that he could even alter it, so that at his pleasure he could speak either words of comfort or of pain. And yet, though Jeroboam gave, in his thought, power to the prophet which belonged only to God, at the very same time he fancied that a change of dress and a false tale could deceive him and make him speak favourably. Thus it was that he would only allow his wife to carry with her such a gift as a poor woman would have been likely to have afforded—ten cakes, some biscuits baked on the hearth, and a little jar of honey. Carrying these,

the queen set out on her way, though all the time we are sure that her thoughts were in that room at home where Abijah, her little son, lay.

And now the poor mother had reached Shiloh, and could see far off the building in which Ahijah had made his dwelling. Near the open door the old man sat, his dim eyes fixed on the hills which he could so well remember, though now he could not trace their familiar outline. He knew who was coming, for God had told him ; and the changed dress, and the journey on foot without servants, and the poor gift were all quite useless, for nothing can hide us from God, and He knew every thought in Jeroboam's mind.

Now Ahijah could hear the step across the threshold—a timid step, for she feared to be discovered, and yet an eager, hurried tread, for the queen came in haste, full of anxious fear for the life of her son.

How surprised she must have been to hear the greeting of the old prophet : "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam ; why feignest thou thyself to be another? for I am sent to thee with heavy tidings."

And they were indeed heavy tidings that were told to the poor queen as she sat sadly in the prophet's little chamber, tidings of trouble to befall her husband and all his house because of their sins against the Lord. But she would hardly hear all the old man's words, though at his tone her heart must have sunk lower and lower ; yet she was listening for some message about her little son, for whose sake she had come to the prophet. At last the message came—it seemed the very saddest which could be spoken, for she was not even to see her child alive again. Ahijah told her that even as her feet entered the town in which Jeroboam dwelt the child would die.

And the poor mother had to take the weary journey back again, knowing that, however much she hastened, it would be all in vain ; the eyes she loved would never open on her again, nor the little lips call her "mother." Thus it was ; Abijah died even as his mother crossed the threshold of the palace.

There was great sorrow all through the land of Israel when it was known that the little prince was dead ; rich and poor all mourned for him ; and it might seem to us, at first, as if this great sorrow was God's punishment on a land that had forsaken Him. And so indeed it was ; but it was something more than this.

We know that when a king tries to do justice he often punishes the innocent with the guilty, and that he cannot help doing so ; but when God, the King of kings, punishes the guilty, then the judgment turns into a blessing to those who love and follow

Him. It was so now. Abijah was taken away, not only that his father and mother and the whole people might learn that they were sinning against God, but because it was the best and happiest thing for the child himself.

to be called home to God. He was safe now—safe from all that would have drawn him into sin, safe from all the troubles that were to fall on his house, blest for ever in the presence of God.

So that you see that while sometimes God shows



THE PROPHET'S MESSAGE. (See p. 348.)

God, who reads all our hearts, knew that Abijah, though he was only a child, had in his heart "some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel." And God knew that if the boy had grown up amidst the wicked people who were round him, this little seed of good would have been choked and would have perished. Therefore it was a blessing to Abijah

His love by calling back a child from death, and giving him again to his father and mother, yet it is in the very same love that sometimes He calls another child away, and does not answer the prayers of those who long to keep him with them. But whatever God does is always perfectly right and best for every one whom it touches.

## THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FLOWERS.



SATED upon a pansy fair  
Beneath the summer sky,  
Like gold upon its purple robe,  
Rested a butterfly.

The scarlet fuchsia bowed her head ;  
Her perfume, sweet and rare,  
The modest-tinted mignonette  
Shed on the soft warm air.

And all the red geraniums flushed,  
To view that insect proud ;  
“As if the flowers were made for  
him !”

The roses cried aloud.

The sweet carnations thought it shame ;

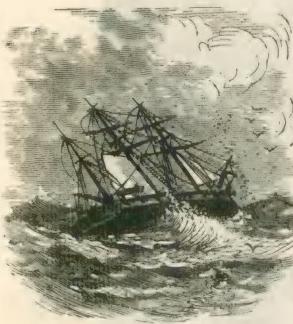
The larkspur, at their side,  
Herself plumed on her modesty,  
And scoffed at so much pride.

Alas ! alas ! how is it that  
Our faults we ne'er can see ?  
But others blame, as if alone  
We were from such faults free.

The rain came on ; each flower bowed  
To earth her haughty head ;  
The storm passed o'er, the flowers drooped,  
The butterfly was—dead !

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## A NEW GAME.



ourselves ? It must be something in which we can all take an interest, fathers and mothers, boys and girls.

So admirably have we met the difficulty that I feel sure I shall be conferring a benefit on all societies composed of like ingredients, if I introduce to notice a game which I believe has scarcely ever, if at all, been heard of in England.

It is called *λογομαχη* (Logoumakè), being a Word Battle, and if you will take the trouble to prepare the necessary equipment in the manner I will now describe, I believe you will confess I have sent you as much amusement from mid-Atlantic as if I had written fifty chapters in LITTLE FOLKS.

This do, then. Obtain a number of blank cards,

fifty-eight in number, and mark upon them the letters of the alphabet, twenty-six, then another set of all the letters except j, k, q, v, x, z, then a third and fourth set of the five vowels and y. You will thus have 4 of each of the vowels, and of y, and two of each of the consonants, except the six above named, j, k, q, v, x, z, the four first of which you mark PRIZE, the two last DOUBLE PRIZE.

Any number of persons from two to six may play the game—if you want more players you should have two sets of cards. Each player can play and score for himself, or in a game of four players you may have sides, two against two.

Deal four cards to each player, and turn up four on the board, and so on till the fifty-two cards are exhausted, but only deal to the board on the first round.

The object is to secure as many cards as you can by forming a word with the exposed cards on the board and one card from your hand. For instance, there are on the board A B L F, you have in your hand an L, you produce it and lay out on the table by your side B A L L, leaving only an F for your adversary, who, unable to make a word, has to lay down a letter of his hand. We will suppose he lays down a T, the next player, having an O in his hand, takes possession of the first player's B A L L by adding O from his hand and T

from the board, and thus spelling B A L L O T. Any transposition of already made words is allowed, provided that the new word embraces the whole of the old one, with the addition of a letter from the new player's hand.

Words of two letters are not allowed, nor may a made word be taken away from an owner by the addition of an S to make it plural.

Should a player have two or more letters in his hand which would, when added to another letter or letters on the board, or to an already made word, make a fresh word, he may put one of his letters from his hand, together with the letter from the board, by his side, and declare what word he is building for, but he is liable to lose it by having the last gap filled up before it is his turn to play again. A builder can play for nothing else until his word is complete.

No proper names are allowed, and it is well to exclude foreign languages.

A player taking all the letters from the board in

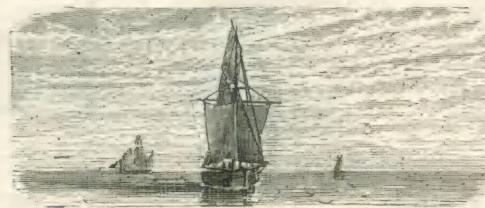
making a word, counts one for a clearance, but there can be no clearance whilst a word is being built, as those letters are not altogether withdrawn from the board, though they cannot be taken for any other than the declared word until it is completed.

The score is made thus:—

For the greatest number of cards	...	3
For each of the prizes, 1	...	4
For each of the double prizes, 2	...	4
Game	...	11

So great has been our interest in this fight of words that it has conquered even the tyrant seasickness; with a strong breeze and a heavy sea the youngsters, though rather pale, have held up at the sight of a Z in their hands in hopes that an opponent may turn down the U, which with the I Q on the board will entitle the holder to score three for

QUIZ.



### A LITTLE DOG'S DAY.

**W**HAT do they mean when they say,  
"That every dog has his day?"  
For I have so many, so many, so many:  
Each day of the year is to me  
The happiest day that can be;  
I am sure I can't say  
Which is my day!

My garden is very well known,  
With its grass and its beds all my own;  
And at the gate barking, and barking, and barking,  
To all the dogs that go by,  
And the boys too, I say, "Here am I,  
All ready for fight or for play—  
Which do you say?"

And sometimes over the wall  
A child will throw me a ball.  
And the birds keep flying, and flying, and flying;  
Now watch and run as I will,  
Those birds are cleverer still;  
The chickens are easier game,  
But then comes blame!

In summer, with pussy, what fun,  
When she came out to bask in the sun,  
And I barked at her, teasing, and teasing, and  
Then up a tree how she ran! [teasing!  
Looked down, "Catch me now if you can!"  
I would be glad, I declare,  
If she'd stay up there!

In winter I play in the snow;  
And then in the evening, you know,  
On the hearthrug lie dreaming, and dreaming, and  
And in my sleep I can see [dreaming;  
The sheep all fleeing from me,  
With their tails that bob as they run—  
What splendid fun!

When there is food to be had  
I am not a shy little lad;  
Up I sit, begging, and begging, and begging.  
"Some biscuit now, if you please,  
Or a very small morsel of cheese,  
Or a saucer of nice sweetened tea—  
Don't refuse it to me!"



"UP I SIT, BEGGING, AND BEGGING, AND BEGGING" (p. 35).

I was almost going to confess,  
The washing-day I like less,  
With its soaping, and rubbing, and rubbing, and  
rubbing ;

But when I am combed nice and neat,  
Head, back, tail, down to my feet,  
I hear, with a feeling of bliss,  
"What a beauty he is!"

Among my trees in the shade,  
A little dog's grave has been made ;  
Deep below he lies buried, and sleeping, and  
sleeping.

A small sleek dog, black-and-tan,  
That shivered and shook as he ran ;  
And in my own garden, they say,  
That other dog had his day.

My mistress speaks of him to me  
When I lay my head on her knee,  
And she fondles me, stroking, and stroking, and  
stroking.

"He was most faithful and true,  
Though not so good-natured as you,  
As jealous as jealous could be,  
But he loved me, you see !

"And when he was ill he would stand  
With his tiny head laid on my hand,  
And he was so loving, so loving, so loving,  
That though he was snappy and cross,  
I loved him and mourned for his loss,  
And in my heart I can say,  
Both little dogs have their day."

F. G.

## OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "*The Young Berringtons; or, the Boy Explorers,*" "*At the South Pole,*" &c. &c.

## CHAPTER XI.—RESCUED.

I FULLY expected the next moment to see the huge claws of a monstrous grizzly as he worked his way down to us, when, instead of a growl, I

there, he gave another bark, and then Red Squirrel, who had clambered up to the surface, told me that he was scampering away to the southward. I tried to get out to watch him, but was utterly unable to



"'PONOKO ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD,' ANSWERED THE INDIAN" (p. 362).

heard the whine and sharp bark of a dog. It was the voice I felt sure, of our faithful Pilot, whom we had left at our last camp, as we supposed, on the point of death. I called out his name, and he answered with a joyous bark. Presently we saw him looking down upon us, when, satisfied that we were really

accomplish the task, and Red Squirrel himself was too weak to help me. I felt sure, however, that the dog had gone to summon our friends. I tried to cheer up poor Hugh with the news. He seemed scarcely able to understand what had occurred, and I became greatly alarmed at his condition.

We waited and waited ; it seemed as if several hours had elapsed. At last Red Squirrel, who had gone to the hole, exclaimed that he saw some dark objects moving over the snow. They came nearer and nearer. I cannot describe the joy I felt when I heard Uncle Donald's voice, and presently I saw Red Squirrel's legs disappear as he was drawn up through the hole. Directly afterwards another person came slipping down.

"Arrah ! we've found ye at last, sure !" exclaimed Corney, lifting me in his arms.

"Take up Hugh," I said, "he is in a worse state than I am." He did as I requested, but he was down again in a minute, and carrying me up, wrapped me in buffalo-robés and placed me in one of the sleighs which Uncle Donald, who was engaged in feeding Hugh from a can of broth, had brought to convey us. Some of the broth was immediately given to me. I could have gobbled up the whole of it, for the moment I felt the fresh air the keenness of my appetite returned.

"I feared, my dear lads, that you were lost !" exclaimed Uncle Donald, as he ran backwards and forwards between Hugh and me, giving us each alternately a mouthful of the food. "But through the mercy of Heaven, as I will tell you by-and-by, we were led to this spot, and now the sooner we get back to camp the better, for you require careful nursing, I suspect. It is a wonder that you have escaped."

Red Squirrel came in for a portion of the broth, and, not suffering so much from hunger as we were, he was soon able, after he had swallowed the food, to move about and assist Corney in digging out our snow-shoes. As soon as they had been recovered, we set out for the camp, which we found under the shelter of a wood about two miles off.

How Pilot, who had been left, as we supposed, dying in the camp, had found us out we were curious to know. It appeared that one of the Indians had left, as he confessed, a load of pemmican behind. This the dog must have scented out after we had gone, and having eaten it, had remained sheltered during the storm under the snow. His provisions exhausted, he had set out to rejoin his companions, and on his way had providentially been led to the mouth of our burrow. Finding that he could not get us out, he had gone on, and on coming up with the party, by his extraordinary behaviour attracted attention. The moment he had had some buffalo meat, he rushed back towards where he had left us, and then pulled at Corney's and Uncle Donald's leggings, thus leading them to believe that he knew where we were to be found.

The cold was intense, but as it had hardened the

snow, and the dogs had greatly recovered by having had plenty of buffalo meat to eat, we made rapid progress. Hugh was placed in Rose's sleigh, and I had one to myself, with some of the cargo stowed at my back, for even after two days' rest we were unable to walk ; Red Squirrel, however, was soon himself again, and was able to keep up with the rest of the men.

More than a week had passed, when, as evening was approaching, we caught sight of a flagstaff, above a block-house, and a circle of palisades rising out of the snow on the banks of a stream backed by a lofty range of mountains, spurs of the Rockies.

Though there were no trees in the immediate neighbourhood, a thick forest was seen on either side, extending backwards, and rising up the steep slopes.

It was the station to reach which we had travelled so many hundred miles. Descending to the river, which was frozen over, we dashed across it, and were met on the other side by a party who issued from the stockade as we approached. At first we could only make out a number of Indians, but presently a lady and five young people appeared among them. To my joy, I recognised the lady as my mother, the others were my two sisters and three younger brothers, but they had all grown so much that I should not have known them ; and certainly they did not know me, for they looked greatly surprised at the affectionate greeting my mother gave me.

"I am grateful, most grateful to you, Uncle Donald, for having come to our assistance," she said, as she kissed his weather-beaten cheek. "Your appearance will revive my poor husband, who is still suffering from sickness. He has not got over the fearful scenes we witnessed, and is still anxious about our safety, as the savage Indians have vowed that they will return in the spring and put us and those of their tribe who have become Christians to death, should the pest again break out among them, and I much fear, in consequence of their careless and dirty habits, that it will do so."

"Cheer up, my good niece, we will now go into the house, and then arrange what is best to be done," answered Uncle Donald.

I, in the meantime, was receiving the embraces of my brothers and sisters, the latter of whom immediately rushed towards Rose, and conducted her to the house. My brothers also gave a warm greeting to Hugh. My poor father had risen to receive us. He looked fearfully thin and careworn, though our arrival, it was evident, cheered him. Very soon we were all assembled round a roaring fire in the sitting-room, thankful for our preservation

from the dangers of our journey, and not a little pleased to be able to throw off our heavy clothing. The Indians took good care of Madge, Corney, and Pierre, and the rest of the party, not neglecting the poor dogs, honest Pilot especially, when the service he had rendered us was told, coming in for a large share of their favour.

## CHAPTER XII.—ON THE ALERT.



**M**Y brothers and sisters, Hugh, Rose, and I were very happy. The former fancied that, now we had come, all their troubles would be over. They had, however, passed a sad and anxious time; the missionary who had accompanied my father, with his wife and two children, had died, as had several of the Christian Indians, while some hundreds of the wild Indians had been swept off by the fearful pestilence. The latter had gone away south during the winter, and it was supposed that they would not return till the spring.

Hugh and I occasionally went out with Uncle Donald, or Pierre and Corney, in search of buffalo or deer. We were generally fortunate enough to kill either the one or the other. Uncle Donald had lost no time in sending out trusty scouts to try and ascertain the whereabouts of the Blackfeet.

Red Squirrel, from being one of the most active and intelligent of our Indians, was thus constantly employed. The duty was a hazardous one, for, as he well knew, should the enemy catch him, they would to a certainty take his scalp.

As neither buffalo nor deer had for several days appeared near the station, the hunters had to go a considerable distance in search of them. As soon as an animal was killed one of the dog sleighs was sent out to bring in the meat.

I have not described the station. It was in some respects like a fort, being entirely surrounded by palisades, both that it might be defended from an hostile attack, and for the purpose of protecting the buildings in the interior from the cold winds in winter, and to prevent the snow from drifting round them.

There was a strong gate on one side which could be securely closed with bars, and a narrow platform with a parapet ran round the upper part of the

palisades, from which its defenders could fire down on their assailants. It was in this respect very different from the usual missionary stations which are entirely without defence. It had been built as a fort by the fur traders, and being in the neighbourhood of a savage and warlike tribe, it was considered prudent to repair it in the fashion I have described. When existing as a fort, it had been more than once captured and plundered by the Indians, and on one occasion the whole of the defenders had been put to death.

I had one morning gone up to the platform to take a look out, when I espied far off to the southward a small herd of buffalo. Our hunters had, on the previous evening, gone off to the eastward, and, unless they should find game near, were not likely to return for some days. I hurried down to Uncle Donald to tell him what I had seen, and request permission to set off to try and kill a buffalo.

"I will go with you," he said; and Hugh begged that he might accompany us. So we set off with our guns, hoping, that by keeping among the woods, we might get to leeward of the herd, and sufficiently near to shoot one or more beast.

My brother Alec, who was nearly as old as Hugh, went also. We hurried along on our snow-shoes, eager to get up to the herd before they should move off. This they were not likely to do, as they had found a spot where the snow was less deep than in other places, and they had got down to the grass by pawing with their feet.

They did not perceive us, and the wind being north-east, we succeeded in getting round to the south of them. We then crept carefully up, and Uncle Donald, firing, brought a fat cow to the ground. Hugh and I aimed at another, which we badly wounded; but instead of running off with its head lowered, ploughing up the snow as a ship turns up the foaming water, it came charging towards us.

"Now, Alec, see what you can do!" exclaimed Hugh and I, as we rapidly re-loaded; "but run aside as soon as you have fired, or the brute may kill you."

I heard Alec's shot, when, looking up, to my dismay, I saw that he had missed. The buffalo was within twenty paces of us. Alec did his best to make off on one side, which, however, could not be done very rapidly with snow-shoes on. In another instant the buffalo would have reached us, when a shot which came from behind a tree laid him low, and looking round, I saw an Indian, whom I directly recognised as Red Squirrel. The rest of the herd being thus disturbed had made off. Uncle Donald now came up and thanked Red Squirrel for his timely aid. He reported that he was on his

return to the fort with somewhat alarming intelligence. He had got up one night, he said, close to the Blackfeet lodges, where he observed the chiefs seated in council. He caught the meaning of some of their speeches, from which he gathered that it was their intention, before long, to come north and avenge themselves on the white medicine man—so they called my father—for the pestilence which they asserted he had inflicted on them because they had refused to become his proselytes. Red Squirrel also stated that he had seen among them a white man, who had spoken, and tried to dissuade them from prosecuting their design. He was clothed, like them, in a dress of buffalo-robés, from which Red Squirrel argued that he had been some time among them. They seemed, however, in no way inclined to listen to the advice of the white stranger, and expressed their intention of setting out as soon as their medicine man should pronounce the time to be propitious.

"We must return at once and put the station in a state of defence," said Uncle Donald, on hearing this. "The savages may be upon us in the course of two or three days, and will give us but a short time to prepare for them. It is unfortunate that the hunters are away; for we require their assistance, and should the Blackfeet fall in with them they will lose their scalps to a certainty."

"I would willingly go out and try and find them," I said. "As no snow has fallen since they started, I can easily find their tracks."

"I would much rather send Red Squirrel or Corney; but I'll think about it as we go along," said Uncle Donald.

Pierre had gone with the hunters, so that only the Irishman and young Indian were available for the purpose.

We at once turned our faces homewards, going on as fast as we could move on our snow-shoes. We thought it possible that we might find on our arrival that some of the hunters had returned, but none had made their appearance. My father looked very anxious when he heard the information brought by Red Squirrel.

"We might repulse them should they attack the place, but if any are killed, what hope can I afterwards have of winning them over to the Gospel?" he said. "I talk to them of peace, and urge them to enlist under the banner of the Prince of Peace, and yet they find me and my friends allied in arms against them."

"But if we don't defend ourselves, they will knock us on the head and carry off our scalps," answered Uncle Donald. "I will do all I can to preserve peace, and induce them to go back without fighting, should I be able to hold any communica-

tion with them. In the meantime, we must prepare to defend the fort. Archie has volunteered to go out in search of the hunters, who must be forthwith called in, but without your permission I do not like to let him go."

"As it is in the path of duty, I will not forbid him," answered my father.

"If Archie goes, let me go too," cried Alec. "I can run as fast as he does on snow-shoes."

After some demur, Alec got leave to accompany me, for Hugh, not being quite well, was unable to go.

We were in good spirits, pleased at the confidence placed in us, and only regretting that Hugh had not been able to come. The trail of the hunters was perfectly clear, leading away to the south-east. They had taken a couple of sleighs to bring in the meat, so that we had no difficulty in directing our course.

We had made good nearly ten miles, and had not met any buffalo tracks, which showed us that the hunters must still be some way ahead, when we heard a voice shouting to us, and, looking back, we saw an Indian running towards us over the snow. As he was alone, we had no doubt that he was a friend, and as he came nearer we recognised Red Squirrel.

He could not, he said, allow us to go without him, and as soon as he had taken some food he had set off. He had left Uncle Donald busily engaged, assisted by my father and the remaining men in the fort, in strengthening the palisades. "If the Blackfeet come, expecting to get in and plunder the fort, they will find themselves mistaken," he added.

We were very glad to have Red Squirrel with us; although, accustomed as we were to travel over the snow-covered plains, and having the mountains with whose forms we were well acquainted to the eastward, we had no fear about finding our way back, provided that the weather should remain clear. There was, of course, the possibility of a snow-storm coming on, and then we might have been greatly puzzled.

Notwithstanding the fatigue Red Squirrel had gone through during the last few days, he was as active as ever, and kept us moving as fast as we could go.

Before sunset we came upon the tracks of buffalo, though the animals themselves were nowhere to be seen.

"We'll soon find them," observed the Indian; but though we went on some distance, neither buffalo nor hunters could we discover, and we were glad, just as night fell, to take shelter under the lee of a thick clump of poplars and spruce pine.

To cut sufficient wood for our fire and clear away the snow was the work of a few minutes, and, with our pot boiling, we were soon sitting round a cheerful blaze discussing our supper. We continued

a knoll a short distance off. We could see his figure against the sky. In a short time he came back.

"See fire out there," he said, pointing to the



"THE STRANGER GAZED EARNESTLY INTO ROSE'S COUNTENANCE" (p. 364).

sitting round the fire, wrapped in our buffalo-robés, with our feet close to the embers, every now and then throwing on a stick, while we talked and Red Squirrel smoked his pipe.

I proposed that two of us should lie down and go to sleep, while the third kept watch, when Red Squirrel, getting up, said he would take a look out.

Climbing up the bank, he went to the top of

southward. "May be friends, may be enemies, may be Blackfeet. If Blackfeet, sooner we get 'way better."

"But how are we to find out whether they are friends or foes?" I asked.

"Red Squirrel go and see," he answered. "You stay here;" and taking up his gun, he quickly disappeared in the darkness, leaving us seated at our camp fire.

## CHAPTER XIII.—ATTACKED BY THE REDSKINS.



**W**E felt very uneasy at the strangely prolonged absence of Red Squirrel. He could have anticipated no danger, or he would have advised us what course to pursue should he not return. At last, telling Alec to sit

quiet, I got up, and made my way to the top of the knoll, whence I could see over the country to the southward, in the direction I supposed Red Squirrel had gone. I looked and looked in vain through the gloom of night, though I could see in the far distance the light of the fire of which he had spoken.

Could he have been captured? if so, what should Alec and I do? It would be impossible to rescue him—indeed, it was too probable that he had been immediately put to death by the Blackfeet, and that we might ourselves, should we remain in the neighbourhood, be killed. I came therefore to the conclusion that we must continue our search for the hunters to the eastward, keeping at the same time a watchful eye in the direction in which we had seen the fire of our supposed enemies. I say supposed enemies, because I still had a lingering hope that, after all, the fire might be at the hunters' camp.

Such were the thoughts which passed through my mind as I stood on the top of the knoll. I had not been there many minutes before I recollect ed how clearly I had seen Red Squirrel in the same position against the sky. Instead, therefore, of remaining upright, I stooped down until I reached a thick bush, behind which I crouched, as well able as before to see any objects moving in the plain below. At last I thought that it was time to go back to Alec, and was on the point of descending the knoll, when I fancied that I saw some objects moving along the ground.

I remained stock still, scarcely daring to breathe, with my eyes fixed on the spot. They were human beings—Indians I felt sure; if so, they would soon see our fire, and we should be discovered.

While there was time I hurried down the knoll and flew to Alec. I made a sign to him to take up his rifle and buffalo-robe, with a few other articles,

left on the ground, and led the way through the wood. Here we might remain concealed until the savages had gone away, and then try to get back to the fort. I had no great hopes of success, still, it was the only thing to be done.

We had reached the spot, and it was some way from the fire, but we were still able to see it by raising our heads over the bushes.

We had both knelt down behind the bush, with our rifles ready to raise to our shoulders at any minute. Alec, only the moment before I returned, had thrown some wood on the fire, so that it was now blazing up brightly, and we could see all the objects round it. Just then three figures appeared. Two were Indians—there could be no doubt about it; but the other we could not make out clearly. They advanced, looking eagerly around, but as they came more into the light, instead of savages, with scalping knives in hand ready to kill us, great was our joy to discover that one was Pierre, and the others Red Squirrel and Kondiarak. They looked very much astonished at not seeing us. We did not keep them long in suspense, and Pierre then told us that he had come on purpose to advise that they should at once return to the fort, without waiting for daylight. They had been successful in hunting, having killed three buffalo cows, with the meat of which the sleighs were already packed, and as the track was formed, the dogs would find their way without the slightest difficulty.

We reached the fort without having seen the enemy, and, as may be supposed, were heartily welcomed. Our arrival restored the spirits of my poor father and mother, who were very anxious, not so much for themselves as for my younger brothers and sisters. They were prepared to die, if God so willed it, in the path of their duty.

My father was still very unwilling to resort to force, and proposed going out himself to meet the enemy to try and induce them to turn back.

Uncle Donald, however, told him that as he was the object of their vengeance they would, to a certainty, seize and torture him, and then probably come on and endeavour to destroy the fort. Thus no object would have been gained, as we should do our utmost to defend ourselves, and his life would be uselessly sacrificed.

"But I should have done my duty in attempting to soften the hearts of the poor savages," answered my father, meekly.

"My good nephew, it's just this, I'm not going to let ye have your scalp taken off," said Uncle Donald, bluntly. "I am commander here for the time being, and no man, not e'en yourself, shall leave the fort without my leave. If the savages come they must take the consequences."

My father did not reply, but I am very sure that, had he been left to act by himself, he would have carried out his intentions, and would most probably have perished. From Pierre's report we fully expected every minute to see the Blackfeet appear. To each man under Uncle Donald's directions a post was assigned, which he was charged to defend with his life. Orders were, however, given that no one was to fire until the word of command was received.

Hugh, Alec, and I were stationed together, and highly proud we were at the confidence placed in us, as the post we had to maintain was one of the most important.

The day wore on, but we were still unmolested, and at last darkness came down upon us.

The winter, it will be remembered, was not yet over. To defend ourselves from the intense cold we all put on as many buffalo-robies and bear-skins as we could wear, and Hugh declared that we looked like a garrison of grizzlies.

It was cold enough during the day, but it was still colder at night; notwithstanding this, as Alec and I had had no sleep for many hours, we found it difficult to keep awake. We therefore, rolling ourselves up in our wraps, lay down, while Hugh stood ready to call us at a moment's notice. There were, however, sentries enough to keep a look-out, and Uncle Donald continued going round and round the fort, seeing that they were watchful.

The dawn was approaching; it was the time the Redskins often make their attacks, as they expect to find their enemies buried in sleep.

When morning at last came, and no enemy had appeared, we began to hope that no Blackfeet had as yet reached the neighbourhood.

Another day was drawing on. Except a few men who remained on guard, the rest of the garrison lay down to sleep, that they might be more watchful the following night.

I spent a short time with my mother and sisters and Rose, and did my best to encourage them, but I could not help feeling that possibly it might be the last time we should be together on earth. By Red Squirrel's report, the Blackfeet were very numerous, and they are noted for being the most savage and warlike of all the northern tribes.

The next night was almost a repetition of the former, except that Alec and I kept watch, while Hugh lay down to sleep. Uncle Donald, as before, went his rounds, and there seemed but little risk of our being taken by surprise. He had just left us, when Hugh, who had got up and was standing near me, whispered,

"I see something moving over the snow! There! there are others. Yes, they must be Indians."

"Wait until we are certain," I answered, in the same low voice; "and then, Alec, run round and tell Uncle Donald."

We were not left long in doubt before we all three were certain that the objects we saw were Indians, and that they were trying to keep themselves concealed.

Alec set off to find Uncle Donald. He had not been gone many seconds, when fearful yells rent the air. Before us up started hundreds of dark forms, and a shower of bullets and arrows came flying above our heads.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—AN OLD FRIEND.



THE moment the warwhoop of the Blackfeet had ceased Uncle Donald's voice was heard, ordering us to fire.

We obeyed with right good will, and must have greatly astonished the savages, who, not aware of the increased number of our garrison, had probably ex-

pected to gain quite an easy victory. Many of them had muskets, but the larger number could only have been armed with bows and arrows. After they had shot five or six showers of arrows and fired their guns—fortunately, without hitting any of us, though we could hear their missiles pinging against the thick palisades—they suddenly ceased, and began to retreat, when Uncle Donald shouted to them in their own language, inquiring why they had attacked people who had done them no harm, but were anxious to benefit them.

No reply came. Our men uttered a shout of triumph. Uncle Donald stopped them.

"The Blackfeet have retired, but I know their cunning ways, and I deem it more than likely that they will be down upon us again when they think to catch us off our guard, or maybe they have devised some treacherous plot to entrap us."

We waited, but, as far as we could judge by the sounds which reached our ears, the savages had really retreated, and did not intend to attack us again that night. That they would give up their object was not to be expected, and my father proposed, should we find they had gone to a distance, that, rather than cause more bloodshed, we should abandon the station and retreat to one of the

company's forts to the northward. "We have sleighs sufficient to convey the women and children," he added; "and when the anger of the misguided people has subsided, I will return by myself, and endeavour to win them over by gentle means, for such only should be employed to spread the Gospel among the heathen."

"You are very right in that respect, but though we may get to some distance, when the Blackfeet find that we have gone, they will to a certainty follow on our trail and quickly overtake us," answered Uncle Donald. "I cannot consent to such a plan; we must show them that we are able to defend ourselves, and let their blood be upon their own heads if they persist in attacking us. We will, however, try how negotiation will succeed. I used to be well-known among them, and I propose to-morrow, should they not again attack the fort, to go singly into their camp and invite them to smoke the calumet of peace. Should I be detained, you must promise to hold out to the last, and not on any account trust to what they may say. We will, in the meantime, send a messenger to Rocky Mountain House, entreating for assistance. I feel sure that the officer in charge will send as many men and horses as he can spare to enable you to escape, or defend the fort, if necessary."

My father and mother entreated Uncle Donald not thus to risk his life; but he was firm in his resolution. My father then proposed going with him, but to this Uncle Donald would not consent.

A considerable portion of the night was consumed in these discussions. A vigilant watch was of course kept, but no one could be seen stirring outside the fort. Having taken a brief nap, just before dawn I returned to my post on the ramparts. As daylight increased I fancied that I saw the body of a man lying under a bush some distance from the fort. Yes, I was certain of it. I pointed him out to Hugh, and we both fancied that we saw an arm move.

"He is one of the savages who was shot in the attack last night, and, unperceived by his companions, he must have fallen where we see him," observed Hugh.

While we were speaking, some of the Indians we had brought with us—who, though faithful servants, were still heathens—caught sight of the body. Lowering themselves down without asking leave, they were rushing, with their scalping knives in their hands, towards the hapless being.

Uncle Donald at that instant coming up on the ramparts saw them, and guessed their object.

"Come back, you rascals!" he shouted. "Whether that man be alive or dead, don't touch a hair of his head!"

As they did not stop he fired his rifle, the bullet passing just in front of the leading Indian, who now thought it time to come to a standstill.

"Archie and Hugh, you go and look after that poor fellow, and make our people bring him in," continued Uncle Donald.

We instantly obeyed, for although the height was considerable we could manage to drop to the bottom without injuring ourselves. We then ran as fast as our legs could carry us to overtake our Indians. Having delivered Uncle Donald's orders, we then hurried on to where the Indian lay. At a glance I saw that he was desperately wounded from the blood which flowed from both his legs, while another shot had rendered his right arm powerless. His eyes still wore a defiant expression, and he appeared to fancy that we were about to kill him. By signs and such words of his language as we could speak we endeavoured to make him understand that we had come to carry him into the fort to try and save his life.

As there was not a moment to be lost, we first bound up his wounds, and then ordering our people to assist us, we lifted him from the ground and hurried towards the fort, meeting on our way Uncle Donald, who had the gate opened to admit us. Without stopping, we carried the wounded man into the house, where my father, who had risen, was ready with bandages and salves to attend to him. My mother, meantime, was preparing some strong broth, which our prisoner eagerly swallowed. It had an almost instantaneous effect in reviving him. Uncle Donald, who had in the meantime been going round the fort to ascertain if more wounded had been left in its neighbourhood, now entered the room, and as his eye fell on the countenance of our captive, he exclaimed, "Ponoko! Do you remember your white friend?"

The Indian made a sign that he was the person supposed; though he was too weak to speak.

Uncle Donald then told him that although he had come as an enemy he should be well cared for. In a short time the judicious treatment he was receiving enabled him to utter a few words. He seemed grateful for the care taken of him, and his eyes brightened when my young sisters and Rose brought him the soup, which he received almost every hour. He especially noticed Rose, and when Uncle Donald came to see him, inquired, in a tone of evident interest, who she was.

"You are right if you think you remember her, for she is the little girl you saved when your people attacked the village in the territory of the Long-knives some years ago," answered Uncle Donald.



SEASIDE PLEASURES. (See p. 364.)

"Will you now let me take her back?" asked Ponoko.

"Do you think it likely that I should consent?" said Uncle Donald. "Her ways are not the ways of your people. She would pine and die were she to be treated as your women are treated."

"But there is one who has long lived with us whose heart would be rejoiced to see her," said Ponoko. "You may remember when I parted from you I promised to try and save the lives of any of our pale-faced prisoners. I succeeded in saving that of one man just as he was about to be tortured and killed, but it was on condition that he would swear to remain with us, and never betray us to our enemies. He was a great hunter, and brave as the bravest among us. He also, we found, was not one of the Long-knives, but was a subject of the Queen of the Pale-faces. He has kept his promise, though he might often have made his escape. He had been many months with us, before I found how sorely his heart yearned to get away, and I would have set him free, but the other chiefs would not consent. He looked upon me as his friend. He told me that his child and all his household had died by the hands of our people, except his wife, who was away in one of the big cities in the east at the time we attacked the place. I was thus led to tell him of the little girl I had saved and given over to you, and he has ever since been hoping that she might prove to be one of his children. He has hoped and hoped until he has persuaded himself that such she is. Thus I know how it would rejoice his heart to see her."

"I have strong doubts about that," answered Uncle Donald. "He would rejoice to see her, but not to have her among your people, from whom she differs so greatly. The only way truly to benefit him would be to set him at liberty and allow him to return among the Pale-faces to whom he belongs."

"But how can that be while I am sick and a prisoner with you?" asked Ponoko.

"You'll recover, I hope, ere long, and as you have fulfilled your promise on one occasion, I feel confident that you will not disappoint us if we set you at liberty on your undertaking to restore this white stranger to his people."

"Ponoko always keeps his word," answered the Indian in a proud tone.

"But should the Blackfeet, in the meantime, attack us, we may be destroyed, and they may take you away with them," observed Uncle Donald.

"If my people come, you shall carry me out on a litter; I will tell them how well the Pale-faces have treated me, and will urge them, instead of fighting, to make a lasting peace with my white father and his friends," said Ponoko.

"I will trust you, my brother," said Uncle Donald, pressing Ponoko's hand. "I pray that you may soon be restored to health, and that you will teach your people that it is to their true interests to be at peace with the white men, and to trade honestly with them."

#### CHAPTER XV.—A HAPPY ENDING.

DAY after day went by, and the Blackfeet did not appear. Ponoko never having indulged in the pernicious fire-water, was rapidly recovering under my father's judicious care and the attention he received from Rose and the rest of the family. We had not yet told her of the possibility that her father had escaped and might be restored to her. I suspect that she would not have understood us had we done so, for she looked upon Uncle Donald as her father, though she called him "Uncle" as Hugh and I did. Indeed, all the events of her life which had occurred before the fearful night of the massacre appeared to have faded from her memory.

At length, as the Blackfeet had not shown themselves, we began to hope that they would allow us to remain at peace, and Uncle Donald already talked of returning home. He proposed that my mother and father and the rest of the family should accompany him, but my father replied that nothing should induce him to quit his post, unless driven away by the savages, and that he would then retire, with his converts, to some spot among more friendly tribes further north.

Among other signs of returning spring was the appearance of a herd of buffalo passing in the far distance, and as our provisions were again running short, Uncle Donald was compelled to allow the hunters to set off for the purpose of killing some of the animals. Hugh and I wanted to accompany them, but he would only allow Pierre, and Corney, and four of the most active red men to go on the expedition.

As soon as they set out, he sent off Red Squirrel to try and ascertain the whereabouts of the Blackfeet camp, with directions to come back should he discover that they were on the move.

We waited day after day for Red Squirrel's expected return, but he did not appear, and we began to have serious apprehensions that he had been captured.

The hunters, however, had come back with a good supply of buffalo meat, so that we should be well prepared in case we should be besieged.

At last, one evening as I was looking out towards the south, I saw several objects moving across the prairie. At first I thought that they might be deer

or wolves, or even smaller game. One was leading considerably ahead of the rest. They were coming towards the fort. Besides the first I counted six others. I called the attention of my companion to them.

"They are men!" exclaimed Ponoko. "Those six are of my tribe; they are in pursuit of the first! He must run fast, or before he can reach the fort they will overtake him. Already I see by his movements that he is fatigued."

I had little doubt but that the leader was Red Squirrel. I asked Ponoko, whose keen eyes could distinguish his dress better than the rest of us could do.

"Yes, he is your young friend," he answered. "See, see! he is increasing his speed, he may still escape, and my people will go back disappointed. They will not dare to come within range of your rifles."

"Then we will go out and meet them!" I exclaimed, hurrying down. I told Uncle Donald what Ponoko had said. Taking our rifles, and buckling on our snow-shoes, Hugh, Alec, Pierre, Corney, and I hurried out of the fort, and set off running faster, I think, than we had ever run before, to meet the hard-pressed fugitive.

Once more his pursuers were gaining on him; before long their scalping knives might be about his head. He was the first to perceive us approaching, and it seemed to add fresh nerve to his legs. Soon afterwards the Blackfeet caught sight of us. The instant they did so they sprang forward, making a last desperate effort to overtake our friend; but perceiving that we had rifles ready, they well knew that, even should they succeed, we should make them pay dearly for the act.

Giving up the chase, therefore, they stopped, and turning round, ran off at a rate which soon placed them beyond our reach.

In a few moments Red Squirrel was up to us, but so hard pressed had he been that he was unable to tell us what had happened. We supported him, not without difficulty, to the fort, when his snow-shoes being taken off, had he not been resting in our arms, he would have sunk fainting to the ground. We delivered him over to his mother, who chafed his limbs, and used every other means she could devise for restoring his strength. It was some time before he could speak. He had ably fulfilled his mission, having watched the enemy's camp until the previous day, when finding that they were about to move northward, he had set off to bring us tidings of their approach. He was, however, observed, and six of their fleetest runners had pursued him. Hour after hour he had continued his flight, though he confessed that,

had we not come to his assistance, he should, he believed, have fallen even in sight of the fort.

That night was an anxious one. Frequent alarms were raised that the enemy were upon us. At length the morning broke, and as the sun rose above the eastern prairie his beams fell on the plumed heads and trappings of several hundred warriors, who came on, confident in their numbers, and believing that our small garrison would easily become their prey.

They halted when considerably beyond range of our weapons, and having sung a war-song, gave utterance to one of those terrible whoops which are said to paralyse even horses and cattle. Ponoko had, in the meantime, dressed himself in the costume in which he had been discovered when lying wounded, and the gate being opened, *he sallied* forth with feeble steps, very different from his once elastic tread. The gates of the fort were closed behind him, and he proceeded towards the warriors drawn up in battle array. We watched him as he approached them. At length he stopped, and stretching out his arms, addressed his people.

The effect on his tribe of what he said was almost electrical. They looked upon him as one restored from the dead, for they had long mourned him as lost. We watched him until he was among them, when, after some time, he reappeared, leading by the hand a person who, though dressed in Indian costume, we saw was a white man. Together they approached the fort, when the gate was opened to receive them.

The stranger gazed round with looks of astonishment, evidently endeavouring to find the words to express himself. At last he said—

"I can scarcely believe my senses. A few minutes ago I was a prisoner, and threatened by the Indians with a cruel death should they again be defeated."

"We are truly thankful that you have escaped," answered Uncle Donald, advancing and taking his hand. "You owe your preservation to our friend Ponoko here."

"I am indeed grateful to him," said the stranger. "He preserved my life when so many of my companions were massacred. He has ever since continued my protector, but when it was supposed that he was killed, his people threatened to avenge his death by murdering me. Grateful as I am to him and to you, I am restored to liberty a ruined and a childless man, while I know not what has become of my poor wife, who was providentially absent from the settlement at the time of the massacre, but will have supposed that I, as well as our little girl, shared the common fate," answered Mr. Kennedy, for such he told us was his name.

"Should your child have escaped, do you believe you would recognise her?" asked Uncle Donald.

"Among a hundred!" answered the stranger. "I should know her, however much grown, from her likeness to her mother."

As he spoke my sisters and Rose approached. *The stranger* glanced at the group, then rushing forward, gazed earnestly into Rose's countenance.

"You would not deceive me!" he exclaimed. "Say, how did this young girl come to be with you? Rose, do you recollect me? Speak, my child, are you not Rose Kennedy?"

"Kennedy! Kennedy!" murmured Rose, looking greatly astonished and somewhat frightened. "Kennedy! Yes, that was my papa's name."

"You are my own child!" he exclaimed, kissing her brow and cheeks again and again while he held her in his arms.

The lookers-on were greatly moved. It was some time, however, before Rose could fully comprehend that the stranger was her father, and that she belonged to him rather than to Uncle Donald.

Mr. Kennedy now eagerly inquired whether we could give him any tidings of his wife.

"Extraordinary as it may seem, I think I am able to do so," said my father. "On stopping at the Red River settlement on our way hither, I met a Mrs. Kennedy, whose husband and child had, I heard, been murdered by the Indians."

I should like to prolong my history, but I must be brief. Ponoko, after remaining a day or two with us, went among his tribe, and persuaded them that it would be to their advantage to live peaceably with their neighbours. Not many years after they entered into a treaty with the Canadian Government, and the fearful state of warfare which for so long a period had existed in that fair northern region almost entirely ceased.

We were very, very sorry to lose Rose, but Mr. Kennedy was, of course, most anxious to join his wife. As soon as he could travel he set off for the Red River. He promised to return and bring his wife and Rose with him, having accepted an invitation from Uncle Donald to settle at Clearwater.

In course of time, Hugh, Alec, and I established in its neighbourhood several fairly flourishing farms, of one of which Hugh, with Rose as its mistress, became the owner. My father laboured for many years among the heathen, greatly aided by Ponoko.

The entire country, including the Rocky Mountains over which we passed, now forms part of the great Canadian dominion, and probably, before another generation has passed away, the whole region, from east to west, will be the home of happy and flourishing communities.

THE END.

### SEASIDE PLEASURES.



**H**OW pleasant to go to the bright blue sea

When the summer sun blazes down,  
And the streets become hot and dusty,  
And the air is stifling in town!

Will packs up his spade and his bucket,  
And says to his sister Sue,

"We'll dig in the sand and build castles grand,  
And won't there be plenty to do!"

"You may dig," replies Sue, "but I'd rather seek seaweed and shells on the shore,  
And watch the white seagulls flit by us,  
And list to the billows' wild roar;

"And see the great ships go sailing,  
With streamer and flag unfurled,  
To bring back gold, and treasures untold,  
And grain from the western world.

"I wonder," said she, "if the children  
We played with last year will be there,  
Who danced in the water like mermaids,  
And shook their long shining hair."

"And, Sue," said Will, "you remember  
The dear little fisher-maid,  
Who went shrimp-ing with her father,  
And showed us how nets were laid?"

"Remember? why, Will, are you dreaming?  
It was but a year ago,  
And she said she should live there for ever,  
So of course she'll be there, you know."

"Oh dear! I'm so glad we are going,  
What fun and what pleasure 'twill be;  
Oh, Will, it would seem like a fairy-dream,  
If we always could live by the sea."

J. G.



BY THE SEA.



## OUR PETS.

CANARIES AND BRITISH CAGE BIRDS, AND HOW TO  
TREAT THEM.



THE taste for surrounding ourselves with the beautiful in nature, with bright-winged birds and beautiful flowers and sweet songsters, is one that cannot be too much encouraged amongst young people, and it will almost invariably be found that he who is fond of keeping pets is full of kindness and love for all God's creatures.

Now some people say it is cruel to keep birds in confinement. To a great extent they are right. It is very cruel, for instance, to capture wild birds, which have tasted the glorious freedom of wood and wild, but birds that have been bred and born in captivity are, if properly tended and cared for, most happy, grateful, and contented. I had too many starlings once. "Give the dear creatures their liberty," said a lady to me. I took the cage containing them out into the woods, and opening the door, let them out. I might as well have tried to lose my old tabby cat, for all the birds came home with me, I carrying the empty cage, and looking somewhat foolish. The oldest cock starling said it was good fun, and for his part he wouldn't mind such an outing every day.

A cockatoo of mine flew off my shoulder once in the paddock. He said he didn't see why he shouldn't be free like other birds; at least, that is what he seemed to say. He had a very pitiful tale to tell me when I found him shivering at the door the next morning, nevertheless. "Poor old Polly! Poor old Polly!" he kept repeating. It was the first time I had heard him confess to being old, so I imagine his pride was taken out of him.

Give birds all the liberty you can afford them, then, and they certainly will not be unhappy, and if they are allowed to fly about the room occasionally they will enjoy the shelter of their cages all the more when they



go back to them. Exercise like this greatly tends to keep birds in health.

I think canaries make the dearest little pets imaginable. They are apt to be a little jealous at times, and this fact should be borne in mind in our treatment of them ; but, on the other hand, they are affectionate in the extreme, soon come to know precisely which member of the family owns them, and for favours they are always grateful. I cannot conceive of a prettier present to make to any boy or girl than a canary in a beautiful cage.



FIRE-CRESTED WREN.

As to this last, you must think about that before you get your bird. It may be very ornamental if you please, but for the health of your bird it must be roomy.

Some of the fancy

wicker-work cages are extremely pretty, and they are not liable to several objections which might be urged against those built of painted wire.

Having succeeded in getting a cage to your liking, prepare it for the coming stranger's use, for there is nothing a bird likes better than, after a long and probably cramped journey, to find himself popped into a nice, clean, roomy cage, with everything about necessary for his happiness and comfort. He feels a little dazed, just for a moment, when he is first put in, but he soon recovers.

"Hullo!" he says, "this is jolly! What a beauty of a cage to be sure!" and he cocks his head and looks about him, first with one eye, then with the other. "Seed and all ready," he adds, "and the purest of water. Well, I wonder, now, whom I have to thank for all this attention and kindness?"

"Tweet! tweet!" he continues, looking down to where you are standing, for if he is to be your bird, you would have had the sense to receive the parcel with your own hands, open it yourself, and turn the bird in yourself, letting, if possible, no one be there but yourself.

"Tweet, tweet!" he says; "it was you, was it? Oh, depend upon it I shan't forget you, and if you always feed and tend me well I'll sing you such nice songs. When your friends are here I'll trill both loud and long, but when you are all by yourself I'll sing to you sweet and low."

And talking about singing, here is a little secret

which is not known to everybody. Sometimes you may want your bird to give an evening entertainment ; if so, you must feed him well in the forenoon,

then cover the cage up and put it in a dark room ; he will have a nice sleep and be hungry and ready to sing when you take him into the gaslight, especially if

there be any other music in the room at the time.

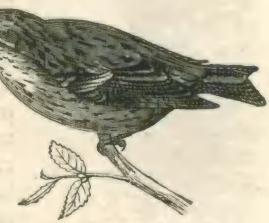
Make a practice of regularly feeding your birds every morning, before you have your own breakfast. Be exceedingly careful in the cleaning out of the cage, and supply it with some nice dry sea-sand at least every third morning. Give them fresh seed and clean water at the same time. Nothing is more likely to make a bird ill than water which has been left standing for some days, because it becomes impregnated with the gases or foul air with which it comes in contact.

The feeding of canaries is very important. If you would have them live long, and be healthy and cheerful, I may tell you at once that the simpler the food is, the better ; the staple diet should be plain black and white canary-seed, that is canary-seed mixed with about one-third of summer rape-seed. Be sure you get the seed clean, free from dust and grit and mildew. Canary-seed ought to be full-looking, and should shine like polished oak.

You may occasionally give a very little lint-seed, for a change, but let me earnestly caution you against hemp-seed. It is very stimulating, and may produce, among other ailments, organic disease of the liver. Another thing I must warn you against, and that is the giving of luxuries, cake and all sorts of sweet things. This, in my opinion, amounts to positive cruelty. The only luxury they ought to be allowed is a lump of loaf-sugar placed between the bars of the cage. During winter a nice morsel of sweet apple or a bit of well-boiled carrot may be given them about once in four days, and in the spring and summer months a little green food will tend to keep them healthy ; but this must be given sparingly, and on no account should bits



CANARY.



SISKIN.



SKYLARK.

of it be left lying about the cage to undergo a process of decay. The best green food is groundsel, watercress, lettuce-leaf, and chickweed, and now and then a tender, well-washed leaf of dandelion.

Canaries ought to have plenty of fresh air, and the cage should be sometimes hung in the sun if not too hot, care being taken that the sunshine does not stream too directly on their heads, or fits of apoplexy may be the result. A bath is a great luxury, and it should be given once every day in fine weather.

Any shallow vessel, such as a saucer, does very well for this purpose. Be always careful not to hang the cage in a draughty place, else dangerous colds may be caught. If your bird has a cold, put about half a tea-spoonful of glycerine, a bit of gum arabic the size of a pea, and twenty drops of paregoric into its water, changing it daily. Castor-oil is a capital medicine for canaries; the dose is three drops, dropped from a warm knitting wire.

Canaries moult every year in autumn, and during this critical period of their little lives they need greater care, more warmth, less light, and a more liberal diet. Give no green food at this time, only a bit of nice sweet apple or a bit of well-boiled carrot; and in addition to the ordinary seed, give a little well-grated, hard-boiled egg and bread-crumb. The bird gets listless, and nervous, and dull just before it begins to moult, and then begins to lose its feathers, on seeing which, you ought to put as much carbonate of magnesia as will lie on a fourpenny-piece in its drinking water. The bath should be given daily as usual, but beware of draughts.

Attention to these simple rules can hardly fail in keeping your bird wholesome and happy.

Linnets make nice little pets, and sing very sweetly. They will eat the usual bird-seed with green food, and a little flax-seed or well-bruised hemp-seed. By placing the linnet's cage within hearing of the wood-lark's, they will learn his song, and are then very valuable.

The siskin, or aberdervine, better known in the north, is a pretty, lively little fellow, and is often kept the same as the canary, which in colour it somewhat resembles. The robin is a special pet of

mine. I know they are often made cage birds of, but as they discourse sweet music to us all the year round, and come into our houses and sing to us in the winter, we ought, I think, to be content to leave them where they are.

Bullfinches are taken from the parents' nest before they are fledged. They should be kept till fledged in a covered basket, and fed every hour on a paste made of hard-boiled egg, a bit of bun, and a drop of water.

Feed them with

a wooden skewer. Paste of any kind given to birds should be fresh every day, especially bread and milk. When full grown, they will eat seeds. So will the chaffinch and the yellow hammer.

Larks, on the other hand, are soft-billed birds and require different treatment. The skylark is a charming bird, a most beautiful singer, and so hardy that if kept in a proper cage during the fine weather it will do best out-of-doors. The young ones, however, require some care and attention in the rearing. They are fed, until they can feed themselves, on a paste composed of stale white bread and bruised rape-seed. This is first steeped in cold water for some hours; it is then put, pudding-fashion, into a clean cloth and boiled gently for half-an-hour, after which it is reduced



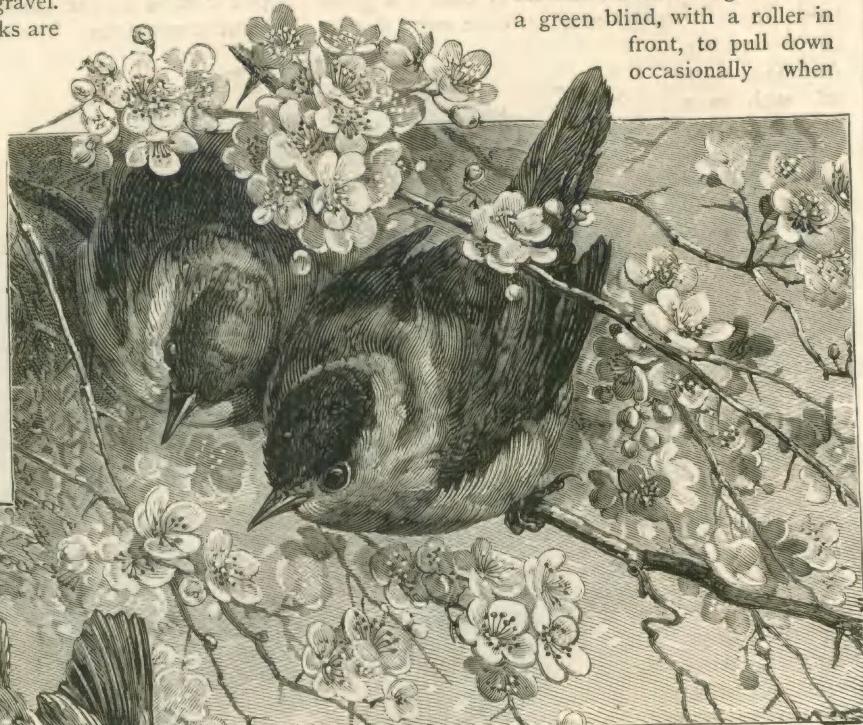
AN ENEMY IN THE DISTANCE.

to a pulp, and mixed with a little hard-boiled egg grated. This food is afterwards changed to German paste, which is continued, with an occasional bit of raw meat, until they have finished moulting. The ordinary food is German paste, grits, bruised hemp and poppy-seed, with occasionally a few meal-worms and insects. They ought to have a clean turf in the cage every second or third day, and plenty of nice clean gravel. Wood-larks and tit-larks are fed in a similar way.

*Blackbirds* are very nice pets, and may be taught to whistle severaltunes. They are not very particular as to what they eat, and are usually fed on German paste and meal-worms. The same may be said about the feeding of the *mavis*, or thrush. Both these birds, like the starling, are

that they are happy in confinement, living for years, and singing as melodiously as they do in their native woods or copses.

The nightingale arrives in this country in April, and it is then they should be taken, and not afterwards. There is a peculiar kind of cage called the nightingale's cage, which is to be had at bird-shops, and this you ought to obtain before you get the bird itself. It ought to have a green blind, with a roller in front, to pull down occasionally when



THE FIRST FLIGHT.

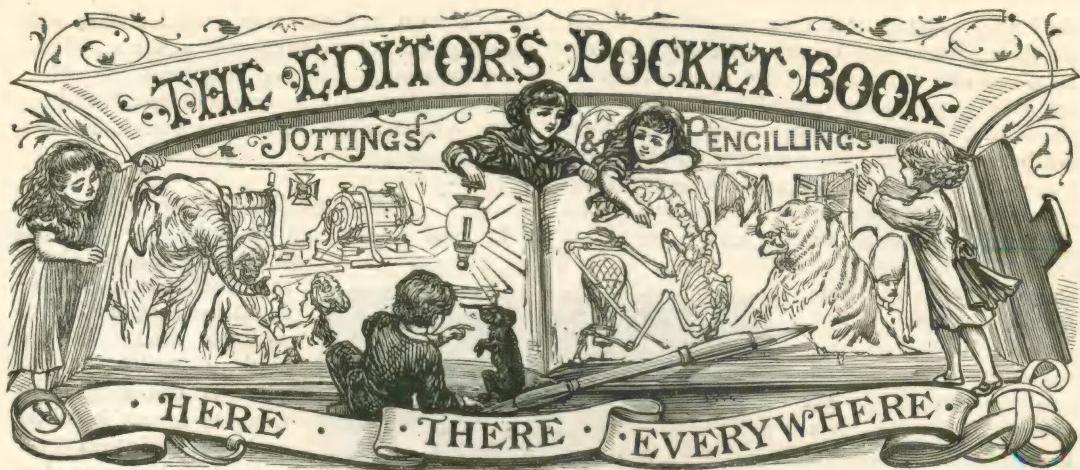
fond of soft hay in the bottom of their cages. The starling is even less particular about his food than the blackbird, and will eat almost anything. Paste is the usual diet, but he should have a little raw meat now and then, slugs, snails, worms, and insects.

This paper would indeed be incomplete if I said not a word about the *nightingale*, the sweetest of all our feathered songsters. Many people do not know that these delightful birds can be tamed, and

interruption is feared, as at first they are exceedingly timid. For some time after being caught the nightingale ought to be fed on tiny bits of raw meat minced, and forced down the throat; also make a paste of raw meat and hard-boiled egg, and put into the dish with some insects, such as ants, meal-worms, and gentles. This will by-and-by tempt them to eat; but they must be forcibly fed till they do. It is not necessary to continue the feeding on live food; a paste of meat and eggs does very well, giving them also fresh ants' eggs in summer, and dried in winter, and mealworms. In autumn ripe elderberries should be allowed them. They are sometimes very ill at moulting-time, and then require generous diet and warmth.

My concluding advice is this: whatever bird you keep, *love* it, and you will then know what its little wants are as surely as though it had told you in words.

ARION.



#### Something about Burmah.

If you look at the map of Asia you will see that the southern part of it consists of three great peninsulas, Arabia on the left, India in the centre, and on the right Burmah. This latter country does not, however, include the whole peninsula, though the greater part of it is best known under that name. It is a most beautiful and fertile land, with high mountain ranges, broad rivers, and rich plains. Great quantities of rice are grown, for it is the principal food of the people, who speak of their breakfasts as the morning rice, of dinner as noonday, and of supper as the evening rice. There are also large crops of cotton and of tobacco, for everybody smokes, while tea and coffee flourish in thriving plantations. There is plenty of fruit all the year round—pineapples, plantains, mangoes, oranges, limes, and many others, the juice of which is most welcome and refreshing in that sultry climate. Early in the morning carts full of beautiful pineapples may be seen going towards the towns, piled up as turnips are with us, and they are sold at the rate of four or five for a penny. The inhabitants are healthy and good-looking, very fond of music and games, and as food is so plentiful, there is no real poverty among them. They do not go naked, like the people of many hot climates, and they cannot be called a savage race, for they practise a great many useful arts and manufactures, and nearly every one can read and write his native tongue. The women wear picturesque dresses of bright striped cotton and native silk, and tie their long black hair at the back of their heads, ornamenting it with gay blossoms. The men are tattooed on the legs and arms, and wear a long cloth wound round them from their waists to their ankles, with a jacket of some kind over the shoulders. Their religion is Buddhism, and there are some very beautiful

pagodas, or temples, in the principal cities. The present capital of the country is Mandalay, which was founded in 1860 by the king who has recently died, and whose son and successor has been so cruel as to put numbers of his own relatives to death, for fear any of them should ever dispute his right to the throne.

#### Burke's Youthful Days.

Edmund Burke was the son of a Dublin Attorney, and like his great compeers, Pitt and Fox, though possessed of the power of chaining his audiences by the music of his eloquence, he had, like them, no ear for music itself.

He was a delicate child, and his first lessons were given to him by an old woman living near his father's house. Afterwards he went to several schools, that kept by Abraham Shackleton, a member of the Society of Friends, being the one where he passed the greater part of his schooldays; this was at Balitore, in county Kildare. Abraham Shackleton was an intelligent man, and with him young Edmund Burke made much progress in his studies. It is related of him that one day the elder boys had leave given them to go and see the procession of Judges of Assize on condition that they wrote an account of it in Latin verse. Burke having finished his own set of verses, was applied to by a boy whom he had often helped in his compositions to write a set for him; but when Burke asked him what had struck him most in the procession, the boy could think of nothing but a fat piper in a brown coat, whereupon Edmund set to work and composed a very humorous set of verses, beginning—

*"Piper erat fatus, qui brownum tegmen habebat," &c.*

After leaving Balitore he was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was elected "scholar of

the house," which gave him a small annuity, a vote for the representation of the university, and free chambers and commons for five years. Here he not only distinguished himself in history, moral philosophy, classics, rhetoric, and metaphysics, but he busied himself in acquiring all the knowledge within his reach with such success, that Dr. Johnson said of him in after years. "Take up whatever topic you will, Burke is ready to meet you."

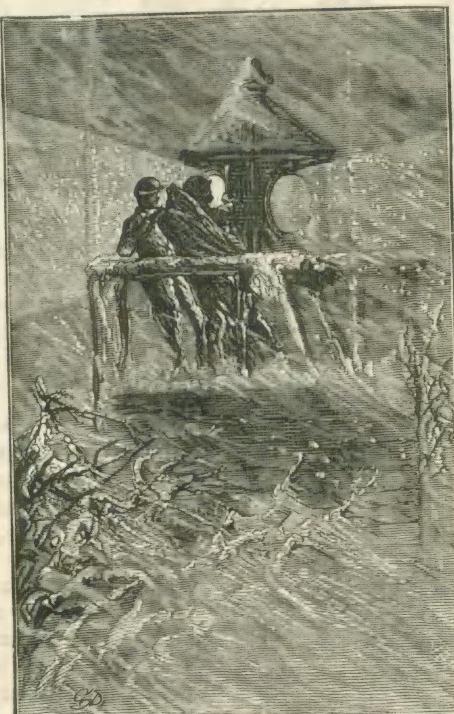
#### Signal Station at Sandy Hook.

Sandy Hook is a narrow peninsula stretching out into the Atlantic at the entrance of New York Harbour, and is a welcome sight to vessels great and small as they approach the shores of New England. Here the pilots come on board, and at the furthermost extremity is the tower of the United States Signal Service Station ; further on are three lighthouses, whose lanterns are always kindled at dusk, and beyond them, on the tall rocks overhanging the Shrewsbury river, are two beacons called the "Highland Lights of the Navesink." A very sharp look-out is kept from the signal station on the weather as well as on every hull that appears in the offing ; and if a storm be seen approaching in the daytime a flag is hoisted on the slender pole of its tower as a warning to mariners, or if it should be night the lanterns are lit, and send out a red gleam into the grey wastes of sea and sky. This is by no means an easy operation on a boisterous winter evening, for it is said that there are few places south of the Arctic Circle more bitterly cold than Sandy Hook. The loose sand blows up in blinding clouds, and the signalman strikes match after match before he succeeds in igniting the wicks, his assistant holding a blanket so as to shelter him and the flame he endeavours to kindle. But the cold benumbs their fingers, and the gale extinguishes the light, and it requires all their time and attention to keep the lamps burning, and re-kindles them as they go out. The snow drives, and the spray dashes, the sea-

birds scream, and the very ground shakes with the vehemence of the tempest ; but the signalmen are always up aloft, for on their ceaseless efforts depend the lives and property of thousands of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."

#### Strange Vegetables.

In cold and barren countries we find the inhabitants utilising plants that we should imagine incapable of being made into palatable food. In the northern regions Iceland-moss is first steeped in water to extract its bitter qualities, and is then dried and pounded into a powder. This powder, mixed with a little meal, makes a sort of bread, for which the natives are very thankful, especially in years of scarcity. In that portion of the Russian dominions called the Steppes, the principal food of the inhabitants consists of dried mushrooms reduced to powder, from which a very tolerable sort of bread is made. In Kamtschatka there is a species of lily called Sarana. It grows abundantly and flowers luxuriantly. The bulbs are gathered in August, and baked, after which they are ready to be ground into a flour for bread or for mixing with soup ; sometimes, instead of baking them, they are boiled and eaten as vegetables. There is a little mouse in Kamtschatka as fond of the Sarana as the people are. This little mouse is not only very industrious in collecting the bulbs, but it brings out its treasure to dry in the sunny weather. The Kamtschatkans look out for these hoards and take possession of them, leaving, however, a sufficient supply for the industrious little animal.



LIGHTING UP SIGNAL STATION AT SANDY HOOK.

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#### Black-and-White Ravens.

In the Faroe Islands there is a species of raven dappled white and black. The northmen have a tradition that they were originally white altogether, but that they were turned black for babbling.

# The Dolls' Tea Party.

Words by M. L. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto moderato.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE. *p*

Come, Dol- lies, here, and sit by me, We'll make be - lieve to be at tea; I've  
got some bis - cuits and a bun, So real - ly we can have such fun. You  
must keep still, and qui - et sit, Not ask - ing for a sin - gle bit; At  
meals, mam - ma won't have a word, For chil - dren must be seen, not heard.

PIANO. { *p*      *cres.*      *p*  
*p*      *cres.*      *p*  
*p*      *mf*      *p*

Now fold your little hands, and wait  
Till I put something on each plate;  
I'll pour you out your cups of tea,  
And then you can begin with me.

Come, Nursey dear, and bring the tray,  
And just pretend to clear away;  
For now my little girls are fed,  
I'll kiss and take them off to bed.



AN INTRUDER. (See p. 373.)

## MR. AND MRS. BIRDIE'S TROUBLE.



and bits of straw and hair, and anything that they could find.

"There is not so good a nest in the orchard as ours," said Mr. Birdie.

"It is so large," said Mrs. Birdie, "and has such a soft lining, and we have made it so well, and there will be eggs in it before long."

And so there were, and not only one, two, three, but more. There were five beautiful eggs; and if Mr. and Mrs. Birdie had been proud of their nest, they were prouder still of their eggs.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said the Squirrels. "We hear nothing all day but Mr. and Mrs. Birdie talking about their nest and their eggs."

"Self praise goes little ways," said Browny, the youngest of Mrs. Squirrel's family. "I don't believe that it is such a fine nest, and I don't believe there are five eggs. I'll go up and see," and he leaped from bough to bough, and went merrily along

until he reached the branch where Mr. and Mrs. Birdie had made their nest.

"Good morning," said Browny, "I have heard all about your nest and the five beautiful eggs, and I should like to see them."

"Only for a moment, then," said Mrs. Birdie. "But I *must* show them to you, and then you can tell every one how beautiful they are."

So she moved to the side of the nest, and Browny came close up, and pretending to be very eager to peep at the eggs, he managed to whisk his tail against Mrs. Birdie, and push her out of the nest altogether.

Then Browny tried to get into it himself, and he managed, by leaving out his bushy tail, to sit on the top of it, whilst poor Mrs. Birdie cried out—

"You are breaking my eggs! you are breaking my eggs!"

And so he was; but he did not care, for Browny was too fond of mischief. In vain Mrs. Birdie flew at him, and pecked at him, and Mr. Birdie came also, and did all he could to turn him out; it was of no use, for Browny broke all the eggs, and sat in the nest as long as he pleased, and then he descended the tree, saying—

"If you had not made so much fuss about your eggs I should never have thought of coming after them. Be wiser another time, and do not blow your own trumpet."

## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## TRIANGULAR PUZZLE.

**R**EAD down the centre, the whole forms the name of a French Emperor.

- 1. A consonant.
- 2. To prepare skins.
- 3. A common fruit.
- 4. To espouse.
- 5. An inference.
- 6. A person in a mask.
- 7. Having the power of confirming.
- 8. Melancholy.

ANNIE E. BARRACLOUGH.  
(Aged 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)

Roscoe Terrace, Chapeltown  
Road, Leeds.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials of the following form the name of a poet, and the finals one of his poems.

- 1. A seaport town in Belgium.
- 2. A pope's ambassador.
- 3. A river in England.
- 4. A bird.
- 5. Part of the head.
- 6. A small animal.
- 7. An article of dress.
- 8. *A Latin poet.*
- 9. An island in the Arctic Ocean.
- 10. A town in India.
- 11. An animal.
- 12. A girl's name.
- 13. One of the letters of the Greek alphabet.
- 14. A small branch.
- 15. A flower.      JANET GRAY.  
(Aged 14.)
- 6. Yew-tree Road, Edgbaston,  
Warwickshire.

## A PUZZLE IN GERMAN.

**D**IE Buchstaben formen die name einer kleinen Insel im norden Meere.  
Meine erst'ist in heiss, aber nicht in warm.  
Meine zweite in Finger, aber nicht in Arm.  
Meine dritte in Licht, aber nicht in Feuer.  
Meine vierte in Schiffseil, aber nicht in Steuer.  
Meine fünfte in gut, aber nicht in schlecht.  
Meine sechste in schön, aber nicht in recht.  
Meine siebende in Fleisch, aber nicht in Brod.  
Meine achte in Dasehn, aber nicht in Todt.  
Meine neunte in fünf, aber nicht in vier.  
Meine lezte in Dohne, aber nicht in Bier.

PICTURE WANTING WORDS.  
(For Readers under Twelve. See regulations  
on next page.)

EVA BARLEE.  
(Aged 11.)

Cringeford Hall, near Norwich,  
Norfolk.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form the name of a poet, and the finals one of his poems.

- 1. A country in Africa.
- 2. A town on the coast of Devonshire.
- 3. A country in the south of Europe.
- 4. A River in France.
- 5. A cape on the coast of Portugal.
- 6. A town in Russia.
- 7. A river in the south of Africa.
- 8. A loch in Perthshire.

MARGARET HUNTER.  
(Aged 14.)

Paragon House,  
Heathfield Road, South Croydon.



## MUSICAL PUZZLE.

**T**WO great Romans and an English Poet.

- 1.      rio.
- 2.      rs.
- 3.      ruh.

LIZZIE CARRINGTON SMITH.  
(Aged 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ .)

Admaston, Rugeley.

## BURIED EUROPEAN RIVERS.

**E**THEL, be quick and get ready.  
2. Lo ! I remember what he said.

- 3. Carry that poor child up the brow.
- 4. This is what mamma gave me.
- 5. That one is very cheap.
- 6. Clara, you may go with Ambrose.

LOTTIE ALLEN (aged 9).  
Rose Place, Gower Street, Birmingham.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials and finals make the name of a town in England and the river on which it is situated.

- 1. A bird.
- 2. A prophet mentioned in the Bible.
- 3. A lake in Africa.
- 4. A weight.
- 5. A name applied to artillery.
- 6. A river in Scotland.

GEORGE FINDLAY.  
(Aged 15.)

50, Victoria Street, Aberdeen, N.B.

## A N A G R A M.

**A**LARGE and well-known river may be formed of the letters in the word "Imps," repeating any when necessary.

WILLIE CULROSS.  
(Aged 11.)

85, Caversham Road, Kentish Town.

## PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour will be given for the best short and original story, comprising all the incidents represented in these nine pictures. Each story must not exceed 750 words in length. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years. A Half-Guinea Book and Officer's Medal will also be given for the best story, not to exceed 250 words in length, about the single Picture on the previous page; this last prize is to be competed for by readers under 12 years of age only. All stories must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of June, 1879 (the 16th of June for Competitors residing abroad).

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

ANSWERS TO PICTURE PAGE WANTING  
WORDS, (*page 192*).

## FIRST PRIZE STORY.



"**M**Y dear children," said my mother, one fine morning, to my five brothers and sisters and myself, as we lazily stretched ourselves and yawned preparatory to getting up and inquiring for something to eat, "I intend to take you out with me to-day. It is time you began to learn to take care of yourselves, and as you are more forward than the rest of the young ones in the herd I shall not wait for them, but take you all to a nice place in the forest where the fruit was just ready to drop from the trees when I discovered it a few days ago."

We were all delighted at this news, for it would be the first time we had been allowed to go

with our mother in her daily rambles.

"You must be very good if I take you, and attend to what I tell you. Curly-tail, if you don't stop teasing your sister, you shall not go at all!"

Curly-tail was very proud of the tail that had given him his name, and though nearly the youngest, he thought himself very much superior to the rest of us, an opinion in which we did not entirely coincide. While mother was speaking he had been engaged in biting Sharp-ears' tail into a little more decent shape, as he said, while she made known her dislike for the operation by squeaks and struggles. He stopped **immediately**, for he was specially anxious to show us what great things he could do.

"Now you must all keep close to me, for if you wander away you will be lost," said mother.

We travelled on all right for a little while till Long-nose, who was very fond of nuts, stopped to root about a heap of dead leaves. We did not miss her at first, but when we did it took some time to find her. Mother scolded her well, and said we should not have time to reach the place we wished unless we took a short cut through the forest.

"You must be very careful not to stray away, for the wood is very thick here, and conceals many dangers you know nothing about." We made our way through the thick underwood with much trouble, and Browney, who was a fat little fellow, got entangled in a bramble, and it was only after a great deal of struggling and squealing that mother got him away.

We at last reached the place mother had spoken of, and we were soon busy grubbing about for the fallen fruit. Curly-tail, who had been unusually quiet during the journey, now made up for it by quarrelling, and trying to get the best fruit from the others.

Mother scolded him, and he sulked for a little while, but being of a curious disposition, he soon wandered off to root

about under a fallen tree a little way off. We were too busy to notice him, till all at once we heard a cry, and saw our poor brother in the mouth of an animal that leaped on the fallen tree and climbed to the highest branch, where he sat down with Curly-tail squealing with pain.

Mother afterwards told us that it was a lynx; its fur was a reddish-grey colour, with darker spots; its ears were tall and pointed, its eyes large, and its tail short.

Mother, when she saw the lynx, made a dart at it, but she was too late, and she could only make frantic jumps against the tree. We all ran away as fast as our legs could carry us, Browney escaping with difficulty from under mother's feet. We hid ourselves behind some tall plants, from which we were able to see what was taking place. All of a sudden a sharp crack was heard, and the decayed branch, unable to support its burden, snapped, and the lynx and Curly-tail came to the ground.

Mother immediately pounced on the lynx, and after a short but decisive struggle, it lay dead on the ground. Curly-tail had rolled away after his fall, but he was found to be very little hurt, except where the lynx had bitten him, and after a rest he was able to go slowly home.

We arrived at last, a sadder but, I think, a wiser party; for not only Curly-tail, but we also, had learnt the lesson we were not likely to forget, that disobedience generally brings swift punishment.

CONSTANCE G. COPEMAN.

1, Mall Road, Hammersmith.

(Aged 15.)

Certified by CHARLES R. COPEMAN.

## SECOND PRIZE STORY.

ONCE upon a time there lived very happily, in a forest, six little pigs and their mother; the eldest was a naughty, disobedient little pig. Their mother was a very wise, careful old pig, and was always reminding her children of the wild beasts that lived in the forest; the five younger ones listened attentively, but the eldest one laughed, and said that his long legs would soon carry him out of their clutches.

One day their mother proposed that they should go for a picnic; before starting she warned all her children of wild beasts. They went to the river and caught a few fine trout, and then took their dinner; afterwards took a walk, and came home. They all enjoyed themselves very much, and the eldest said that it was no good taking such care, because they had not met with any wild animals, and were not likely to do so, and he wanted to have another picnic the next day. But his mother would not hear of such a thing, for she said, that when the wild beasts found out that they had been out that day, they would take better care to catch them another time. But the eldest was not satisfied with this, and about twelve o'clock at night, when everybody was asleep, he crept out at the back door and went out into the forest. He leaned his back against a tree, and was thinking what he should do, when suddenly he heard a loud roar behind, and before he could get away he found himself in the claws of a big dark animal called the European lynx, which his mother had pointed out to him as most dangerous. He raised some most pitiful cries, which

reached the ears of his poor mother and his brothers ; they all rushed out and saw the disobedient little pig in the hands of the monster. The mother dashed headlong at the tree, but the little ones were frightened and ran away ; the mother gave all her efforts to recover her lost son, but she could not, and mourned for him for ever after.

AMBROSE GEORGE SCARAMANGA.

Tiltwood,  
Worth, Sussex.

(Aged 9.)

THE SEASONS.



SPRING, the first season of the year, is one of the most beautiful, when the earth is clothed in bright soft green, and the pale snowdrops show themselves, whiter even than the sprinkling of snow that surrounds them ; the golden crocuses also grow, and hyacinths sweet. Not less lovely are the spring-time violets, the pale primrose, and the bluebell ; the ferns, green as the trees, and the sweet hawthorn, or May. Soft breezes blow, and the sun shines warm, and the cool winds keep it from being too hot. The birds sing loudly ; the robins build their nests, and all things seem to welcome glad Spring. She scatters flowers at every step, and covers the grass with starry daisies.

But she cannot stay always. See ! her flowers are withering, and Summer follows. She is even brighter than Spring, for she gives us beds of geraniums—pink, and crimson, and white, double and single, half white, half pink ; some with leaves perfectly white, and some with brown, and some with green. Lovely geraniums, how I love you ! Kind Summer brings also roses and lilies, all the little annuals, candytuft, and flax, starry ox-eyes, apple blossoms, gooseberries, currants, and strawberries. Nor must we forget blackberries, which give great promise of fruit soon to come in Autumn.

Golden Autumn ! See the trees bowing down with the weight of her bounty. Rich, ripe, soft, mellow peaches, and pears and plums. In the fields see the waving corn, its bowing ears rustling gently together. Ah ! those little birds ! the feasts they have ! Autumn is kind to them all. See the fruit in the gardens. The blackberry-bushes, too, fulfil the promise made in Summer.

Now Autumn has dyed the leaves red and gold, and the fruit a rich purple. Later on she will dye the leaves, too, a deep brown, and then she will breathe upon them, and they will all fall off and be scattered about the ground, leaving the bushes bare and black.

Autumn is going away ; but she kisses each bush and the trees with a kiss that withers them. Winter comes ; frosts fall ; all is cold. Everything is covered with snow ; but Winter is not without her pleasures—skating, sliding, castles of frost on the windows, snow-men, snowballing, and last, not least, comes merry Christmas ! In some countries it is the custom on Christmas Day to fasten a little bundle of wheat on a stick in front of the door, and to scatter bread-crumbs all about, so that the birds may have a happy Christmas too. Christmas-trees ! does not every one know how delightful they are ? Winter is a pleasant season !

Spring, Summer, Autumn Winter, we think that each season is the best as it comes, and we forget it when it goes. This should remind us (as we are told) of two things—Time, because it will soon end ; and Eternity, because it will never end.

ADELA BESSIE FULLER.

(Aged 10.)

PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS (p. 192).

LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour :—CONSTANCE G. COPEMAN (15), 1, Mall Road, Hammersmith. Second Prize, with Officer's Medal :—AMBROSE G. SCARAMANGA (9), Tiltwood, Worth, Sussex. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—EDWARD TWEED (13), Market Place, Hornastle ; EDITH CONSTANCE BASHFORD (15), Copthorne House, Worth, Sussex ; LILLA JANE CHARLES (12½), Brackenfield, 17, Carpenter Road, Birmingham ; EDITH PARSONS (15), Melbourne House, Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath, London, S.E. ; ANNETTE STREATFIELD (12½), The Rocks, Uckfield, Sussex ; F. A. EDWIN SANDERSON (10½), Litlington Vicarage, Royston, Cambridgeshire ; EDITH A. FISHER (9½), Chieveley, Newbury, Berkshire.*

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR 1879.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

There seems to be some little misunderstanding as to the qualifications of Competitors for the "LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book" Prizes and Medals. It should be clearly understood that all readers of LITTLE FOLKS under 15 years of age may compete in either or both of the Painting Book Competitions, and all readers between the ages of 15 and 17 in the Complete Book Competition only. Readers over 17 years of age may not compete for prizes, but they may, of course, forward any books they may care to colour as presents for the Children in the Hospitals.

Competitors sending in paper books are recommended to paste a narrow strip of cloth or calico on the backs, to strengthen the binding.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (Pages 316, 317, 374).

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

*A Crane* is a bird with a very long bill ;  
*If Reynard* could catch him he'd eat him at will ;  
*An Elbow* is part of the human frame ;  
And *Sara* a Jewish and Christian name ;  
*Sugar* is brought from climes far away ;  
In a *Yard* some children are oft sent to play.  
Initials read downward *Cressy* will name,  
And finals, Prince *Edward*, who fought at the same.

## SINGLE ACROSTIC.

"FORGIVE AND FORGET."

1. F rank.	9. N ap.
2. O range-tree.	10. D aisy.
3. R abbit.	11. F ight.
4. G et.	12. Omnibus.
5. I nk.	13. R aisin.
6. V erb.	14. G reen.
7. E ll.	15. E agle.
8. A.	16. T rout.

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

## ENGLAND.

E F F E N D I  
I N F I D E L  
A L G E B R A  
B I L L I O N  
B R O C A D E  
E L E G A N T  
P O N I A R D.

## KNIGHT'S TOUR.

So work the honey bees ;  
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king, and officers of sorts ;  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;  
Others, like soldiers, arm'd in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SINGLE ACROSTIC.

"GOD IS LOVE."

1. G ur. 2. O bed. 3. D avid. 4. I saac. 5. S arah.  
6. L eviticus. 7. O badiyah. 8. V ashti. 9. E lisha.

## LOGOGRAPH.

## MANCHESTER.

Chest. Cat. Tear. Ram. Heart. Hen.

## ACROSTIC.

## GERMANY.

1. G reece. 2. E dinburgh. 3. R ome. 4. M adras.  
5. A fghanistan. 6. N ebraska. 7. Yorkshire.

## MESOSTICH.

AR R OW.  
C O T.  
NY M PH.  
P E T.

## PICTORAL PUZZLE.

Europe, Grope, Ale, Tale, Vale, Pale, Dale, Ass, Pass,  
Gas, Mass, Lass, Ash, Sash, Cash, Rash, Mash, Ark, Dark,  
Park, Lark, Bark, Eight, Late, Mate, Rate, Fate, One, Zone,  
Done, Bone, None, Ear, Bear, Leer, Fear, Hear, Eel, Feel,  
Reel, Keel, W(h)eel, Arrow, Narrow, Barrow, Harrow,  
Yarrow, Arm, Harm, Farm, Warm, Qualm.

## ANAGRAMS ON ANIMALS.

1. Elephant. 2. Dromedary. 3. Rhinoceros. 4. Antelope.  
5. Porcupine.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WALTER SCOTT.—SHAKESPEARE.

1. W ell S. 2. A rmag H. 3. L ass A. 4. T ere K.  
5. E rzgebirg E. 6. R os S. 7. S wako P. 8. C astil E.  
9. O lind A. 10. T ido R. 11. T riest E.

## TRIANGULAR PUZZLE.

N  
T A N  
A P P L E  
E S P O U S E  
C O R O L L A R Y  
M A S Q U E R A D E R  
C O R R O B O R A T I V E  
H Y P O C H O N D R I A C A L

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—"DESERTED VILLAGE."

- |                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1. O sten D.      | 8. O vi D.    |
| 2. L egat E.      | 9. L iakho V. |
| 3. I si S.        | 10. D elh I.  |
| 4. V ultur E.     | 11. S ea L.   |
| 5. E a R.         | 12. M abe L.  |
| 6. R abbi T.      | 13. I ot A.   |
| 7. G lov E.       | 14. T wi G.   |
| 15. H eliotrop E. |               |

## A PUZZLE IN GERMAN.

HELGOLAND.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

EDGAR POE.—"THE RAVEN."

- |                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. E gyp T.     | 5. R oc A.   |
| 2. D artmout H. | 6. P sko V.  |
| 3. G reec E.    | 7. O rang E. |
| 4. A dou R.     | 8. E ar N.   |

## MUSICAL PUZZLE.

1. Cicero. 2. Caesar. 3. Chaucer.

## BURIED EUROPEAN RIVERS.

1. Elbe. 2. Loire. 3. Ebro. 4. Isis. 5. Tone.  
6. Witham.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

LONDON.—THAMES.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. L inne T.  | 4. D ra M.     |
| 2. O badia H. | 5. O rdnanc E. |
| 3. N yanz A.  | 6. N es S.     |

## ANAGRAM.

MISSISSIPPI.



In answer to ROBERT BARROWMAN'S question, W. PELL ; LEONIDAS ; G. P. ROSE ; M. S. B. ; R. H. CLARKE ; C. M. W. ; and CARPENTER, all send answers. T. B. H. writes :—  
“1. Mastich varnish is the best, but I think he will find it advisable to send his fretwork out to be varnished, as it is very difficult to get any varnish to ‘lie’ smoothly. 2. Trace on to tracing-paper the pattern to be cut out, then gum the tracing-paper on to the wood, and then saw it ; when finished, take a little water and sponge lightly the side on which the paper is gummed, and it will all come off, leaving no mark on the wood.”

H. G. B. writes, in answer to P. B. C. :—“Old penny postage stamps need not be removed from the paper ; it is sufficient to cut them neatly round.”

ALRIC asks :—“Could any of your little folk tell me the reason for the great demand for pennies of the date 1864 ?”

NELLIE would like to know if any of the little folk could inform her how to make a glove-case.

A. BIRD says she has been covering boxes with coloured paper, and pasting little scraps on them ; could any of the little folk tell her what kind of varnish is best, and if size ought to be used to produce a good polish ?

J. E. C. wishes to know if any one can recommend an interesting life of Richard Coeur de Lion. She also wishes to know the meaning of Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner.”

MARY would be glad if some of the little folk could inform her how to make skeleton leaves.

A. P. SNOWDROP asks :—“Can any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS tell me how to make some pretty fringe for a shawl ?”

FRANCIS RAMSAY would like to know some pretty and easy devices for ornamenting the tops of note-paper, and for the flaps of envelopes.

MARY S. C. CLEAVE, Brandon House, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, asks :—“Could any little folk oblige me by lending me an alphabet for illuminating, as I want to make some texts for my own room, and I cannot draw much, but if I had an alphabet I think I could manage them ?”

K. L. PERICLES, c/o ANT. M. RALLI, Alexandria, Egypt ; ELEANOR, The School House, Littleworth, Farringdon, Berks ; TOBY, 13, Russell Square, W.C. ; AMY BEATRICE CHEAL, Otley House, nr. Ipswich, Suffolk ; FRANCIS G. CRAUFORD, 109, St. George's Square, S.W. ; B. ARDLEY, 19, Gloucester Road, South Kensington, will assist in the collection of penny postage stamps if they are of any real service for charitable purposes.

FLORE writes :—“Can any of little folk tell me how to knit a baby's hood, and what wool to use ?”

CHARLES GIBB asks :—“Can any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS tell me what is the origin of gilding gingerbread ?”

A. G. B. asks for information as to the way to make rag dolls and rag animals.—[A paper on this subject was published in LITTLE FOLKS for May, 1878.—ED.]

LONG TOM wishes to know whether any little folk can tell him what bird the following is ; also the Latin name and genus, and the country it inhabits :—lore black and yellow, a white streak over the eye, red under the wing ; something like a thrush.

JULIE asks :—“Can any of your readers supply me with the continuation of the following acrostic on the English alphabet :—

“An Austrian army awfully arrayed,  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade ;  
Cossack commanders commanding come,  
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.”

B. M. LYSONS.—[Yes ; some of the prizes in the competitions for 1879 will be awarded with special regard to the ages of the competitors.—ED.]

STELLA.—[1. The prizes are awarded for the best work, and not for the greatest number of articles sent in, in Competition VII. 2. Crocheted articles are also included in Competition VII.—ED.]

Can any little folk tell REBECCA and KITTEN the origin of the custom of eating hot cross buns on Good Friday ?

F. T. C. CHARD wishes to know what was the origin of numbers of people begging on St. Thomas's Day ; and also what was the origin of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday.

NELLIE writes :—“I have been told that there is a sequel to ‘The Wide, Wide World,’ entitled ‘Ellen among her Friends,’ but have not been able to meet with it. Can any little folk tell me if there is such a book, and the publisher from whom it can be obtained ?”

SNOWDROP.—[The shawls in Competition VII. may be of any shape you prefer. Puzzles may be certified by parents.—ED.]

GERTIE.—[All competitors in the “LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book” Competitions must be under seventeen years of age. I shall, however, be very pleased to receive from any readers over the stipulated age any painted copies of the book which may be sent to me for distribution among the Children's hospitals.—ED.]

A. A.—[In studying mathematics especial attention should be paid to the elementary rules of each branch of the science, and each step should be thoroughly mastered before any attempt is made to go deeper into the subject. It will be useless for you to attempt to learn trigonometry until you are fairly grounded in algebra.—ED.]

M. HOLMES.—[The regulations cannot now be altered ; additional prizes will, however, be given, should the number of competitors be very large.—ED.]

## To My Readers.

---



Hinges," "Brave Little Heart," and other stories which have, I think, pleased you in the past.

The papers on "Our Pets" which have been commenced in this volume will be continued, as will also "Royal Prisoners," "Seen through the Microscope," "Little Papers for Little Thinkers," and "The Children of the Bible." The Author of "The Telephone, and How to Make One," "The Microphone," &c., will contribute further interesting papers of a similar nature; and "Home Carpentry," announced for this volume just ended, but unavoidably postponed from want of space, will now be commenced. Short Stories, Anecdotes, Games and Amusements, and The Editor's Pocket-book will help to make up the complement of our new volume.

The space devoted to "Questions and Answers," "Our Little Folks' Own Pages," and "Our Puzzle Pages" will, I hope, be increased, and many new Prize Competitions will shortly be announced.

With our next number will be issued a very charming Coloured Frontispiece, entitled "A Golden Trio."

Your very sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.



George Edwards A. S. C. 1860

London

### A GOLDEN TRIO

# LITTLE FOLKS:

A Magazine for the Young.

*NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.*



CASSELL PETTER & GALPIN:

*LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.*

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# LITTLE FOLKS.

## ROSES FROM THORNS; OR, THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

*By the Author of "Into the View," &c. &c.*

### CHAPTER I.—THE CLAYTON HERMIT.



**A**BOUT a mile from the market-town of Axborough, in the West of England, so surrounded by thick trees that only its chimneys were visible from the high road, there was an old red-brick house, which about twenty years ago was regarded by all

and some of the grown-up people of the neighbourhood with peculiar awe. A passer-by who would take the trouble to peep and peer amongst the trees and shrubs would have seen nothing but a rather ugly, melancholy-looking house, apparently empty, and would wonder why it was left standing desolate and forlorn like this, and why a garden that might have been pretty was allowed to be overgrown with a tangle of shrubs, and with grass on the lawn long enough to make hay. But the neighbours knew that the house was not really uninhabited as it seemed to be, and any question about the old Manor House would produce a long and curious story.

"No, sir ; the house isn't to be let nor sold neither ; and it isn't empty, as it looks, though all the front shutters are up, and there hasn't been a speck of paint anywhere for untold years. The 'Hermit' lives in there, sir, or the 'Miser,' as some call him ; and a queer character he is, too !"

And who was this Hermit, you will want to know ? I will try and tell you all that was known and guessed about him. A long while, perhaps forty or

fifty years, before my story begins, a gentleman and lady of the name of Ratcliffe lived in the old Clayton Manor House, which was then a place well kept up, and in all respects like other country houses. There was a little boy living with them then, their only son, a pretty little fellow with long brown curls and soft dark eyes, like a girl's, dressed in velvet suits with lace collars, as was the fashion of those days ; petted, humoured, and fussed over as an only child sometimes is. And this little boy had grown to be the strange solitary man whom the country people called the Clayton Hermit. How had it happened ? Nobody knew. When he grew old enough to go to school, his father and mother took him to be educated in London and abroad, and the old Manor House was left in charge of a trusted servant, none of the family ever coming to it. Then people heard that the father and mother were dead, and that the Manor House belonged to the son, Miles Ratcliffe, who was living either abroad, or in some other part of England. The old furniture remained in the rooms, and for years and years, except for the occasional visit of a lawyer or some servant, the house was left empty.

One day the neighbours were surprised to see a thread of smoke rising from one of the chimneys, and little by little every one found out that the owner of the house, Mr. Miles Ratcliffe, had come back quite alone to settle there where he had played when a happy little child. After that the stories about the inhabitant of the Manor House were endless, and each one was wilder than the last, till Axborough people, and Clayton people, and all the villagers round, were used to his odd way of life, and only noticed it when strangers made inquiries. What had the long-haired girlish-looking boy grown to be like in these years ? He was now in appearance quite an old man, bent and thin, with long grey hair and beard, and deepset, mournful eyes. His features were very delicate, and of a sallow yellowish colour, like the faded wax of a doll ; his hands were very white, and so thin

that they were more like claws than hands ; his dress was very strange, and never varied from a fashion of many years back. The children trembled when they caught sight of the pale haggard face, though they used to jeer and mock at him when at a safe distance ; but he never seemed to mind. It was only a very few times in the year that any one saw Mr. Ratcliffe. He was obliged to go occasionally to the bank at Axborough, and whenever he appeared—a strange figure, quite different from anybody else—a small crowd always collected, and followed him at some distance into the town. English country children are apt to be very rude and unfeeling, and they did not notice how sad the poor, lonely, bent old man looked ; they only saw his curiously-cut coat, with tarnished gilt buttons, his pinched-up hat, and the large green umbrella he carried over his head. Most of the people said he was mad, but those who had any business with him declared he was not. He said what he had to say in as few words as possible, in a low, clear, thin voice, but it was always perfectly sensible, and he showed no signs at all, except in his strange way of life, of being out of his mind. He lived quite alone, and all the rooms in his house except two at the back were shut up. No one ever crossed the threshold from one week's end to another. One woman in the town had orders from him to bring bread and a few necessaries once a week to the back door, and tap three times. He took what she brought quite silently, never allowed her to speak, just bent his head as he received the parcel, and going in again, bolted the door. How he passed the long lonely days no one knew. He had plenty of books, painting materials, and an old spinnet, which is an old-fashioned pianoforte, and people passing would catch a sound sometimes of music—rather discordant music—for the instrument was cracked and worn out. Pictures hung on the walls, faded old portraits of the Ratcliffes who had lived there long ago ; and in the parlour where he sat was one of a smiling pale lady in black velvet, with a little boy leaning against her knee, with his long curls hanging on each side of a pale, wistful little face. This was Miles Ratcliffe and his mother long, long ago.

One very unsettled day in autumn, the Hermit's nearest neighbour, Mrs. Osborne, the widow lady who lived at the cottage close to the Manor House, was driven by a furious shower of rain to take shelter under the thick overhanging boughs of one of the large elms which surrounded the house. Every one knew, liked, and respected Mrs. Osborne, whose husband had been the doctor who had attended all the people near, and who died of fever caught in his rounds, loved and regretted by all. His

widow lived on in the little country cottage she had taken when he died, with one boy and girl, Frank and Dolly.

Frank went every day to Axborough Grammar School, while brown-eyed Dolly stayed at home, and enjoyed herself from morning to night very much in the fashion of a merry bright-eyed little robin. Mrs. Osborne was a woman with a kind, frank face, and a smile that was warm and cheering still, in spite of the sorrow that had left wrinkles on her open forehead and white lines in her dark hair. As I said just now, she was the Hermit's nearest neighbour, and her little garden, trim and bright with flowers, stretched down to meet the neglected tangle of weeds, shrubs, and worn-out fruit-trees of his which did not deserve the name. But the rain poured so hard that day, Mrs. Osborne dared not venture the little way on to the cottage, and sought shelter under the hedge of the Manor House. To her great surprise the rusty gate creaked, a thin white hand pushed it open, a large dull green umbrella appeared next, and a curious, plaintive, refined voice spoke to her from under it.

"It is raining very heavily, madam ; you had better come inside till it ceases."

No one in the neighbourhood had ever received such an invitation, and Mrs. Osborne accepted it hastily, partly because she was curious to see the inside of this dreary house, partly out of a kindly feeling of politeness. Mr. Ratcliffe held the umbrella over her with one hand while he closed the gate, and then he led her along the path, once gravel, but now green with weeds, to the front door. The hall within looked terribly dark and gloomy, and Mrs. Osborne could hardly resist a little feeling of dread as she remembered all the strange stories about this "Hermit" or "Miser," or whatever he might be. But looking up, she met his melancholy but not unkindly glance, and she did not hesitate to follow him.

"I don't believe the stories," she said to herself ; "I only believe that he is a very unhappy man."

He showed her the way into a small parlour, furnished with quaint, shabby old things, and with dingy drab walls, on which hung the portraits in tarnished gilt frames of which I spoke.

"Sit down, Mrs. Osborne," Mr. Ratcliffe went on, in the same sad, slow tones. "I dare say you wonder that I know who you are, but I know something of you and of your husband. If there were more like you in this miserable world——" he broke off abruptly, and his forehead contracted into a strange, painful frown.

"I have never found it a miserable world, sir," Mrs. Osborne said in her kind, sweet voice, "though I have suffered."

"Suffered!" he said, harshly; "I have done nothing else," and again he broke off.

"I am very sorry to hear that," she answered, rather timidly.

He did not take any notice. After a few moments' silence, he said in a different voice, and with the manner of a perfect gentleman, "as you are the only lady who has crossed this threshold since I have lived here, I must not forget to do the duty of a host. I will give you a cup of tea if you will accept it. I have everything ready in the kitchen."

"Thank you," Mrs. Osborne said, quietly and cordially, though she was secretly astonished at her position. "I should be very glad of it."

Mr. Ratcliffe at once disappeared, and when he returned after about five minutes' absence, he brought his guest the tea in an old china cup, very strong and good, but without milk. While she drank it, he talked to her quite pleasantly, and "like other people," as she expressed it, except that he did not speak of any of the events of the day, nor of anything connected with the place, but only about books, pictures, and music. He showed her the portraits in the room, and a portfolio of curious old prints, and while the time passed thus, a sudden sunbeam broke through the thick dripping trees, and brought a gleam of cheerfulness even into that dismal garden. Mrs. Osborne rose to take leave, thanking Mr. Ratcliffe simply and pleasantly for his shelter and hospitality.

His stern, worn face almost lighted up into a smile as she spoke.

"If you ever need any neighbourly help," she went on to say, "I hope, now you have been so good as to ask me in, you will let me be of use to you."

"If I ever want any, madam, which I hope not to do," he said, quietly, "you are the only person I would ask it of. I cannot believe in anything but kindness and goodness in you—if I could be quite sure of it anywhere," he added, in a lower voice.

Mrs. Osborne went home in a great state of bewilderment. She could hardly believe that her visit was not all a dream. She found her children waiting for their tea, and wondering where she could be.

"Oh, Frank," she said, laughing as she entered, "I don't believe if I gave you fifty guesses, you would find out in whose house I have been!"

"Yes I can," the boy answered promptly, "the Hermit's."

"Why, Frank, what made you think of him?"

"Just because it was the most unlikely one," he returned. "It would be the most natural thing in the world for any one else to ask you in."

"But, mother, have you *really*?" little Dolly

cried, with large round eyes, like a frightened bird. "I wonder you dared; I thought it was dreadful inside there."

"It is only a gloomy, dark, dingy old house, Dolly, nothing *dreadful*, and Mr. Ratcliffe was very polite and kind, and gave me a cup of tea."

"Mother!" both boy and girl shouted at once.

"Yes; you must not believe all the foolish stories you hear. Poor Mr. Ratcliffe is not out of his mind, nor, I believe, a miser, nor anything but a man who has been so very, very unhappy, that it has made him strange and bitter, almost hating every one."

"What makes you think so, mother?" Frank asked, thoughtfully. He was a fine lad—good-hearted, generous, and impulsive, with plenty of little faults, but full of good feelings.

"No one who heard him speak and saw his face could help knowing that he was very unhappy," she answered; "and he said one or two things that showed it plainly. Besides, I have heard the old man who used to be a servant there once say that he knew that there had been dreadfully sad things in Mr. Ratcliffe's life, so that it would have been no wonder if he had really gone out of his mind. Now we won't gossip about him any more, dears; only remember, if people say ill-natured things about our poor neighbour, not to join with them in doing so. I hope some day to be able to do him a kindness. I don't think he will mind speaking to me so much now that he has once begun."

After this Mrs. Osborne often thought of the old man in the dark, gloomy Manor House with deep pity, and longed for a chance of showing him a kindness, but months passed by and the opportunity did not come. She did not see him once; the pleasant summer time flew by, and the thick, heavy trees round the old Manor House turned brown and golden, and the leaves dropped off one by one, leaving the desolate place looking, if possible, still more desolate, and a dull, chilly November had set in.

#### CHAPTER II.—"NO ONE TO CARE FOR."

ONE evening, as the last red gleam of sunset was turning to grey, and the long dark hours were beginning, which were longer and darker inside the Manor House than anywhere else, the Hermit was sitting over a small fire in his parlour, with his head on his hand, thinking—sadly enough, I dare say, poor old man!—and the room had no light in it but the dull glow of the cinders, when there was a sudden ring at the cracked door-bell, a ring which echoed oddly through the empty passages.

Mr. Ratcliffe raised his head for a moment, but he did not get up.

"Those boys again," he muttered, and he took no more notice.

But the bell rang once more, and after pausing doubtfully a minute, the old man went slowly to the front door, scarcely ever opened, and very slowly drew back the rusty bolts.

He stared, as if he doubted his own eyes, when he saw what was outside. The Axborough omnibus was waiting in the road; the driver had pulled the bell, and lifted down a wooden box, and on the steps a small figure in a shabby Scotch cap was standing.

"It is some mistake," the old man said, frowning. "What did you ring this bell for, man?"

The driver looked half amused and half frightened.

"Please, sir, I did as the young master directed. He came by the four o'clock London train, and he says, 'Take me to Mr. Ratcliffe's house, please,' which I did. And that's all I knows."

The little boy in the Scotch cap now took up the tale, raising his clear treble voice in distinct but gentle tones. "Please, sir, it is right, if you are my Cousin Ratcliffe—Mr. Miles Ratcliffe, Old Manor House, Clayton, near Axborough. I've got it written down, and mother told me to come."

"Mother; who is she?" the old man asked, softening a little as he looked at the pale child whose great blue eyes were raised to his.

"She is dead," the boy said, and his lips suddenly quivered, his head dropped, and he put his hand over his eyes. "She told me to come. She said you were very kind to her a long while ago, when she was about my age, and she thought you would be kind to me, and there was no one else."

"What was her name?" Mr. Ratcliffe asked, putting out his hand, and just touching the boy's head.

"Mary Maurice, sir; she used to be Mary Ratcliffe; and I am Harry Maurice."

"What, little Maisie, pretty little Maisie!" the old man cried, and then he stopped suddenly. "Now don't cry, child. Go inside. And you, man," he added, turning to the staring omnibus driver, "bring in that box, and get you gone. Here's a shilling."

The man obeyed, in great wonder and awe at the old "miser's" sharp tones, carried in the box, retreated in a great hurry, and drove off, leaving Mr. Ratcliffe and his unexpected guest inside the hall. It was very dark, chill, and dreary. Harry shivered in his thin overcoat. He felt his cold fingers grasped by a bony hand, and he was drawn along the stone-flagged hall and inside a small parlour, which looked cheerful by comparison, for the fire had flickered up, and though close, the room was warm. Mr. Ratcliffe drew a long breath; he

seemed quite bewildered with the novelty of the position.

"What am I to do?" he said to himself in a way he had of speaking his own thoughts aloud. "At any rate, I can't turn the child out now into the cold. But what's to be done with him?"

He fixed his eyes half sternly, half wistfully, upon the boy. Apparently he was eight or ten years old, slenderly built, and delicate looking, with small, fine features, a sensitive mouth, large, solemn dark blue or grey eyes, and short, fine flaxen hair. He, in his turn, stared back at the strange-looking, melancholy figure of his host with an inquiring but not frightened gaze.

"Now, sit down," Mr. Ratcliffe said abruptly; "warm yourself, and tell me what all this means. What made Mary, your poor mother, send you to me?"

"She said she had no relations and no friends left in the world—only you," Harry answered, trying hard to command himself, and not to sob. "She often said how kind you were to her once—when my father died. And she told me not to be afraid of you."

The old man frowned. "Not to be afraid of me! There are persons who think me an ogre, I dare say. What do *you* think, child? Tell me the truth. What am I like? a cruel old monster—a miser who hates everybody? That's what they say of me, you know, and I look it, don't I?" He laughed a short dry laugh.

Harry coloured, but he answered in his straightforward steady way, "No, I don't think you are an ogre, or wicked. I think you don't seem to be happy."

"Happy! Well, I dare say not. And that is the very reason, Harry, why you must not think of staying here. I live quite alone in this dark, dismal old house; I don't see any one for years together. There is nothing here to make a fit home for a boy, and you must go away somewhere where you may be happy. It isn't possible for you to live with me."

"But perhaps I might be rather a comfort to you," Harry said in his quaint, childish way, "and, Cousin Ratcliffe, I haven't been used to play much, or that sort of thing. Mother didn't like my going in the streets with other boys, and she could not send me to school, so I was with her generally, and did what she wanted when she was ill, and she said I was not like a boy; so I don't think you would find me much trouble, and, please, I had rather stay. You might keep me a bit to see how you like me."

The old man was completely conquered by this strange, solemn little speech. A sudden softness

came over his worn face, a sort of faint tender smile on his thin lips.

"You would *like* to stay?" he repeated. "Like to stay with the 'Hermit,' Harry? that's what they call me. But you don't know, child; you don't

home for the night; and then he paid for my ticket, and gave me some money, and all the things that were taken away from the lodging—they are in my box—and he put me in the train for Axborough, and told the guard to look after me; and *when I*



"THE SMALL FIGURE PERCHED ON A HIGH-BACKED CHAIR" (p. 6).

know! Besides, it isn't good for a boy to be shut up in a gloomy old prison with such an one as I am. Well, never mind, never mind; for to-night we'll manage. Now tell me some more about Mary. How long ago did she—did you lose her?"

"Last Monday," Harry answered under his breath. "The people in the lodging were very good. She told them and the doctor where I was to go, and after she was buried the doctor took me

got to Axborough I told the omnibus to take me to Clayton Manor House."

"I suppose they stared at that," Mr. Ratcliffe said, with the faintest smile.

"Yes," Harry answered simply, "they did very much. They all came round and said I had made a mistake, and it must be Clayton Cottage I wanted."

"Well! what did you say?"

"I said I wanted Mr. Ratcliffe ; that he was my cousin——"

"**And then?** Come, Harry, I'm not afraid to hear what people say ; it matters nothing to me. What did they say ?"

Harry began to fidget, and the delicate pink spread over his pale face.

"They laughed, and said it was a queer thing for the old miser to have a visitor," he said, very reluctantly, but as if compelled to answer the piercing dark eyes that were reading his face.

Mr. Ratcliffe laughed again the same dry, harsh laugh that had no merriment in it.

"Oh, that was it ? Now you see, Harry, the sort of person you have come to. I dare say you have heard tales about misers. Perhaps you think I have bags of gold hidden up the chimney, and shall feed you on a mouldy crust once a day, eh ? By-the-by, what have you had to eat to-day ?"

"Dr. Smith gave me some sandwiches to eat in the train, and I bought one bun."

"Then I dare say you are hungry, and I'm sure I don't know what to give you. What do children eat ?"

He looked perplexed, and asked himself the question, apparently. "Let me see. Bread-and-milk—isn't that the proper thing, or is it too **babyish**? I suppose I must get milk—I detest the stuff ; and meat—horrible raw meat to cook ;" his brow knit more and more.

"I don't want to be a trouble," Harry said, sadly and meekly. "Please, I never have bread-and-milk—often nothing but tea and bread-and-butter, or a few potatoes. I haven't a *very* large appetite."

"Well, at any rate, you must have something ; and I must get you a room ready. Keep quite still, and stay here, while I see about things. I may be an ogre, but I don't want to starve you. By the way, ogres fatten up little boys to eat, don't they ? that is perhaps the more likely thing to happen ;" and with a somewhat grim smile the strange old man left the room.

Harry sat, almost in the dark, and pondered. He was a curious child, and the stillness and gloom did not frighten him at all. Nor was he terrified by the odd sayings and ways of his cousin. A cheerless unchildlike life had taken the lightness out of his heart very early, and there was none of the fun and vivacity of a boy in his dreamy pensive nature. He detected something behind the dry harsh manner of his old kinsman that promised a certain secret kindness, and he pitied rather than feared him. His mother had told him that Cousin Ratcliffe was very, very strange ; that he had had dreadful troubles, and been very unkindly treated,

so that he was not like other people ; and had grown to dislike every one, and had chosen for himself a lonely, miserable life ; but that really he was a kind, good man, and had suffered more than most. Harry was only ten years old, but he knew what it meant to suffer, and he had a heart that was sensitive and tender to all sorrow. He wanted truly to be a "comfort" to poor Cousin Ratcliffe, and his thoughts were full of plans for this purpose. He looked about the room, but as the fitful flame of the small fire was the only light there was, he could make out very little. The house was very, very still ; now and then a door was shut, and he just caught the sound of distant movements. At last his cousin appeared, carrying a small, old-fashioned candle-lamp, the light striking on his pinched, pale, unhappy-looking face, that must have been handsome years ago. A glimmer of a smile hovered over it as he caught sight of the small figure perched, obediently still, on a high-backed chair. Mr. Ratcliffe put down the lamp without speaking, and left the room again—this time to fetch a cloth, which he laid ; then he brought a tea-tray, which was probably new and handsome about sixty years before, and which had upon it an old china teapot, two green-and-gold cups and saucers, and a very ancient-looking loaf. This and a box of sardines furnished Harry's supper. A boy less frugally brought up would have grumbled to himself, if he had not shown discontent, at such a meal ; but Harry ate dry bread and sardines, and drank weak tea without milk, quite tranquilly, while his cousin watched him with a searching, not unkind gaze.

"Well, have you had enough ?" he said, at last, as Harry seemed to have come to the end of a huge slice of bread.

"Yes, thank you, Cousin Ratcliffe."

"And how do you feel, child ?"

"A little tired," Harry answered, with a small sigh ; "but very well, thank you."

"And what are you thinking about ?" his cousin went on, abruptly.

Harry's under lip began to tremble, his heavy eyelids fell, and his small fingers clutched each other as if for support.

"Don't cry," Mr. Ratcliffe said, very sharply.

He was not feeling unkind ; on the contrary, his heart was strangely touched, as it had not been for many and many a year ; but he had a nervous horror of seeing grief, which had increased very much from his solitary way of life.

"I wouldn't—indeed—if I could help—" poor Harry said, piteously, swallowing hard, while the tears *would* roll down his cheeks ; "but I can't help thinking—about mother. I don't seem to have

anything left." And he put his head down on his arms and gave way to a fit of violent crying.

It was soon over, however; the utter silence frightened him—he thought he had offended his cousin mortally, and looked up in a hurry with appealing eye.

"Please, don't mind," he said; "I won't do it again if it vexes you. I want to be some good."

He was startled, but comforted too, by the expression of the face he looked into. The peevish wrinkles seemed gone, and there was a sorrowful tenderness in it instead.

"Poor child! poor child!" the old man said. "I was very cruel, Harry. Come here to me." He put his arm round his shoulders, and with the other hand pushed back the boy's hair, and then gently wiped the wet hot cheeks with his fine silk handkerchief. "I have not had any one to care for, Harry," he went on in a sad, sweet voice; "nor any living creature to care for me for twenty—thirty years I think it is—I have forgotten; so that makes me odd and cross, you see. But if you like to stay a little while, and see if you can bear it, perhaps—I can hardly fancy it—but perhaps you may find out I am not so bad. If only you will be true to me, boy, and not tell me one thing to my face and say another behind my back. If I were to get to care for you, and then you were to turn out a bad, false boy, Harry, it would make me still more unhappy and desolate than I am. Will you always be true?"

"Yes, Cousin Ratcliffe," Harry said, quietly. "I don't mean ever to be like that. And perhaps you may come to be fond of me, since you haven't any one else to care for. It must be very miserable not to have any one. That is what made me cry just now; if I think you like me I shall be very much happier."

Mr. Ratcliffe said nothing, but his arm slightly pressed the boy. "I think you had better go to bed," he said abruptly, after a silence that lasted a minute or two. "Come up-stairs. You must be very tired. To-morrow we shall be able to settle what is to be done."

Harry followed him to a small dressing-room, which opened into the chamber where his old cousin slept. On the floor a mattress was laid, and fine linen sheets (yellow with age), blankets, and a curious silk patchwork quilt.

"Do you think you can sleep there?" Mr. Ratcliffe asked, smiling. "It was an odd piece of work for me to get ready another bed. I have slept alone in this house for many hundreds of nights."

"I wonder you could bear it," Harry said, beginning to unbutton his jacket, and staring with his

great, wondering eyes all the while; "it must have seemed dreadfully still."

"Still enough," the old man answered; "but not dreadful to me. There is your box. I suppose you have all you want? I see you can manage for yourself; I should not know how to set about helping you. I have never had anything to do with children, and I hardly feel as if I had ever been one myself. Are you ready? Get into bed."

Harry glanced rather nervously at him before doing so, however; knelt down and bent his head over his clasped hands in silence. The old man's head drooped too; his memory suddenly went back to his own far away childish days. He stood quite still, like a statue, till the boy rose and jumped into bed. The old man covered him *up* with extreme care, lingered a moment, and let his fingers touch the boy's hair and cheek. Harry caught the hand and held it to his lips, his cousin drew it away rather hastily, as if he were afraid of any show of feeling, bade him good night, and left him to sleep in that strange deserted old house.

He did not read, as his custom was, nor did he employ the long hours in any way for the rest of the evening. He sat and thought, and wondered at this strange event which had changed his house and himself in so short a time. What was he to do with this small intruder, who had come upon the scene uninvited, and who seemed to intend to stay? what a curious home, and what a sad one for a lad ten years old! It would be much better to send him somewhere where he might have young companions and something gay and bright to give his cheeks colour, and to take the pathetic expression out of his eyes. Yes, much better, but somehow the Hermit did not feel inclined to dwell upon the idea of getting rid of this guest all in a hurry. The words "I want to be a comfort to you" kept coming into his mind, and bringing a strange pleasure with them. If Harry meant what he said, and could be content to stay—and there was great difficulty in not believing his clear voice and grave open look—would the house be quite so desolate as it had been? would not some cheerfulness come in, and the years cease to be quite blank and forlorn. He did not know what he should do yet; he thought he would not settle all at once. It would do no harm to let the boy stay awhile at any rate; very likely he would soon get tired of the dreary old place, and ask to be sent away. Human feelings which he had tried to get rid of had come back, and he was surprised at himself. He hardly liked to own that the child had taken his fancy, and when the old habit of affection woke up other old feelings came too. He began to reproach himself about poor Mary Maurice. It is true she

had told her boy that he had been good to her; perhaps he was once, in a fit of kindness, when the news of her trouble got round to him in his hermitage, but he might have done much more. He might have looked after her, not let her get out of sight again, and die quite poor and alone. It is true he was not really a miser, as people thought, and had only very little money, still he had enough to have helped her, and he could not accuse poor Mary of ever having been false or ungrateful like other people. She used to be such a dear, bright, pretty little girl, and he had been so fond of her when he was young, and had not grown into the selfish, cold-hearted old man whom nearly every body dreaded and laughed at. Poor old Miles Ratcliffe had certainly grown sour and selfish in his solitude—in most things unlike other people—but at the bottom there was still a kind heart hidden away somewhere, and he could not help feeling to-night that perhaps after all the world was not quite wicked, and he had made a mistake in shutting himself away from it.

When he went to bed, he stepped softly into Harry's little room, and stooped over him, shading the lamp from his face. He was warm and snug, and his cheeks were quite rosy in sleep. The old expression was gone, and he looked a happy child now, with the soft regular breath coming from between his half-smiling open lips. There was a great gentleness in the old man's face; people must be very hard-hearted who don't look kindly at a sleeping child.

Harry's eyes suddenly opened and looked up sleepily, and he smiled. "Good night, Cousin Ratcliffe; I'm very comfortable," he murmured, and then the eyelids shut again.

He did not hear his cousin mutter "God bless the boy!" as he turned to go into his own room.

### CHAPTER III.—PREPARATIONS FOR SCHOOL.

HARRY'S small window let in some sunshine, though a dim and wintry sort, as he woke rather late on the first morning in the old Manor House. His cousin had gone down-stairs quietly some time before, and he dressed himself and found his way to the parlour where they had had tea the previous evening.

Mr. Ratcliffe had been puzzling himself how to get milk for his visitor. He was sure that it was the proper thing to give him, but he shrank as much as ever from going out into the village to get it, and the woman who brought him bread was not to come till to-morrow. He resolved to send Harry himself, and when he appeared he gave him a jug at once, some pence, and an order to go to a cottage a little way down the



"HOLDING HARRY'S JUG SO THAT HE COULD NOT GET AWAY."

road and bring in some milk. "Don't stop to talk," he added, as Harry prepared to obey.

The old woman at the cottage sold milk, and was quite ready to serve her new customer. She was a cheerful, gossipy, tidy old body, and rushed at once into talk, holding Harry's jug so that he could not get away, though he was anxious to do what his cousin told him.

"And who may you be, young gentleman?" Mrs. Drew said, staring hard; "you're new to these parts. Perhaps you're staying with Mrs. Osborne at the cottage, only the girl took their milk, I thought. Are you, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"No, I'm not staying there," Harry answered shyly; "please, I'm rather in a hurry."

"Ay, ay, in half a minute, I'll serve you, master;



HARRY'S ARRIVAL. (See p. 4.)

but I like to know my customers, and we don't get many fresh faces here in Clayton ; there are only a few houses, and I knows all in 'em ; and why ever *should* you mind, my dear, telling me where you be staying ?"

"I'm at Mr. Ratcliffe's," Harry said, desperately, clutching his jug, and turning very red.

The old woman started, and gave a sort of scream. "Why, bless my life, I never heard the like ! At Mr. Ratcliffe's ? Sure-ly, you never mean the *Hermit's*?"

"I don't call him so," Harry said, in his dignified, old-fashioned way ; "he is my cousin."

"Your cousin, and you're staying *there* ! My poor lad, it'll be the death of you. He's not right, to say the least, and there are strange stories going, moreover, of his way of living. Don't you stay there, my dear."

"I must go, please," Harry said ; "good morning."

Mrs. Drew stood perfectly still, with her hands up, for some moments after the small figure with the jug had left her front garden. "To think of it !" she ejaculated at last ; "well, if I don't pity that child !" And very shortly, what between the omnibus driver at Axborough and Mrs. Drew, all the neighbourhood knew that the Hermit had a visitor.

"Harry," Mr. Ratcliffe said, breaking the silence of the room in his abrupt way, as the boy ate his bread and drank some coffee, "if you stay here you will have to go to school."

"To school ! Where, Cousin Ratcliffe ?"

"There is a grammar school in Axborough ; I suppose that will do as well as any other. You would like it, shouldn't you ?"

Harry hesitated, and coloured. "I don't know—perhaps—but I've never been to school, and I'm afraid I don't know much ; but of course I dare say I ought to go."

"I suppose you ought, and I can't have you about here all day, so I shall take you to-morrow."

Harry did not think of opposing him. He little knew what resolution the old man had to bring to bear to force himself out of his habits enough to make such an expedition. The Hermit shrank from entering the crowded schoolroom full of staring eyes and laughing faces far more than shy, sensitive Harry himself, who had never mixed with boys, and was painfully conscious of his shabby clothes, and the extent of his ignorance. He did not know how much more able his mind was to receive knowledge than those boys who had just scrambled through a little Latin and other sorts of mere book learning. Harry had learnt to think, and he was naturally quick and clever ; there was no fear of his proving a dunce, though he felt as if he were one, and was very humble about himself.

"You'll want some mending and patching before you go, child," Mr. Ratcliffe said, with his faint smile—he was so little used to smiling that it was an odd attempt he made. "Have you another suit ?"

"No, cousin," Harry said, blushing, my others were much worse, and they thought them not worth bringing."

"We must try what we can do. I have plenty of good clothes in the house, and I can sew and mend. I see you stare. Yes, I dare say you think me an old oddity, as the rest of the world does, but I always determined to do everything for myself, and ridicule matters nothing to me."

This was hardly the truth, though Mr. Ratcliffe fancied it was. He *did* mind ridicule, and every year that his strange solitude had lasted he had shrunk more and more from people's inquisitive looks and whispers. His pride and dislike to all his neighbours had made him appear not to care for their rudeness, and he had walked quite calmly, followed by his usual crowd of youngsters, whenever he had been really forced to come out of his retreat ; but he had suffered more than any one guessed, and was really sore about the things that were said of him in the place. So it required a great effort of kindness on his part to resolve to take Harry to the grammar school. Perhaps it would have been easier, he thought, to have sent him quite away as a boarder, but—it was a very strange new feeling in his lonely heart—he really *could* not send the child away just yet. To have some one in the house who neither feared nor plagued him, who called him "cousin" in that gentle, childlike way, and met his glance with grave, affectionate eyes, was, though he scarcely owned it, more like a feeling of happiness than he had dreamt of ever knowing again.

He set to work, after he had arranged, with Harry's eager help, the few things there were to do in the house, to mend and to hunt up clothes for his boy—he began already to think of him as his. The preparations were odd enough. No boy was ever fitted out for school, I suppose, by such a strange guardian—a man who had lived out of the world for thirty years, and made his own life quite unlike the fashions and customs of the day. Harry did not know much himself about other boys, and it was his habit to submit, but many a misgiving crossed his mind as to the effect his appearance would produce on the Axborough boys. But he was too much afraid of hurting his protector's feelings to let out what was passing in his thoughts ; and there was an immense amount of *obstinacy* about "Cousin Ratcliffe."

(*To be continued.*)

## B E S S I E .

A STORY IN FOURTEEN PHASES.



Little Bess has her lessons to learn and to write,  
Though the wind's in the west, and the sun's shining bright ;  
Little bird in the cage hopping sadly about  
Loves the sunshine as well, but he cannot get out.



She takes down her bonnet, and ties it with glee ;  
“ The sunshine is calling for birdie and me.”  
Then she picks up the cage, and steals out by the door ;  
“ Good-bye to the lessons, good-bye evermore.”



Bess has thrown down her books, and she jumps on a chair ;  
“ Little bird, come with me in the sweet summer air ;  
We'll go out on the downs, and there you shall fly,  
As happy and free as a lark in the sky.  
And you'll never come back to see me, I know,  
But I love you, my birdie, and so you shall go.”



The broad downs are reached that stretch far away  
Where the sun sinks to rest at the close of the day ;  
The cage-door is open, and birdie is free  
To fly where it lists over meadow and lea.  
“ Go, birdie, and play ; mount, mount to the sky.  
Glad birdie is off ; “ Sweet birdie, good-bye !”



And Bessie is off to run where she will,  
And she waves a good-bye from the top of the hill ;



And she rambles and wanders through woodland and mead ;  
Now she rests by the stream, now she runs at full speed.



But the darkness is falling o'er meadow and dell ;  
Bess is hungry and weary, and sleepy as well.



She loses her shoe ; she sits down and weeps,  
Lays her head on the moss, sobbing loudly, and—sleeps.



Poor birdie is frightened, the daylight is passed,  
He comes back to the cage, and he cries "Home at last."



He looks all around ; comes nearer, one peep ;  
Hop, hop through the door, and is soon sound asleep !



Poor Bessie is awaked by the sheep in the fold ;  
It's past ten o'clock and she's bitterly cold.  
She starts to her feet, and she hits on the track,  
"Oh, dear me ! what's this ? *Why, here's birdie come back !*"



Bessie lifts up the cage, and she pushes along,  
With a heart that feels stout and with limbs that are  
strong ;  
There's a light in the distance--a spark 'mid the trees,  
"Have courage, dear birdie ; on, on, if you please."



"Are you sure it is you, birdie dear ?" Bessie cries,  
"It's so dark, birdie dear, and I've tears in my eyes ;  
Oh, how wrongly I've acted ! forgive me, I pray !  
Up, up, birdie, up, let us find out the way."



She reaches the door, and she feels for the catch ;  
The fireside is bright as she pulls up the latch.  
"Father ! mother !" Poor Bessie falls down on her knees ;  
"Forgive me, forgive me, oh, do, if you please !"

## CHATS ABOUT THE NEEDLEWORK OF ENGLISH QUEENS.

## THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.



EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S BODY CARRIED  
TO ST. PETER'S CHURCH.  
*(From the Bayeux Tapestry.)*

miniations, which I had the pleasure of seeing last year in the Alexandra Palace, has suggested the idea that the same busy little fingers that manufactured all these things might be ready to accomplish some work of rather a more advanced description.

There are no teachers equal to Example and Experience; and as Example should come first to the little scholar's aid, I think I may do well in waving the good fairy's magic wand, and calling up out of the dimness of the long past years the shadows of some of the highest ladies of our own land—the queens who have found time, amidst all their public duties, to ply their needles deftly in that most beautiful and womanly of occupations. Example is a very pleasant teacher; every little boy and girl delights in her instructions, so I am glad to introduce her to the many competitors in the successive LITTLE FOLKS Exhibitions. As for Experience, this teacher will introduce himself. He is sometimes a very severe master—when too long a snip has been given to some piece of cutting-out; or when, after a day's hard work upon a frock, it turns out no better than “gobble-stitch and bunch.” But this Experience is a gentleman who cannot be sent away. He will always be at your elbow, and, hard as he seems, he is one of your best friends, for his lessons are so well taught that you can never forget them. However, the charming teacher whom I now introduce is Mistress Example, and I proceed to place you all in rows, in a dark room, where you can see and think of nothing else; and there, on the white wall before you, the good fairy's long black wand will be seen pointing to the dim faces of many a royal lady of ancient times, who holds in her fair and delicate fingers the beautiful remains of her needlework, which has been preserved for our instruction.

THE exhibition of dolls dressed in costume, and grouped to represent historical scenes, fairy legends, or scenes of every-day life, together with dolls' houses, scrapbooks, and illu-

Example told them of the garments worn in the very early history of the world. Patterns of embroidery are to be seen on the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, worked on the dress of both men and women, in designs representing human figures, animals, birds, and flowers; for these ancient people worked with their needles on webs woven in silk, linen, cotton, hemp, wool, and other textiles. Only imagine, my little stitchers—you who think a year so very long a period—that the rich dresses painted on the Egyptian figures in so many and handsome patterns were sewn in threads of variously coloured silks by women's fingers more than 3,000 years ago!

Needlework was called by the ancient Romans “Phrygium,” that is because the still more ancient Phrygians were said to have invented “Art-Embroidery.” When the design or picture traced on the stuff was wrought in solid gold wire or golden thread, they called the work “Auriphrygium,” and it is from this word that an old English term, “Orphrey,” much used in regard to church embroidery, is derived.

The Babylonians were very famous for their splendid needlework. Of this magnificent city you have read many interesting stories in the Bible. One bad man, called Achan, stole a “Babylonish garment,” being tempted by its beautiful appearance and its great value; and the “Veil of the Temple,” which was miraculously “rent in twain from the top to the bottom” when our blessed Lord expired on the cross (showing that there was no longer any manifestation of God to be hidden behind it, as He had departed from the “Mercy-seat” from that time)—this veil, the historian Josephus says, was a Babylonian curtain. He says, “there was a veil of equal largeness with the door. It was a Babylonian curtain, embroidered with blue and fine linen, and scarlet and purple, and of a texture that was wonderful.”

But I have wandered off in my story respecting the British queens to show you that Example was as much their teacher as she is yours; and this little introduction being over, the wand of the “good fairy” points to some priestly garments, respectively called a stole and a maniple, most wonderfully embroidered and ornamented with gold and precious stones by the hands of Saint Etheldreda, a queen, and also Abbess of Ely, and presented by her to St. Cuthbert, some time in the seventh century.

This exhibition has vanished, and on the magic

mirror you may now see some picture designs embroidered on certain pieces of stuff, which were presented to Ely Cathedral by Adelheid (a daughter of Edward the Elder), the widowed Duchess of Northumberland, and afterwards exquisitely embroidered by the queen of Canute, Algiva—or Emma—previously the widow of Ethelred the Unready. The precious stones with which she enriched this piece of work were cleverly arranged to form pictorial designs.

Some very beautiful garments may now be seen—those in which King Edward the Confessor was attired when he appeared on solemn or grand occasions, for which he specially kept them. They were richly embroidered by the hands of his queen, Edgitha. If you have visited the chapels in Westminster Abbey, you will find his tomb in one that bears his name.

The four princesses of England, daughters of Edward the Elder, who lived and worked about the year of our Lord 910, although chiefly devoting their time to books, yet found sufficient leisure to perfect themselves in every description of needle-work, as well as in spinning and weaving. Historians say that these industrious royal ladies were very lovely women, but their good looks did not make them idle and frivolous, and their notable habits won for them the admiration of some of the greatest princes in Europe; and one of them—the most remarkable of all in her beauty of person—was married to Hugh, the King of the Franks.

Perhaps you have never heard of the famous Bayeux Tapestry, if not you can see a copy of it along a wall in the South Kensington Museum. A certain French priest, the Abbé de la Rue, tried to give the credit of this interesting piece of historical work to the daughter of Henry I., the Empress Matilda; but there is no real foundation for this idea. Fairholt speaks of its having been done by Matilda, the queen of William the Conqueror, to commemorate his battles and victories, and by the ladies of her court, who, it is very probable, assisted her. This charming lady, who was as good and as learned as she was industrious, was the mother of a large family, a faithful wife for thirty-three years, and yet she found time to use her fingers in useful and ornamental work. Exclusive of the borders, this long piece of needlework represents 530 figures, all of whom are men, with the exception of three women. The scenes are mostly of battles, but there are also festive and domestic ones. Perhaps there is no other specimen existing of ancient

stitchery of greater value, as it supplies a complete chronicle of the conquest of England by the Normans, commencing with the mission of Harold to Duke William, and terminating in the battle of Hastings. Imagine any sampler of yours as long and as wide as to make a carpet for your sitting-room—how very immense it would seem! But this clever Queen Matilda did not find her sampler *too large* to be finished, though 227 feet long, and 20 feet in width.

Once on a time it was of white cloth, now it looks like brown holland with age. It is worked in worsteds of various colours, which are somewhat faded. The good queen left blank spaces for the flesh parts—that is to say, for the faces, hands, and arms; and it is evident that her worsteds ran out very often, and that she did not like to stop her work on that account, for if you go to South Kensington to see the painted photographic copy of her work, you will find that she sometimes embroidered green horses, and sometimes red, yellow, and blue. The whole is divided into separate little pictures, and she worked in the names of many of the people in large letters. But she did not only describe her husband's battles and the other scenes I named, but she then amused herself by making an ornamental border of funny grotesque figures, and subjects from the pretty fables of *Æsop*—the clever little dwarf or hunchback—with which, I am sure, you are all very well acquainted. Besides these subjects depicted on the border, there are various instruments of agriculture.

I dare say you will wonder what sort of a frame, and what immense room can hold such a picture. At one time it was not hung up anywhere, but was wound round a machine, like the roller that lets a bucket down a well, by means of the rope coiled round it, and was then kept in the Town Hall of Rouen, and a woman unrolled and exhibited it. At present it is hung round the walls of a gallery devoted to it in the museum of Bayeux. Another attempt has been made to assign the credit of this wonderful piece of stitchery to other hands than those of Queen Matilda; but numerous authorities attribute the work to the wife of the Conqueror. The “bone of contention,” as this embroidery has proved amongst historians, was worked for the cathedral of the city from which it is named, and presented by the queen to her brother-in-law, Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux, brother of William I. It reached completely round the cathedral.

S. F. A. C.





THE MISFORTUNES OF TRUMPETER, AN ILL-USED ELEPHANT.  
By the Author of "A Hedgehog Family," &c. &c.

**N**EARLY twenty years ago our hero first saw the light among the wild and beautiful Indian jungles. His mother was a peculiarly gentle and lazy female, who, as long as she could spend her time in browsing on cabbage palms and fig-trees in peace and comfort, was quite contented with her circumstances; but her son and heir, baby though he was, displayed a more energetic disposition—his lively gambols, and those of a couple of infant cousins, amused the herd of uncles and aunts, which formed a family party of about eighteen or nineteen in number, and his mother would often say, with a gentle sigh, as she fanned herself with a branch—

"Dear me, it is quite tiring to watch Trumpeter, he gives himself such an amount of unnecessary trouble."

It was not till our juvenile elephant was nearly two years old that his first misfortune befell him. He and his relations had wandered towards some rich plains, being tempted by quantities of Guinea grass, when they were startled by a strange and unknown object which ran towards them, uttering a noise which terrified them very much.

It was a little terrier which had been lost, and being more accustomed to the sight of elephants than they were to him, he valiantly charged the formidable drove, and with furious yelps and barks assailed Trumpeter, who was the smallest of the party.

Our hero stood his ground manfully at first, but the little dog proceeded to bite and tear at the huge, ugly, but very tender feet of his victim with great vigour. Trumpeter uttered a cry of pain, at the sound of which his cowardly relations, including his mother, at once took to flight, leaving the youngster to make the best fight he could by himself.

Hastily putting down his trunk in order to seize his tormentor, the end of his sensitive proboscis was caught in the sharp teeth of his canine foe, and severely bitten. Mad with the pain, Trumpeter shrieked wildly for assistance, then swinging his wounded member out of reach, he rushed at the dog, and placing one foot on his carcase, soon crushed him to death.

As soon as this operation was finished, he turned, and plunging into the jungle, tried to overtake his relations, though tears of grief and anguish running rapidly down his face so bewildered him that, between this cause of discomfort and the fact of the drove having had a long start of him, night fell before he had found any trace of their whereabouts, and in fact he felt sure that he was lost, so balancing his fat body steadily on his thick legs, and leaning against a tree, he slept peacefully for some time, and then making his way towards a stream, bathed his tired limbs, and sucking up gallons of water by means of his wounded trunk, squirted them over his back with great enjoyment.

He had been accustomed to depend so much upon his mother for nourishment, that he now almost feared to satisfy his hunger with some strange foliage which he saw around him, but at last discovering some splendid water-melons,

savagely, "Don't bother me; can't you let me eat my breakfast in peace?"

"Well, I only asked you a civil question, and I think you might give me a civil answer," replied Trumpeter. "Please tell me."



"A TERRIBLE BATTLE BEGAN" (p. 19).

he munched them up, and found their cooling juice very refreshing.

The next thing was to find his mother; so seeing a bear squatting on the ground at a short distance from him, he walked up to him, and inquired whether he had seen a large party of his friends who had passed somewhere in that direction.

The bear's mouth was so full of honey—for he had just been robbing a bees' nest—that he could hardly answer for some time; then he muttered

"Get away!" cried Bruin, fiercely, for a bee had just then stung his nose, and picking a couple of the little insects out of his shaggy hair, he flung them towards our hero.

Poor Trumpeter knew that his skin was so thick that a bee could hardly insert his sting into it, but the fear of anything touching his wounded trunk was so great that he hastily turned away, and leaving the ferocious bear to enjoy himself in his own selfish manner, ran off in another direction.

All day and part of the next night he wandered about, still searching unavailingly for his lost companions, and next morning he felt so hungry that he repaired to a beautiful banyan, or Indian fig-tree, and commenced browsing on the sweet leaves, not noticing for some time that a colony of Baya sparrows had made their curious and ingenious nests—which are shaped something like a large pear, with the opening at the bottom instead of the top—among the branches which he was demolishing. The little birds screamed and chirped wildly when they saw their domiciles ruthlessly torn down.

“Go away, go away!” they piped. “We were peaceful and happy before you came here to disturb us, now our eggs are broken and crushed under your big feet.”

“I seem to be in every one’s way,” thought Trumpeter, sadly, as he abandoned his breakfast, and looked despairingly around.

“Can I assist you, sir?” inquired a gentle voice near him, and on turning he saw a beautiful musk deer, whose large liquid eyes were compassionately fixed on him.

“Indeed you can, if you will tell me whether you have seen any of my companions,” said our hero, eagerly.

“I saw them only a short time ago,” replied the graceful creature; “they are——”

But as he spoke an arrow whizzed past Trumpeter and buried itself in the heart of the deer. He fell, and with his dying eyes fixed on the spot where he had last seen the elephant, drew a long sobbing breath and expired, while from the shades of the banyan-tree emerged a number of natives, who, tying cloths over their mouths and noses, speedily extracted the coveted musk which they had slaughtered the animal to obtain.

While they were occupied in this manner, Trumpeter stole away so softly and noiselessly that he escaped unnoticed, and wandered on, more than ever disappointed at having been so near the desired information. But when the shades of evening once more fell he met a small grey animal, something resembling a ferret in the shape of its head, but with long silky hair, and accosting it as “Mr. Ichneumon,” he asked for information, which, to his surprise, it not only gave, but offered to conduct him to his relations, so accordingly the strange companions set off on their perambulations, the ichneumon darting gracefully hither and thither, and the elephant pacing majestically along, till they came in sight of the lost herd, browsing on some jaggery-trees. With a shrill cry of pleasure Trumpeter recognised his mother, and rushed forward, with his trunk extended, to receive her embrace, but none was granted him—his parent

continued to munch her succulent food without paying the least attention to him, and when he attempted to touch her, motioned him off with an angry flap of her ears.

“Mother dear,” gasped the poor baby elephant, “don’t you know me?”

“You are not my son,” replied his former guardian, lazily. “My son was lost three days ago. Don’t come near me!”

“I am your son, indeed, indeed!” cried the poor little fellow, trying again to approach. “Don’t you believe me?”

“Get away, and don’t trouble me,” she cried, pushing him roughly aside; and Trumpeter turned to the other members of the herd, his heart swelling with disappointment.

“Won’t some of you speak for me?” he pleaded, with touching meekness; but his relations all answered—

“You may be right—indeed you *are* our connection; but there is no use in trying to persuade your mother to believe it, for she won’t. However, you are old enough now to shift for yourself, and you may stay with us; so you need not complain.”

When he was about twelve or fourteen years old, he and the herd he belonged to found themselves one day near a stream which they were very eager to reach, as they had been on short allowance of water for some time, which did not suit them at all; but the only way they could approach it would be by walking between rows of tall thin sticks which enclosed some rice grounds. The elephants hesitated a long time before they dared to venture down these paths—which had, however, been left expressly for them—but when darkness set in, after a careful survey of the precincts, they made the attempt, and to their surprise were allowed to return uninjured. They looked over the slight fences and hungrily sniffed the odour of the delicious rice; but though a good-sized dog could easily have broken through the obstruction these unwieldy brutes were afraid to touch a grain of their highly-prized food.

“Why may we not go in and eat?” inquired a foolish and ignorant young elephant in rather a resentful tone.

“Because,” cried his mother, in horror, encircling him as she spoke with her proboscis, “you don’t know what may happen to you. Those deceitful sticks may enclose a pit-fall; if you once got in you would never find your way out again. Do not think of anything so dreadful.”

“I don’t believe all that, mind,” shouted Trumpeter, as he was moving off; “for, you see, I can break one of the sticks with my trunk.”

"You never believe anything we tell you," cried all the old leaders in anger. "Don't come and feed with us till you are prepared to be obedient and dutiful to your elders and betters."

Trumpeter very contentedly followed the herd at a respectful distance till they reached the hills, and after making a good supper, went to sleep, swaying his large head from side to side monotonously all the time; but towards morning he was rudely awakened by a tremendous shock, and opening his sleepy little eyes he perceived a large rhinoceros, which was bleeding from a wound in its side and seemed perfectly mad with rage and pain.

"Hullo!" said Trumpeter. "I beg your pardon—"

"Get out of my way, you clumsy beast!" cried the furious animal which had run against him, making a vicious attempt to thrust his powerful horn into the elephant.

Trumpeter was of a peaceful disposition; but after begging pardon when he was not in the wrong, being attacked was rather too bad, and he immediately prepared to defend himself. Seeing this, the rhinoceros became more violent, and a terrible battle began between the two enormous creatures.

Great bravery and strength were displayed on both sides; but the wounded animal had been exhausted by loss of blood, and when he was in the very act of making a charge at our hero he staggered and fell, and after one or two deep groans expired.

The elephant stood looking down on the remains of his late antagonist for some time in surprise, swaying his hind feet alternately backwards and forwards as he cogitated upon the speedy termination of the encounter. Suddenly he felt something close over the foot which happened to be off the ground and tighten round his ankle.

Turning round in astonishment, he saw, to his intense fear and disgust, two black men, one of whom immediately set off running towards the nearest tree, as Trumpeter thought to take shelter behind it, so our hero started in pursuit; but on reaching it he found himself brought up short with a very disagreeable jerk, for the second native had skilfully caught the trailing end of the rope, and by giving it a turn round the tree effectually stopped the elephant's further progress.

Seeing this, the animal, which was now becoming furious, rushed to prevent the tying of the rope; but the first Hindoo ran close up to his head, and by irritating gestures and taunting shouts of "Dah! dah!" induced him to pursue him instead.

Poor fellow! He might as well have submitted quietly, for during the *paroxysms* of his fury it was

easy to place a second noose round one of his forefeet, and when each separate leg was thus tied to a tree Trumpeter was indeed a prisoner.

The Hindoos then proceeded to skin and cut up the dead rhinoceros, which they had been in pursuit of when the elephant had so opportunely detained him.

"Ah, what a splendid horn!" said one of them, holding it up as he extracted it. "It is good enough to present to the king, and I wanted to get myself into his favour again."

"Why, what will he do with it?" inquired the other native, who was very young.

"Silly fellow!" retorted the first speaker. "Don't you know that his Majesty always drinks out of goblets made of rhinoceros horns, and will not use any others?"

"I never heard that before," replied the young native.

"Then all I can say is you are very ignorant," said the elder. "But now you had better come and help me to gather some plantain leaves for the elephant."

But on approaching the animal and offering him food and drink, they found it quite useless: he was too much occupied with his miseries to care for anything, and only renewed his frantic struggles and cries. All day long the poor animal's exertions continued; doubling himself into every kind of extraordinary contortion, he strained at each rope in succession, hoping to break it, and writhed and kicked with desperate energy. When he found that all was of no avail, and became exhausted with his exertions, he would fling himself despairingly on the ground, and, with tears running down his cheeks, groan in anguish.

Towards evening a more violent paroxysm of fury than usual came on, and after out-doing all his previous attempts he fell back motionless and apparently lifeless. The two natives, who had been lying lazily on the ground, half asleep, and chewing betel-nut, started up, and ran towards their captive in great agitation.

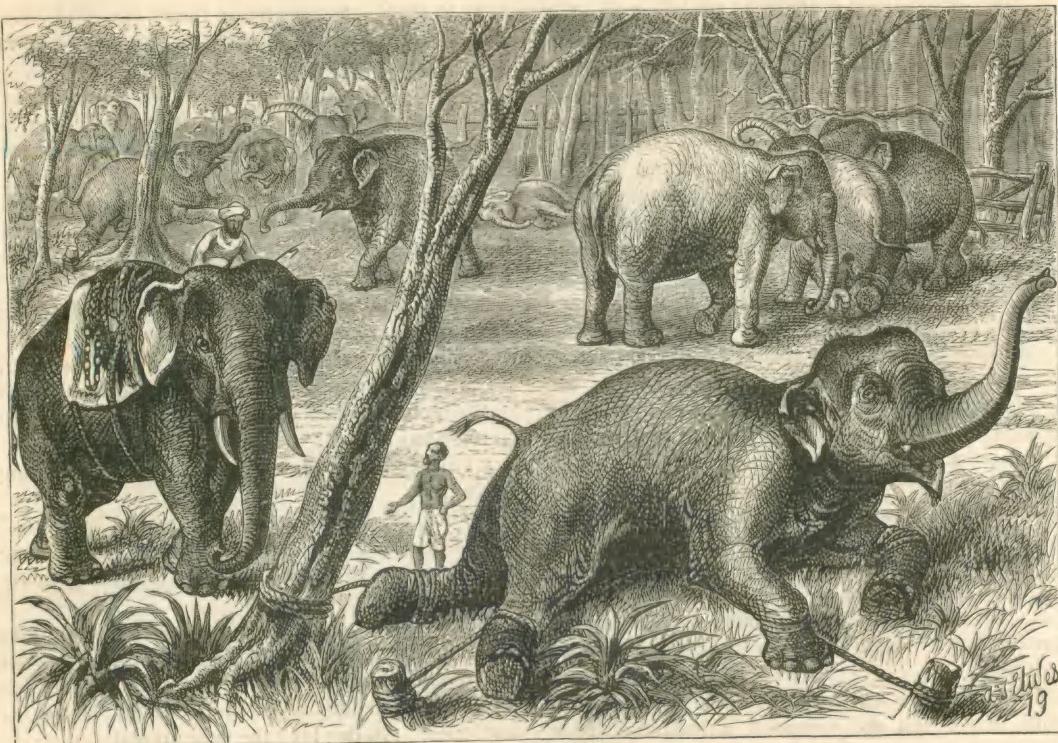
"He is dead," said one.

"Oh, surely not!" cried the other. "After all our trouble that would be too hard."

"Well, judge for yourself," replied his companion. "The brute has broken his heart, nasty spiteful thing!" and he kicked the carcase of the animal.

"Well, there is no use in our staying here and looking at him," said the melancholy Hindoo; "I'll take our ropes, at any rate," and he stooped down and untied the fastenings which bound our hero to the trees.

A surprise, however, was in store for the Hindoo.

WITHIN THE STOCKADE. (*See p. 21.*)

Hardly had the last knot been undone when a motion was perceptible in the vast frame of the animal ; he opened his eyes, scrambled to his feet, and rushed off into the solitude of the jungle with shrill trumpetings of triumph, leaving his captors in a very unenviable frame of mind. Our hero retired to the most secret haunts of the wild beasts, where he took a mud bath and rested himself after all his exertions, being mightily proud of the success of his stratagem.

But his self-congratulation was shortlived, for on trying to rejoin his companions he found he had again lost sight of them, and unfortunately, this time his search was totally hopeless ; for weeks and months he persevered unsuccessfully, until he gave up the attempt in despair, and then thought he would join some other herd. There were two opinions about this idea, however, for he soon found that no other family of elephants would admit him into their community, and scouted and snubbed by every one, our poor solitary hero's naturally sweet temper became soured and savage from disappointment and loneliness, and he turned into a "goondah," or rogue, whose only object seemed to be tormenting and attacking every live thing

which annoyed him, and finding pleasure in the cruelties he inflicted.

Several years passed by, during which time our hero did an incredible amount of mischief ; but his frolics were approaching their termination. Not content with the stores of luscious food with which he was surrounded, he had fixed his affections for some time on the foliage of some sacred bo-trees which stood near a heathen temple, and at last one evening, when all seemed quiet, he determined to venture down and make a raid on them.

Creeping gently and cautiously from the hills, he concealed himself in a thicket of cotton-trees, and waited while he surveyed the prospect.

Not very far from his ambush was a native house which had been recently re-tiled in order to make the roof water-tight, in anticipation of the wet season, and now Trumpeter saw a Hindoo worm himself out of some hiding-place, and crawling unperceived along the ground, scatter a thick layer of rice on the new covering. The native then retired with inward glee, congratulating himself on having revenged some affront which the owner of the house had given him.

Trumpeter was debating whether it would be safe

for him to take advantage of the meal which had thus unexpectedly been placed in his way, when a troop of Hoonuma monkeys descried the food, and with delighted chattering, hastened to the house, and clambering on the roof, proceeded to munch the rice, and in order to obtain the grains which fell between the chinks of the tiles tore them up most remorselessly, thus exposing the interior of the domicile to the torrents of tropical rain which were now due, and, in fact, soon began to fall.

Trumpeter thought this would be a good opportunity to go in for his robbery also, and made his way to the grove of bo-trees. But the monkeys, on catching sight of an enemy who had often made himself obnoxious to them by interfering with their amusements, set up such a series of screams, that a priest who happened to be in the temple rushed out to see what the matter was, and on perceiving our hero, ran back again, and hastily returning with a blazing torch, thrust it with great presence of mind into the elephant's face, and the enormous brute, terrified by the glare, fled precipitately.

However, the priests had no idea

of having the sacred trees belonging to their place of worship destroyed by any midnight marauder, and they made such a forcible representation of their wrongs, and of the number of elephants which now inhabited the woods, to the governor, that he, knowing that it was nearly time for a general capture, only waited for the rainy season to be over before he gave orders for a "keddah" to be built.

This consisted of first selecting a spot in the heart of the forest where the animals would be likely to take a fancy to the ground, a stream of water being quite necessary, and then enclosing a space of about five hundred feet in length, and two hundred and fifty wide with strong trunks of trees, only leaving a gate through which the animals might pass; a second and third enclosure are made, and then an immense number of natives collect together, and forming a kind of wide circle round any

spot which they think contains elephants, gradually draw nearer to each other, and to the keddah day after day till at last the unwieldy animals are forced into the trap.

Poor Trumpeter and a herd who had nothing to say to him were entrapped in this manner, and their terror, as each day the dreaded natives approached closer and closer, can hardly be described.

When at length they found themselves inside the stockade they ran wildly round and round, trying to force an opening out, but everywhere they were met by shrill screams and long white rods brandished in their faces, till they rested in the centre in temporary exhaustion, fanning themselves with large branches.

Then two tame elephants, each ridden by a mahout, slipped quietly into the enclosure, and with almost human instinct, assisted their masters in noosing and tying their unhappy kinsmen. In one of these sagacious creatures Trumpeter ~~had~~ recognised his unnatural mother, and hoping that she might at length acknowledge him, he allowed her to approach so near that she found it easier to tie him than any of the others.



TRUMPETER AT WORK.

But our hero's anguish on finding that his heartless parent had betrayed him exceeded all his previous trials. He thought of his old expedient of feigning death, but it did not succeed in this instance, for the men were determined not to lose his tusks, even if they abandoned his body, and as soon as they attempted to touch them our hero very speedily came to life again.

At last he made up his mind to endure his fate with philosophy, reflecting that his life could not be much more unhappy than it had been for many years, and indeed he had made a change for the better. As soon as the wounds on his legs caused by the ropes were healed, he was trained to work, and if any of my readers wish to make his acquaintance, they need only take a short trip to Afghanistan, where he is at present employed in drawing one of our great guns in a battery of Royal Artillery.

## PENNY WISE!

**A**PENNY, a groat, half a pound, and a pound  
That man shall possess who all the yearround  
Saves a penny a day.  
A penny, a shilling, a crown, and a pound

At the close of the year in his purse shall be found  
Who each working day puts a penny away.  
I commend very much the man who does either,  
But I can't say so much for the man who does neither.  
W. G.

## ROYAL PRISONERS.

JOHN II. OF FRANCE.



THE admirers of a king sometimes bestow upon him a title the very opposite to that of his character; it was so in the case of King John II. of France, who was surnamed *The Good*. Historians who have impartially reviewed his life and reign say that the word *Good* should, in this instance, be interpreted the foolish, extravagant, and over confident. He was proud, revengeful, wasteful, ignorant of the simplest principles both of government and war, and careless of the welfare of his subjects; his great aim was to be considered a valiant knight, a model of chivalry; he had personal qualities which gained him friends, for he was courteous, gay, and liberal; he prided himself on always keeping his word, and originated the saying, "Honour, though banished from the rest of the world, should be found in the hearts of kings." But in acting up to his character and realising his ideal he neglected his duties and sacrificed his people's interests.

When King John succeeded his father, Philip VI., on the throne of France the country, being in a most deplorable condition, needed both a wise head and a firm hand in the ruler. The long and ruinous war waged between Philip and Edward III. of England, who claimed the crown, had exhausted the revenues; that terrible pestilence known as the *Black Death* had swept like a scourge over the land, depopulating whole towns and villages; in many districts the ravages of war had prevented the cultivation of the soil, and the wretched inhabitants were actually starving for the common necessities of life, their only food consisting of herbs and roots of the field and wild fruits of the forest. John was not the man to remedy these evils; he inflicted heavier burdens upon his poorer subjects, but allowed his nobles to postpone the payment of their debts; he

debased the coinage and founded a new order of knighthood called the *Order of the Star*, which was to consist of three hundred members, for whom a magnificent palace was erected at St. Denis, where all invalided members of the order were luxuriously maintained at the expense of the nation. His reign was inaugurated by an act of cruelty for which he had no justification—he put to death his father's chief adviser, the Constable d'Eu, substituting a worthless favourite in his place. When this favourite was shortly after assassinated by the King of Navarre, John was very wroth, vowing to punish the murderer; but being too weak to do this openly he had recourse to an artifice unworthy of a monarch—he invited the King of Navarre to a grand banquet, where he was seized by armed men, who conveyed him to the Château de Gillard, and there imprisoned him.

When John had reigned five years war with England recommenced. The English army, under the command of the celebrated Edward the Black Prince, invaded the South of France, a district where the people were comparatively rich and had little or no knowledge of war, making them fall an easy prey to the invaders, who, with fire and sword, ravaged the country far and wide, plundering and burning villages and towns, and laying waste large tracts of country, eventually returning to Bordeaux with five thousand waggon-loads of booty. To meet and check, if not utterly destroy, this successful warrior, great preparations were made by John and his nobles. Fifty thousand men were gathered together; the king, taking with him his favourite son Philip, then a mere stripling, took the command, and the mighty host set forth to give battle to the English.

The Black Prince having turned his conquering steps northwards, entered the province of Poitou, and at Poictiers was overtaken by the French, who succeeded in cutting off his retreat. With a force numbering at the very utmost only

one-fifth of those opposed to him, the Prince found himself somewhat critically situated ; but, like a wise and skilful commander, he took care to post his men in the best position the nature of the country afforded, choosing a wooded hill, the only approach to which was a narrow and rugged pathway ; here he awaited the attack of the enemy. Had King John been a prudent and sagacious general the result might have been far different. He had only to wait patiently for a few days, watching the English, carefully surrounding them that they might not escape, when the whole would have been starved into submission and compelled to surrender themselves prisoners ; instead of doing this, however, thinking perhaps only of his reputation as a knight, or that nothing could withstand his overwhelming numbers, he determined on an attack, and foolishly ordered his cavalry to charge. The French galloped to the foot of the hill, but finding it too steep for their horses to climb fell back in confusion, which confusion was further increased by the incessant clouds of arrows shot at them with fatal precision by the English archers. While the disorder was at its height the command was given, and the English cavalry thundered down the hill, charging into their very midst. Seeing the disastrous rout of his men and the rapid approach of the foe, John committed another error in dismounting from his horse, and ordering his men to do the same and fight on foot.

John did not lack courage ; he fought valiantly, but one arm, however brave and skilful, could not retrieve the fortunes of the day. His knights fell fast on every side, while numbers yielded themselves prisoners. Now, when the king dismounted from his horse, he desired his young son Philip to keep close at his side and he would protect him ; this the young prince did, and when he saw his father surrounded by the exultant enemy and in danger of receiving a wound, he cried out, telling him where to strike : "Father, strike left ! Father, strike right ! Father, strike front !" and whatever point the brave lad indicated, down came the ponderous battle-axe of the king, and a foe bit the dust. At last, wearied with the fight, and hemmed in on every side, he was obliged to yield himself prisoner. So many knights thronged round to claim the honour of his capture that he would have fared ill had not the Black Prince interfered. He gave his glove, in token of surrender, to a French nobleman who had been banished from France, and was fighting on the side of the English. Besides the king and his son, eight thousand noblemen and knights were also taken prisoners ; no such battle as this of Poictiers had been fought

on French soil since the ever memorable one of Crecy, ten years before.

The Black Prince conducted his illustrious prisoner to Bordeaux, where he was surrounded by a brilliant host of courtiers, who, like himself, were captives of war. The lieutenant-general in Languedoc no sooner heard of the disaster which had overtaken his royal master than he immediately dispatched to him an ample store of provisions, together with a quantity of plate from which to eat them. The states of Languedoc levied imposts upon the people, the produce of which was also forwarded to the king. Other provinces of France were not so favourably disposed towards their monarch, feeling that his indiscreet valour had dragged the country into great misery ; while his son Charles, who was now regent, made no efforts to purchase his ransom. Seeing this was the case his captor determined to remove him to England.

On the 11th of March, 1357, John, with his captive followers, embarked on board ship under the guardianship of the Black Prince, and set sail for England. The voyage from shore to shore proved very tedious, the ancient port of Sandwich not being gained till the early part of May ; the travelling by road was equally slow, for it took almost three weeks to reach London. At Canterbury the prisoners made offerings at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket ; here also a deputation waited upon them from the metropolis for the purpose of condoling with the monarch on the misfortune which had befallen him. When the capital was finally reached, crowds of nobles with their retainers, priests, and citizens thronged the streets to catch a glimpse of the captive king as his guard conducted him to the old Palace of Savoy, in the Strand, then the residence of the Duke of Lancaster. Here he was immediately visited by Edward III. and his queen.

Although a prisoner, King John enjoyed great freedom of action. The Palace of Savoy was his nominal place of residence for nearly two years, but he made frequent visits to Windsor and other parts of the country, to partake of both kingly and baronial hospitality. He became quite a favourite with the English barons and titled ladies, who were enchanted with his courtesy, and the liberality with which he squandered his money ; they even made him presents of game and other gifts for his table. He made full use of the liberty accorded him to engage in any and every pursuit promising pleasure, especially those of hawking, hunting, and other field sports, as well as the pleasures of the table. He bore his captivity gaily, seldom troubling himself with the affairs of his own kingdom, little heeding the misery of his own people. So long as

he enjoyed himself the whole world might go wrong.

Meantime things were growing worse and worse in France. The eight thousand nobles and knights taken prisoners at Poictiers wished to pay their ransoms and be once more free ; to effect this they *wronged the* money from their already poverty-stricken and starving tenants, and where none was forthcoming they resorted to torture to compel the poor creatures to reveal hidden treasures existing only in their own imaginations. At last, driven to desperation by their intolerable wrongs and sufferings, the peasants, like hunted animals, turned upon their oppressors, and broke out into open rebellion. This rebellion was called the *Jacquerie*, so named from the words *Jacques bon homme*, a term of reproach used by the nobles when speaking of the peasantry, or else from a jacket or short coat worn by the lower classes. Many and fearful were the outrages committed on the oppressive nobles by the desperate people, and it was only after torrents of blood had been spilt that the rebellion was finally crushed.

In the third year of his captivity the liberty of King John was more restricted, and he was compelled to limit his pleasures to the confines of the Savoy Palace, which was carefully guarded by Roger of Beauchamp and sixty men ; here he signed the preliminaries for a treaty of peace between England and France, after which he was conveyed in close custody to the castle of Hertford. The king now hoped speedily to gain his liberty, but so humiliating for France were the terms of the treaty, that the Dauphin positively refused to adhere to them, much to the chagrin of his father, who, upon hearing his son's decision, exclaimed, "Ha ! ha ! my fair son Charles, you take counsel with the King of Navarre, who deceives you, and would deceive forty such as you." Increased severity was now exercised towards the royal captive ; Edward III. ordered thirty-five of his French followers immediately to leave the kingdom, while he limited the personal attendants of John and his son Philip to twenty persons. This excited the indignation of the prisoner, who loudly protested against the degradation, as he deemed it, imposed upon him, by which means an additional nineteen were granted him. From Hertford he was shortly after escorted to the castle of Somerton ; here no visitors from over the sea were allowed access to him ; so strictly was he guarded that even his private secretary—who had been on a mission to Paris—was unable to approach the castle without special sanction, and could not even then enter it unless one of the other servants was dismissed. The king discharged his minstrel, and for the

future had to exist as best he could without having the weariness of his captivity charmed away by the enlivening strains of music. These restrictions told sorely on his temper ; he chafed and protested against them in vain, grew irritable and passionate, and finally submitted to the inevitable with a very bad grace.

He was still in durance at Somerton Castle when the alarming news spread that the French were preparing to invade England for the special purpose of liberating their captive monarch, and even while this was being discussed, and measures adopted for his greater security, intelligence reached Edward that the French had actually made a descent upon the coast, and partially destroyed the town of Winchelsea ; this immediately aroused the English Government. "Our adversary of France," as the King of England called him, was instantly hurried off to London, and closely confined in the Tower, where it was thought he would be more safe. His detention, however, in this new prison, was not long. Two months after, the usher of the Queen announced to the captive that the Treaty of Bretigny had been signed, and that he was at liberty to depart home. The joy of the king was great, and in his satisfaction upon receiving the good news, he bestowed a right royal bounty on the messenger. Perhaps he would not have been so liberal had he known that the enormous sum of three millions of gold crowns was the price to be paid for his ransom.

Leaving two of his sons as hostages for the payment of the money, in a few weeks King John set out for Dover, no doubt glad that he was once more to regain his own kingdom. His progress was not rapid, for at the end of the second day he had only reached the town of Dartford, fifteen miles from London, and it was not till the sixth day that he arrived at Dover. Persons of all characters, professions, and callings thronged to the high roads to see him pass on his way, all begging for largess ; and to every one the king gave with a liberal hand, unmindful of the ransom he had yet to pay.

King John remained at Calais for three months trying to gather together some portion of his ransom money, a task he found somewhat difficult, as his own exchequer was exhausted, and his country impoverished.

France regained her king, but the poor people were no gainers by their monarch's freedom. He maintained the same heedless and reckless course of expenditure, thinking far more of his own pleasures than of their welfare, viewing them as creatures created solely to minister to his own requirements, and not as subjects whom it was his duty to rule wisely and well. After three years of liberty he determined to set out on a crusade against the



THE MASTER PAINTER. (See p. 26.)

infidels, and for this purpose, as he said, went over to England to induce Edward III. to join him in the expedition ; others said he went to repair his honour, broken by the escape of one of his sons, who had been left as hostages, to France. The English king received him in a magnificent *manner*, and for three months held a succession of brilliant entertainments in his honour.

The gaiety, ease, and freedom from business which he now enjoyed in the land of his former captivity made him forget France and his intended crusade. He gave himself up to a career of ever-varying and never ceasing pleasure, in the midst of which illness overtook him, and after severe sufferings, he died, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, in the old Savoy Palace.



### THE MASTER PAINTER.

**H**E has the boldest touch of all ;  
To him his taller playmates yield ;  
They think he knows how shadows  
fall,  
And sunbeams glint across a field.  
In haste to work, the brush he tries—  
His cheeks aglow, and in his eyes  
The light of genius dawning :  
A stroke of brown, a dash of green,  
The tree with straggling branch is spread ;  
A maiden comes upon the scene  
In garb of cheerful blue and red ;  
Her pets she leads where flowery meads  
Lie sparkling in the morning.  
  
The sketch completed, many a day  
Will have its praise and promise sung,  
And then for pictures fresh make way,  
Or drawn by hand, or lived among ;

Into a carven desk 'twill go,  
And wait there for a graver show.  
  
For some far time, when guests have met  
And gone, and one is missing yet ;  
Or when the house is strangely still,  
Or memory of things loved best  
Will slumber not, a hand will thrill  
To take it from its hallowed rest.  
Upon the summer scene hath smiled  
A little, guileless, happy child !  
And quickly, for sweet thought of him  
Will shine again the eyes so dim,  
With looking back, or longing :  
The tiny sketch lies comforting ;  
Nor sweeter, holier tears could bring  
The picture of his ripened years,  
In glory hanging with its peers  
Where eager crowds are thronging.

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### WHAT ARCHIE SAW THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

#### AT THE SEA-SIDE.



**A**S the summer days went on, Archie's parents took their little boys to the sea-side. Archie's principal occupation there, after the daily dip in the sea, which he looked on rather in the light of a penance than of a pleasure, was the building of sand fortresses on the shore, in which he was assisted by a great many other bare-legged, short-kilted children, whose mothers and nurses sat

placidly by, reading or working, in the comfortable assurance that their young charges were happily employed, and not likely to do any mischief, except to their clothes, which everybody knows must wear out in one way, if not in another.

On one particular morning the tide was remarkably low, and a castle, on which a great deal of time and pains had been spent, was ruthlessly destroyed by the gambols of a black retriever, who, after losing sight of his little masters and mistresses for some time, came upon them just as the moat round their mimic edifice was filled and the drawbridge completed. The poor fellow did not know

what to make of their scoldings and efforts to draw him away from the fortress, and finally sat down and wagged his tail in despair in the very middle of it ; so as there was no alternative, most of them called him "good dog," and amused themselves with throwing stones for him to fetch, and getting all the pleasure they could out of the spoiler of their handiwork.

Archie was rather distressed at this sudden annihilation of his morning's labour, and began to think that the sun was very hot, dinner-time very distant, and life on the sands eminently unsatisfactory, when he saw his father approaching in the distance, and went rather listlessly to meet him.

"Why, what are you doing, Archie ?" asked papa.

"Nothing !" with a deep sigh.

"Why don't you play, my boy ?"

"I've nothing to play with," said the child, blankly, and as he saw a twinkle in his father's eyes, added, "What are you going to do, papa ?"

"Going to get some sponges," was the prompt reply ; "would you like to come ?"

"No, thanks, not shopping," said Archie, turning his eyes seawards again.

"But I'm not going shopping, I'm going to find my own sponges among the rocks," said papa.

"Oh ! then I should like to come, please," was the delighted rejoinder, and off they went along the shore, with the little tongue chattering at a rate rather more than nineteen to the dozen, as his father told him. But before they had got beyond the town, Archie stopped short, and asked—

"Hadn't I better run back and get a basket ?"

"What for ?" inquired papa.

"To put the sponges in. We couldn't carry many in our hands and my pail."

"Do you think I mean such sponges as we use for our baths ?" said papa, laughing.

"Yes," replied Archie, "of course I do."

"That is just your mistake, my boy," was the answer. "I only want a few live sponges to look at through the microscope."

"Live sponges !" repeated Archie, incredulously. "Are they animals, then ?"

"Yes, indeed they are, though for many years they were supposed to be vegetables."

Archie looked more astonished than ever, not because he was not in the habit of hearing wonders, but because every succeeding one was a fresh surprise.

By this time they had reached the rocks, and Archie stopped to put a green sea anemone into his little pail, and to collect some sea-weeds of various

descriptions, and was endeavouring to catch a couple of crabs not much bigger than spiders, when his father called to him to come to the spot where he was standing, and pointed out some irregular patches of a yellow fleshy sort of substance, with which several pieces of rock were incrusted.

"There," he said, "that is the commonest species we have in England, and it is called the 'Crumb of Bread' sponge."

Archie considered it rather an insult to the home-baked loaves to which he did such ample justice at breakfast and tea-time to have that damp slimy stuff compared to their delicious interior, and refused to see the force of the similitude, declaring that the yellow substance was far more like cheese, a comestible which he could never be persuaded to touch.

"Come and look at it closely," said papa ; "do you see that it rises into a number of little *conical* hillocks with a tiny hole at the tip of each ?"

"Yes, I see them," said the child.

"Now we will try and get some little pieces off without injuring them," continued papa ; and when this was managed to his satisfaction, he looked about for some sack sponge, which he was fortunate enough to find, though it is not very common, and then the two returned home with their treasure trove.

In the afternoon the microscope was got down, and its glasses carefully wiped, so that everything might be seen through them with the utmost clearness.

The specimen of sack sponge when taken out was declared by Archie to remind him of three ivy leaves on a twig, only that the leaves were of a dirty white instead of green colour, and were actually little bags, with a small hole at *each point* or angle, and he was quite distressed when his father tore one of them open.

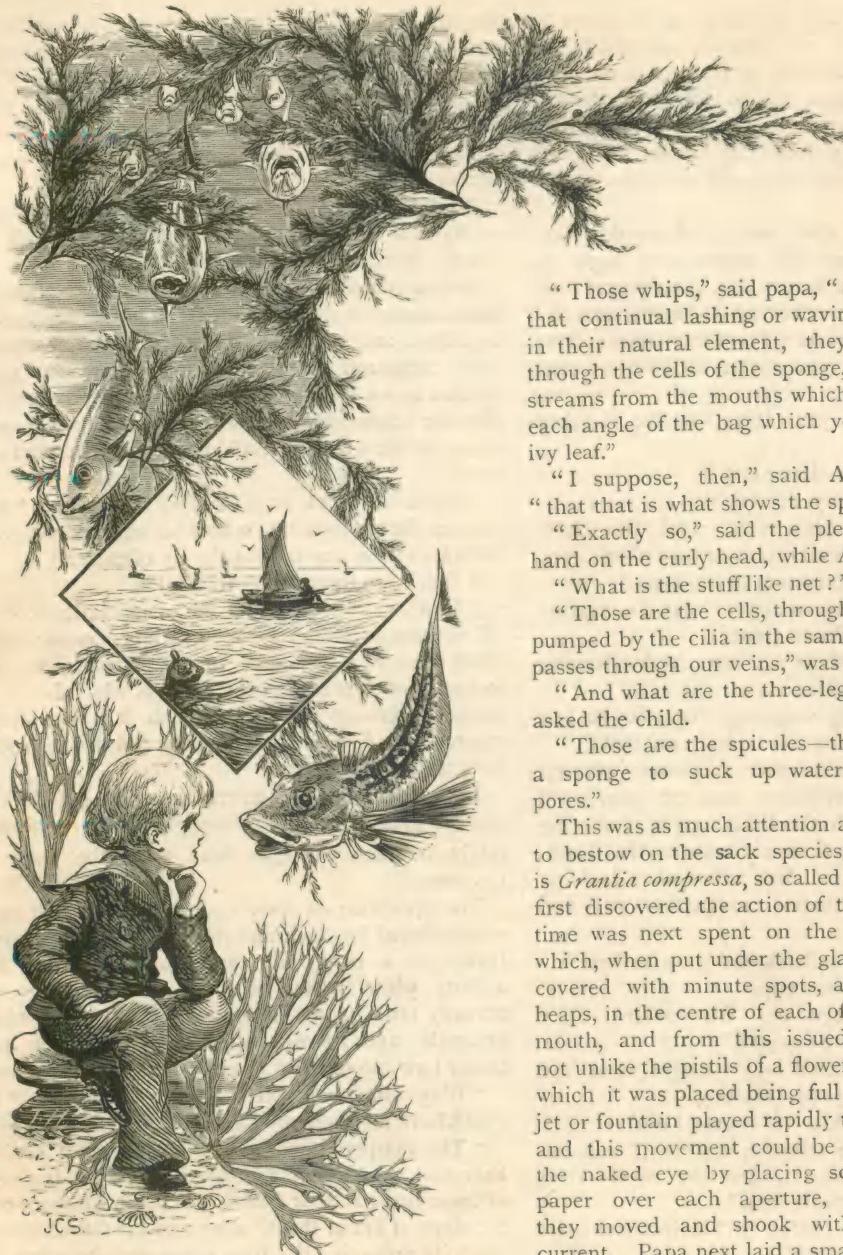
"Why didn't you cut it papa ?" he asked. "I could have lent you my knife."

"The sharpest knife or pair of scissors I could have had would have injured the delicate texture of these bags, so that I could not have shown you the signs of life in them," answered his father while carefully arranging the torn edges and bringing a lens of very high power to bear on them.

"Now come and look and tell me what you see," he added.

Archie could hardly believe his eyes, and had considerable difficulty in describing what was before him, but at last he said—

"There are a lot of capital Y's all higgledy piggledy—I mean things that go three ways, something like the legs on my Manx penny, and at one side



the legs aren't so pointed as they are at the other."

"Bravo, Archie!" said papa; "that's a famous account. Now I shall put on a still higher magnifying power, and you must tell me if you can see anything else."

When Archie took his second peep, he not only saw that the capital Y's had increased in size, but that they were surrounded by something that he

called *net*, and that there were several long threads which reminded him of the lash of a whip in perpetual motion, as though they were actually whipping some unseen particles.

"Those whips," said papa, "are the cilia, and by that continual lashing or waving movement, when in their natural element, they propel the water through the cells of the sponge, and send it out in streams from the mouths which are at the end of each angle of the bag which you compared to an ivy leaf."

"I suppose, then," said Archie, meditatively, "that that is what shows the sponge to be alive."

"Exactly so," said the pleased father, with a hand on the curly head, while Archie continued—

"What is the stuff like net?"

"Those are the cells, through which the water is pumped by the cilia in the same way that our blood passes through our veins," was the answer.

"And what are the three-legged spiky things?" asked the child.

"Those are the spicules—the parts that enable a sponge to suck up water into its cells and pores."

This was as much attention as they were inclined to bestow on the sack species, whose Latin name is *Grantia compressa*, so called after Dr. Grant, who first discovered the action of the cilia; and a little time was next spent on the "crumb of bread," which, when put under the glass showed a surface covered with minute spots, and rising into little heaps, in the centre of each of which was an open mouth, and from this issued some little hairs, not unlike the pistils of a flower. The receptacle in which it was placed being full of sea-water, a little jet or fountain played rapidly through each orifice, and this movement could be perceived even with the naked eye by placing some morsels of thin paper over each aperture, and noticing how they moved and shook with the force of the current. Papa next laid a small branch of another sponge—*Spongia coalita*—which a friend had given him, in an old watch-glass full of sea-water, and putting it under the microscope told the little boy to watch it, which he did eagerly.

"I can see one little round hole beautifully," he said, "and it *does* send out a lot of water, and tiny bits of something like sand besides. I wonder it doesn't get tired, and how long it means to keep firing away like that."

"Dr. Grant once watched a similar one for five hours," replied papa, "and said that the little torrent rolled on just as rapidly all the time, but during the sixth hour became less active, and finally ceased altogether."

"I wish we had some more sponges to look at," said Archie.

"So do I," rejoined his father, "and perhaps we may find some others, for there are more than sixty different species to be collected on the British shores alone, and every coast, especially in the warmer parts of the globe, has its own peculiar sponges."

"I should like to see quite a little baby sponge," was Archie's next observation.

"I don't know that I have ever seen one," said papa; "but it can only be an atom, with or without spicules. I have heard that exceedingly small dots of a substance called *sarcode*, with very slender little stalks, sprout out in the canals or channels of the interior of the sponge, and as the water is drawn through and through, the stalk gradually wears away till it breaks off, and then the gemmules, as they are called, are pumped out of the openings, and are rowed away by their cilia till they reach a suitable spot in which to settle and lead the rest of their existence."

"How funny!" said Archie. "I should think such tiny things couldn't settle; they must be washed away by the water."

"Ah!" replied his father, "they are provided with a means of taking root, for they are able to attach themselves by a kind of gelatine or glue to the rock, shell, or weed they choose for their habitation, and when quite established there they absorb their own cilia, and take to growing bigger, till they possess the same structure as their parents."

"I wonder how long my sponge that I wash my face with took to grow, and where it came from?" said the little boy.

"I can't tell how long it may have taken to grow," was the answer, "but as it is what is called a Turkey sponge, it is sure to have come from the seas of the Grecian Archipelago. Men, women, and children dive for them, and make a tolerable living by it too."

"I wonder how the sponge feels when they catch hold of it?" queried Archie.

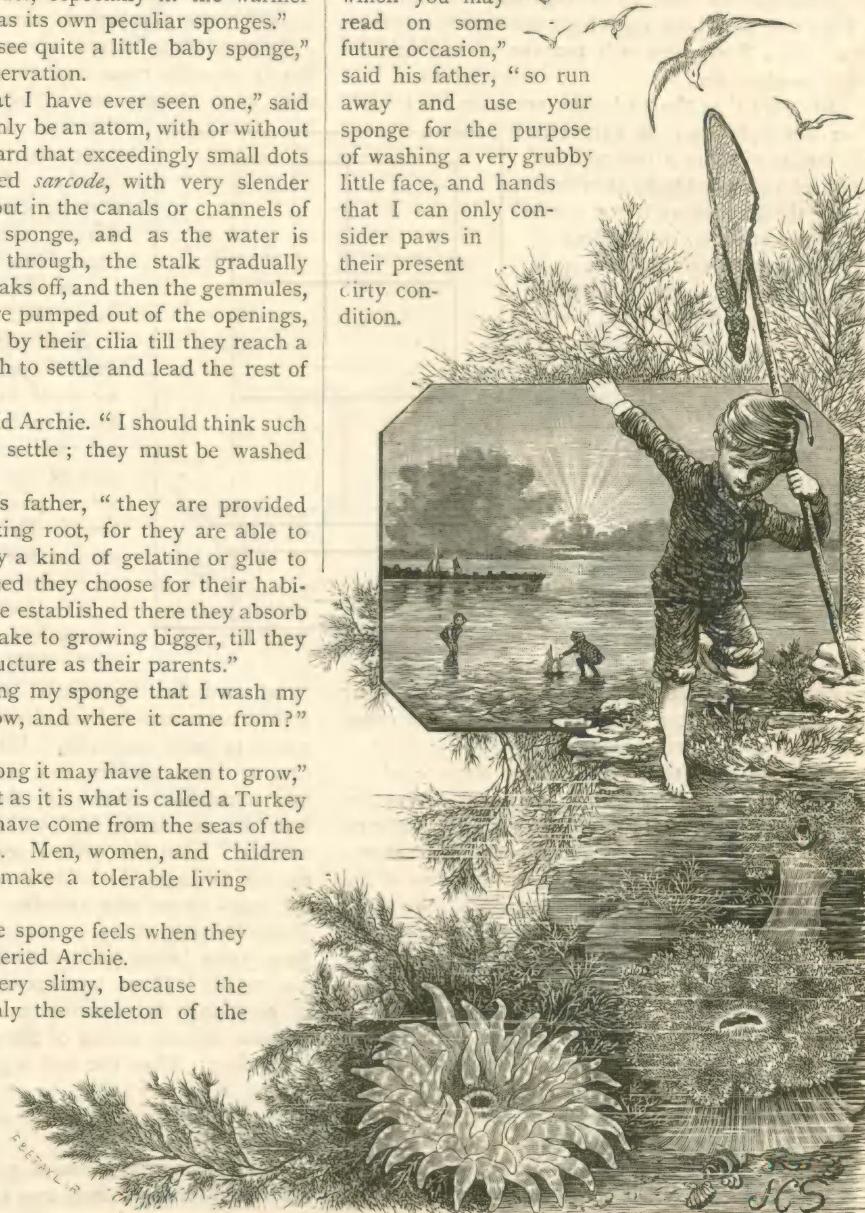
"It must feel very slimy, because the actual sponge is only the skeleton of the animal, and the slimy substance in which it is enveloped, and which spreads through all the pores of the sponge, is its flesh."

"It is a very soft skeleton," was Archie's next remark.

"Indeed it is," answered papa; "but soft as it is, its spicules are all composed of either flint or lime."

"Oh, papa, you are laughing at me! It would scratch me if it were stony."

"I am not laughing, dear, but I don't think I can make you understand any more about sponges at present, as the subject is a very extensive one, about which you may read on some future occasion," said his father, "so run away and use your sponge for the purpose of washing a very grubby little face, and hands that I can only consider paws in their present dirty condition."



## HOW TO BUILD A DOLL'S HOUSE.

*By the Author of "The Telephone, and How to Make One," &c.*

**N** giving directions how to build a doll's house, I feel sure that I have hit upon a subject which will interest both boys and girls. The former will be, of course, ready to devote themselves to the construction of the dwelling, while the latter will manage the domestic arrangements of the home. They can thus both work together to one common end—and their work will partake of business as well as pleasure.

In order that the task may not seem too trivial, we will endeavour, in carrying it out, to pick up a few crumbs of useful knowledge by thinking over the subject as if we were actually engaged in building a real house for our own occupation. It is quite probable that in years to come such a work may engage the attention of some among us, and the time now devoted to it will therefore not be wasted.

The first thought in building a house is to select for it a favourable site. In towns, where ground is so limited that the poorer people **have** to live more like herrings packed in a barrel than like human beings, the choice of a site is not often to be had, but in country districts the builder and architect have a better chance for their labours, for they can there have the choice of many different spots for their work.

Suppose, then, that we select for our site a level plateau on the side of a hill. Our first precaution must be that the future building be well sheltered from the north-west wind, and that the finest aspect be chosen for the scene which the windows of the more important rooms will command. We must next examine the nature of the soil upon which we are about to build, and which may possibly be quite unfit for the purpose. For instance, it may consist of wet clay, which would not only mean rheumatism for all the inhabitants of the future mansion, but which has a still worse disadvantage, in sometimes shifting its quarters. In fact, houses have been known to gradually slide down sloping ground, together with the soil upon which they were unluckily built. Again, the soil may consist of peat bog, which means a mass of decaying vegeta-

tion, sometimes several yards in depth, which would cause any building upon it to gradually settle down by its own weight. Moreover, this sinking would not be always equal, it being quite possible that one side might sink lower than the other side, leaving the building quite out of the perpendicular.

Having decided upon the site, we must next consider the number of rooms requisite for our accommodation. Here, of course, the ladies of the family must be consulted, for they will want pantries, linen closets, and all kinds of conveniences that the male mind is apt to treat with neglect. Then the number of sitting-rooms and bedrooms must be decided upon. Having settled these matters, the architect will now be able to prepare the plans for our inspection.

These plans will enable us at once to see what kind of a house we shall have, for we shall see on paper, drawings or *elevations*, as they are called, of every side of the future dwelling, besides ground-plans of every floor. The plans being approved, the real work can now be commenced.

If the soil be of a rocky nature, so much the better, for there will be no difficulty in finding a firm

foundation for the house, but in most cases it will be necessary to form a bedding of concrete on which to build the walls. This concrete is a mixture of lime, pebbles, and water, which hardens into a rocklike mass. On this artificial rock the foundations can be built without any fear of subsidence. First the cellars are built, which should extend throughout the basement, in order to keep the upper rooms nice and dry. Then the walls are gradually carried up by means of scaffolding, the floor joists being laid in their places as the work progresses. These joists serve the double purpose of receiving the flooring boards on their upper surface, and the ceiling of the room below on their lower face. Then the roof is put on, with its heavy beams of timber; then come the slates, and the strips of zinc or lead which are used to keep out the rain-water.

In preparing the plans of a doll's house we need not take so many things into consideration. Doll-

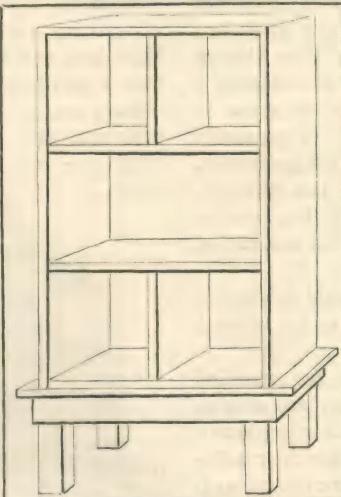


FIG. I.—INTERIOR OF DOLL'S HOUSE.

kind, unlike mankind, is not subject to the pains of rheumatism, therefore we need have no fears as to the proper choice of a soil; dolls, also, are too robust to be affected with colds and sore throats, so that we need not trouble ourselves about the north-west or any other wind. The selection of a site is not then a matter of very great difficulty, and a favourable locality is usually discovered in some corner of the nursery.

This being settled we can at once begin the erection. As our dolls may be said to be only just commencing housekeeping, and have had no previous experience of its expense, they had better begin in a humble way at first, and have a house with the least number of rooms in it which they can do with. Perhaps five apartments will be quite sufficient, namely, dining-room, drawing-room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen. They might possibly dispense with the latter apartment, for they are no great eaters; but a doll's kitchen is always a pretty place. Its bright pots and kettles, and the various little utensils, which can be bought so cheaply to furnish it, really make it one of the most interesting features of the house; so we cannot afford to leave it out. But there is one thing that I think they can easily dispense with, and that is a staircase. As this happens to be rather a complicated piece of carpentry for young people to undertake, it is perhaps as well that it can be left to the imagination.

We shall want no bricks and mortar, for the walls can be made of wood. The house then will resolve itself into a box, divided into five compartments to represent the rooms which we have named. Let this box be one foot deep, two feet broad, and three feet long. I need not tie you down to these exact measurements, for you will probably find some packing-case which, with a little cutting down, or adding to, will answer the purpose admirably. The accompanying sketch (Fig. 1) will guide you in its general treatment; the wide compartment in the centre is intended to represent the drawing-room, the two upper compartments bedrooms, while the two lowermost rooms are respectively the kitchen and the dining-room.

The box should be placed on end on a stand made for the purpose, or a piece of board may be screwed on each side of it to serve as supports, and to raise it from the floor. The partitions should be cut from a piece of well-seasoned pine-wood, and

should be secured in their positions by those invaluable helps to the amateur carpenter, French nails. Having seen that the structure is really strong, and having carefully cleared off all roughness and splinters, we can commence to decorate. We must here look upon wall-paper as our sheet anchor. This may be procured from some builder, who, for a very small consideration, ought to be able to find small some scraps or remnants of little use to him, but of great help to us. The patterns should be as small as possible; but this is a matter about which we must to a great extent take our chance. Their selection will find employment for good taste, good patience, and, what is of importance, good glue. Prepare this by soaking some bits of *best* glue in cold water. After some hours each piece will have swollen to double its former size, and will be soft and elastic. Dissolve this softened glue by heat, without adding any water, and it is ready for use. In fastening wood to wood use it as it is, but in attaching paper to wood mix the glue with an equal quantity of flour-paste, and you will then have a cement which will stick very firmly indeed. With this mixture the wall-paper can be hung, and it can also be used for attaching good white paper to the ceilings of the different rooms to imitate whitewash.

We can now consider what fixtures we shall require. Of course, you all know what "fixtures" in a house mean, for the word itself tells you. Cornices, shelves, the kitchen

dresser, and mantel-pieces come under this description. They can all be constructed without much trouble, by means of wood and glue; and we need not go far to seek patterns to copy from. The mantel-piece, when made, can be covered with marbled paper, such as bookbinders use; and gilt paper can be pressed into the service for cornices, &c. If we want the drawing-room to look very smart, we can have a mirror above the mantel-piece, and pictures hung in frames round the walls. But these things are luxuries, not necessities.

Next we must think of furniture; but here I cannot give much advice, for the way in which we furnish must depend greatly upon our means. But I can give you a hint or two by which tables and chairs of the plainest description can be made to look quite handsome.

Let us suppose, for instance, that we have a

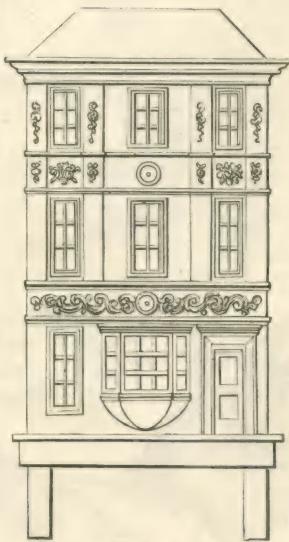


FIG. 2.—EXTERIOR OF DOLL'S HOUSE.



A STRANGE ATTENDANT. (See p. 53.)

common round deal table that we wish to turn into fashionable black and gold, or perhaps we might prefer white and gold—it makes very little difference.

The way to proceed is as follows:—Break a stick of black or white sealing-wax into small pieces, and pour over them some methylated spirit until quite covered. Now heat this mixture (or what is better, ask some older person to do it for you) until it is of the consistence of ordinary paint. It should be applied while hot, with a brush, to the little table, when in a few minutes it will dry into a beautiful smooth enamel. Little strips of gilt paper will complete our work, and what was once bare wood will now have a very finished appearance. By using sealing-wax of different colours, you can ornament different pieces of furniture in the most varied manner, and I hope that this enamel process will be found useful for other things as well.

The entire house can be closed by a wooden door, which will effectually keep out the dust, but it is just as well that this door should be made to represent the front of a real house. It may, too, be pierced with windows, glazed with real glass, through which we may peep, and look upon our handiwork within. If we can use a pencil and a brush this outside decoration will not give us very much trouble, for we can draw it on thick paper, and transfer it bodily to the wood when finished. The sides of the house can also be treated in the same way, or merely covered with red paper scored with lines to represent brickwork.

We may either copy some house which we have seen, or depend for our design upon some friend who is more learned in architecture than ourselves; but for those who do not see their way to get the information required, I append a design which may possibly meet all their wants.

T. C. H.

## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

### BIBLE EXERCISES.

#### XVIII.

*“Teach them the good way wherein they should walk.”—I KINGS viii. 36.*

Does God teach His people?—Ps. xxv., xxxii. xciv.; Isa. ii.

Heteaches them also by prophets and ministers.—I Sam. xii.; Is. xxx., lxii.; Ezek. xxxiii.; Eph. iv.

#### XIX.

*“Concerning a stranger, that is not of thy people Israel, but cometh out of a far country for thy name’s sake.”—I KINGS viii. 41.*

Examples of strangers who came to Canaan for

God’s name’s sake.—Ruth i.; I Kings x.; Matt. ii.; Acts viii.

The Gentiles were to be brought nigh.—*2 Chron.* vi.; Isa. xl ix.; John x.; Eph. ii.

#### XX.

*“That he may incline our hearts unto him.”—I KINGS viii. 58.*

We must walk before God with all our heart.—I Kings viii.

We must repent and return with all our heart.—I Kings viii.; Jer. xxiv., xxix.; Rom. vi.

We must love God with all our heart.—Deut. vi.; Matt. xxii.; Mark xii.

### THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

#### THE WIDOW’S SON.



In the time of the kings of Judah, there stood, in the broad road which ran along the sea-coast of Palestine between the two ports of Tyre and Sidon, a small town or village called Zarephath or Sarepta. Fishing boats and nets were on the shore, and people moved here and there about the place, but every face wore a dull despairing look, which seemed to say that it was useless now to work,

for toil brought them no return. Through all Galilee and Samaria there was a terrible famine; already there had been two years in which no rain had fallen, and in the plain country the brooks were dry, the grass burnt and brown, so that the cattle, seeking pasture in vain, fell and died where they stood.

Zarephath was beyond the northern bound of Palestine; but the dwellers in the little town were sharing the dearth, and wearied, as did every one in the land, for the sight and shadow of even one small cloud across that hot, blue, burning heaven.

Perhaps the melting snows on the not distant ranges of Lebanon may have kept the brooks of the north land from failing, for we find that there as yet water was to be had ; but the garners were empty, for there had not been any corn to gather in, no one had money with which to pay for work, nor was there any hope of gain in the fisherman's toil.

This morning no one was to be seen in the gate of Zarephath, generally the very centre of the village life.

At other times the older men gathered here to talk over their business, and to settle the affairs of their town. Thither came the trader to make bargains ; while women, carrying tall water-pots on their heads, passed in and out to the spring.

But now all was silent and lonely, save that just outside the gate, where the trees come down nearest to the shore, and from a little wood on either side the path, one woman might have been seen gathering sticks. Her dress showed that she was a widow ; her face, white with care and want, seemed to tell that there was no one now to work for her or to help her.

In that desolate solitude every sound could be heard ; and perhaps the poor woman looked up almost with wonder as she heard a step coming quickly towards her along the sandy road. It was a strange wild figure that she saw—a tall man whose long, loose hair streamed over his shoulders, who wore a girdle of leather, and was wrapped in an old and torn mantle made of sheep-skin. It is not likely that the widow from Zarephath would know that she was looking on the great prophet Elijah ; if she had known perhaps she would have fled in fear, because she would have remembered the whisper which had gone through all the land, that this terrible drought had been sent by the God of Israel at the prayer of Elijah. She would have remembered how it was said that Ahab, the wicked King of Israel, had refused God's message sent through Elijah, and would not believe him, and that the prophet had then foretold that until Ahab left the idol Baal, and returned to worship God, there would be no rain or dew.

But if it is not likely that the poor woman would imagine that Elijah stood before her, still his dress would tell her not only that the stranger was a Jew, but that he was either a priest or a seer of the Lord God of Israel.

As he came near he called to her, " Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink."

Such is a common request in the hot, parched Eastern lands, never refused so long as a drop is left in the water-skins or jars ; and the woman as soon as she heard the cry turned away at once

towards her home for the water, for she had not with her any vessel in which to dip some from the spring. As she went along she heard the voice of the man behind her speaking once more : " Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand." This was indeed a strange thing to ask of her. In the lower room at home lay, faint and worn with hunger, her own little son. She knew how he was watching for her with eager, restless eyes, that she might light a fire with the sticks that she was gathering, and bake for him a little cake, for he had had nothing to eat that day, and could she give this last handful of meal, this last drop of oil, to any one else than her boy, to this stranger, who was not even of her own nation.

She hesitated ; why did she not quite refuse ? Could it be that this man, whose face bore no mark of famine, could have a right to take away the little handful which might feed her child for one more day ? We have to look very carefully before we see why it was that she did not at once turn away from the strange request. But then we notice that it is said that God had told her to sustain the prophet. How He had spoken to her we do not know, nor even if she knew why she felt obliged to yield to the words of this man ; but we see that some mighty influence was at work in her heart, so that instead of at once refusing, she only pleaded a little with the man, who had followed her, and stood now by her side. Perhaps he did not know what he was asking, perhaps he never guessed that the barrel of meal at home was all but empty ; if he knew it surely he would ask some one else for food, and not her, the poor mother of a starving child. She must make him sure that what she said was true. " As the Lord thy God liveth," she began ; this great God whom she did not serve, for was she not a woman of Sidon, but in whom she yet, in some dim, doubting, ignorant fashion, did believe as in a living God, for had He not spoken to her, though as yet she knew Him not.

Something there was in this woman's heart which had been a reason why God chose her out for blessing before all the Jewish widows in the towns and villages of Palestine. Perhaps it was her simple trusting nature which God approved, that nature which made her believe the promise now given to her by this stranger seer, that if she would share with him her little cake, then the meal and oil which were now in her home should last and supply her needs even until the end of the long famine. The widow was won by Elijah's voice, or rather by the voice of God within her, and went homewards, carrying the bundle of sticks, there to knead and bake the little cake which must now feed all the three who were gathered around the sudden blaze.

She must have believed the promise which had been made to her, or she would not have obeyed ; but still we can think with what fear she must have gone next day to the barrel from which she had taken the meal. Should she indeed find enough meal for another cake ? Was the oil-jar empty ?

She looked, and found within the barrel quite as much meal as before she filled her hands yesterday, and as she moistened it with the oil and kneaded it, we know that she must have given thanks in her heart to the unknown God who was blessing her. Of course we cannot understand just how God wrought this miracle, because we do not know how He does any one of the marvellous things which day by day we see go on around us.

Do you know how it comes to pass that the little hard yellow seed-corn which men drop into the ground in winter and leave there will, before next autumn, change into a wonderful golden ear, and by-and-by yield you bread to eat ? Elijah was doing now, in the power of God, what God is ever doing, and teaching in another way the lesson which we take so long to learn, that our food is the daily gift of His hand.

How glad the woman must have been that Elijah was willing still to live under her roof. In the one upper room which in eastern countries is always accounted the best, and the "guest chamber," she made him a bed, and there the great prophet lived, quietly waiting till a fresh message from God should come to him.

A year had gone by, and still Elijah lived under the widow's roof, and still the three dwellers in the cottage lived on the daily-given portion of meal and drops of oil. But though this wonderful grace had been granted to them, yet all was not well within the home, for the little boy, the one treasure of his mother's lonely heart, lay sick upon his bed.

The mother, holding her darling in her arms, saw the fluttering breath grow weaker and weaker, until at length the lips were quite still, the breast did not heave any more, and she knew that the boy was dead. Then the woman burst into a bitter cry, weeping and wailing, as in the East they still mourn for those who die ; but the cry now was one of anger against the prophet who stood beside her, and who—so she told herself in the first outburst of her grief—had perhaps slain her son.

She thought now of sins done long ago in her youth, and forgotten. Did Elijah know of these, and was the death of her boy a punishment for them ?

Elijah was too sorry for her to be angry at her words of reproach. The woman was still holding the dead child in her arms, rocking him to and fro, as if with her tender cherishing she could bring back the departed life.

But she did not resist when the prophet took the motionless form out of her bosom, though he carried him out of her sight into his own upper room, while the mother remained below in her desolate sorrow.

But what could he hope to do that would bring any comfort to the mother's heart. He could do nothing, for he was only a man ; he could do everything, for he was a man who knew that God heard prayer.

This great prophet was not perfect ; he had wrong thoughts sometimes, sometimes he spoke hastily, he was "a man of like passions with us," but he was a righteous man, one who put the thought of God first in all his actions, and believed in God with unshaken faith.

And now, as he laid the child on the bed, and himself lay down beside him, what was it that came into his heart to ask of God ? Nothing less than this, that God would give back to the dead form the soul which He had called away.

It was a wonderful prayer, for as yet, so far as we know, never had any word been spoken, any deed done, which had brought back one life from the dead. But we know that it was God who put the prayer into the heart of His servant, and gave him faith to believe that this mighty work could be wrought.

Close against his own anxious, longing heart Elijah held the one which had ceased to beat, and three times he cried aloud with a passionate and fervent cry, "O Lord my God, I pray Thee, let this child's soul come into him again."

How wonderful it must have been to feel the stir of new life in the heart, the breath coming and going over the parted lips, just before so white and still. Elijah knew that his prayer had been heard, and that the soul of the child had come into him again. Thus we see that it was the prayer of another that saved the child. When Ishmael was dying he cried to God and God heard him, but here we learn a deeper lesson of Christian childhood—the life which God gives in answer to the prayers of others. God desires to give us everything, and He puts it into the hearts of those who love us to ask Him to bless us ; and thus it was that the child who most likely had never been taught to pray to God was saved from death by the prayer of another.

Wrapped closely in his arms Elijah carried the living boy down to where his mother still sat in quite hopeless grief. She did not even look up as he came in ; who could bring her any comfort now ? what was the use of listening any longer for that little voice and patterning step she should never hear again ? And it was not his voice or his step that she heard, but suddenly the clasp of living arms was round her neck, and the prophet spoke—  
"See, thy son liveth !"

We do not know what the after life of this widow's son was. No doubt Elijah would bid him stay and be a comfort to his mother so long as she lived ; but there is amongst the Jews a legend or

of this in the Bible itself ; only of one thing are we sure, that the child's mother, when she held her living son safe in her arms, believed, not only in Elijah, but in Elijah's God, and called Him "The



THE WIDOW'S SON. (See p. 35.)

story that he became in after years the servant and follower of the prophet who had brought him back to life, and that later on still he himself became a prophet of God, and was called Jonah, the very Jonah of whom we read in the Bible.

But we have no means of knowing whether or not this legend tells us truth, for there is no word

Lord"—Jehovah, not as she has said before, "Thy God."

Thus we may be sure that henceforth the boy would be taught to trust, to pray to, and to follow that God who had put it into the heart of His prophet to pray that the life of the little child might be restored to him again.

## BY LAND AND SEA; OR, THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

## CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

 LITTLE boy and girl were sitting on a great sea-chest, keeping watch over a variety of boxes and bundles, on what is called the "Prince's Landing-stage," at the Liverpool Docks. Apparently the boy was about twelve years of age, the girl a year younger ; they were fine children, with frank, good-tempered faces.

It was a beautiful morning of the early summer ; numbers of people, evidently prepared for a long journey, were there crowded together, some looking after their odd medley of luggage, some taking a sorrowful leave of friends, while others appeared lost in thought, gazing out into the distance, where, on the river Mersey, a great ocean steamer was anchored. I fancy I can

see the great Atlantic ship, lying so still you cannot perceive a movement ; the swell coming in at the mouth of the river—which rocks the small steam-tug alongside the stage waiting to take the passengers to the ship, and sets the little boats around all bobbing up and down—has no effect upon her. This must be consoling to those who suffer from sea-sickness ; but the enormous waves of the great Atlantic will put the travellers all on their trial, and some may never come up on the deck till they enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Do you see that a small blue flag with a square of white in the middle has been hoisted on a mast-head ? That is the "Blue Peter," and is intended to give notice that the ship is about to sail ; and the sailors are running up and down in the rigging, getting all ready for the voyage. Alfred and Ethel are talking as fast as

possible together, usually both at once, for they are full of excitement, as may be supposed.

"I wish father and mother would come ; I am afraid the ship will sail without us ! I will stay here and mind the things, Alfred, if you will go and look for them."

"There is no fear of the ship's sailing without us," rejoined her brother, "as long as all the other passengers are waiting with us. Besides, mother said that we should both stay here, and told me to take care of you. So I shall wait until they come."

"Take care of me ! Why, you are only twelve, and I am eleven ; and I can sit here safely by myself as well as you."

"I'm only twelve, it is true ; but I shall do what mother bade me. Look ! there they come at last, with nurse and baby ; we shall soon be off now."

THE DEPARTURE.

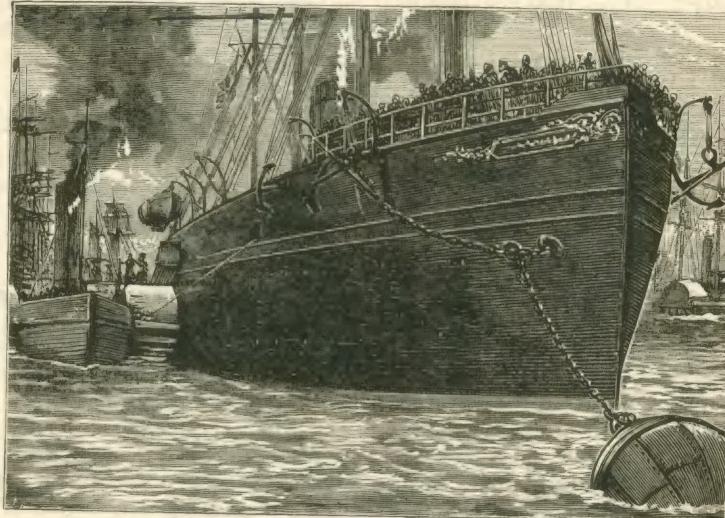
"I wish we were off already, I am so tired of waiting here," said Ethel, as she rose and ran with Alfred to meet their parents.

The last words are spoken with the sorrowful friends on shore, and people laden with parcels and cloaks are pressing forward to embark in the steam-tug at last.

"I wish I could carry more," exclaimed Ethel, as she almost staggered under a bundle of rugs. "I wish I were grown up ; don't you, Alfred ?"

"That I do, when we are travelling. But then we should not have our games of play, and I should have to give away my toys, and you would have to give your doll to baby."

"But nurse says I am almost too big to have a doll already ; but mother says that making her clothes helps me on in my needlework."



This little conversation was going on when the crowd around them was so great they could not move a step. At last the foremost move on, and one by one they cross the narrow wooden bridge that leads into the "tug." The last kind words have been spoken with sorrowful friends on shore, and many a handkerchief is waving to bid a long farewell.

Through an opening in the ship's side you may see the travellers enter. The sailors are letting the luggage down into the "hold;" and passengers are hurrying to secure cabins and state-rooms, and places at the saloon tables; but a few poor people are lingering on deck, so long as they can see the fast diminishing forms on the shore, and the faintest flutter of the handkerchiefs.

There was no room in the small state-rooms at present for Alfred or Ethel, so they remained on deck.

"Father says we shall be ten days at sea, and longer if we have bad weather. I do hope it will be fine, don't you, Alfred?"

"I should like to see a storm before we land," replied her brother; "besides, we shall not be at sea ten days; for it will take two days to steam up the Gulf and the St. Lawrence."

"But if the sea were rough we could not stay on deck, and the port-holes would be shut; and it would be so uncomfortable below. I never saw such tiny rooms. We shall feel like big dolls in a big toy house."

The ship is steaming bravely out into the Irish Sea; and far behind is a long dark streak on the horizon, which soon is all the travellers can see of their native land. They will pass the Isle of Man at night, unfortunately; and in the morning steam up the coast of Ireland to Loch Foyle, where they will take in fresh passengers and mail-bags, and their pilot will go on shore. Perhaps, if the mails arrive late, the ship may anchor off Moville for several hours.

In case any of my readers should never have seen the cabins of a large ship, I will describe the lower deck. At the stern of the ship there is a long room, the whole width of the vessel, called the saloon, lighted on both sides by port-holes and skylights. Fixed to the floor down the room are very long tables and benches, and a sofa all round, against the ship's sides. Here the first-class passengers have their meals, the captain sitting at the end of one table, the doctor presiding at the other. Next the saloon is the steward's pantry; two passages run from the saloon, and on each side of these are the state-rooms, where first-class travellers sleep. Then comes a more open space, the opening of the "hold," down to the third deck, or lower, where

the luggage is stowed; and beyond this the machinery can be seen working up and down. It is very hot here, the smell of the oil disagreeable, and the noise great. On each side are the officers' rooms and saloon, and beyond them the kitchen and sailors' cabins.

The state-rooms, though small, are intended to accommodate two people each. The two narrow beds are laid on shelves, one above the other, and there is a sofa under the port-hole. The second-class cabins are below, in the fore part of the vessel, and there are extra state-rooms aft.

Such was the vessel in which Mr. Ashburton, the father of Alfred and Ethel, was leaving his native land. He had lost much property and, what was worse, two of his children, not long before this time, so he thought the wisest thing to do would be to emigrate with his wife and family, and, preferring to settle on British possessions, he decided on a home in Canada.

#### CHAPTER II.—LEFT BEHIND.

WHILE the ship carrying our young emigrants steams out of the docks at Liverpool, a sad group stands on the landing-stage—a widow lady, with streaming eyes, leaning on the shoulder of a young girl.

"My boys! my precious boys! shall I ever see their faces again?" she exclaims; and the white handkerchief, wet with tears, is waved for the last time as the ship steams out, and already appears as a speck on the horizon.

"Do not cry, mother dear; they are only gone for three years, and then we are to follow. Uncle said we should, and that he would send us the passage-money by that time. Will not that be nice?"

The speaker had a frank, pleasing face; and though her words were spoken in a very broken voice, she smiled through her tears, to comfort the mother whose boys had just sailed.

The widow lingered long, not heeding the gentle pulls which from time to time her daughter gave. She seemed lost in thought, preferring to remain on the spot which her boys had so lately trodden.

"Come home, dear mother; the wind is cold, and the ship is lost in the haze. There is no use in fretting; James and Henry are happier already, I'm sure."

So saying, she passed her arm round her mother, and gently drew her away.

Their house was small, and only some of the rooms were theirs. The father was dead, and had little to leave for the family. So poor Mrs. Talbot no longer could live as before. She consented to

let her two boys go out with their uncle as settlers in British America, accepting his promise to send for her and her daughters in three years' time ; let half her house, discharged her servants, and engaged a maid to come in and help her morning and night.

A little face was flattened against the window-pane, watching them as they slowly approached the house ; and then two fat little hands were patted against the glass in joy, and the patter of feet is heard in the hall ere the latch is raised. One merry voice at least has broken the silence of the lonely house ; one face looks bright and tearless.

One evening there was a loud ringing of the hall-door bell ; it announced a telegram from Moville.

Opening it in haste, Mrs. Talbot read as follows :

" From John Talbot.

" To Mrs. Talbot.

" Your dear boys are well, and send their love with mine to you and their sisters."

### CHAPTER III.—A GALE.

THE first two nights on board the steamer strange noises on deck—the rattling of the hard wet ropes, the whistling to the sailors by way of giving orders when spoken words could not be heard, the pounding of machinery, the beating of heavy waves against the ship, the patterning of feet overhead, the talking, and the rattling of plates and glasses in the steward's cabin—made such a confusion of sounds that neither the children nor any one else could sleep for hours. But after spending two or three days at sea, people cease to notice any of these noises.

Four days have now passed. The weather has been very bright, the children enjoying the voyage ; and Alfred has made the acquaintance of two lads, the nephews of a gentleman about to settle in the far west, like themselves. One was of his own age—upwards of twelve years—the other three years older. The eldest, James, was rather a wild boy, disposed to be headstrong and wilful ; the younger, Henry, was gentle, and easily led by his brother. As these boys were to live as near neighbours in a land where mutual help would be valuable, Mr. Ashburton allowed his children to play with them, hoping that they would prove useful companions.

" Should the weather remain like this, and the wind blow from the east, we shall arrive sooner than father thought we should," said Alfred to his sister.

" But we have not yet seen a single whale, nor any ice," replied a whining little voice.

" Why, I thought you were in a hurry to arrive, Ethel ? I know I should be very much disappointed myself if we do not have a good storm first. I have just been reading about waves running mountains high, and a gale at sea must be so very fine. You would be frightened, of course, because you are only a girl, and would have to go down into the cabin to nurse and baby ; but nothing would frighten me, and I should stay on deck with father, and see it all ; and I could tell you all about it when it was over."

" You are very unkind, Alfred ; and I do not want to hear anything about the storm ; and you would be just as much frightened yourself ; and—"

" No, I should not be frightened. Men are never afraid, for they can go to battle and fight, and win crosses and medals ; but girls stay at home and do needlework, and all that."

" You are a cruel, unkind boy, and I do not want to talk to you any more, Alfred !" So saying, Ethel got up and walked gloomily away to look for her mother ; and when she found her, she sat down on a stool at her feet, and buried her face in her lap to hide the tears that had filled her eyes.

" What ails my little girl ? " said Mrs. Ashburton.

" Alfred is very unkind ; and I wish I had been a boy ! It is so dull to be a girl, and be laughed at and despised for being afraid."

" I do not know what you mean, my child. If Alfred says that he despises you for being a girl he cannot mean what he says ; and you, my dear, know little what you wish for when you want to change your lot. The rose or lily might as well complain because they were neither oaks nor cedars. But what do you mean by being 'afraid'?"

" Alfred said he wished a storm to come, and said he knew that I should be afraid and be sent down into the cabin to nurse."

" Ah, now I understand. And you were offended ? If a storm should come there would, I think, be few who would not feel some sort of fear. The bravest men have owned they felt it, yet show the truest courage by their actions. Shall I tell you how, dear ? They do their duty, just as if there were no danger—put themselves in peril to save others. This a girl may do, as well as a boy ; down in the little cabin, as well as on the deck. So dry your eyes, and never feel ashamed that you are a girl."

The little head was no longer buried in the mother's lap ; the cloud that threatened a shower had passed, and left the face of the little girl all bright again. She clasped her arms lovingly round her mother's neck, and the next minute saw Alfred trotting up holding on his hat, for the

wind had freshened and the sea was getting very rough.

"Look, mother! do you see those small black clouds on the horizon? I heard the captain say that he thought bad weather was coming. Those little dirty spots, he said, were 'in the wind's eye,' which has come round to the south; and the seabirds keeping so close down to the water, those, he said, were 'Mother Carey's chickens.' See, there is a flock of them!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It is quite dark in the state-room where Alfred sleeps in the berth above his father; and the roar of the storm, and thunder of the waves as they successively burst on the quivering side of the ship, and, rushing over the deck, pour down on the other side, is deafening.

The ship seems to stagger under the shock of the heavy blows, that stop her progress, and threaten to crush her moment by moment.

Every lamp has to be extinguished at eleven o'clock on board ship, which adds to the alarm of the passengers. All the bottles, crockery, and glasses slide from side to side with every lurch of the vessel, and sometimes there is a fall and crash, and the boxes and portmanteaux are banged

about the cabin floor. Down the ship leans over to the right and seems as if she would never come up again, then down on the left, and Alfred is nearly rolled out of his berth. Suddenly a brilliant flash through the dim glass of the port-hole lights up the cabin, and all is dark again in an instant.

"Are you awake, father?" said Alfred, who had been long wishing to speak?

"Yes, my boy. Why do you ask? Are you frightened?"

"Rather; but is there any danger? Are you afraid, father?"

"Of course there is always danger in a storm at sea; but we have an experienced captain, a fine ship, and God is over all. 'He holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand.'"

"I wish the morning would come," said Alfred; and that moment a terrible wave burst on the side of the ship and the water poured down into the cabin.

Presently a sailor with a bull's-eye lantern came to the door, and peeped in to see what harm had been done.

"Nothing to signify," he said to himself, and the next minute all was dark again.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE BELLS OF ST. PAUL'S.

**A** WREN once built a nest of stone,  
Very grand, very grand;  
With campaniles and a stately dome,  
You see it from the Strand.  
  
In it they put a monster bell,  
Very loud, very loud,  
Which tolls whenever kings are laid  
In the shroud, in the shroud.  
  
And now we have twelve little bells,  
Very sweet, very sweet.

Let's set them a tune, with words to match,  
Wise and meet, wise and meet.

"Ye citizens of London town,  
Wide awake, wide awake,  
Be upright and downright, honest and true;  
Then money you'll take,  
And fortunes you'll make  
As large as are good for you, for you,  
As large as are good for you."

W. G.





CAUGHT BY THE TIDE. (See p. 42.)

## THE EAGLE'S NEST.

## CHAPTER I.



"**T**OM, dear, you've been very long," said Lizzie Lee, half reproachfully, as her brother entered the room, from the window of which she had been gazing for the last half-hour. "It's beautifully fine to-day, and mamma says I may go out on the beach with you, if you will take me."

"Bravo! I've found such a jolly nook in the rocks, where no one ever goes. But stop a moment, Liz; shut your eyes."

While "Liz" waited patiently for considerably longer than a moment, Tom proceeded to empty his pockets. Then carefully undoing the knots in his handkerchief, he produced two tiny mottled eggs—delicate, fragile little things, whose dusky grey streaks and black spots seemed to guard the pale green beneath and to defy the cruel pin.

"What little beauties! But, Tom, you have taken *two*!"

Now it was scarcely a week since he had promised her never to take more than one egg from the nests he had once so ruthlessly robbed; hence Lizzie's exclamation of sorrow.

"But you cannot think," he urged, "how rare they are. Only one other fellow in the school has a grosbeak's egg."

Lizzie was silent, but Tom saw something in her kind, soft eyes that made him sorry he had grieved her. Biting his lip, he put the eggs away, and said, "Well, Liz, let's be off to the rocks."

It was a Saturday half-holiday, and the almost summer weather made it a typical inauguration-day for the cricket season. Tom had looked forward to this day with some pride, for he was a good "bat;" but when he found Lizzie might go out with him, he instantly determined to give up the afternoon to her, not without an inward feeling that he had thereby amply atoned for breaking his word with her about the nests, nor could he resist the temptation of telling her what a good brother he was, and of the self-sacrifice he had made. But so good did Lizzie think him, she could not find it in her heart to scold him very severely when he came back from a raid up a sand-bank with more martins' eggs than were necessary for an ordinary collection; besides, he kept his word, and took only one egg from each of the holes he plundered.

Any way, Lizzie was not going to preach to him to-day. Had he not given up the cricket for her sake? No, she would be extra kind and indulgent to him, and think only of the good points in his character. She was charmed with a little cave he took her to, under the rocks; and in this snug retreat the afternoon grew older unconsciously to them. For it was not often they were alone like this, and it was pleasant talking to each other, with the warm sunbeams streaming down slantwise into the cave, and to hear the faint echo of the advancing wavelets sent back from the walls of their secluded resting-place.

The tide crept slowly upwards, and threatened to shut them off from their way home across the sands, for a mass of rock, over which they could not climb, jutted out from the main ridge towards the sea, promontory like; while a similar mass cut them off on the other side.

A shriek, that came from the towering rocks above them, rent the stillness of the tranquil air. The strange cry brought the brother and sister instantly to their feet, and thus saved them from a possible disaster.

Looking upwards, they saw, sailing majestically across the clear blue sky, the great black outline of a sea-eagle. But they did not gaze on the huge bird long. On springing out from their domed retreat, the boy's eyes at once took in the danger that threatened them; and, much as he would have liked to watch the eagle's flight, he took Lizzie's hand in his, and pointed to the rock-promontory, against which the little waves were already breaking.

"We must be off, Liz. How thoughtless I have been—as usual; and I promised mother to take such care of you!"

They hurried across the intervening sand; then taking her carefully in his arms, he carried her over the surf.

"There, Liz, you're safe and dry!" he exclaimed, drawing a long breath and setting her on the firm sand.

"But, Tom dear, you are dreadfully wet. Why did you not go closer to the rock?"

"Because the spray would have wet *you*, you little goose. But where is the eagle?"

The eagle had vanished, to Tom's great disappointment.

"I'd give two weeks' pocket-money to see it fly back to its nest," he said, with schoolboy ardour.

"Perhaps its nest is far away," commented Lizzie, sincerely hoping it was.

They lingered for some time; but as the great bird made no sign, and as a west wind was rising that played unpleasantly about his drenched lower garments, he reluctantly took Lizzie's advice, and they went home.

No sooner, however, had he changed his clothes, than he rushed back to the rocks; not this time down on the beach, but up a hill-slope, and then along a footpath that skirted the edge of the rugged, precipitous rock-walls facing the sea, which walls, now that the tide was high, seemed to rise from the bosom of the sea itself. Proceeding along this footpath, he stopped when he thought he had arrived at that part of the crags beneath which nestled the little cave he had taken Lizzie to. Leaving the path, and passing the relic of an old beacon, he advanced cautiously towards the edge of the precipitous rocks; then, lying down full length on his chest, he wriggled himself forward until his hands clasped the very brink. Bringing his face close up to his hands, he gave a rapid, eager glance below.

But the fast-sinking sun was behind him, and the stern black rocks were all in gloom, the white foam that washed their base making them look still blacker in contrast. No eyry could he see, though he strained his eyes to their utmost; raising them, he gazed upon the dimly-lighted sea, and was not long in detecting a black speck in the distance.

The speck, becoming momentarily larger, proved to be the eagle home returning. As it neared the rocks, it seemed to be sailing straight towards him. Its outstretched wings scarcely moved, yet it seemed coming towards him with great velocity. A piece of silver glimmered amongst its talons, which piece of silver had a very short time since been swimming, all unconscious of its fate, in the briny sea. The ernie seemed almost upon him, when its mighty pinions began to flap, and the bird was about to alight on a shelving piece of rock forty feet or so beneath him. Suddenly dropping its prey, with a loud scream it darted upwards, high up above him.

The eagle's quick, piercing eyes had perceived that its eyry was watched. The mother-bird, too, alarmed at the sudden disappearance of her mate, instantly left her bed to join him.

Descending into unpleasantly close proximity to Tom, they hovered over him, uttering meanwhile low threatening cries. Judging that discretion is the better part of valour, Tom worked his body backwards several feet from the edge of the precipice; then rising, he retired to a safer distance.

But as the birds still menaced him with beak and talon, he took to his legs and beat an ignominious retreat. Turning round, and finding that he

was not followed, he flung out the presumptuous challenge—

"I'll be even with you yet!"

## CHAPTER II.

HE came home with a warm glow on his cheeks, and with a sparkle in his eyes that suggested *some* mischief brewing. He did not conceal from his mother and sister what he had been doing, but said nothing of a scheme he had in his head; however, his mother divined the meaning of that excited twinkle in his eyes, and took the opportunity to speak to him seriously about birds and nests. So pitifully did she plead for them that Tom went to bed that night with wonderfully good intentions.

But, alas! what a slight thing will *upset a good* resolution. On Monday morning he was on his way to school, when a well-known sound arrested him. A sharp ringing, half-laughing cry, not very high above him attracted his attention. Raising his eyes, he beheld a kestrel pursuing its steady, stately flight; suddenly pausing, its wings moving rapidly, it hovered for a moment or two, and then dropped to the ground more swiftly than a shaft from a well-strung bow.

Now it was not many weeks since he had found the somewhat clumsily constructed nest of this dainty-looking hawk. It had been no easy work getting to the ledge of rock on which lay the kestrel's nest, and his schoolfellows had been loud in their praises of his agility and pluck. He by no means disliked being thought daring, and the sight of the beautiful bird recalled to his memory the pleasurable excitement he had experienced in scaling a certain scarp of rocks.

"Hulloa, Tom!" exclaimed a voice behind him. "Did you see the kestrel dive just now?"

"Yes," said Tom. "What did she carry off?"

"A mouse, I think. Come, old fellow, won't you sell me the kestrel's egg?"

"No; get one yourself for nothing," returned Tom, contemptuously. "For my part," he added, "I mean flying at higher game."

"You won't beat that kestrel's nest in a hurry, so you needn't brag!" retorted Will.

"Won't I just? What would you say to an eagle's nest?"

"Have you found one, then?"

"Yes."

"But the eggs will all be hatched."

"Oh, I dare say! Still I mean to have a peep at the nest."

"Where is it?"

"High up in the rocks, on the other side of those shooting out towards the sea."

"But can you get at it?"

"There's the rub!" said Tom, dubiously, rushing up the school steps, and leaving his friend to construe his words as he pleased.

After afternoon school, four of Tom's special friends went down on the beach to see, from a distance, the eyry.

"Can't be done," they at once decided.

"It can," said Tom.

"Rocks too perpendicular," said his friends.

"We must get at it from the top," explained Tom, coolly.

"We shall have to get a good strong rope, and loop it round one of us under the arms; the other fellows must hang on to the rope like anything, and quietly let the chap who is tied down to the nest. Now, then, which of you will go down?"

No one volunteered.

"Pooh! You are none of you worth a snap! I will do it if you'll all come and help with the rope."

"Who will get the rope?"

"Will Graham's father is a rope-maker; he can get one easily enough from his father's yard."

Lizzie had told her brother an American story of a man who had reached an eagle's nest in the manner Tom had described, little thinking, poor child, what dangerous notions she was thereby putting into his head. Only there was this wide difference between the American hero and Tom Lee: the hero of Lizzie's tale was one in the true sense of the word, for he had rescued a babe from an untimely death; whereas Tom's fancied heroism would be nothing but a vain-glorious feat of empty daring.

Will Graham promised to provide the rope.

When Tom got home he questioned Lizzie very

closely as to the number of men who had held the rope for the American, and as to the precise manner in which the man had defended himself against the attacks of the eagles. The eagerness with which he asked the questions soon roused her suspicions.

"But surely, Tom, you are not thinking of the nest you saw on Saturday?"

"Perhaps I am."

"Oh, Tom, what nonsense!" she exclaimed, her dismay plainly showing itself in her voice.

"Why nonsense?" he rejoined, his vanity slightly wounded.

"Because you think it will be brave to—to—"

She did not know exactly what to say, so she sought relief in tears.

Nothing made Tom feel more miserable than Lizzie's tears. But he did not wish to give in, and so, moving to the window, he muttered something about "not caring a fig" whether anyone thought him brave.

"Yes, you do," she impatiently replied.

"Re-all-y!" he ejaculated with mock humility; for he could argue more easily with that dear little sister of his when she lost her temper—which was very rarely—than in her ordinary gentle mood.

"You do not care for me a bit!" she said, fresh tears starting into her large blue eyes.

This was a sentence more difficult to answer; and he began to whistle in a low key, as he generally did when in doubt what to do or say.

Suddenly jumping up, she crossed the room to where he stood by the window, and flinging her arms round his neck, said—

"Forgive me, Tom, I did not mean it. But, oh! do promise me this—not to go near that nest."



"SHE SOUGHT RELIEF IN TEARS."



The watery eyes were so beseeching, and the voice was so gentle and so brimful of sisterly love, that he found it exceedingly hard to stand out against her; and in a few minutes she had his full promise not to go near the eyry.

"Tom Lee is afraid, after all!" exclaimed young Graham next morning, as a couple of boys sauntered up the school steps.

"Scared, eh?" laughed one.

"I thought it was all brag!" sneered the other.

### CHAPTER III.

ABOUT a week later, soon after daybreak, five boys might have been seen hurrying up a hill-slope, and next along a narrow footpath that ran parallel with the dizzy brink of a line of rock-walls, which rose precipitously from the beach below. It had once been a coastguardsman's beat, and was the same path that we saw Tom Lee pursuing the evening he discovered the eyry.

Two of the boys carried a coiled rope between them; Tom led the way. Suddenly flinging himself on the ground, he bade his companions crouch likewise.

For a week he had disregarded the oft-recurring sneers of his schoolfellows. But on the preceding day, in an unguarded moment, his braver feelings gave way—braver, because what he was now undertaking was not the true courage that has nobility of purpose for its aim, but paltry bravado. Far nobler and braver would he have been had he remained faithful to his promise.

The boys had approached to within a hundred yards or so of the old beacon that stood almost over the eyry when Tom, in a loud whisper, bade his friends extend themselves on the ground; for one of the eagles had just left its nest, and was flying seaward for its morning meal and to cater for its young. It was quickly followed by its mate.

They remained motionless for a few minutes, and as they watched the birds become smaller and smaller the sun slowly raised himself above a bank of clouds that hung drowsily over the sea.



horizon, and casting his slanting yellow gleams upon the long line that marked the edge of the precipice from the sea, brought at the same time the old beacon, lying in front of them, more distinctly before their eyes. It suggested a new idea to Tom.

"Graham," he said, turning his head, "we must make use of yonder old stump."

"I see," returned the rope-maker's son, "we'll give the rope a twist round it, which will make our hold more secure."

"You've hit it! Let's get to our work."

And rising, the boys walked on to the beacon, the eagles being now out of sight.

Tom soon got himself into the loop they made at one end of the rope; then, stepping slowly towards the edge of the rocks, he laid himself down full length on his chest, and worked his body, as he had done once before, in zigzag fashion to the brink.

Giving one quick glance down at the eyry, and another out to sea, he bade his accomplices "hold on tight" to the other end of the rope, "for I am going to crawl back to you," he said.

Upon which there was some merriment at Tom's expense.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, when he had jerked himself to within safe standing distance.

"At you, of course!"

"You think I'm afraid," he said, examining the edge and point of a carving-knife with which he had provided himself in case he were attacked by the eagles, "but that's just where you are wrong. I'll go down, only we must shift our position a little. I was not quite above the nest."

However, by changing their ground the benefit derivable from the old beacon would be lost; and it was now seen that without some resistance to the strain on the rope, such as the beacon afforded, there might be a disaster.

"Better give it up," suggested Graham. And the other boys readily chimed in, for they began to see that it was not only Tom who would be exposed to danger.

But Tom was still smarting under the recent laughter, and was determined to make the descent, happen what might.

"No," said he; "it's too late to give it up now. We must do it *without* shifting our ground, that's all."

And in less than two minutes he was again calling upon them to "hang on tight," as, twisting himself round, he flung his legs over the precipice, and then, more cautiously, the rest of his body.

Instantly the rope tightened, and the ancient beacon gave a slight vibration, the boys, hanging

on though they were with all their might, being jerked forward nearer the stump than was pleasant.

"Be careful!" sang out Tom, angrily, as with one hand he kept himself from scraping against the perpendicular wall, and with the other flourished the carving-knife. Doubtless he felt very heroic at that moment, dangling there in mid-air, with the sea-waves far down below him; still it was in a voice savouring considerably of fear that he cried out—

"Let me down more gently, can't you?"

He would fain have kept his eyes fixed above him, for it made him dizzy to look down; but he had no alternative, it being necessary that he should spring forward to the ledge of rocks before coming quite level with the eyry.

"Hold hard!" he cried, at length, and swinging himself three or four feet out of the perpendicular, he gained a footing on the rock platform.

In a moment he was kneeling by the great pile of sticks that formed the eyry, a pair of young eaglets, who had crawled to the farthest extremity of the pile, receiving his intrusion on their nursery with the most violent hissing. Jumping in amongst the roughly arranged sticks, some of them of no mean size or length, he seized one of the birds by the neck, shouting out at the same time a loud, triumphant "Pull up!"

Instantly he felt a tug at his arm-pits, and he was swung from the ledge, glad enough to be away, although a misgiving had arisen whether the sudden jerk would not be too much for the boys above. And so, indeed, it might have been; but a pair of strong, manly arms were assisting the accomplices of his perfidy.

"Rash, foolish boy!" accosted his ears, when he stood, trembling from his exertions and excitement, on the firm, welcome ground above. But his schoolmaster—for he it was who had helped with the rope—was too thankful to have the boy up there safe and sound to say anything just then about his folly, and grasping his hands warmly, the sometimes stern, but oftener gentle-hearted, clergyman quickly added, "Thank God, my lad, you are not a mangled corpse!"

In the meantime, Will Graham had seized the struggling eaglet, and taking to his legs, called upon the others to follow. For skimming over the white-crested sea, as yet some distance off, were the parent birds returning.

Each boy went his own way. They had risen early, and hoped to be back in time for breakfast. Tom had just got home, and was running up the steps, when the door opened, and he met the physician of the neighbourhood.

The doctor stood still for a moment to survey the boy from head to foot; then smiling, asked—

"What mad prank have you been up to *now*, young man?"

"Oh, nothing particular," he said, evasively; then quickly, "Is anything wrong with my sister?"

"Yes, she is very ill."

"But she will be all right soon?"

The doctor shook his head gravely.

Tom did not wait to hear anything more. Closing the door, he threw his cap on the hall table, and was about to rush up-stairs to Lizzie's room, when he met his mother coming down.

"Mother," he said, kissing her, "what is wrong with Liz?"

"She is very ill;" and the brave mother, who for the last couple of hours had not suffered herself to waste time by useless tears, now laid her troubled brow on her boy's shoulder, and wept.

He tried to comfort her, but the shadow of the coming trial was falling upon him too, and he found it hard, very hard, to say anything to alleviate her grief.

Presently she said—"But where have you been, my boy? Your clothes are torn and dirty."

"On the rocks."

The poor mother was too troubled in mind to make inquiries.

"Lizzie wanted you a few minutes ago. Will you go and see her?"

Tom had bounded up half-a-dozen steps, when he stopped to deliberate. Turning to his mother, he asked, his lips quivering—

"Would it do in an hour's time?"

"Why not now, Tom?"

"I'll tell you, mother dear, when I come back."

Darting through the hall, he left the house, and ran at his topmost speed to Will Graham's home. Having gained access to the house, he broke without ceremony into the breakfast-room.

"Where is Will?" he asked, breathlessly.

"In the yard," replied Will's father, "with a young eagle the foolish boy has somehow captured."

Tom did not wait to hear anything more. Running into the yard, he snatched the poor fluttering bird from a hen-coop, under which young Graham had thrust it.

Without deigning to give his schoolfellow any explanation, Tom bolted through the house back into the street he had left, and ran off in the direction of the hills overlooking the sea. The bird, wearied with its struggles to get free, became at length passive enough. But soon after Tom had got into the path that led to the old beacon it suddenly renewed its efforts, and again began to hiss vigorously.

There was a loud scream close behind him. Looking back over his shoulder, Tom instantly dropped

his captive. He had scarcely got a dozen yards away from it before the mother bird, with a great swoop, darted to the spot where he had thrown the queer, half-fledged little thing.

Tom was back again at his home within the hour he had spoken of. Learning that Lizzie was not asleep, and that she was still wanting to see him, he went straight to the sick-room.

"Oh, Liz!" he exclaimed, stooping over the pillow, and kissing her with all the hot fervour of his boyish love, "I thought you were dying."

And seating himself on a chair by the bedside, the heaviest portion of his grief vanished with the tears he indulged in for a few seconds.

"Couldn't you spare me, Tom?" she asked, softly, her own eyes filling in sympathy with his.

"No, that I couldn't," he said, impetuously. "And mamma couldn't."

"Perhaps God is not going to take me away from you yet; but if He does, Tom dear, it will be because He loves me, so you must not be very unhappy, and mamma must not be very unhappy. And you will be very good to poor mamma, and you will be brave, Tom, and do what is right, won't you?"

She wanted to say something more, but the effort was too great, for her voice and strength were feeble, so she satisfied herself by stretching out her hot white hand and resting it in his.

\* \* \* \* \*

A long weary week dragged out its seven sad, anxious days, during which no one spoke louder than in whispers, for it seemed that the shadow of death hung over the household.

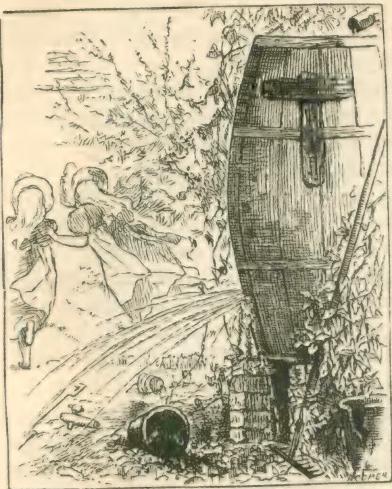
However, at its close, to the doctor's surprise, Lizzie gradually rallied. Throughout that interminable week Tom was at the lowest ebb of despondency—so much so, that when they told him she was out of immediate danger he could not believe it. It was not until after repeatedly rushing up-stairs to see with his own eyes that it was really her sweet smiling self who reclined near the sunlit window amidst a pile of shawls and pillows, and after repeatedly clasping her dear thin hand, and looking wistfully into those mild blue eyes of hers, that he became at length convinced.

He had felt, with bitter heart-burnings, what a blank Lizzie's death would leave in their home, and that had set him pondering on the grief he had too probably occasioned in many and many a nest-home. She did not chide him when he told her about the eyry, but that made the resolve gradually forming in his mind only the stronger.

"Liz," he said, bursting into her room one bright May morning, with an armful of hawthorn-blossom, "I'll never steal a single egg again."

And he kept his word.

## EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS.



HERE was  
a little  
nursery full  
of merry  
little girls,  
With rosy  
cheeks and  
eyes of blue,  
and pretty  
flaxen curls;  
One, two,  
three, four,  
five, six  
seven, eight,  
and not a  
boy between  
Sure never

such a nursery full of little girls was seen.  
Their father proud, as fathers are, of children strong  
and fair,  
Would marshal them in mimic rank, and one with  
one compare ;  
Would stroke their little golden heads, and in each  
chubby hand  
Would pop a silver sixpence, then the little corps  
disband.  
Their mother dressed them all alike, in clothes of  
homely make,  
So what one little girl outgrew the next could  
always take.  
They walked abroad in winter time, but when the  
days were hot  
They worked hard in their garden ground with spade  
and watering-pot.

Their names were all ancestral names, save one,  
whose style was royal.

The eldest was called Pamela, a maiden true and  
loyal,

The leader of the mischief and the maker of the fun;  
No other girl could climb so well, nor half so fleetly  
run ;

No other could so skilfully intrigue or plot invent,  
And no one would so bravely bear the well-earned  
punishment.

Next trusty Joan, whose kindness no nursery  
storms could vary ;

Then laughter-loving Flora, and gentle grave-eyed  
Mary ;

No lack of merriment o'erflowed from gay Rebecca's  
heart,

While loving Anna by her side in every thought  
had part ;



"DOWN WENT ALL THE LITTLE HEADS, AS CLOSE AS CLOSE COULD BE" (p. 50).





Then Henrietta, kind and bright ; and near her  
ever seen,  
The youngest of the little maids, the namesake of a  
queen,  
But lest the royal title the nursery should oppress  
Her mother called her Adda, and they loved her  
none the less.  
Now all these little maidens must be taught to read,  
you see—  
Be taught by gentle steps and slow to climb fair  
learning's tree.  
And one there lived hard by their door well used  
this tree to climb ;  
A very ancient lady she, "quite of the olden  
time."  
She taught their dear papa to read when but a  
boy was he,  
Their mother, too, and all their aunts learnt reading  
at her knee.  
And now these little people to her parlour would  
repair,  
And smilingly or tearfully their alphabet learn  
there.



But soon their loving parents saw the proper time  
had come  
When they must have a governess to teach their  
girls at home.  
And so the dear old playroom to a schoolroom dull  
was changed,  
And backboards grim and high-backed chairs  
against the walls were ranged.

She came, the gentle stranger, but soon her heart sank down,  
For all her kind advances they received with pout and frown.  
Their puny strength was infinite to harass and annoy,  
Life for the governess just then had surely much alloy.  
She left; but, ah! too soon there came another and another;  
For not of old did children rule their father and their mother.  
Then came a governess from town who knew the art to rule,  
And now the little maidens found they were indeed in school.  
Their mischief, though, found other bent, for fun will have its way,  
And childhood brings its frolics as the sunshine brings the day.  
Now Pamela, the pioneer of all the little crew,  
Was dressed one day for visitors, so were her sisters, too;  
And wandering in the garden till their playmates did appear,  
A forbidden turn they took, and to the water-butt drew near.  
"I've found out how the tap is drawn," said Pamela; "just see."  
And down went all the little heads, as close as close could be.

Intent they watched the moving tap, so hard ere now to draw;  
Exultant stood their leader, nor dangerous flood foresaw;  
But force of water beat the force of Pamela's small hand,  
And out it came, the mighty stream, o'er all the little band.  
In vain did Pamela apply the spiggot to its place,  
The water squirted out again in every frightened face.  
Some ran, some fell, all screamed aloud in terror and affright,  
While Pamela, in frantic haste, would set the matter right.  
But when she saw no strength of hers would keep the water in  
She threw the spiggot in the air, and ran to tell her sin.

So pleasant were the schoolroom days of all these little folks,  
So frolicsome their playroom hours, so full of fun their jokes,  
That though each one's fair youthful face Time's silent token bears,  
They love to wake the memory of their happy early years.  
And decked in spectacles, in cap which shrouds the flaxen curls,  
They often tell the story of the eight nice little girls.

NORA.

## OUR PETS.

## PARROTS AND COCKATOOS, AND HOW TO KEEP THEM.



BEFORE you think of getting a parrot or a cockatoo, get his habitation ready for him. Let this be as large and roomy as possible, for it is a very great mistake to suppose that parrots talk best in a small cage. If you choose to keep your parrot on a stand with a chain to his leg, you may do so. Some of these stands are very ornamental; but for my own part, I sacrifice ornament to utility and the comfort of my pet polly. His cage is very large, and I have even taken out the swing because he is a big bird and used to knock his poor head on it. Neither does he care much for swinging. He gets plenty of exercise without that, for I let him out very often during the day, and he will sit for an hour at

a time on the back of my chair. He also goes out on my shoulder through the grounds, and altogether, although only a cockatoo, he is as happy as a king.

Polly's perch should be a good thick one, made of hickory wood, and thicker in the centre than the ends, so that he can fit his grasp as he chooses. I like a square cage best, because then the tail is not rubbed so often and damaged. The cage should be kept exceedingly clean, and the bottom drawer emptied out every morning, and an allowance of sea-sand and coarse gravel given, for, as birds have no teeth, they swallow small stones so that the food may be properly ground in the gizzard.

The bird should have two dishes, one for his water and the other for his seeds, and occasionally a third should be given when you want to give sop for a change. He should have clean water

for drinking purposes once a day, and his seed-tin should be filled twice daily. Both dishes ought to be conveniently deep, as this prevents them from scattering the seeds about.

Always have the bottom of the cage dry, and do not leave any garbage about, such as kernels or decaying fruit, which may produce diarrhoea. You must keep the perches clear and well scraped or sand-papered, else your pet may have sore feet. I wash my polly's feet frequently—no one else dare do it—and he enjoys it; I afterwards dry them with a very soft rag.

If your bird will bathe, let him do so by all means in fine weather, not in frosty; and if he will not go into his tub of his own free will, then take him out into the sunshine, and rain upon him with a fine syringe. This greatly conduces to his health.

I do not think that money spent upon the comfort of a pet is thrown away. This world contains many woes and sorrows, and the animal, whether bird or beast, that helps us many times and often to forget our cares is surely worthy of all the care we can bestow upon him. If you believe this, you will buy your polly a special bath-cage: this will keep the ordinary one dry; cramp and many other minor ailments will be avoided. In fact, nothing conduces more to the health and vigour of a parrot than daily access to the bath.

You will, of course, be careful never to allow your pet's cage to stand in a draught, especially if the bird is wet, as after bathing or syringeing; and in cold nights it is a good plan to cover up the cage with some woollen material. It is sudden change from heat to cold that so often induces illness in birds of this kind.

And now about the feeding.

Cockatoos never care for soft food; the staple of their diet should be canary-seed, with now and then a little hemp, especially in cold weather, well-boiled Indian corn, occasionally a bit of mashed potato, a little rice, nut kernel, or a crust of dry toast.

I know some people give their parrots nothing but soft food day after day, and keep them always in a hot stuffy room, and then they marvel forsooth that the birds never appear well and hearty, and lose their feathers when they ought not to. Now, parrots may occasionally—by way of a change, that is—have a dish of bread and milk, but once or twice a week is often enough; and here is how it should be prepared. First scald the bread and drain off the water, and afterwards add the milk. You must be very careful that the milk is sweet and new, and it ought not to be left in the cage long enough to turn sour.

The seed-tin should be always kept clean and dry, and the canary-seed free from dust. Nuts of various kinds are greatly relished by parrots, but I think the best is that from the hazel; ground nuts and Brazil nuts are so fattening, and a fat parrot can never be healthy.

Macaws are allowed more hemp-seed than others of the parrot race; like other parrots, too, they like ripe fruit, but only in moderation, and *water, of course*, though they do not drink much of this if fed on bread and milk. *It is a cruel mistake to deprive any kind of bird of drinking water*, yet I know it is one that is very often made.

Lories are treated just like parrots.

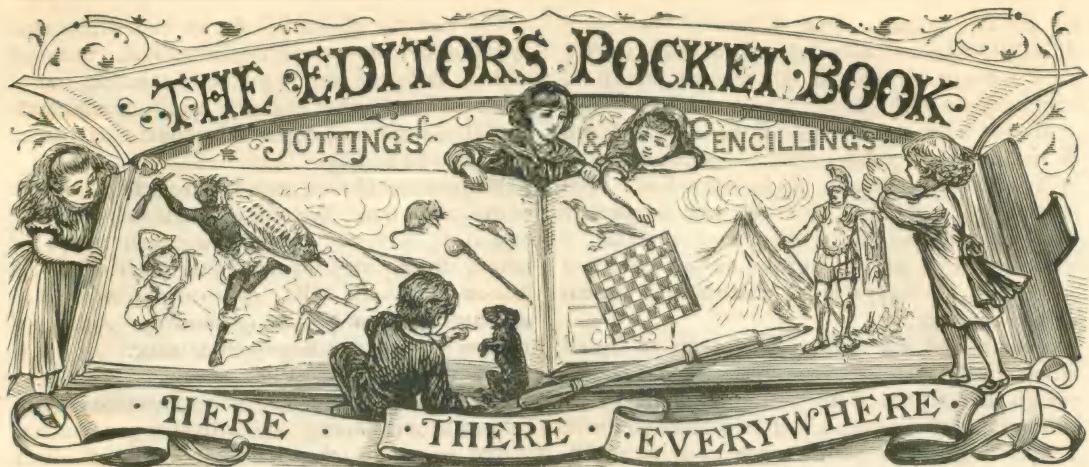
The blue mountain lory is my favourite; he is so gentle and loving, and withal a good talker. There are many other kinds of lories, of which I have not space here to speak; but any little knowledge I possess I shall be most happy to impart to others, so any information about pets they want to know my readers have only to write and ask for through the "Questions and Answers" pages.

Now about talking. Birds differ much in this respect; and probably the best speakers are the ash-coloured or grey African parrots. I have an idea that they speak more plainly than others. And here, by the way, is another cruel mistake that some people make. They have their birds' tongues slit. This is such a stupid error that I feel quite angry when I think of it. How, then, should you teach your bird to talk? You will have no difficulty at all in doing this if you follow my plan. Be invariably kind to the bird, and love it as much as you can. Never, on any account, let it be rashly approached or frightened. Give it its nuts and its tit-bits with your own hand, and keep it always happy and comfortable and in a place where it can hear the sound of talking and laughing.

*Never, on any account, give parrots bones or meat of any kind*, if you would avoid skin irritation and feather breaking and plucking. Parrots suffer at times from illness, but prevention is better than cure, and if you treat them as I have told you they will never ail, and will live to a green old age.

These birds moult once a year, and during this period—about three months—they ought to be taken even more than usual care of, and given a more liberal diet. Place a little saffron in their water, and give hemp-seed and Indian corn (well boiled and cold) more frequently, and a little mashed potato dusted over with cayenne, and now and then a chili or two.

ARION.



#### A Golden Trio.

*(See Coloured Frontispiece.)*

The familiar goldfinch of our fields and hedges is known by all who are intimately acquainted with him to be very fond of thistle-seed, and is from this circumstance commonly called in Germany the Distel or Thistle Finch. It has also some first cousins in Canada and the northern states of the American Union, which are just a little brighter coloured on the back and wings than their European relatives, and so remarkable for their love of the teazel and thistle seeds that they have been named the golden thistle finches. These birds live entirely on a vegetarian diet, never vary their meals by the addition of worms or caterpillars of any kind, but are keen hunters for the seeds that suit their taste, both on their own account and that of their young ones, to whom they are exemplary parents, except when a cock bird shows a mischievous disposition, and regards his partner's eggs as if laid for the express purpose of being pecked at and broken by his strong sharp bill. When breeding-time is over they are in the habit of collecting together in little flocks and migrating from place to place in search of food. Thistles, like most other plants, grow rank and strong in the fertile soil of the New World, and the chirruping jubilation that may be heard over a few tall stalks standing upright with their heads still intact, though there are several inches of snow on the surrounding country, is positively infectious, and makes one wish that the mere possession of food enough and to spare could make mortals as blithe as the birds. Grey though the wintry skies may be, and bare the leafless trees, the golden finches alight in the thickets, tear out the white down from the stiff sheath which keeps the seeds safe for them, and enjoy their frugal meal in absolute certainty that

the store of thistles is inexhaustible, and that much as these prickly weeds may plague the farmer, they are storehouses of grain for them.

#### Box Trees.

It is interesting to know that this plant, which we esteem for borders and hedges, was also a favourite among the ancients. In the garden of the younger Pliny there was a box-tree of such size that it was cut into various apartments. The middle one was a saloon, into which a waterfall was introduced which rushed into a basin surrounded with moss. In the same garden there were also figures of a man on horseback, huntsmen, hounds, and vases, all cut out of box.

#### Strange Friends.

Wonderful are the stories of strange companionship among animals. We are told that in Canada the geese do not much like the poultry-yard, but prefer rambling. One, however, of a flock, so attached itself to the yard-dog, that it constantly sat by his kennel, and never went away, except for food. When the dog barked the goose cackled, and would fly at the person she supposed offended him. This goose would scarcely be driven to roost at night, and when turned into the field, stayed close by the gate which was in sight of the dog. It was supposed the affection arose from the dog's having accidentally saved her from a fox. At last the people allowed her to do as she pleased, and so at nights she ran about the yard with the dog, and if he went into the village the goose accompanied him. At last the dog died, and the goose could scarcely be induced to take food.

In a lonely orchard a pony was kept, and the only creature who frequented it was a hen. Soon the hen and the pony became greatly attached to one another. The fowl would rub herself against

the pony's legs, and he would look down on her with pleasure, and take the greatest care not to tread upon her.

We read also of a terrier who had been deprived of her young ones, and in her desolate condition took possession of some young ducklings, which she carried to her kennel and tended most carefully, taking them about as cautiously as if she had been their mother, and when they went into the water she watched them with the utmost anxiety, half in fear, and half in readiness to dash in herself, should any one show signs of not being able to sustain itself on the surface.

#### The Zulu Royal Body-guard.

The Royal Body-guard of the Zulus is a small detachment, generally of the Nodwenga Regiment, or the Prince's Own. The illustration shows the full war-dress, as worn by Cetywayo's body-guard. The ends of cows' tails, as much white as possible, and closely strung, are suspended round the neck and body, so as almost entirely to envelop the man. Flaps or lappets of fine monkey skin are strung round the sides of the head and face, and the head-dress itself is for the most part of feathers of the pau, a sort of bustard or wild turkey. They strip the feathers off the quills, and fasten them on a string, which they tie round the head. The man's own hair, or rather wool, is twisted or screwed, by a peculiar knack, with only a long mimosa thorn, into an eccentric corona, which forms a foundation or cushion on which the wonderful erection of cock feathers is added. The common soldier of ordinary regiments does not carry so much ornamentation. It would exceedingly impede the progress of the active Zulu, who is accustomed to be entirely unfettered by any covering except a little kilt of fur, so cut and arranged as to hang round the waist in lappets or long tails.

#### The Alpine Marmot.

This little animal loves mountainous regions, where there are not many trees, and feeds upon



ONE OF THE ZULU ROYAL BODY-GUARD.

roots, vegetables, and insects. The upper part of its body is dusky-brown, the lower part reddish; it has short round ears, a straight tail about six inches long, and seven rows of whiskers. The marmots live in societies of from five to fourteen. One of these acts as sentinel when they are at work, and makes a whistling sound if he suspects danger,

on hearing which they all retire to their holes, if possible, and if unable to do this, defend themselves with much fury. As they sleep through the winter their principal employment is to prepare their winter residence. This is a hole burrowed in the ground, and lined skilfully with the finest grass. The little animals are busily employed in collecting this grass, and when enough is cut, one of them lies down on his back and allows himself to be loaded with the grass as if he were a waggon. Then some of the other marmots take hold of his tail and drag him along on his back, whilst others go before to move roughnesses out of the way, which might otherwise overturn the living waggon.

#### The English Flag in the United States.

Most people have heard of the American Arctic explorer, Dr. Kane, but few know that the English flag was carried through the streets of Philadelphia at his funeral, for the first time since the old days of the Revolution, when the United States became an independent country. It happened in this manner. At the time of Dr. Kane's death some Englishmen were residing in Philadelphia, and they thought that, in consideration of Dr. Kane's efforts in behalf

of Sir John Franklin, some mark of respect should be shown by the English residents. Accordingly, application was made to the authorities for permission to carry the English flag in the funeral procession. This being granted, the next thing was to obtain a flag, but this was difficult; the one at the consulate was old and shabby, and there were but few English vessels in the harbour. Just as one or two of them were wondering what they should do, an English vessel, with a handsome

standard flying was seen in the distance. Two of the Englishmen immediately got into a small boat, went *alongside* the vessel and made their request to the captain that he would lend them his flag to carry at the funeral. The captain not only lent his flag, but he lent two of his sailors to carry it, and the English flag, borne by English sailors, formed an interesting feature in the funeral train of the American explorer.

#### Singapore.

Singapore is a place of much importance in the Eastern world of commerce, and all the nations of the earth seem to be represented there. The number of ships to be seen in the roads of Singapore is great, though some days the roads are crowded, whilst on others they are quite empty. There one finds the Chinese junk, with its arched sides, painted in streaks of red, yellow, and white ; the Siamese vessels, with their huge carved sterns ; European vessels, boats, skiffs, and sampans, which are the very light boats used to carry passengers from the ships in the roads to the town of Singapore.

The town is divided into new and old ; the former occupies the left side of the river. Along the quay is a row of warehouses, supported on pillars ; these warehouses are not much ornamented, but are convenient for trade. On the right hand of the river are the Government buildings and parade-ground. A bridge connects the old and new towns, and it is a very amusing place for strangers, as there is constantly passing over it a stream of the motley population. There are, besides Europeans of all countries, no fewer than twenty-four Asiatic nations frequenting Singapore, so that the variety in costume is great, to say nothing of the effect of so many different languages,

which is described as reminding the traveller of the confusion of tongues in the days of the Tower of Babel.

Trades are carried on in the streets ; butchers, bakers, tinkers, tailors, barbers, carpenters, and even coffin-makers, may be found plying their especial trades. Then there are the crockery-dealers and the opium-sellers. The island produces nutmeg, coffee, black pepper, chocolate, and gamboge. Fruit is also very plentiful ; and no less than one hundred and twenty kinds can be enumerated.

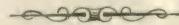
A ride outside the town to the hills is described as being very pleasant, the air being filled with a spicy fragrance from the loaded fruit-trees, and the woods and grass being always of a vivid green. This is owing to scarcely a day passing without a refreshing shower, which also serves to keep the roads free from dust.

#### The Paper Nautilus.

This beautiful shell, which resembles delicate porcelain, was spoken of with wonder and admiration by the ancients. The animal inhabiting it has the power of rising to the surface or sinking to the depths of the ocean. It uses its arms as oars to direct its course, or if there is a slight wind it spreads out a thin membrane in the manner of a sail, and so is borne along. It is only in fair weather that the nautilus appears on the water. It is mentioned among the creatures that the poet Pope advises men to take lessons from :

" Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

Numbers of these shells, with their curious commanders, may be seen in fine weather floating on the waves of the Mediterranean Sea. Sailors call them Portuguese men-of-war.



#### A BURIED ALPHABET.

(*The names of the letters of the Greek alphabet, in their proper sequence, will be found in the following lines, one in each line.*)

THE imperial phalanx moved along,  
It might be taken at fifty strong—  
A strange amalgam, man and horse ;  
A march from Händel tamed their course.  
Their jaunty steps I longed to join,  
To gaze, talk, shout, and scatter coin.  
Now in the market are they met,  
The tall huzzars, and steeds that fret.  
From Cheviot and from Grampian height  
They stalk apparelléd for the fight.  
Lamb dashed with lion ! tender heart,  
Must best perform the warrior's part.

Now, nursed amid this Scottish clan,  
There lived a minstrel Mexican ;  
Such comic rondels he essayed,  
Such pibrochs and such reels he played,  
Loud cheered our men, our horses neighed.  
A Leipzig mastiff at his side  
He'd taught to play the ophicleide.  
One of her pups I longed to buy,  
But he put up his price too high ;  
" Which is too bad ! " I tartly said.  
" Perhaps I'm right," he answered,  
" To make some gain of what I've bred."

W. W. MERRY.

*"I'm an Owl."*

Words by M. L. ELLIOTT.

*Allegretto moderato.*

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

**VOICE.**      **PIANO.**

I. I'm an owl, and I sit in my  
2. When good "Little Folks" are in

i - - ivy nest, And I blink or not, as to me seems best; I'm a  
bed and cot I'm off for the night, 'tis a way I've got,  
*p staccato.*

cres.      f      p

whim - si - cal bird, and I beg to say, My day is night, and my night is day.  
flap my wings, and with screech I cry, "Hur - rah! a jol - ly old bird am I."

cres.      fz      pp

f      ffz

I'm an owl!.....  
I'm an owl!.....

fz      f      ff tremolo.      fz

8ves. (ad lib.).....;

## BABY'S SERMON.

IN order that they might have a long play in the cool of the evening nurse had given an early tea to her charges. Flossie and Fred came down first. Flossie was seven, and Fred was eight, and they were obliged to depend entirely on each other for companionship, as the only other child in the family, Nelly, was but four years old, and still rejoiced in the title of "Baby."

"We'll play at ball," said Flossie, when they had reached the lawn. "See, here is my new ball that grandma gave me."

Fred was in a humour for racing and tearing about, so he replied—

"No, don't bother about playing at ball—let's have 'hide and seek!'"

"No," said Flossie, pouting, "I'm too hot! You always want 'hide and seek,' and I want to play ball."

Then Fred became sulky, and so they stood scowling at each other till half their play-time had passed.

As neither would give in, the matter ended in Flossie and Fred walking back to the house.

Slowly descending the broad, shallow stairs was Baby. She had a funny way, and not a very safe one, of coming down. She *jumped* from step to step, and all the way she was repeating, a word to each jump, a

verse her mother had taught her. As Flossie and Fred entered, they heard

"Little—children—love—one—another!" jerked out by the smiling, happy child, who never saw them, but was intent on saying her text as many times as there were stairs to match the words. Baby had arrived at the last step, and had only got to the word "love." In her perplexity she gazed all around for a suggestion as to how she could get the two last words out with the one jump that remained, and it was then she caught sight of her brother and sister, and she exclaimed—

"I'm coming to play ball; don't come in, I only just want to finish—"

"Fred won't play ball, Baby dear," said Flossie in an injured tone.

"Flossie won't play 'hide and seek' Baby dear," mimicked Fred.

Baby was astute for her years, and of a peace-making disposition.

"Never mind. I'll play ball, and I'll play 'hide and seek; that'll be two funs instead of one!"

And, strange to say, Flossie and Fred turned and followed the lead of the little golden-haired child in white; and when that little child discovered to her delight that the stone steps leading to the terrace were *five*, and was therefore able once more to complete her self-imposed repetition of

"Little—children—love—one—another!" a game of play was commenced that had Good-will for its umpire, and that ended in Peace.



BABY'S SERMON. (See p. 56.)

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

ANSWERS TO PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS (*Vol. IX., page 256.*)

FIRST PRIZE STORY.



and as May waved her hand to the governess left standing on the platform she felt that the long-looked-for Easter holidays had begun at last. It was only ten weeks since May Kennedy had left her pretty country home in Derbyshire to go to a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of Bristol, but it seemed ages to her since she had seen all the dear home faces ; and delight and excitement, perhaps, hardly expressed her feelings as the train puffed slowly out of the station.

May had never travelled alone before, but as none of her school companions happened to be going her way, the best arrangement that could be made was that her cousin Harry should meet her at W—— Junction, a distance of about half an hour by train from Bristol, and from there accompany her to Derbyshire, where he was also going to spend part of the Easter holidays.

The carriage in which Miss Bradley had installed May was empty, so the little girl was at leisure to roam from side to side, for she felt too excited to sit down quietly and admire the scenery, which was fast changing from the smoke of town to green fields.

"Let me see," said May to herself half aloud, "I have bought a knife for Hugh, and a boat for Charlie (I hope the mast will not break, it is rather tightly packed), and a doll for baby. It cost two shillings, so now my 'lucky sixpence' is all the money I have left."

Then May sat down, and taking her purse out of her muff, felt absently for the piece of money which had been given her by her cousin long ago. Presently her fingers wandered to the little pocket where she had put her ticket ; but suddenly the absent expression left May's face, and she gave a start, for looking into her purse she saw that her ticket was not there !

"Oh!" she cried, "what shall I do, what shall I do? Ella has my ticket!"

Poor May! at first she felt inclined to have a good cry ; but she knew that that would be rather a senseless proceeding, so instead she began to think how she should get out of this uncomfortable dilemma.

"What shall I say to the porter when he asks me for my ticket?" thought May ; "we must be getting near a station now. Perhaps he will not believe I ever had one at all, and

will think I meant to travel without one. Shall I be fined £5, I wonder? or have to go to prison for a week? Oh, what will papa do this evening when the train comes in and ——"

May felt a great lump in her throat at this last sad thought ; but the train was now slackening its pace, so she wiped her eyes and put her hat straight, thinking, "I will make myself look as respectable as I can, anyhow."

"Tickets ; tickets, please!" May heard as the train drew slowly up at a large station. Then the ticket collector thrust in his head at the window, and held out his hand.

"I have not got a ticket ; at least, I mean I have not got it here with me," said May, hesitatingly.

"Then I'll trouble you to pay, miss," said the man.

"But I have not got any money ; at least, only this six-pence," and May showed her purse.

"Step this way, then, if you please," said the porter, opening the carriage door.

May collected her bags, and followed the man with a beating heart and a strong inclination to burst into tears.

The ticket collector then went and spoke to the guard, leaving poor May standing on the platform, feeling very desolate and miserable. Suddenly a hand was laid on her shoulder, and she heard a voice saying —

"Why, May, what are you doing here?"

She turned round and saw her cousin Harry.

"Oh, Harry! can it be you?" cried May. "I have no ticket, and the train will be off in a minute ; what shall I do?"

"Is that all?" was the answer. "Oh, I'll soon manage that. Where is the guard?"

In a marvellously short space of time May was again seated in the railway carriage, steaming away at the rate of forty miles an hour.

"And now," said May, "tell me what you were doing there, instead of waiting at the junction to meet me?"

"Why," replied her cousin, "by what seems now a lucky accident, I took the wrong train at S——, which carried me past the junction. I had been waiting at the station for half an hour, intending to join you in this train, and then we could have travelled on together. But how did you lose your ticket?"

"I did not exactly lose it," said May. "I took it out of my purse at Bristol when I wanted to pay the porter, and I gave it to Ella to hold. Then her train came up, and in the excitement we forgot all about the ticket."

May and her cousin reached home quite safely that night, though they were both tired and dusty before they came to the end of their journey.

As they all sat round the supper-table that night, a happy party, May gave an account of her adventures.

"I do not think we must let our little May travel alone again till she is older and wiser," said Mrs. Kennedy, smiling.

"I think not," said May's father, giving his little girl a kiss.

May was not quite sure, now that her journey was over, that she could not have managed pretty well if it had not been for the mistake at starting. But one thing is certain, there was not that night, in all England, a happier school-girl home for the holidays than our little heroine.

LUCY MACKINTOSH.  
Colearn Castle, Aucherarder, N.B. (Aged 15.)  
Certified by ALEX. MACKINTOSH, J.P.

## SECOND PRIZE STORY.

**A**THE little girl in the train has just been to the town for the first time, at her uncle's house. She has seen a great many funny things, and has stayed there for a month. She is looking into her purse to see how much money she has left. Her name is Alice, and she is eight years old. Alice is going home, and she has a book for her brother, and a doll for her sister. Her brother is seven and her sister four. Once she had two brothers, but one is dead. Alice is a very good little girl, and very kind. Her mother is not very rich. I am going to tell you how Alice's brother was killed. One day the housekeeper let a match drop on the carpet, and it set the house on fire. They were all saved except her brother. Alice was not in bed, but her brother was. They saved a lot of furniture. Alice lives at Aston with her father and mother. One day one of Alice's cousins was very ill, and almost dying, so Alice was sent for; and when she saw her cousin, Alice asked her father to make some medicine, and her cousin soon got better. Alice's brother is ill. Alice very often goes to the wood to get blackberries to make into jam. Her father has to work very hard to earn their bread. Alice has a bird, and she feeds it every morning and night. Her brother has a dog and a horse. They very often play at hide-and-seek, blindman's buff, and other games. They give way to each other, and help their mother very much. Once Alice hemmed some dusters for her mother.

FLORENCE TYLECOTE.

Sandon, Stone, Staffordshire.

(Aged 6½.)

Certified by OLIVIA WALKER TURNER, Governess.



THE ROBIN'S NEST.

(Copied in fac-simile from a Sketch by the Author.)

## A ROBIN'S NEST.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

**P**ERHAPS some of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS would like to hear about a funny robin redbreast. Some one had thrown away an old rusty beer tankard in the wood in front of our house, and a little robin built such a pretty nest of moss in it; then she laid four dear little eggs, which she guards day and night. Mr. Robin sits on a tree close by and sings a pretty song to cheer Mrs. Robin as she sits in her nest. I hope soon there will be some baby robins. If ever you come down to Sevenoaks I shall be pleased to show you this nest, of which I now enclose a drawing, and hope you will put it in LITTLE FOLKS. Yours truly,

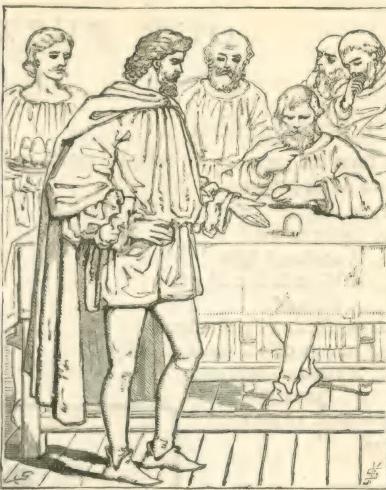
ALICE AUBREY HUTTON.

15, Granville Road,  
Sevenoaks, Kent.

(Aged 11.)



## COLUMBUS AND THE EGG.



**C**OLUMBUS was a sailor brave, Who loved to toss upon the wave.

He first did see that western shore

Through which his name lives evermore.

A rich reward he should have reaped, And laurels on his brow been heaped;

But, no! a prison was his doom ;  
Unknown and lowly is his tomb !  
His friends showed him ingratitude,  
And were with jealousy imbued,  
Once, half in earnest, half in fun,  
A friend said to him, " What you've done  
Merits, I'm sure, but little fame ;  
Another could have done the same !"  
Just then the servant brings in eggs ;  
Columbus takes one up, and begs  
His friend to stand it on its end.  
" Why, that I can't," replies his friend ;  
It tumbles every time I try."  
Columbus took the egg : " Oh, fie !  
Look here ! Why, I just smash the end,  
And make it flat ; it stands, my friend !"  
The other said, " Why, yes, that's true ;  
But then I could have smashed it too !"  
Columbus sagely nods his head,  
And, with a smile, sedately said,  
" One of us could have crossed the sea ;  
The other did, and I was he !"

VIOLET ISABEL MARTINEAU.

Park Corner, Heckfield,

(Aged 13½.)

Winchfield, Hants.

## PICTURE PAGE WANTING WORDS (Vol. ix., p. 256).

### LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour :—LUCY MACKINTOSH (15), Colearn Castle, Auchterarder, N.B.; and EMILY R. ADAM (15), 60, Castle Street, Edinburgh (equal). Second Prize, with Officer's Medal :—FLORENCE TYLECOTE (6½), Sandon, Stone, Staffordshire. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—JANEY BENNISON (15), Strensham, Tewkesbury, Worcester; AGNES ADA LEWIS (12), Prestwylfa, Mold, Flintshire; OONA HOWARD BUTLIN (12), Westfield House, Ealing, W.; and ISABEL MARY SWAINSON (11), The Rectory, Old Charlton, Kent; HELEN K. CURRIE (6), 100, Ferry Road, Leith, N.B.; MINNIE A. F. GERRARD (10½), Ince Hall, Ince, near Wigan.*

## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form the name of a celebrated poet, and the finals one of his poems.

1. A vehicle.
2. Lying in wait.
3. A confused fight.
4. A West Indian island.
5. A minstrel.
6. Something lighter than air.
7. Islands off the coast of Sicily.
8. A resinous substance.

JANE STEWART.

*The Manse, Whiting Bay, (Aged 11½.)  
Arran, N.B.*

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

**T**HE initials read downwards, and the finals upwards, give the name of a town in England, and the county to which it belongs.

1. A town in the county of Nottingham.
2. A cape in Asia.
3. A town in Italy.
4. A small island in North America.
5. A town in Somersetshire.
6. A cape in Italy.
7. A county in Scotland.

FANNY E. C. COOPER.  
(Aged 15.)

*Colne Lodge, Cromer.*



PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

## SCRIPTURE PUZZLE.

**T**AKE a word out of each of the following texts, and they will form a short text.

"And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead."—ACTS x. 42.

"And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—MATT. vi. 29.

"But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee."—MATT. xi. 24.

"Ye are the light of the world."—MATT. v. 14.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."—MATT. v. 48.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."—MATT. iv. 4.

"For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."—MATT. vii. 2.

MARY BLANCHE MUSSON.  
*Broad Street, Ludlow, Salop.*  
(Aged 12½.)

## MUSICAL PUZZLE.

Two Poets.



LUCY FANNY LOCOCK.

(Aged 14.)

9, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park,  
London, W.

## ENGLISH TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- A** KIND of tree; an article of food.  
2. A hurt; a corporation.  
3. An endearing term; a weight.  
4. An Irish revel; a meadow.  
5. A kind of tree; twenty hundred-weight.  
6. A colour; a place for horses.  
7. An association; a part of a river which may be crossed by foot.  
8. To jeer at; upon.  
9. Novel; a floating vessel.  
10. An out-house; the principal production of a country.

JESSIE K. STEVENSON.  
(Aged 15.)

*Priorsford, Peebles, N.B.*

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

**A** CONSONANT.

2. A very useful little article.
3. A nerve.
4. Falsification.
5. Something legally united into a body, so as to act as an individual.
6. Producing flowers.
7. A royal title.
8. A poisonous snake.
9. Able to be repaired.
10. To govern.
11. To frighten.
12. A girl's name.
13. A letter sometimes used as a vowel.

The above form a diamond. The centre letters read downwards and across give a royal title.

G. H. JOHNSTONE.  
(Aged 10½.)

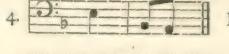
*Headingly, Hamstead,  
near Birmingham.*

## PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION ACROSTIC.



Find the words represented by the illustrations numbered 1 to 10, and transpose each word to make another word, so that the initial letters of the whole taken in the same order may give the word represented by the central picture.

## MUSICAL ARITHMOREM.

- M**Y initials give the name of a celebrated admiral.
1.  50 Nwst = { A town in the north of England.
  2.  50 Zith = A girl's name.
  3.  50 Por = An animal.
  4.  Isir = A country north of Asia.
  5.  Hon = A celebrated musician.
  6.  1,000 R. Run = { A noted town in Germany.
  6. *Vew Tree Road, Edgbaston, Warwickshire.*
- JANET GRAY.  
(Aged 14.)

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

- G**NCE there was a little girl whose name was (a town in Bulgaria), and she had a sister called (an Italian city), who was (a lake in North America) to her in good

behaviour. One (a loch in Scotland) day their mother went out, and she said to (a town in Bulgaria), "Do not go out while I am gone." (A town in Bulgaria) did as she was told for some time, but by-and-by she began to (an ancient port in Asia Minor) of sitting still, and longed to (a city in Italy) about in a wood near their house. At last she made a (a point in the south of England) for the wood, and took (an Italian city) with her. They went on and on till at last they did not know (a town in Hertford) they were. (A town in Bulgaria) said, "I think that path (a town in Yorkshire) to the right road." But they had not taken many (large plains in Russia) before they found they were wrong, and they fancied they heard a (a strait between Sweden and Zealand) like the roars of (a gulf in the south of France) which filled their (a range of mountains in Germany) with (a cape in the United States). Just at that moment a (an island in the Irish Sea) came by, and asked them why they were there alone. He took them home to their mother, who was very glad to see them safe. They were both very dirty, and looked as though they wanted a good (an estuary on the east coast of England). However, by the application of some (a lake in British America) they were soon made clean again. (A town in Bulgaria) promised not to do it again.

7, New Buckenham Square,  
New Kent Road, London.

Alice M. Williams.  
(Aged 13.)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form the name of a celebrated novelist, and the finals two of his works.

1. Slender.
2. A blue dye.
3. Fame.
4. A province in Germany.
5. Daring.
6. Lying hidden or concealed.
7. A raised or elevated walk.
8. A tree.
9. Brilliantly.
10. An article of furniture.
11. A vehicle.
12. A sphere or circle.
13. One of the West India isles.
14. A fish.

GERTRUDE E. MERCER.

*The North Warren, Gainsboro'.*

(Aged 15½.)

## A CHARADE.

**N**OT a flower can bloom, not a small drop of rain  
Can without me from heaven descend on the  
plain ;

I'm heard at the close of the thunder's loud roar,  
I help to make old Father Winter's head hoar.

In music and painting I cannot take part,  
Although I'm the centre of each lovely art.

I end every war, yet I never make peace.

Without me no culprit can hope for release ;  
The bolts of his prison I draw with great care,

Yet do all in my pow'r to get him good fare.

**No house** can contain me ; I'm ne'er in a home ;  
You may meet me in Paris, e'en while I'm in Rome.  
I mount not to heaven, descend not to hell,  
In this world for ever my lot is to dwell.

F. M. CAMPBELL.

## SPECIAL HOLIDAY COMPETITIONS.

**I**N addition to the monthly "Picture Pages Wanting Words" Competitions, there will be the following Holiday Competitions for Special Prizes and Medals :—

- I. For the best original Short Poems on any subject, not to exceed fifty lines in length.
- II. For the best Pencil or Pen-and-Ink copies of any single page of illustrations from the "LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book."

In each Competition two Prizes in Books, value Half-a-Guinea and Seven-and-Sixpence respectively, will be awarded, and Medals will be given to the most deserving Candidates. All Competitors must be under the age of *seventeen* years, but for the purposes of the award of Prizes they will be divided into two groups, one comprising those under twelve years of age, and one those between twelve and seventeen, one Prize in each Competition being allotted to each group. All poems and drawings must be certified as strictly original, the sender's own unaided work, and must be certified as such by a magistrate, minister of religion, or other person of responsible position ; and they must be forwarded to the Editor on or before the 16th of August, 1879.

Competitors in the eight Special Prize Competitions for 1879, announced in March, are reminded that all work must be sent in before the 15th of October, 1879. Full particulars of these Competitions were published in the March number of LITTLE FOLKS.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form a river in Europe.

1. A strait in Europe.
2. A county in Scotland.
3. A lake in North America.
4. A volcano in Europe.
5. A river in North America.
6. A river in England.
7. A river in Asia.
8. A town in the United States.

JOHN MOSSMAN.  
(Aged 13.)10, *Panmure Place, Edinburgh.*

## A LETTER CHARADE.

**M**Y first is always gently borne upon the summer breeze,  
So softly whispering among the green and verdant  
trees.

In July comes my second, when the scent of new-mown hay  
Perfumes the sultry air around through all the summer day.  
Among the sparkling wavelets, and within the pearly shells  
Far down beneath the ocean blue, my third for ever dwells,  
My fourth is always found among the tulip's colours bright,  
And it is hidden in the cup of water-lily white.  
My fifth is seen among the lambs that gaily sport and play  
In the fields so green and pleasant in the merry month of  
May.

The noisy babbling streamlet and the dashing water-fall  
My sixth bear far away at the nightingale's sweet call,  
Those grand and dim old woodlands my seventh and eighth  
contain,  
Which border royal Windsor, our own loved queen's  
domain.

In Afric's sultry sunny clime my whole is ever found,  
Here enemies to Great Britain at the present time abound.

NELLIE RUDD.  
(Aged 14½.)*Hetton Rectory,  
Fence Houses, Durham.*



H. H. asks:—"In the competition for toys in cardboard may a wooden box be used?"—[Yes, if the box is only to hold the toys, and is not intended to be the principal feature in your contribution.—ED.]

CÆSAR asks:—"Can any little folk tell me where the poem is to be found, entitled 'Robert of Sicily.' Can it be procured separate from other works?"

DICKY-BIRD and BLOSSY ask:—"What is the origin of the first of April being called All Fool's Day?"

SISSY.—[In "Questions and Answers" in LITTLE FOLKS for April instructions are given for making a handkerchief or glove case.—ED.]

A MOTHER OF MANY LITTLE FOLKS, Swaffham.—[I am very sorry your daughter is unable to send me her "Painting Book" this year, but I hope to receive one from her on some future occasion.—ED.]

ANNA VON MIELECKA asks if any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS will assist her in collecting post-cards, newspaper-wrappers, embossed envelopes, and registered envelopes. The money for them will be used for the purchase of a harmonium for a poor Protestant congregation in Spain. Address to R. M. College, Farnbro' Station, Hants.—[Many readers will, I think, be glad to hear from A. VON M. how post-cards and wrappers can be made available for charitable purposes.—ED.]

QUÆSITOR writes:—"Can any one tell me when the Empress Theodora of Constantinople died, and how old she was?"

AMY WILLIAMS.—[All puzzles must be certified.—ED.]

JOSIAH MACKAY asks:—"Will any little folk kindly tell me the derivation of the word 'ban,' as used by Sir Walter Scott in his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel?' He writes:—

'At the sullen moaning sound  
The *ban-dogs* bay and howl.'

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—[I shall be glad to see any poems you may care to send to me.—ED.]

SUMMER wishes to know when the successful competitors for the prize competitions will know what prizes they have obtained?—[A month or two after the close of the competitions in October.—ED.]

FLORENCE writes:—"Having finished the first six pages of the 'LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book,' is it allowable to paint any more of the pictures for the benefit of the hospital children, though only going in for the 'six-page competition?'"—[No; six pages only must be coloured. You can, of course, paint a complete book in addition, if you wish it.—ED.]

KATIE asks:—"Will any of the little folks kindly tell me if they are going to colour the pictures in the Preface of the 'LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book?'—[These pictures should be coloured for the complete book competition.—ED.]

CLEOPATRA would be much obliged if any little folk would give her full directions for painting on muslin. Must the Chinese white be laid on first? and how must it be prevented from running into the colour laid over it? She also wants directions for painting flowers.

ELEANOR.—[All letters should be addressed "The Editor of LITTLE FOLKS, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, E.C."—ED.]

E. B. DRIVER.—[Yes; stories may be forwarded at any time. Anecdotes of pets, &c., must of course be true.—ED.]

VIOLET and ROSE ask:—"Which are the best kind of leaves to feed silkworms on?"—[Mulberry. A paper on rearing silkworms will be published in an early number.—ED.]

MAY W. asks if crewel-work is accepted in any of the needlework competitions for 1879?—[No.—ED.]

E. M. B. and M. E. B.—[No general directions for fixing dolls can be given; they must depend so much upon the grouping of each particular set.—ED.]

A. E. I.—[Yes. Competitors sending in the "Painting Book" in the paper wrapper are recommended to paste a narrow strip of cloth or calico on the back, to strengthen the binding.—ED.]

AMY WILLIAMS, of No. 181, High Street, New Brentford, Middlesex, will be glad to help in the collection of old postage-stamps, if they are of any use. She asks if English stamps only are of use?

H. J. WALKER writes:—"A great many young people are collecting used postage-stamps, and are under the impression that they can make a good use of them. Some say it enables them to get a child into a school, but the difficulty is how to go about this, and what amount of stamps are required. This question I should like some little folk to answer. What I want to introduce is the use a friend of mine made of used postage-stamps. He kept on steadily collecting until he had a great number, and then succeeded in papering a room with them. I have been inside the room, and was quite surprised at its grandeur."

CHARLIE WILSON writes that he has got a child into a school in Clifton by collecting old penny postage-stamps.

EDITH FISHER would be glad to know if A. BLACK and CHARLES HUNT have collected all the stamps they want. If not, she would be glad to help.

The Rev. I. M. H. DE PONTET-DE-LA-HARPE, of the French Protestant Church, Bayswater, writes to thank many donors of old postage-stamps. He says that these are made into snakes, and sold for 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. each, according to size and beauty, for the benefit of the Mission to the French in London. Further supplies of stamps will be gladly received for the same object.

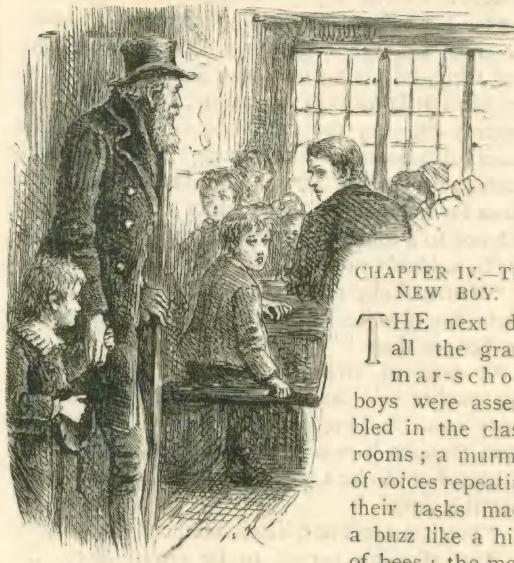
## NATURAL HISTORY WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour will be given for the best short and original description of this Picture. A smaller Book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best description relative to the age of the Competitor; so that no reader is too young to try for this second Prize. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their letters must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of July next (the 15th of July for Competitors residing abroad).

## ROSES FROM THORNS; OR, THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

By the Author of "Into the View," &amp;c. &amp;c.



## CHAPTER IV.—THE NEW BOY.

THE next day all the grammar-school boys were assembled in the classrooms; a murmur of voices repeating their tasks made a buzz like a hive of bees; the mas-

ters were in their places, and Mr. Henderson, the head-master, was walking about, settling affairs for the morning. A tap at the door made him turn, and cry "Come in;" and in answer to his invitation two odd figures appeared in the doorway—so odd that every pair of eyes in the room was fixed upon them in staring wonder. Could it be?—yes, it really was the "Hermit," the "Miser," as he was called at different times, the extraordinary owner of that desolate old Manor House about which every boy had a secret curiosity and awe. No one could fail to recognise the faded old blue coat, with its high collar and tarnished gilt buttons, the yellow frilled shirt, the beaver hat which might have been in fashion thirty years ago, the very narrow short trousers, patched with a brighter-coloured cloth in places, the haggard, sallow, peevish face, the hollow, almost fierce dark eyes, and the long ragged grey hair and beard. This was quite enough to stare at; but there was something else still more remarkable, because every one was used to the Hermit's oddity, and this was a new arrival. The old man held the hand of a pale, thin, large-eyed boy, who trembled a good deal, and whose anxious glance seemed to beg the lookers-on to excuse his strange appearance, for it was very strange, thanks to Cousin Ratcliffe's mending and his stores of old clothes. Harry's jacket was not yet repaired, and the old man had replaced it by a small velvet coat and waistcoat

which might have suited a large monkey. A deep-frilled collar was round his neck, and his own dark-brown cloth trousers completed the curious costume. A very audible titter went round; and for a moment Mr. Henderson himself had such hard work to keep down his own amusement that he did not check the boys, on whom the Hermit scowled, with disgust and almost hatred in his contracted forehead and gleaming eyes. Poor Harry went first red, then very white; it seemed to him as if the whole room were full of nothing but staring eyes. He longed to hide himself—to run away; but shame kept him quite motionless, clinging tremblingly to his cousin's bony hand. Mr. Henderson recovered his usual dignity, and with one sharp look and word stopped at least the audible signs of merriment; then he came forward and spoke politely to the new comer.

"Mr. Ratcliffe, I believe, of Clayton Manor House? To what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you?"

"It seems to afford mirth, if not *p'leasure*, to see me, certainly," the old man said, in a high, sharp, irritable voice. "But never mind polite speeches, sir. I want to put this lad—a relation of mine, lately come to my house—in your school. You will find out what he knows, and do your best for him. Good day." He let go suddenly of Harry's clinging hand, and made his way hastily to the door.

"But, sir, Mr. Ratcliffe," the master remonstrated, quite taken aback, "you have given me no instructions. Will you not step into my study a moment?"

"No, no, no!" returned the old man, in the same sharp, angry tones. "Do what is usual. I leave it to you. Do your best by the boy, and your money shall be regularly paid. Let me go, let me go! I can't stand any more of this!" and waving off the master, he hastened away, leaving poor Harry without a word or a look, standing the very picture of forlorn despair by himself under fire of all those cruel eyes.

His piteous look touched Mr. Henderson's kind heart. He took him by the hand, spoke pleasantly and soothingly to him, and led him to a seat at a desk with the lowest class of boys, who were doing dictation under the care of one of the under-masters, a good-natured man, who pitied pale, trembling Harry, and managed to put him at his ease.

He got on much better, after all, in the class than he expected; his eagerness to learn, his good

memory, and clear, bright, intelligent mind helped him on wonderfully. His shyness melted away under the influence of some kind words of praise, his dark blue eyes lit up, his cheeks flushed, and a new delight became known to him. He felt he should get the chance now that other happier boys had had, and seemed often not to care for—he should become like the rest, and perhaps make Cousin Ratcliffe proud of him, and glad that he had come.

But poor Harry's troubles at school had not begun yet—the lessons were not part of them. The ridicule that his entrance had excited was not in the least over, it was only kept down for a time by the discipline of school, and, added to the ridicule, there was beginning to be, in his own class at least, some jealousy of his evident ability. His hour of misery came when the whole noisy herd poured out into the bare playground at the back of the school, and he was carried along with the stream, and found himself at once the centre of a great deal of unpleasant notice. The boys crowded round, and set upon him in the manner of ill-bred, high-spirited, some of them rough, ill-natured boys. His collar was turned round and tweaked about his ears, he was "chaffed," called by every sort of nickname, jeered at, teased, bullied; but the worst of all was the rude names and ridiculous stories that were fastened on to his old cousin, who had taken him in and befriended him. Harry had been silent, meek enough, and only anxious to keep from crying as long as the fun was all about himself, but he fired up and forgot to be afraid when he listened to the rest.

"He's not a miser! He's not wicked! It's very—it's a shame to say so, and false. He has been very kind to me, and I won't—won't have him spoken of like that."

"You won't, won't you?" sneered Bully Rogers, as the big bad boy was called. "And how are you going to prevent it, pretty Miss Molly, the old miser's pet? You'll grow up just like him, and you'll be a pretty pair of you. Poor little dear, didn't it like it? You needn't kick; you can't get away, and if you make a row you shall get it hot."

Harry was pinched, hustled about, teased, irritated—he felt half wild with anger and hatred of his persecutors. There wasn't a kind face near, all were either careless or malicious. He wrenched himself free, tearing his poor velvet coat in the effort, and rushed out of the playground, and away from his tormentors, who yelled after him that he would catch it for leaving school, but they didn't want any "hermit crabs" there.

He ran down the street, out into the high road, and then, only longing for solitude and concealment, he climbed a bank, got over a hedge, and plunged

into the shade of a little copse which bordered the Clayton Road.

About an hour later Mrs. Osborne and Dolly were walking through this same little wood. Mrs. Osborne wanted bryony wreaths and berries to enliven her parlour, and Dolly liked hunting about for nuts and other treasures. She flitted here and there, brimming over with fun and frolic, the brightest little maid in the county, and her mother lingered enjoying the mild late sunshine, and the beautiful colours still remaining in some of the bushes and trees. It was so warm that she sat down for a minute on the trunk of a fallen ash, and listened to a robin who was singing above her head. Dolly suddenly ran up to her looking frightened.

"Mother," she said, in a loud whisper, "there's such a funny noise, like some one crying, among the bushes out there!"

"I dare say, Dolly, like your usual discoveries," her mother said, laughing. "You declared somebody was groaning so once, do you remember? You thought it was a person dreadfully ill, and it turned out to be a pig! I expect there is another one this time."

"But just come and listen, mother."

And allowing herself to be drawn along, her mother followed impetuous Dolly into the underwood.

"Now listen!" the child whispered.

Certainly that was human sobbing, not the grunting of a pig. Mrs. Osborne told Dolly to stand still, and softly made her way amongst the tangle to the place whence the sound came. Some one started suddenly out of the thick long grass at her foot—a boy who was lying face down and crying bitterly; an oddly-dressed boy, with a scratched, bleeding face, torn clothes, and cheeks wet with tears.

"Why, who is it? My poor boy, what can have troubled you so much?" the tender voice above him said; and Mrs. Osborne cleared the brambles away that divided her from where he lay, and stooped down over him. "Don't cry and sob any more, my dear. Try and tell me what it's all about, perhaps I may help you, and I can't bear to hear children sob like that. Who are you? I don't know you at all, and I know nearly every face in the neighbourhood."

"I am Harry Maurice, ma'am," the boy answered, sitting up, speaking politely in spite of the choking in his voice, and pushing back his hair from his hot face. "It is not likely you should know me, for I only came the day before yesterday."

"Oh, I think I know now," Mrs. Osborne cried, as a light dawned upon her. "Old Mrs. Drew told me; you are Mr. Ratcliffe's little cousin, are you not?"

"Yes," Harry answered, sorrowfully enough ; "I haven't any one else belonging to me, and he lets me stay."

As he spoke little Dolly came creeping softly up, and clung to her mother, looking curiously but timidly at Harry, and holding her mother's cloak.

Mrs. Osborne went on in her compassionate voice that seemed to soothe every sorrow : "And what troubles you now so much, my dear ?"

"I went to school at Axborough this morning," Harry began slowly, his whole face flushing at the remembrance of the humiliation of the scene.

"Well, were the boys unkind ? I'm afraid, my child, they are a very rough set, and you will have a good deal to bear at first, but it will get better. Surely nothing happened to distress you in this way ! Did they hurt you ?"

"Not so very much," Harry answered ; "I didn't mind that. I can bear being hurt. But—oh, it doesn't matter, ma'am. I think I'd rather not say."

"I think you had better say, Harry," his new friend said, in her coaxing voice ; "troubles are not half so difficult to bear when one talks about them. Perhaps they laughed at you, and said rude things ?"

Harry nodded. "They called me names—young Hermit Crab and a lot of others ; they—I could have stood that too—but—they told all sorts of shameful stories about my cousin. I know he is very queer, ma'am, but indeed he has been very good to me, and I can't bear it ! Oh, I don't think I *can* go there any more, they laugh at my clothes so," and Harry hid his burning face.

"It's a shame !" Mrs. Osborne said, indignantly. "My poor boy, I am so sorry for you. But try and look at it quietly, Harry. See, if you won't go back, what is to become of you ? You can't leave, and the more you shrink from this teasing, the more difficult it will seem to bear. If you face it out, and are brave and steady, in time they will get tired of it. Let me see what we can do to help you. But first, get up, my boy, and come out of this damp place, it will do you harm. Have you had any dinner ?"

"No, ma'am. I was to have had it at school, only I could not stay there. I am afraid the masters will be very angry."

"I know Mr. Henderson very well," Mrs. Osborne said, "and I will call and explain to him how it happened."

"Only, please, don't tell about the boys," Harry cried, anxiously. "I don't want to be a tell-tale."

"No ; quite right. I see you will get liked there very soon. I will not mention any names, I promise, or any particulars. Come to the cottage with me and have some dinner, and after that we

will talk it all over. Don't be afraid," she added, seeing he hung back in a fit of shyness, "there is only little Dolly and me ; Frank, my boy, dines at school."

"I hope Frank wasn't cruel, and helped to tease the poor boy, mother," Dolly whispered.

Her mother looked disturbed ; she felt very angry for Harry's sake. Mrs. Osborne could not bear anybody or any living creature to be ill-treated. If she could have had her way there would have been very little suffering in the world. But when she saw poor Harry's appearance fully in the sunshine outside the wood, she could not wonder so much that it had excited ridicule among the thoughtless boys. He certainly did look an odd, uncouth figure, a fit companion for his strange protector. She could not help being glad that there was only a short distance to pass before the cottage was reached ; and she was not sorry to meet no one, till Sarah, her faithful old servant, opened the door, and stared at the unusual guest.

"Sarah," her mistress said, rather severely to repress the wondering stare of blank curiosity upon the woman's honest, plain face, "this is Master Maurice ; please put a place for him at dinner."

"Dearie me !" Sarah murmured to herself, as she went to do her mistress's bidding. "And where may missus have picked up that queer little object ? I wonder whom she'll have next ?"

How bright and cheerful the parlour at the cottage looked to Harry after the dingy, dreary, dark old Manor House ! There are some women who make every room and every place look pleasant, and Mrs. Osborne was one of these. It was not grandly furnished ; on the contrary, though not shabby, every article of furniture was cheap and plain, but a pretty paper on the wall, some pictures and books, a clear fire, and here and there a bunch of berries and red leaves made it all look cheerful and refined. The table was laid for dinner, and Harry began to feel that he was exhausted with crying, and weak with hunger. But he did not like to sit down in his torn, untidy clothes ; Harry had the instinct of a little gentleman. He looked at his sleeve which had a rent in it, and felt very uncomfortable.

"Come into Frank's room," Mrs. Osborne said, guessing his thoughts, "you will like to wash your face and hands ; don't mind about anything else." She lingered a minute when she had shown him the bedroom. "Excuse my saying it, dear," she said, blushing a little, "but if you would not mind, I have a suit of Frank's he has out-grown, which you are quite welcome to. Of course, your cousin does not know much about boys' requirements, and you might wear these till he was able to see

about things for you himself. The boys at school could not laugh, you know, if you were just like the rest of them."

Harry kept his large, thoughtful eyes fixed on her ; he was thinking deeply. The offer was a very tempting one. He had been brought up, it is true, with a strong objection to becoming a recipient of charity, but this proposal was so delicately made, and there was such a warmth of kindness about his new friend, he could not feel degraded by it. The boys would not laugh at him any more ; he might feel himself one of them instead of a forlorn little outcast. He longed ardently for this, but there were other considerations that Harry could not get rid of. He was no ordinary boy ; living always with older people, and being brought face to face with suffering, poverty and sickness had given him a mind strangely beyond his years.

"It is *very kind*," he said at last, slowly ; thank you so much, but I'm afraid I mustn't. Cousin Ratcliffe would be vexed. Besides, I suppose I must learn not to mind, as you said. I was very stupid to run away. I don't think I must do anything without Cousin Ratcliffe's leave."

"Well, I am sorry you think you had better not, but we won't say any more about it. Come down and have some dinner, at any rate."

After dinner Dolly, who could not long be still darted off to feed her rabbits, and Harry stood by the window and looked out. Mrs. Osborne asked him many questions about his life and his mother, and, very tenderly, she tried to find out something of his new home. Harry was reserved directly ; he felt almost upon honour to his cousin not to speak about him, though he knew the lady with the kind eyes and soft voice only meant to be kind.

"I don't ask out of curiosity," she said—"only because I want to be a friend to you. Besides, I may consider myself an acquaintance of your cousin's. Do you know, he has asked me in, and I took a cup of tea with him?"

Harry brightened up. "Oh, did you really ? I am so glad ! Perhaps he will let you come again. I did not mean to be rude in not answering, but he told me not to talk about him."

"Oh yes ! I quite understand you, Harry. But you need not fear my gossiping, my boy. I have every one's secrets to keep—it is part of my business. All that I want to know is how to help you. You see, it will be such a very dreary home for a child like you. Why, how old *are* you, you curious little fellow ? To hear you talk, you might be a man, but you look scarcely larger than Dolly."

"I was ten last May," Harry answered ; "and how old is Dolly ?"

"Dolly is eight, and Frank is twelve : you come

between the two. Well, as I said, I am afraid, living as your cousin does, such a sad solitary life, will be very bad for you. You will grow old and dull, while you ought to be a happy boy. To be sure, there is the school. I am so glad he made up his mind to your going—you will get used to it and like it in time, I dare say, but you have had a bad beginning. But if you find it too sad for you at the Manor House, perhaps I could persuade Mr. Ratcliffe to let you go somewhere else. It does not seem right that a boy of your age should live like that."

"Please don't !" Harry cried, very eagerly, with a flushed face and bright anxious eyes—"please don't talk about my going away ! It is dull there, but I'm not used to being happy, and I could not go and leave him if he wants me at all. I think he does already, a little. You don't know how unhappy he looks. His face is so sad ; it is worse to see it than if he were to cry, and I thought I might be a comfort to him in time, perhaps. I wish I had stood it better this morning—it seems as if I wasn't a bit of good—but I will next time. And even if I am unhappy, I had rather be than go away and leave him. He took me in, and did everything he could, and he knew mother when she was a little girl, and indeed I'd *rather stay*!"

Harry was quite confused and astonished, though it gave him great delight, when he had ended his speech, to feel Mrs. Osborne's arm put round him, and a motherly kiss on his forehead. She could not have told him how his words had touched her. They had come from the very depths of his heart, and he was quite unconscious of their pathos. "*He was not used to being happy.*" What sad words for a boy only ten years old !

Mrs. Osborne thought of Frank and Dolly, and their happy careless days, which she always tried to make as sunshiny as possible, and her heart ached for the motherless lad.

"You are a good child, Harry," she said gently ; "I like to see that you can feel for other people, and that you are grateful to your cousin. I think you *will* be a comfort to him, and when he gets used to having some one with him who cares about him, in time it will lead, perhaps, to his thinking better of other people, and he will live a happier life. And remember, you have some friends now in Clayton. You have me and Dolly, and will have Frank too, soon. You go to the same school, but I dare say you have not found him out yet, and I hope Mr. Ratcliffe will let you come and see us sometimes."

"I hope he will," Harry said ; but he did not feel quite sure. He had a sort of notion his old cousin would be jealous of his caring about people outside

in the world which he disliked and shunned so much. A sudden thought struck him, and made him uncomfortable. "I'm afraid I ought not to have come here without his knowing," he said, uneasily; "he thinks I should get dinner at school; I had better go back and tell him."

heart out in the wood like that. Here, Dolly, come and say good-bye to Harry; he's going now."

"Good-bye," Dolly shouted, not taking the trouble to come and take a ceremonious leave of the "funny-looking" boy; "I hope next time you'll come and see my rabbits and my chickens."



THE MEETING IN THE WOOD. (See p. 67.)

"Shall I go with you?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

"No, thank you; he might be vexed. Thank you, ma'am, so very, very much. You have been so good to me! I shall *never* forget it." He put a whole volume of gratitude into his voice as he held his new friend's hand, and she patted him on the shoulder.

"I am very glad I found you, poor child!" she said; "I could not bear to hear you sobbing your

#### CHAPTER V.—"DO YOU WANT ME?"

HARRY left the cottage, and ran home quite cheerfully to the dreary Manor House. A good dinner, kind words, and sympathy had made him almost forget his troubles. He only longed for a time to come to show something of the intense gratitude and affection that glowed in *his heart* for the lady who seemed to him just like a good angel. She had changed the whole world for him.

At four o'clock Master Frank Osborne came swinging in with his strap of books, the very picture of a careless schoolboy—ink on his collar, clean that morning, but a mere rumpled, dirty strip of linen now; nails and hands none of the cleanest; and with his cap set jauntily on one side of his brown curly head. To his surprise his mother received him rather coldly. Frank was not used to snubs from that quarter, and was somewhat taken aback. He began to think which of his usual scrapes had got round to her ears.

"What's the row, mother?" he asked, in some anxiety; "you seem grumpy about something." It was, perhaps, not a very respectful speech. I am afraid good, kind Mrs. Osborne spoiled her two children a little, but they loved her heartily, and that is the chief thing.

"Frank, I hope you had nothing to do with teasing that poor boy and driving him nearly wild. I shall be sorry to think I had such a mean, unmanly son."

Her unusual indignation took Frank by surprise; he changed colour, and looked crestfallen.

"The young 'Hermit Crab,' you mean? That's what they've christened him. I didn't do anything to him."

"No, nor for him—a poor, forlorn, unhappy little fellow, fatherless, motherless, without a friend but a strange, solitary old man. Frank, a brave, kind boy would have taken his part. I am very much disappointed in you."

"How is it that you know anything about it, mother? You need not be down upon a fellow like that."

His mother told him of their discovery of poor Harry in the wood, and of his bitter distress.

"He need not have minded so much," Frank muttered, but he looked ashamed and sorry; "all the fellows have a rough time at first."

"Not quite so rough always I hope," Mrs Osborne said, quietly, and with some severity in her voice, which was not natural to it; "and if they have, most of them, I hope and believe, have homes where they can forget their troubles, and where some one is kind to them and cares for them. Poor Harry has none. The only place he can call home is a dark, half-deserted, dismal old house; the only friend he has is an unhappy old man, who has been made hard and bitter by strange misfortunes. And he only lost his mother about ten days ago; he has not had any happy childhood; he is old and sad at ten years of age! Oh, Frank! instead of adding bitterness to such a fate, you might try to make it brighter!"

"It is only the first day, mother," Frank said, quite subdued. "I'll see what I can do for him,

now I know; but you can't think what a figure he cut."

"I don't suppose any of you thought much at all. You are a cruel, hard set, you boys!"

"Come, mother, don't be too rough on one. I'm not as bad as you make out. I didn't know the young Hermit would take it to heart like that. Don't be cross with me, there's a dear old mother!"

It was impossible for Mrs. Osborne to resist her boy's coaxing voice and the arm round her neck. She loved the curly-haired brown-eyed laddie too well. She could not help kissing him.

"I promise, honour bright, mother!" he said, almost strangling her with his bear's hug, "I promise to stand up for your—what do they call it—protegee. It was rather too bad to set on the poor little chap like that. Bully Rogers and I shall have to have it out some day, I foresee. He is a bully, that Rogers. But fancy living all alone with the Hermit! I should be afraid he would eat me. It is the queerest start in the world. If you'd seen them walk in this morning even *you* must have laughed, mother. Why, even old Henderson grinned—I saw him!"

"I don't see anything to laugh at in misfortune," Mrs. Osborne interposed, sharply. "No real gentleman, and no really gentlemanly, generous boy, would mock at that poor old half-crazed man. Your father would have been ashamed of you, Frank, if he had heard of your bullying a little boy. Don't let me hear it of you ever, dear child. I do want you to grow up to be something like your father, who was kind and tender-hearted to every weak and suffering thing."

"So I will, mother." And Frank said the words from his heart.

Harry meanwhile had entered the Manor House with some nervousness. He was afraid that his cousin might be angry with him for leaving school and going to the cottage, but he determined to be quite open and truthful in the matter.

The old man was sitting near the window to get as much light as he could for his employment, which was an odd one enough for a man. A pair of spectacles was on his nose, a silver thimble on his thin delicate finger, and he was darning Harry's jacket with extreme neatness and patience. Harry did not think of the oddity of the work, he felt the kindness of it in his sensitively tender heart. His cousin looked up at him, and the faint ghost of a smile came over his face.

"Well, boy, and how have you got on? why, what a figure you are, what scratches you have, and your coat is torn! I suppose it was the work of those young ruffians at Axborough?"

"Partly, Cousin Ratcliffe, but I got rather

scratched and torn with the brambles in the wood."

"The wood! And what took you there? there is no wood between the grammar school and Clayton."

"No, I oughtn't to have gone there. I'm afraid you will be vexed with me, cousin."

"What, in scrapes already!" the old man groaned, contracting his grey eyebrows in a half fierce, half perplexed manner; "and only the first day! It was foolish to think I could get on with a boy." He pronounced the last word with a bitter emphasis.

Harry was very hot and red, but anxious to tell all in a breath.

"I am very sorry if I have vexed you. I won't do it again, cousin. I got on very well in school; the masters were very kind, and they said I should soon be put higher. But in the playground they—some of the boys, I mean—were rather—very—I know I was silly to mind. They hurt me a good deal, and laughed at me, and called me names, and I—I'm very sorry, now, I did—I ran out of the place, and went into a little wood, and stopped there some time. And a lady found me—a very kind lady with a little girl—her name is Dolly—Mrs. Osborne, I mean, the lady is—and she took me home to dinner. I'm afraid I was very wrong to go without your leave, cousin, and I came from there."

Poor Harry's story tumbled out in a confusion of words, as he stammered and blushed. His cousin received it with dead silence, which made Harry fear he was very angry.

"Please," he went on earnestly, after a pause which seemed awful to him, "I know I ought not. I mean to behave all right, and be much braver to-morrow."

"To-morrow, Harry! But I don't think I can let you go there again. What little wretches! So they hurt you and bullied you. Poor little lad! You had better not go to school."

Harry's heart sank in dismay. "Oh, Cousin Ratcliffe! Please—indeed I must—I won't mind—I do want so to learn things—do let me go!"

"But do you think you can bear it, Harry?"

"Yes, indeed I can," he cried, earnestly.

"What did they say to you?"

"I had rather not tell," Harry said, blushing deeply.

"Something about me, I dare say," the old man remarked in his bitter tone. "They can't get hold of me, so they make you suffer instead. What a world it is! To think what sort of men those little ruffians will grow into! Well, so you have made friends as well as enemies? You won't want the old Hermit soon—you had better get

away, and go somewhere else where you can be merry and happy. You need not pretend that you want to stay with me. Of course I know perfectly well that it is impossible you should, and I shan't mind. It is best for me to go back to my old way—this place isn't fit for young people."

There was something harsh, angry, and yet plaintive in the old man's voice and look. Harry understood the mixture of jealousy and irritation with affection, or rather his sensitive nature guessed at it.

"Don't talk so, cousin," he said, sadly. "I am afraid you are angry with me, but I *want* to stay."

"Tell me the truth, nothing but the truth, Harry," Mr. Ratcliffe said, sternly. "I cannot have falsehoods, and fine speeches that mean nothing. I had rather be quite alone than be deceived by you now. If you want to leave me, I shan't blame you, child; you shall go, and I will do all I can, just the same, to provide for you. But tell me nothing but the truth. Do you wish to go?"

"No, Cousin Ratcliffe," Harry answered, firmly; "if only you *want* me to stay, please tell me that; perhaps I am too great a trouble for you."

The sternness slowly left the wrinkled face, and a sort of sweetness took its place.

"Trouble! no, Harry, no. You are not a trouble to me, my dear."

"But am I any good? Do you *want* me?"

Mr. Ratcliffe did not answer for a minute; it seemed to have grown so difficult to him to express his feelings, but his eyes had a soft, kind look in them.

"Well, you shall stay," he said at last, abruptly. "I'm not sorry to have you here."

Mr Ratcliffe had thought nothing in the morning about Harry's peculiar appearance, but his dim eyes, which had been used so little of late years in observations of any kind, were beginning slowly to look about them again, and to peer into the outside world which Harry at least would have to take some share in. He had not looked much at the grammar-school "ruffians," but he had just gained a sort of notion that Harry looked unlike the rest, and that there had been a smile even on the face of the grave head-master himself when he glanced at them that morning. So when he threw down the jacket he had been mending, he said, in his abrupt jerky way, "There, you had better put that on, I suppose. You have got the other in a nice state!"

Harry obeyed gladly enough, for though his old jacket was about as shabby as could be, it was not so horribly unlike every one else as that velvet thing.



DINNER IN THE COTTAGE. (See p. 68.)

Then he sat on the window-sill, and began to learn his task for the next day. If only school meant nothing but hard work and poring over books, how glad he would have been. It was that miserable part of it which was *play* to the others and torture to him that made him shrink from looking forward to to-morrow. But he was strongly determined to bear it all, and to be brave.

Mr. Ratcliffe sat quite still, stooping forward in his chair, watching him intently from under his heavy grey eyebrows. He suddenly startled Harry by saying something which seemed part of his own thoughts :

" You have not told me what those things were that you minded so much."

Harry looked up and hesitated. " Why should you care, cousin ? " he stammered. " I know I was very silly."

" I dare say you were, but, all the same, you might as well begin by telling me what goes on. You are afraid of me, I suppose, after all, though you pretend you are not. You had rather tell your new friend, Mrs. Osborne."

Harry felt hurt, and his voice trembled a little as he replied, " I wish you wouldn't think so badly of me, cousin. It isn't that I'm *afraid*, only—only—I didn't want to bother you."

" Pooh ! I'm not a child to mind," the old man said, loftily.

But Harry's instinct had shown him truly that he *did* mind what the cruel neighbours said of him. He thought it better to answer, however. " They

laughed at me a good deal about my clothes, and called me a lot of names—Young Hermit, and Hermit Crab, and—I can't remember all they said. They were very rude about you."

" Young Hermit Crab, eh ? " Mr. Ratcliffe said, smiling a rather sour sort of smile. " I'm the old crab, I suppose ? Well, ridicule does not break one's bones, or one's heart either," he added in a lower tone, with that expression of bitter sadness stealing over it that made Harry's kind little heart ache.

" But people are not all alike," Harry ventured to say, timidly. " They don't *all* laugh. Nice people don't."

" Like Mrs. Osborne, you mean ? Well, Harry, I don't want you to doubt every one, as I have had sad reason to do. Perhaps Mrs. Osborne is a good woman. She has a kind face, and I believe she means well. But she pities me, and that is almost as hard to bear as the mockery."

" Do you mind my seeing her sometimes and going there ? "

" N—no—" the old man answered, but with an effort. " I don't want to be a tyrant, boy. But remember, I can't have my affairs and my way of living talked over, even with kind people. Do you understand ? If you are to stay here, and want to please me, I will not have you gossip about me. If you can't make friends without disobeying me in this, you must not make them. I dare say you think me harsh and unkind, but I must be obeyed. So no talk about me to *any one*, Harry—neither to

kind nor unkind people. I don't want to be discussed, and I don't want to be pitied. You quite understand?"

"Yes, Cousin Ratcliffe."

"And you will mind and do as I bid you?"

you are too young to have learnt to deceive yet; and, somehow, you look as if you were speaking the truth. Poor boy! I'm sorry for you. Harry, though it is so long ago, and though I've suffered so much since, seeing you has made me remember



"THE OLD MAN WAS SITTING NEAR THE WINDOW" (p. 70).

"Yes," replied Harry, without hesitation.

"Very well—I'll trust you. You think me very cruel, though, I dare say?"

"No, indeed I don't."

"Are you quite sure, my laddie?" Mr. Ratcliffe said, pulling the boy to him by one hand, and speaking almost caressingly. "If you have a good word for me you are the first for many and many a long year! But I do believe you mean it. I fancy

what it was like to be a little fellow like you, and to have a mother. I think I must have been something like you at your age—a pale wee boy who took things very much to heart, and didn't care to play and make a noise, like other children. But I was better off than you then, for I had a mother who was very good to me—too good. My father and mother both spoilt me, and made me a fanciful, foolish, cowardly lad. It was a bad beginning,

and everything has gone wrong with me ever since. I hope you will not be like me in any part of your after life."

"Do you mind telling me about it, Cousin Ratcliffe? I'm very sorry you were so unhappy."

"Mind? Yes, child, I can't talk about it, it is much too sad a story. I have been robbed of everything, bit by bit, that makes life happy, and have been left the wretched old creature I am now—the Clayton Hermit, miser, and all the rest of it. Everything went—friends, hope, comfort, love; people I trusted deceived me; it was all hollow, cruel, all misery together! and at last I said I would not run the risk again of being deceived or ill-treated. I would have nothing to do with any living creature, and perhaps I might find at least a little rest and peace. And so I went on, year after year. And unless you had come," he added, with a faint smile, "I should have gone on so to the end. But you have quartered yourself upon me, and I am foolish enough to break through my vow. I hope I shall not have reason to repent. Come, don't let us talk about such things. What is that book you were trying to read? A Latin grammar—useless stuff! but if you get mystified I can help you in that. You must work hard and try to learn, Harry; books and learning are about the best things in the world. But leave it now; you can't see, and it is not my time for having a light. I will play you a tune."

"Oh, please do!" Harry cried, eagerly, with sparkling eyes; music was born in him, and he loved it

dearly. It was queer music, however, that the thin fingers brought out of the cracked old piano—curious old bits of airs that had been admired forty years before—scraps of dance music, minuets, and country dances, and tunes which his mother used to sing when he was a boy. It was a curious scene in that dingy old parlour, with the queer, thin figure at the piano with long rough grey hair, and the boy who sat by with his eyes and mouth wide open and listened with all his ears. It was not very beautiful, but it had a charm for Harry. Mr. Ratcliffe was quite gratified by his listener's attention and interest; he had been vain as a young man, and the old feeling of vanity seemed to rise again, now that he had found an admirer.

"I see you have some taste for music, Harry," he said, quite complacently. "Come and sit down and I will give you a lesson." So the evening passed, almost cheerfully, and more quickly than could have been believed possible. Harry was eager to learn, and his cousin enjoyed teaching; the boy thumped away in delight at the keys, some of which were soundless and some were horribly out of tune, but neither of them cared, and the wretched old piano was the source of a great deal of pleasure. Harry was quite surprised when it was time to go to bed, and the day which opened so badly, had really ended with comfort. He dreamt all night about Mrs. Osborne and the little cottage which seemed to him so pleasant.

(To be continued.)

### OUR TOMTITS.

#### A TRUE STORY.



**I**T had been raining hard for three days, and the boys (at home for their holidays) were getting into an uproarious mood from being indoors so long, and tired of all their amusements, when out came the golden sunshine, and off they rushed, like bottles of ginger-beer with the corks out, too glad to give vent to their pent-up spirits. The little ones trotted down to ask if they too might go out for a walk. I had given my willing permission, and thankful for a quiet time, I sat down to write my letters.

The sun still kept shining, and an hour had passed tranquilly away, when a handful of gravel came pattering against my window, and on looking out, I saw Frank and Adrian, with such happy rosy

faces, and arms entwined. Upon seeing my face at the window, Frank called out—

"Mother, guess what we've found in the old pump!"

"Pump, or pump trough?" inquired I.

"Oh, you'll have to guess; and we are only going to give you three guesses."

"Tadpoles?" said I.

"Wrong!" shouted the boys.

"A dead rat," said I, rather fatigued with thinking what it could possibly be.

"Wrong again!" said they. "And now be careful, for this is your last chance."

"A wasp's nest," said I.

"Altogether wrong," said my boys; "and as you never will guess it, we had better tell you at once. It's a lovely tomtit's nest."

"Adrian found it," continued Frank, "and we

waited a long time behind the stick heap, to find out what bird's nest it could be. I thought it was a wren's, and Adrian declared it was a robin's, though it is not a bit like a robin's nest. Well, we waited and waited, and were getting so tired, and Adrian said it was such slow work—he was all for going away—when in darted just at the hole the water used to come out from a little blue-and-yellow bird. We only caught a glimpse of it, but we knew at once what it was; and to make quite sure, whilst Mrs. Tomtit was busy inside, up flew Mr. Tomtit in a great bustle and fuss. Such a lovely bird, mother! and doesn't he just know it!"

"I like the poor little hen bird much the best," said Adrian, "for she does *all* the work, which is a great shame. She was flying in and out several times with bits of feathers and soft stuff, whilst the cock bird did nothing but strut about and enjoy himself, full of swagger and airs. But he *is* a beauty, and no mistake!"

And then Adrian sighed, and added, "I wish you could come out and see them, mother."

And Frank, who was the oldest, said, "If only this weather lasts, we shall be having mother out again—who knows?"

For it was several years since I had been well enough to go out, excepting to lie on a couch in the garden. I re-echoed the hope that a "good time" was coming, and that I might be out before the tomtits were gone; and then the little lads continued: "There are no eggs yet, mother—they have not quite finished building; and the nest is so low down inside the pump, no one can reach it. But it is a good thing that pump is never used now, for if the handle *was* pulled up, why, over would go the whole concern, and down would go tomtits, nest and all!"

Then they nodded farewells, and waved their hands, and I was watching the retreating figures, when back they ran to ask, "If they lay a *great* many eggs, mother, do you think we might take two out *with a spoon* for our bird's-egg collection?"

I said I thought they might, if done very carefully, not to injure the nest or break the other eggs. "But," I added, "we had better not 'count our chickens' yet, for perhaps the birds would forsake, and then there would be no eggs."

But I was doomed to be altogether wrong about them, for the very next morning I was triumphantly told a dear little round spotted egg was visible amongst the feathers, and another was added every morning, till there were eleven, when I allowed two to be carefully *spooned out* for the collection, reducing the number in the nest to nine, which we were afterwards very glad we had done.

Then the little hen bird began to sit closely and

tenderly over her treasures. Now, I must tell you that though this old pump never was used now, yet there was a large trough attached to it, which in wet weather was generally well filled with rain-water, and as the children, to see the tomtit's nest, had to stand on the edge of the trough, and *lift* up the top of the pump to peep down, I had many a fear lest they should tumble in; so for their sakes (as well as for the tomtits') I limited their visits to a morning call, which was a good arrangement for both parties.

However, Mrs. Tomtit did not appear to be at all afraid of her friendly visitors. She would hiss angrily at them and open her beak, flapping her wings at the same time as if she would fly at them, and no doubt gave Mr. Tomtit fine accounts of her bravery when he returned, and how she frightened away those hideous monsters, with their big mouths and eyes, who came uninvited to stare at her. I must say the male bird was very assiduous now in feeding his little wife, and was winning golden opinions, when one *sad* day the children found poor little Mr. Tomtit drowned in the pump-trough. Whether he was trying to drink, and overbalanced himself, or having a bath, and too venturesome, or whether he saw his own reflection in the water, and taking it for another bird, tried to chase him away, I cannot tell. But there the pretty fellow was floating on the top of the water, quite dead, with all his bright feathers wet and drabbled.

Many were the tears shed over him, and he was buried in a night-light box in the violet bed. Great was the anxiety and pity felt for the poor little forlorn widow, sitting on the nest still. We feared she would be starved, as there was no longer a gallant little husband to feed her, and we almost hoped she would give up sitting and forsake, as grave were our doubts as to how she ever could feed her brood unaided if she did hatch them. We all said *some* of her eggs would prove addled; she could not hatch them *all*.

But no. Each day the report came, "She's still on her nest," and the poor little thing ceased to hiss and open her bill at the children, and looked very subdued and quiet. I removed my prohibition to go only once a day and let the children go frequently, and they dropped flies, bread-crumbs, and caterpillars where she could see them, and as they all disappeared, we *hoped* it was down her throat.

One morning the children rushed up to my room with the glad tidings that there were nine little tomtits in the nest in the place of the nine eggs.

"Surely," said I, "you are mistaken; they cannot *all* have hatched?"

But a chorus of voices answered, "*All!* And we have counted them several times, and there is

no doubt there are nine little mouths, and all of them *wide open!*"

How Mrs. Tomtit fed them all and herself I can't imagine. She was flying in and out all day—the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening. The children tried putting food within her reach, but the sparrows gobbled it up; but she never wearied, or gave in.

Mercifully for her, our gooseberry-trees were not far off, and that summer were infested with green caterpillars. Probably that circumstance saved the little lives in the pump at the expense of a great many others. How I thought in my quiet room of the poor little anxious, overworked, mother and her labour of love. How I admired her, and longed to see her and her babies; but I was still a prisoner, and had to be content with the children's reports of how the little birds were thriving, and how their feathers were growing, and how the nest looked brimming over with blue-and-yellow fluffy balls with bright eyes.

It was on a lovely hot Sunday morning, and everybody but myself and the cook (in the kitchen) had gone to church. I was reading my service on the sofa placed by the open window, when presently I heard the harsh grating note of what I knew immediately to be a tomtit.

So out I popped my head, and there in the tree close by was Mrs. Tomtit, in the greatest flutter and agitation, with what seemed to me a countless family of baby-birds evidently trying their tiny wings for the first time. They were the loveliest blue-and-yellow feather balls I had ever seen—very strong and healthy, and all making the same peculiar harsh, grating call-note, which the mother never ceased making.

When my party arrived back from church they went to look at the nest in the pump, to find it deserted and empty, so that there was no doubt these were the genuine family of fatherless birds. They never went back to the pump. The mother kept them in our garden a few days till they grew strong on the wing, and then off they flew to the woods, and we saw them no more that summer.

The following summer, you will imagine what a sensation was produced when my husband announced to the children that there were a pair of tomtits building again in exactly the same place in the same pump.

There was a family chorus of rejoicing, and we all felt quite sure it must be the dear hen bird come back, having found another mate in the woods. Volunteers were at once found to empty the water out of the trough, and thus make a similar catastrophe impossible, and we all fondly hoped this time all would prosper and do well.

In due time the nest was built, nine eggs were laid in it, and eight of them were safely hatched. But we were not without our anxieties about them, for we heard the white cat had found out their abode, and though she could not possibly reach the nest, yet she spent every opportunity in watching the pump, lying on the stone wall close by, with one eye open and the other shut.

The maids (who all took a lively interest in the happy family in the pump) said pussy must be taught a lesson before the little birds came out for an airing, or she would catch them every one. So as there was a few inches of water in the trough, they popped her into it, frightening her, and at the same time wetting her very uncomfortably, and we hoped all was made safe.

Again we thought the cock bird rather a lazy fellow, and the poor little hen was still the working partner. As before, she never seemed to tire. It was the old story—early and late, in and out she flew, when one *dreadful* day I heard loud lamentations and wailings. And weeping bitterly, and carefully carrying something wrapped up in a handkerchief, my two little girls sobbed out the terrible tidings that "the dreadful cruel cat had caught and killed the dear little hen bird as she was flying out of the pump; that the cook had seen her do it from the kitchen window, and rushed out to the rescue; but too late! too late! to save the *good* little life *lived for others.*" And unfolding the pocket-handkerchief I saw the body of my poor little bird friend, still warm, but quite dead.

We all grieved about it; and we wondered what would become of the hapless little ones without their tender mother; but we agreed that what *she* had done last year single-handed Mr. Tomtit ought to do easily, having one mouth less to supply.

We watched, oh, so anxiously! and too soon we saw that the father-bird was paying his motherless little ones very few visits. He seemed dazed and bewildered with his responsibilities, and was altogether taking his duties too easily.

Breathless grew our excitement, and the accounts worse and worse. The "eight little mouths were always open!" Then the children tried to feed them, but they were so low down in the pump it was impossible to reach them; and all our efforts were unavailing, for two days after the mother's death eight dead little birds were brought to me, laid out in a row on a newspaper, whilst Mr. Tomtit had absconded altogether. They were buried in the violet bed all in *one* night-light box, and close by where their loving mother and her first mate were laid.



OUR TOMTITS. (See p. 76.)

## WHAT ARCHIE SAW THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

## A CHAT ABOUT SERPULÆ.



NE day, soon after the arrival of Archie and his parents at the seaside, papa sent home a prize in the shape of a basket of oysters, and though it did not take long for four people with holiday appetites to consume the fish, papa promised Archie a treat from one or two of the shells the memory of which should long outlive the taste of the oysters. So he picked out two or three rough-looking ones, which were overspread with white shelly tubes about as thick as the stem of a tobacco pipe, turning slightly upwards at one end with a smooth circular hole or mouth. Tom was dispatched to the shore for a can of sea-water, and when he returned it was poured into a basin, at the bottom of which lay the oyster-shells.

"Now watch," said papa, "and keep quite quiet."

The children did as he bade them, and presently saw a tiny little scarlet dot rising out of the white stem through the orifice, which was just large enough to let it go through. Very slowly it came out, and proved to be a long slender thread, below which came a double fan of similar scarlet filaments, radiating from a kind of collar, and arranged something like the two petals of a flower uniting with a deep bend.

"Hurrah!" cried Archie, clapping his hands over the basin, when, to his great surprise, the scarlet fan disappeared in a twinkling, retreating into its pipe, and leaving the aperture closed by the dot at the end of the centre thread, just as if it had been a little cork.

"You have frightened him into his house," said papa; "he is a very prudent gentleman, and always retreats at the least suspicion of danger. It will be a long time before he comes out again too."

Tom had no desire to wait and see, so he asked leave to go down to the beach again, and his father told him to try and dig up some lug-worms, that they *might* go fishing in the evening. Archie stayed at home and watched papa, with the utmost patience, detaching one of the white pipes from the oyster-shell, which was a work of time and difficulty, though it was done at last, and laid in

a little glass vessel full of salt water under the microscope, which always accompanied the family in their summer excursions.

"This Serpula is having a great many adventures, isn't he, Archie?" observed papa. "I am afraid he must feel very nervous by this time."

"Is his name serpula?" asked the child.

"Yes, that is his first name; and the second is such a long one that you will never remember it if I tell you."

"Oh yes, I will! Do tell me! I *will* try."

"I don't think you need try very hard, Archie, for I certainly can't expect you to remember anything of the sort. But as you won't be satisfied without hearing, I will tell you that our new friend's full title is *Serpula contortuplicata*. There's a mouthful for a little boy!"

Archie tried to say the hard word two or three times, but at last gave it up in despair; and as his father said that the serpula would not be likely to show himself for a long time after the repeated shocks he must have suffered during the process of being removed from the shell, he left the room, and the child amused himself quietly with a picture-book, quite understanding that he must keep indoors all the hot afternoon if he hoped to be taken out fishing in the evening. Now and then he looked to see if the serpula was giving any sign of life, and was at last rewarded by seeing the scarlet cork protrude itself a little way, and hearing a small voice say very timidly—

"I wonder if it is quite safe to venture out and breathe a little water?"

"There is nothing to be afraid of," said Archie, "for there's no one here but I; and I'm sure I shan't hurt you."

"Who are you?" asked the serpula, slowly bringing out his fans.

"Archie is my name; and I'm very glad to see you. How pretty you are!"

"Thank you for the compliment," returned the scarlet gentleman. "How refreshing the water is, to be sure, but I wish there was a little more of it. It hardly covers my gills."

"Where are they?" asked Archie.

"Here, to be sure," said the creature, agitating its two fans. "These are my lungs, the part of me that breathes."

"I didn't know," replied the child. "They look like two bits of a flower."

"I hurt one of my feet just now when I was alarmed by that dreadful noise—knocked it against

the edge of my shell in my hurry," observed the serpula.

"I shouldn't have thought you had any feet; I can't see them," said Archie.

"Look till you do, then," was the answer; and as the little boy got on a stool and looked through the lens he saw that the scarlet body was composed of rings, and on each side of every ring was a tiny round lump, something like a wart, which was evidently a foot, and every one of them was furnished with a small bunch of bristles.

"I see your feet now," Archie said. "But they look all alike; which is the one you hurt?"

"Oh, it's somewhere about the middle," replied the serpula. "I ought to be able to draw all my bristles in and out, and I can't move them on that foot."

"Do you ever go for a walk?" asked Archie.

"Only in and out of my house. I push myself out of it with my bristles, extending them one after the other, but they wouldn't take me in quick enough if there was any danger. I get back as you saw me do just now by my grappling-hooks."

"Whereabouts are they?" was the next question.

"Here on my feet—these little yellow things like combs; perhaps you can't see them, for I've always heard that your eyes are but poor things, or you wouldn't have to look through glasses."

"Are there many of them?" Archie inquired.

"Oh, not a great number, only about a couple of thousand; but there are a good many teeth, for I counted fourteen thousand the other day, seven on each comb."

"Are your teeth what you called your grappling-hooks a minute ago?" asked the little boy.

"Yes, to be sure," was the answer. "They catch hold of all the little roughnesses inside the shell, and pull me in in no time."

"That they do!" Archie rejoined heartily, with a vivid remembrance of how rapidly the serpula had vanished when he clapped his hands.

"What a pity you haven't got any hands," was the remark that next suggested itself.

"I don't want them," said the serpula proudly. "I've got two beautiful fingers, and they are quite enough for me."

"Do show them to me," requested Archie.

"Here they are. This long one with the conical-dot at the end is what I use as a stopper to close my shell, and this little red feeler (stretching one out) meets it, like your thumb meets your finger when I want to take hold of anything."

"You are a wonderful fellow!" Archie said.

"And so are you, if you only knew it," was the reply.

The child was rather puzzled by this speech, but

feeling sure that the serpula meant to be kind, said—

"I'm much obliged to you for talking to me."

"Some folks would think it was just the other way," was the answer.

"Why?" asked Archie, with his round eyes wide open.

"Because you are one of the vertebratae, and I'm so much lower down in the scale. I'm only an articulated animal, an annelid, though I flatter myself that I am well worth looking at."

At this moment the door opened to admit papa and Tom, and at the sudden noise and Archie's movement to meet them the serpula beat a hasty retreat. Tom had got an old potted meat-tin full of excellent lug-worms, and had captured one or two flat, scaly-looking worms under some stones at the very edge of the water, which his father wished to put under the microscope. So the vessel which was the temporary home of the scarlet gentleman was put carefully on one side, and one containing the worm substituted for it.

"Now then, my boys," said papa, after adjusting the glass to his satisfaction, "here's a warlike customer for you! His name is Polynoe."

Tom looked first, because he was the eldest, but he did not care very much about that sort of thing, and soon gave up his place to Archie, who was as inquisitive as usual, and amused himself by counting the rings or segments of the worm's body.

"There are twenty-five rings on him papa!" said he at last.

"Those are the small joints from which this order derives its name. We call them articulatae because they are jointed, and worms are usually spoken of as annelids."

Archie did not say that this was not altogether news to him, but went on looking, and counting the little feet, which were not unlike those of his former acquaintance, but appeared to be armed with weapons much more formidable than bristles.

"Can you see a lot of things on each foot?" asked papa, "like scythes or knife-blades?"

"Yes," said Archie, "and they all seem to be fastened to a stick with a hook at the end of it."

"Polynoe catches his food with those hooks," continued papa, "and kills it with his scythes, or else with the dangerous-looking clubs armed with sharp teeth which are in another bundle above the knives, and if the light were better you would be able to see that he has some spears and scimitars into the bargain."

"I should think they were all pretty sharp," Archie said in a meditative tone, "they look like

so much glass. I wonder whether they are brittle?"

"Have you done looking at him?" asked his father. "If you have I want to put a lug-worm under. You wouldn't believe what pretty red gills he has on the middle joints of his body."

"They are like little bunches of scarlet silk," was Archie's description when he took a peep.

"Now I have one that is quite different," said papa, "he is called the leaf worm, and I almost think he is the prettiest of them all."

Archie did not wonder at his father's praise of the latter specimen, for when magnified many times his actual size there was a row of heart-shaped

leaves all the way down his entire length from top to tail on each side.

"What are the leaves for?" he asked. "If he didn't wriggle I should almost think he was a piece of a plant."

"Those are his gills, Archie, through which he breathes. Are not they beautifully arranged?"

How long father and son would have been occupied with their worms if there had been no interruption can hardly be known, for mamma's voice was heard calling them to come to tea, and Tom declared that the tide was just right for fishing at that identical moment, and if they didn't make haste they would be too late.



### LITTLE DON'T-CARE.

**A** LONG the fields and over the stile  
He rushes with little bare feet ;  
The elm will screen him well for a while,  
And the flowers are gay and sweet.

Mother, with half her work undone,  
Will seek for him everywhere—  
She may stray through the corn in the reddening sun,  
She may call, for he does not care.

To-day, whilst mother was yet asleep,  
His way to the fold he found,  
And then for frolic he sent the sheep  
Across the garden ground.

The lettuce was trampled to the earth,  
And the rose-leaves far were driven ;  
He was so small, so full of mirth,  
This time was he forgiven.

Some tears in hasty sorrow fell,  
And quiet and good was he ;

Then sister Janet heard him spell  
In the shade of the alder tree.

The linnet's cage in the porch hung low,  
And she left him watching by ;  
When the fields lay hushed in the evening glow  
He let the linnet fly !

Such dire complaints must come to pass,  
'Twere best at once to stray ;  
Then he lost his shoes in the tall dank grass,  
Where the willows sigh and sway.

He hides, but his heart will melt at last,  
He longs for his mother's love ;  
Oh ! in her pitiful arms to be clasped.  
Ere the stars shine out above !

He must be gentle, meek, and good,  
And kind to sister Jane,  
For the linnet lost in the whispering wood  
Will never come back again !



LITTLE "DON'T-CARE." (*See p. 80.*)

## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

## BIBLE EXERCISES.

## XXI.

*"The half was not told me."*—I KINGS x. 7.

Why did the Queen of Sheba visit Solomon?—  
1 Kings x.; 2 Chron. ix.; Matt. xii.; Luke xi.

We, in our own land, hear a true report of Jesus; but can the half be told us?—Isa. lxiv.; 1 Cor. ii.; 2 Cor. xii.

Do the angels also seek to know Jesus' wisdom and His acts?—Eph. iii.; 1 Pet. i.

## XXII.

*"The Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel."*  
—I KINGS xi. 9.

Give examples of other men who, like Solomon,

turned away from the Lord.—Numb. xxii.; 1 Sam. xiii., xv.; 2 Pet. ii.; Jude.

Is it very dangerous to turn away from serving the Lord?—Ezek. xviii.; Luke ix., xi.; John v.; Heb. vi.; 2 Pet. ii.

## XXIII.

*"The sins of Jeroboam which he sinned, and which he made Israel sin."*—I KINGS xv. 30.

How did Jeroboam make Israel to sin?—1 Kings xii.

Give examples of people who, like Jeroboam, tempted others to sin.—Gen. xii., xxvii.; Exod. xxxii.; 1 Kings xiii., xxi.

Is it very wicked to tempt people to sin?—Luke xvii.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## THE HARVEST FIELD.

*"Fair waved the golden corn  
In Canaan's pleasant land,  
When, full of joy, some shining morn  
Went forth the reaper band."*

  
T was the morning of a burning summer day. Though it was yet early, the sun's rays fell with steady fierce heat upon the harvest fields of Palestine, turning to ruddy gold the plentiful crops, which were now to fall before the sickle. Everywhere you could see troops of reapers going forth to the different cornfields—young men whose task it was to cut the corn, and maidens who followed that they might gather and bind the sheaves—almost as you have so often seen it in our own western lands.

But the keen dark faces of the men, and the bright-coloured Eastern dresses of the girls, were not at all English, and the manners of the people, too, were different from our own. Each company when they met another, greeted it with the words, "The Lord be with you;" and always the answer came back, "The blessing of the Lord be upon you; we bless you in the name of the Lord."

But not reapers only were in the fields that morning, for each owner of land or chief of a village was sure to be there also, going backwards and forwards amongst the workers, speaking kindly and encouragingly to them, seeing that all was done according to law—that some corn was left standing at the corners of the fields for the poor, and that the scattered ears were allowed to remain for the gleaners, who "gathered after the reapers among the sheaves."

The finest cornfields in Palestine are those which cover the large central plain called the Plain of Esdraelon, and throughout all these fields, harvest was going on. In their midst, not many miles from where the foot of Mount Carmel dips into the blue Mediterranean, was built a village called Shunem, walled round, though it was only a small place, to defend it from the Syrian soldiers, who sometimes came out in troops from their distant borders, burning the homesteads, and carrying away the people to be their slaves. And walls were needed, too, as a protection from wild beasts, which in winter often came down from the hills and thickets into the plains.

The chief man of this village of Shunem was

## THE PATIENT CHRY SALIS.



IT was a sweet May morning when a grub first awoke to the consciousness that it really had a life to live and to enjoy. It was strange, passing strange to him, the radiance, the glory, the joy, and music all around him. He was in a meadow, where daisies, cuckoo-flowers, and buttercups shook, danced, and rioted as the gentle breezes swept among them. And over all laughed the life-giving sunshine, with the blue sky watching, as it has watched for so many years, seeming to tell, in its voiceless language, that there is a work, a duty, a trial time for all, ere the calm, the peace, the fulness of joy, somewhere among its blue depths, can be reached. Fulness of joy! why the grub seemed to walk, or rather crawl, in fairyland now, amid all this brightness, freshness, and beauty.

But as time passed, and the bees went to and fro talking of work, and the birds built their nests, a wish, a desire for something he had not, crept into the heart of the grub, and made it pant and sigh to be and to do like those other busy workers. Was there nothing for him to do? Nothing? So thinking he bowed his head and mused, toiling along at by no means a quick pace.

"Get out of my way, you old slow-coach!" said a brisk little earwig, running full against him in his headlong haste. "I'm in a hurry, you know!"

"Ha ha, ha!" laughed a worm, who was looking out of its humble home, like many another busy-body. "I'll warrant you're after nothing better than tickling somebody's ear."

"Perhaps that's my business, Mrs. Pry; enough for you that you've no ear to tickle," returned the pert fellow. He made a mock bow, laughed scornfully over his shoulder, and went on his way.

"You and I sail in the same boat as to slowness," remarked Mrs. Worm to the grub, who stood pondering over that very unpleasant name, "Slow-coach." "But every worm will have its day. Slow and sure wins the race, you know."

"I'm no worm," returned the other stiffly.

"Oh, deary me, pride is everywhere!" cried Mrs. Worm, casting up her eyes, and laughing, as well as a worm can laugh.

"I'm not proud, I'm——"

"Ho, ho! Who is talking of pride? Oh, it is you, is it?" It was a snail spoke, as she came hobbling by with her house on her back.

"Yes, it's me," replied the grub.

"Ah! three well met. Birds of a feather will flock together," laughed the snail, poking out her horns in a most familiar way. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Worm? Well, what may you be after?" she asked, turning again to the poor little grub.

"I'm wanting to find my vocation," he faltered.

"Your what? Don't use such grand words."

"My duty, I mean—what I am intended to do among all the rest of the workers in the world."

"I wish you joy of your search, then, for I never could understand what use a grub was, and can't now." Mrs. Snail was a blunt, homely body, but blunt speeches sometimes teach us great truths, unpleasant though they be at the time.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the worm, still at her door, "that touches your pride, doesn't it?" Now here Mrs. Worm was cruel and unjust, for the little grub did not know he was proud any more than do children when they think themselves wise enough to leave childhood, with its waiting-time and school-days, to do grown-up people's work and live grown-up people's lives.

No, it is not so much pride as the soul speaking within us, calling for our life-work; only patience must step in and teach us that there is a waiting-time for all to grow strong, and wise, and fit for taking up our duties. The worm and the snail misunderstood him, so he crept away, abashed and sorrowful, towards a cow, which lay near quietly chewing the cud.

"Please, Mrs. Cow, can you tell me what my work is?" he asked, humbly, for the cow seemed so grand and fierce with her two big horns.

"Your work!" exclaimed the cow in astonishment. "Nothing, you poor little mite, but to live, and crawl, and die!" The small questioner shrank away at this. Live, and crawl, and die! He lay down on the river's bank and wept, his heart craving for something better than this.

"Oh, mamma, see this ugly thing!" and two blue eyes bent over him, two rosy lips uttered a faint cry.

"It is a grub, my darling; you should not call it ugly." It was mamma said this.

"Why, mamma? I think it ugly." The poor grub shuddered at the child's careless words.

"Because, Annie, it teaches mankind a great



lesson." How the eager creature strained its ears to listen. "The little thing isn't fully developed—there is a higher, more beautiful life awaiting it yet." Then the heart of the grub craved and panted with a desire for it knew not what.

"How, mamma? How do you mean?"

"Well, my dear, in its present state it is a grub, nothing useful or beautiful about it, so far as we can see; but by-and-by it will lie down, weave a little covering over itself, and to all appearance die. The winter will pass and still it will sleep, but with the spring it will burst its little coffin—shall we call it so, my dear?—and wake, not as a worm, to creep and cling to the earth, but as a butterfly, to soar and rejoice in the sunshine and its own beauty, a living flower, a mite of a rainbow, so bright will be its colours, to make glad the world with its presence, to show forth its Maker's praise with its radiance."

"Dear little grub! How it must long to lie down and sleep, and wake up a butterfly!"

"My dear child, the grub-life is the waiting-time for us all."

"Mamma, does the little grub teach us of this life and the next?"

"Yes, dear, and it whispers to us a word of patience, when dark days come, when disagreeable work **has to be done**, that a brighter, more perfect life is coming, if we, like it, will wait."

"Then is the work of the grub only waiting, mamma?" queried the child.

"Yes, only waiting—which is a great thing indeed, sometimes—waiting for its fuller, more perfect life."

The grub had heard enough. How strong, how brave, how patient he was growing! Then this was his life-work; by this waiting for his change, and waiting in patience, he would be teaching the great, restless world a lesson.

Well, the summer passed, autumn was stealing on, a flush lay on the fields, the trees were bright and many-coloured, like the thoughts which crowded the brain of the grub as a sweet, dreamy feeling as of something coming thrilled through the small thing's being. More hazy grew the skies, more brightly beautiful smiled the earth, the reeds and rushes whispered together of a great mystery.

Surely the great change was coming! The grub crept into a hollow tree, a strange drowsiness fell upon him; he shook and shivered, he scarcely knew why. Then he lay down, and wove a coffin-like covering round himself, and slumber hushed his throbbing little heart into calm.

The winter came, winds rioted, storms raved, snow fell outside the old hollow tree, but the small slumberer slept on. But by-and-by spring smiled, and the flowers opened their eyes and looked around once more. Then the slumberer awoke from his sleep, to the new, the better, the radiant life. It was a new being, with the old heart which had longed and craved, now satisfied. Oh, children, more than satisfied!

## HIDE AND SEEK.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

**C**ARRIE'S eighth birthday had come at last, and more than that, all the little girls who were to help her keep the great day had come too, and were now standing by the shady cedar on the sunny lawn, waiting for her to decide what the next game should be.

"The Birthday Queen must choose," said Winifred.

"Yes, Carrie, you must choose; and choose a nice game," said little Jessie.

Carrie had to think a minute or two; they had already played so many games. They had swung on the swing under the beech-tree, they had run races down the avenue, they had tried to shoot with Carrie's new bow and arrows; and now that they were tired of all these amusements, what could she think of to please her guests?

"Shall we have forfeits?" suggested Carrie.

"No, no; that is such a quiet game," said a little romp whose name was Jenny, but who was far oftener called Jemmy, on account of her boyish ways. "Let's have something stirring, please, Carrie dear."

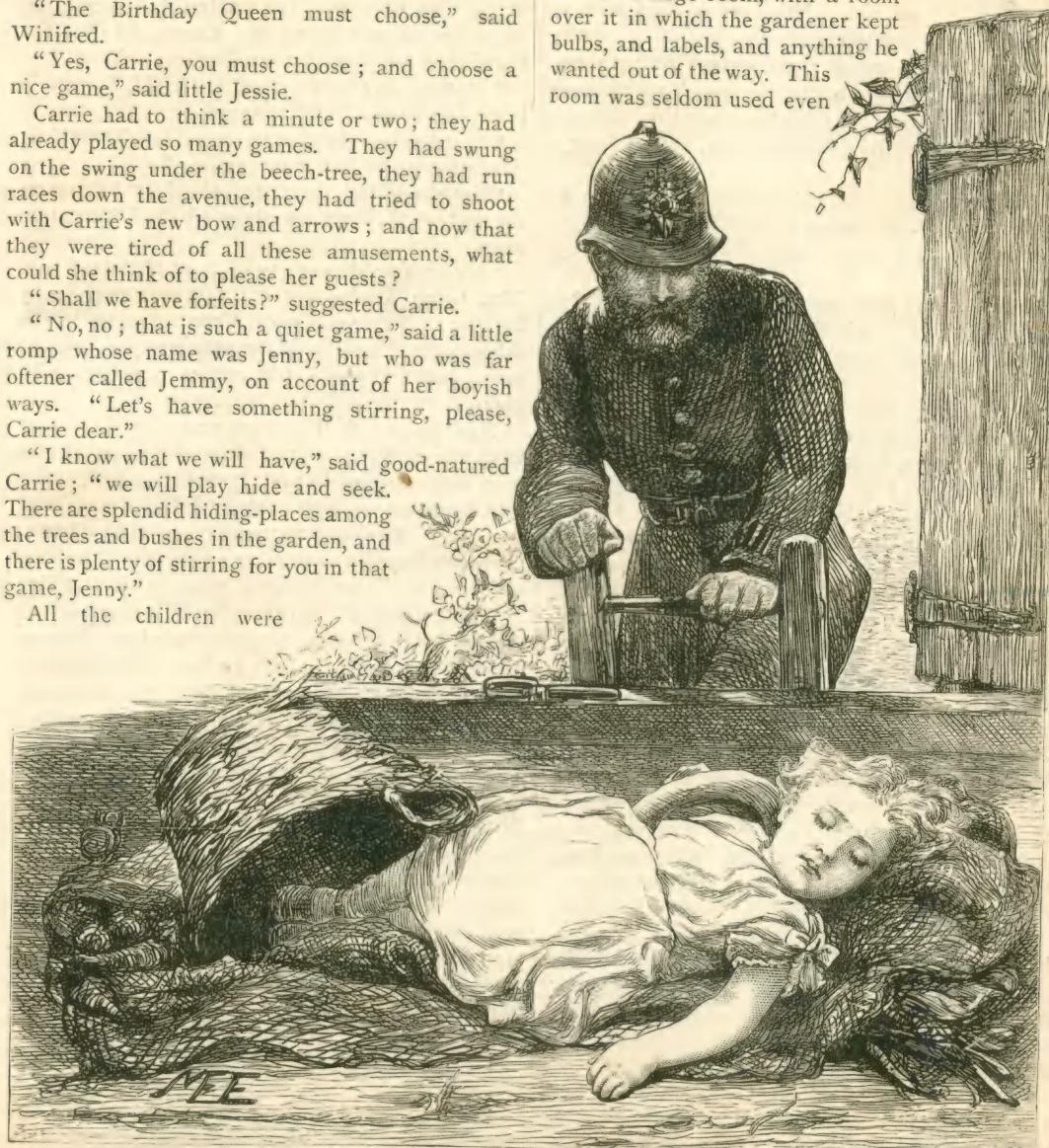
"I know what we will have," said good-natured Carrie; "we will play hide and seek. There are splendid hiding-places among the trees and bushes in the garden, and there is plenty of stirring for you in that game, Jenny."

All the children were

pleased with this proposal, and first one hid, and then another, till it came at last to Jenny's turn.

Now Jenny had determined her hiding-place should not be easily found, and she had settled some time before where it should be.

In a lonely part of the garden stood a summer-house—a large room, with a room over it in which the gardener kept bulbs, and labels, and anything he wanted out of the way. This room was seldom used even



JENNY'S HIDING PLACE. (See p. 99.)

by him, and it could only be reached by a ladder from the outside. The ladder was now standing there, for the gardener had just been to the loft to fetch some nails, and had left the ladder, intending to take it away when he left off work.

This loft Jenny had fixed upon as her hiding-place, and she now skipped up the ladder as lightly as a cat, and reached the loft in safety. She crept into the furthest corner of the room, pulled a hamper in front of her, and covered over her white frock with an old peach-net that lay on the floor. "Now they will never see me if they do come here," she thought.

By-and-by she heard the children running up and down the garden looking for her. They peeped in the bushes, they gazed up the trees, they hunted every nook and corner of the garden, but no Jenny could they find.

They were quite tired out at last, and seeing the gardener, who was coming to fetch away the ladder, they asked him if he had noticed a little girl hiding anywhere.

No, Giles had seen no one. "She isn't up the ladder, think ye?" said the old man.

"Oh no! she daren't go up there," said timid Winifred.

"She *dare* go anywhere," said Carrie. "Please, Giles, just go up and see if she is in the loft."

"I'll go for ye, Miss Carrie," said he, "though I hardly think the little missy would get so high."

Up climbed Giles, but Jenny was so well hidden by the peach-net that he thought the room empty. "There's naught here," he called to the expectant children at the foot of the ladder.

Meanwhile, Jenny was shaking with laughter at her cleverness in taking in the old gardener, and was so amused at it that it was some minutes before she remembered he would take away the ladder, as it was his time for leaving off work. So, cautiously raising herself from the floor, and throwing off the thick covering of peach-net she got up. But where was she? what had happened? All was dark as night, and yet it was a June afternoon. She could see nothing; all around was black darkness, except a few rays of light peeping through a crack in the door.

Then the truth flashed across her. The gardener had closed the door of the loft when he left, and here was she shut up in a dark room far away from every one! There was no way of getting out; the door was fastened outside, and there was no window.

Poor little Jenny! What could she do? She was a brave little girl, and did not despair all at once. She banged away at the door with her tiny fists, but Giles had shut it too well for her little

force to open it; so then she raised her voice, and cried "Carrie! Carrie!" till she was hoarse.

That, too, was useless; the walls were so thick that her voice could not be heard beyond them, and besides, there was no one near. The children had gone away to look elsewhere for her; and at last the poor child, tired out with knocking and screaming, sank down on the floor, and sad tears now would force their way from her eyes.

Meanwhile, the children had given up looking for Jenny. They had shouted to her to come out, they would look no more; but finding that even these messages did not bring her, Carrie ran into the drawing-room, where her mother was writing.

"Mother, mother!" cried the child, "Jenny is lost. We cannot find her anywhere."

"Lost! nonsense!" said Mrs. Leigh, smiling. "No one can be lost in our garden."

"But she is lost," persisted Carrie; "I am sure she is." And the tender-hearted child burst into tears.

"My darling, do not cry on your birthday," said Mrs. Leigh, kissing her, "I will soon find Jenny for you. Dry your eyes, Carrie, and go in the schoolroom. I will send the others to you, and old nurse shall tell you a story until I come back with Jenny."

Mrs. Leigh left the room, and telling nurse to keep the children amused until she returned, she went into the garden to find the little truant. She was, however, no more successful than the children had been. She went to the summer-house; but at that time Jenny was sobbing on the loft floor, and did not hear Mrs. Leigh's gentle voice calling "Jenny! Jenny!" So that chance was gone.

Mrs. Leigh at last became really anxious. Where, thought she, could the little girl be? There was no river for her to have tumbled into. Could tramps have passed and taken Jenny for the sake of her clothes? Mrs. Leigh remembered seeing a gold locket and chain on the child's neck; could she have been stolen? The thought made her shudder. No, it could not be. There was no public road near the garden, and any tramp wishing to go up the avenue would have been turned back at the lodge. Then where was Jenny? Mrs. Leigh could not imagine, and tired of useless searching, she made up her mind to visit the village policeman, and ask his advice in the matter. So, resolved to lose no time, she left the garden, and walked quickly to the cottage where the policeman lived.

He was enjoying a rest in his garden when Mrs. Leigh arrived.

"Johnson," began Mrs. Leigh, hurriedly, "I want your advice. My little girl has had a party this afternoon, and she and the children have been

playing hide and seek in the garden, and one of them is lost—little Miss Lawson. We have looked everywhere. What must I do?"

The policeman thought a moment, and then, assuming his professional voice, said, "I will come and view the premises, ma'am, and then I shall be able to decide what is best to be done in the case."

Johnson loved a "case," and was ready in a few minutes to accompany Mrs. Leigh to the Hall, taking with him Boxer, a clever sheep-dog.

They reached the garden, and Mrs. Leigh showed him the spot whence the child had started.

"We know she went past here," she said, "for one of the children found her scarf, which she must have dropped as she ran."

"Would you let me have the scarf a minute?" asked the policeman, respectfully; and taking the scarf in his hands, he called, "Boxer! Boxer!"

The dog came instantly at his master's call, and showing him the little pink scarf, the policeman trailed it along the ground, saying, "Go seek, Boxer!"

Off ran Boxer, with his nose to the ground, and Mrs. Leigh and the policeman followed.

The dog stopped outside the summer-house, but search as they might, no Jenny was to be seen there.

"The dog must have made a mistake," thought the policeman, as he again searched the empty room; "but I never knew it at fault before." Then addressing Mrs. Leigh, he said, "There is no secret cupboard here, is there, ma'am, that the young lady could have crept into?"

"No, there is no cupboard," said Mrs. Leigh,

sadly, feeling another chance gone now the dog had failed. "We keep nothing here. There is the loft above, where old Giles keeps his nets, but how could the child get there?"

It did not seem possible; but as the dog still remained rooted to the same spot the policeman resolved to see what there was in the loft; so, fetching a ladder, he climbed up, opened the door, and there on the floor lay Jenny, tired out with grief and tears, and fast asleep. He took her carefully up in his arms and carried her down the ladder. Mrs. Leigh, who was more thankful than words can say, took the little girl from him and laid her gently on the summer-house seat. Jenny was awake now, and, seeing the policeman, clung tightly to Mrs. Leigh, and implored her not to send her to prison.

Mrs. Leigh did her best to comfort the frightened child, and assured her that they were too pleased to have found her to think of sending her anywhere.

"We will not even send you home till you have had supper," she said, gaily. "Come along, let us go in; the others will be tired of waiting, and there is the birthday cake to be cut."

So Jenny at last let herself be comforted, and went with Mrs. Leigh into the house, where she was rapturously greeted by the children, who had given her up for lost.

"Well, children, you see I have found Jenny for you; so come to supper now, and Jenny shall have the place of honour next me, for I believe she is the only little girl who was ever 'lost in a garden.'"

ELEANOR BULLEY.

## BY LAND AND SEA; OR, THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

*By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.*



CHAPTER IV.—A SEA FOG.  
THE sun was shining brightly into the cabin next morning, though snow-white clouds could still be seen hurrying over the lovely blue sky. The fearful roar of the last night's tempest was hushed and over, and how joyous the prospect was.

Alfred had only just awakened, and his wondering eyes were fixed on the window. All the night's terrors appeared as a horrible dream, for he had fallen asleep towards

morning quite tired out. He listens! What sweet soothing sounds are those that come through the cabin door? Children's voices many in number, and a chorus of men and women's combined make sweet harmony in every refrain.

After breakfast this morning, as is usual on Sunday mornings on board ship, the great saloon was prepared for morning service. A table or raised place in the centre is covered with the "Union Jack;" on this flag the great bible and prayer-book are laid, and books are placed all along the tables for the passengers. The officers who can be spared, the sailors and steerage passengers, all meet together, and the captain in his full uniform acts as chaplain—reads part of the Liturgy and some of the office for those at sea. Some one plays on the

harmonium to lead the chanting and singing, and you can understand how every allusion to the dangers of those who "go down to the sea in ships" affects the hearts of those who share each others' hopes, fears, and regrets in the midst of the wide and ever changeable ocean.

Alfred, Ethel, and their two young friends were busily comparing their experiences of the last night; each had something particular to tell, and not one of the four seemed ashamed of owning the alarm that the gale had caused them. One had been rolled out of his berth, another had been wet through by the water that had burst into the cabin; and there had been a great breakage of crockery and glass in the list of the night's adventures detailed by a third. All enjoyed this their first experience of a new and exciting life.

"I wonder what kind of adventure we shall have next?" said Henry.

"I shall try to make one for myself," said James, "as soon as we get out to Muskoka. There are bears and wolves there; the bears come for the wild raspberries in the summer, and the wolves for whatever they can get in the farmyards in the winter; so we shall always have something to make sport for us boys."

At that moment a sailor came up and laid his hand on Alfred's shoulder.

"Look, young gentleman! a big whale has come close up to the ship!"

All the boys looked in the direction indicated, and in a moment a huge dark rounded form rolled upwards, and a stream of water was spouted up to a great height, like the water-jets from a garden-fountain. On account of the rapid sailing of the ship the whale was soon left behind, and then a whole set of porpoises came rolling along, with the sunshine glittering on their backs. They seemed so happy in the bright green sea, that the boys longed to plunge in and have a swim also.

"How chilly it is getting," said Alfred; "the sun does not seem to warm the wind at all."

"The wind is turned to the north'rd, young master, and we shall soon find ourselves in the ice. Our thermometer tells us when ice is near, even if it be almost sunk out of sight under the water."

"Under the water and out of sight; why, that must be very dangerous, is it not?"

"Yes, of course," said the old "tar;" "and many a ship has gone down, and no one ever knew what had become of her, by striking on one of these blocks under water."

"What a dreadful idea! But how does any one know that such things ever happen?"

"Because some may have been picked up in the boats. In these big steamers there are always

eight of them; and when there is danger we store them with provisions, and make all ready to give the passengers and crew the best chance we can till a ship comes in sight. Then some strike on the ice, but do not go down; and there is what they call the 'ocean post'—that means a letter which is corked up in a bottle and thrown overboard, and whenever any one picks up a bottle on the shore it is their duty to take it at once to the police, or magistrate, or the parson, because it is the only way left of telling people at home what has happened at sea."

"I shall always look for the 'ocean post' when I take a walk on the sea-shore. I should rather find a bottle like that than a whole pocketful of shells," said Henry, who had been listening attentively to all the old sailor had said.

But our emigrant friends were not yet to be gratified by seeing the ice in a satisfactory way. It was certainly colder weather, and they were approaching the dark-looking, bare, and chilly shores of Newfoundland.

And now the bright weather began to change, and a fog rolled up in front of the ship at sunset one evening.

"Oh dear! we shall see no bergs now this dreadful fog has begun. Do you think it will be gone before we are up to-morrow, mother?"

"I cannot tell you, dear boy," said Mrs. Ashburton to Alfred; "but I fear that the deprivation of seeing the bergs will be nothing to regret compared to the danger of such an event. The ice is only just breaking up on the St. Lawrence and the Gulf, and ours is the first ship of this season to make the northern passage."

"What do you mean by the northern passage, mother?"

"The northern route is above the island of Anticosti, between it and the coast of Labrador, through the Straits of Belleisle—a very dangerous passage in foggy weather; the southern route is south of Newfoundland, and straight up into the Gulf, south of Anticosti."

"But we are not very near the coast of Newfoundland yet, mother, for I was asking old Bill about it."

"I am glad to hear it, dear; for when a sea-fog comes on it is very dangerous to be near the land. The fear of unseen 'hummocks' and fields of ice are quite enough to make one feel uneasy."

"What is that strange noise, Mrs. Ashburton?" said Henry, who had been seated by her some time looking over a book of pictures with Ethel, for he and she had become great friends.

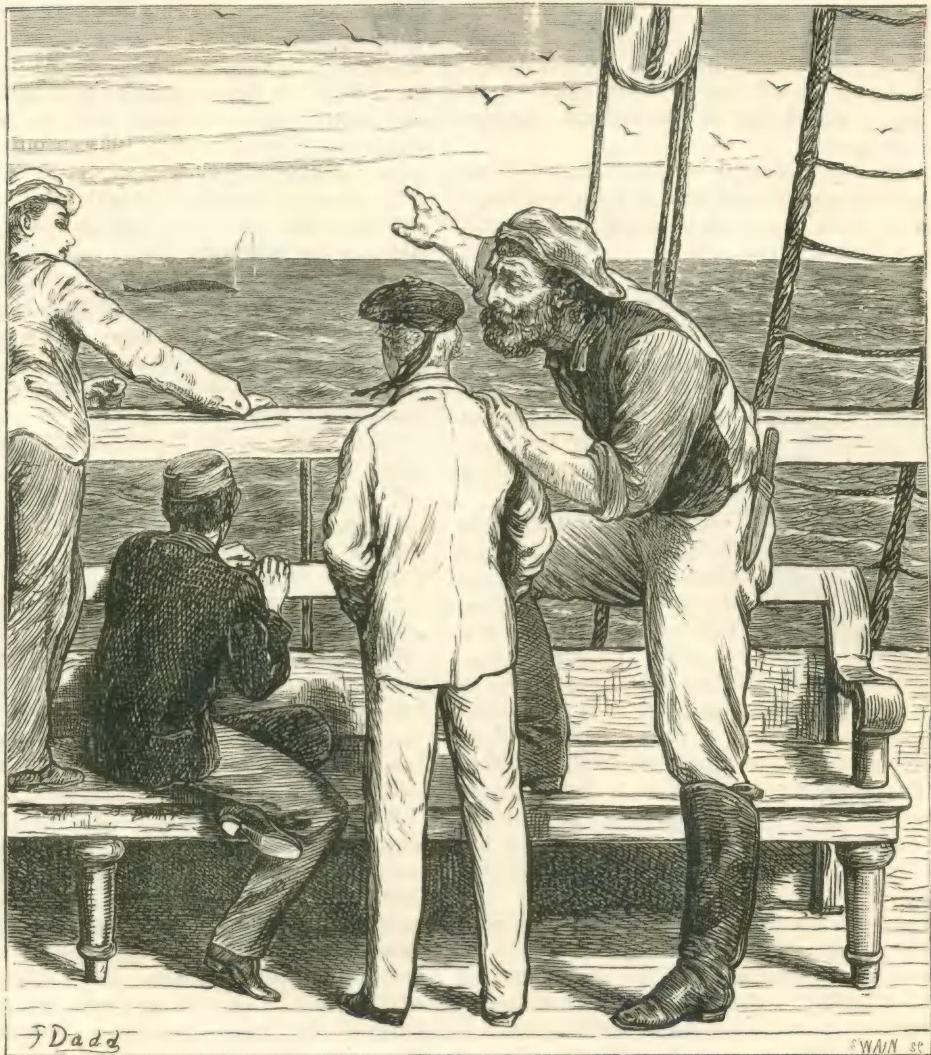
"There it is again!" cried Ethel. "Oh, what

an ugly noise ; and how loud and melancholy ! what can it be ? ”

“ That is the fog-whistle, made by the steam-pipe, to warn other ships that we are somewhere near them, and they must slacken their speed

“ I am sure we could none of us go to sleep if that should go on all night,” observed Ethel.

“ I like hearing it,” said her brother ; “ it is something quite new. I want to see or hear something fresh every day, and I do not feel one bit afraid of



“A HUGE DARK ROUNDED FORM ROLLED UPWARDS” (p. 100).

SWAIN sc

for fear of a possible collision,” replied Mrs. Ashburton.

“ Do you hear the ‘ danger signal,’ mother ? It makes two melancholy groans every two minutes, and one would think there was a huge donkey on board,” cried Alfred, just running in.

“ It must be a very big one indeed to make so loud a braying,” said Henry.

any danger ; I am not such a baby as that. James and I are delighted, for we are sure of seeing the ice before we arrive, even if the fog should hide any now.”

“ Well, my boy, young folks are only on the look-out for some amusement ; they never reflect on how dearly it may have to be purchased. While my boy is amused with the danger signal down here,

the captain, who is a brave man, long accustomed to the periling of his life, is full of the greatest anxiety, and he will never return to the saloon for his meals, nor go to his bed, till the cause for this signal is over. You can perceive that we are going at half-speed ; he dares not travel faster, lest we should encounter some other ship, or strike on a block of ice."

"I feel so nervous, mother. Do not you, Henry ? I hope the whistle will not go on all night. I am sure none of us will sleep till it has ceased. Are you frightened too ?"

"I have heard enough of it now, Ethel. I am glad we can say we have been in a fog and heard the signal, when we are safe on shore ; but I should like it to clear again soon."

#### CHAPTER V.—BLOCKED IN THE ICE.



LONG and dreary night was that, during the prevalence of the dense sea fog, and under the most depressing influence of the "fog whistle."

Providence watched over the gallant ship, and though the fog continued after the daylight had returned, no evil results followed, nor anything to trouble the passengers beyond the fact that their voyage had been considerably retarded. And now as rapidly as the mists had gathered and wrapped them round, so rapidly did the rolling banks of cloud open here and there, allowing the sunshine to burst in upon them, and a bright track was left behind on the blue dancing water, as the huge ship put on her usual rapid speed, and they shot through the foaming spray.

"Come up on deck, Ethel," cried Alfred, running into the saloon ; "land is quite close to us now."

Ethel was soon on deck, and there was the coast of Newfoundland. How dark and melancholy it looked, with scarcely a tree to be seen !

"How delightful to see land again !" exclaimed Ethel ; "I do not like storms and fogs, and I long for a run in the fields."

"But I want to see more ice before we land," said Alfred.

"Come here, my boy, and look in this direction ; *do you see* what looks like the sails of two or three ships in the distance ?" said Mr. Ashburton, as he pointed towards the north. "Those are all bergs ; and we shall see them quite close very shortly." On they came, glittering, many-hued, and variously

shaped ; three or four, and some longer and flatter ones.

It was a great treat to see in reality what till now had been only known by pictures. There were large flocks of sea-gulls hovering about the ship. These birds follow a ship out two and three hundred miles from the land, to devour all the food thrown out after the meals on board, for the waste is shocking, as nothing may be served up a second time. Whether they sleep, like ducks, on the water, and when rested overtake the ship again, or whether at dark they roost unseen on the yard-arms, I cannot tell you.

The evening closed in, and with more than usual chilliness, and extra rugs and shawls had to be laid over the beds that night. In the morning at an early hour, sundry bumps and shocks, and strange cracking noises awoke the children, and they observed that the sound of the steamer's screw-propeller was not the same as usual, and the heavy pounding both slower and irregular, while sometimes it stopped altogether.

"What can be the matter, nurse ?" whispered Ethel.

"I really cannot tell you, Miss Ethel ; but from the cold, and some of the strange noises, I think we must be in amongst the ice they were talking about."

"Then we are in danger again ! Oh, do let me get up and see the icebergs !"

"Well, if you do not make any noise, and go to your brother and stay by him all the time, you may. For I have heard the sailors washing the deck, as they always do every morning ; and Master Alfred has just gone up with your father, and you will be safe enough, I am sure."

It was not long before the children met, and what a sight was in view ! Nothing but masses of ice all broken up, but jammed closely together. Some part in level plains, and some towering up quite high, like glacier peaks that crown the loftiest mountains. It was a glorious yet solemn picture, beautiful in all its terrors. Every colour of the rainbow was to be seen on the glittering jagged forms of the bergs, that rose in fantastic shapes above the cold grey plains beneath them.

Slowly the ship fought on, cracking and bumping, and stopping from time to time ; but as she advanced, the open spaces were fewer, and the blocks came crowding in quicker and closer. At last the brave battle must come to an ending, and the pounding of engines was heard no more.

"Come to a stoppage at last !" cried James, who saw an adventure quite to his fancy.

"But suppose we should stop here till all the provisions are eaten, what should we do then, James ?"

"Why, Henry, you ought to have been a girl, to look after the house, and provide the dinner ! I think you are frightened already !"

"I think it great fun," said Alfred.

"And I hope we shall see some creatures on the ice. I should like to get down out of the ship, and take a gun with me ; would not you, Alfred ? We could leave Henry and Ethel together on deck."

"I like being with Ethel," said Henry, bravely—perhaps it was more bravely said, in reality, than James's wish to encounter the seals with a gun.

The question of an expedition on the ice-fields was discussed at dinner the next day, and several gentlemen having arranged to go, the urgent entreaties of James and Alfred to be allowed to accompany them was granted, and at James's strong representations, Henry consented to go likewise.

#### CHAPTER VI.—LOST ON THE ICE-FIELDS.



**O**n the third day, fast bound in ice, and no prospect of release for a considerable time to come, three or four men and some half-dozen lads descended on the ice, having taken the precaution of fixing several large-headed nails into the soles of their stoutest shoes. They were all well

wrapped up with great-coats and shawls, and each had either a short stick or a gun, in the hope of finding some sport.

Alfred's father was not amongst the exploring party, and he did not quite like to let his son go with them without him. But his objections were met by such earnest entreaties on the part of the boy and his two young friends, that he yielded, although with undisguised reluctance, the mother especially looking anxious about it. And so Alfred started with the rest, for James had been in deep conversation with him that morning, and he thought it would seem so like "a baby" to remain at home with Ethel, when even the quiet, well-behaved Henry had consented to be of the party. There were also two rough stranger boys, whose observations had helped to inflame his desire for adventure by stories they had told, which had been written home by emigrant relatives.

Thus the little fellow was bent on accompanying the party at all hazards. A big shawl was wrapped round him in Scotch fashion, and many a serious

charge given to keep close by the grown-up leaders of the expedition.

The three boys, Alfred, James, and Henry, with a long rope encircling their waists, and connecting them together after the plan of Alpine explorers, clambered down the steps at the ship's side, and were soon all racing, sliding, and tumbling along, one up, one down, and sometimes dragged along the ice by the two who had kept their legs. There were cracks and fissures in the ice in all directions, but they were not so wide as to preclude their being leapt across.

"I wish we could climb up into some of the bergs," said James. "I think I could, if you both would come too."

"See ! some of the men are climbing already—why I think they have found a seal; yes, two seals, one small and one big. How I wish we could find some too, or a bear, or something," said Alfred.

"Let us go off as far as we can see, and never stop till we do," rejoined his friend.

"But we were forbidden to leave the men," gently remonstrated Henry.

"Oh, you Molly ! I wish I had left you behind with Ethel, I do ! I think I will take you back and untie the rope, and then Alfred and I can go on where we please," said James.

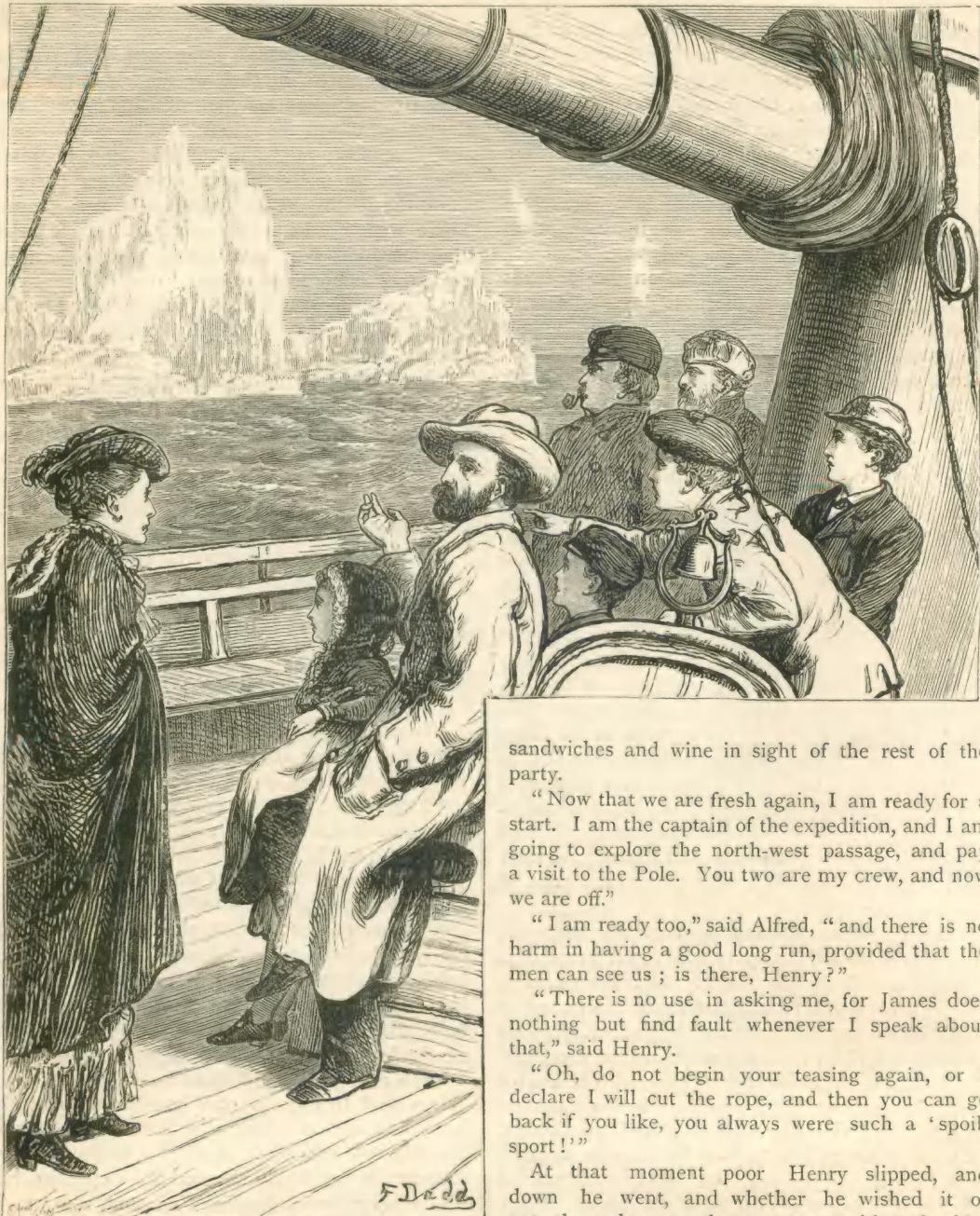
"No, no ! I don't want to have the rope untied, I like to be with you and Alfred, only you promised, and we all promised; do you remember, Alfred ? Do let us stay with the men."

"Silly boy ! What a worry you are ! I dare say you promised, but you and Alfred did all the promising, not I."

"Hullo, boys ! hullo ! Come back here; don't stray away so far from us," shouted one of the gentlemen, now so far off that his words could only just be distinguished. Indeed, had they been on land it is probable that not a word could have been heard, because sounds on the ice are always much more distinct and clear than those on land, and can be heard at a far greater distance.

With a very flushed face and a sulky expression, James had to turn in obedience to the call; he knew he could have been caught and sent back to the ship had he not complied; but he grumbled all the way, as he slowly retraced his steps, and laid all the blame to his brother's account, who was in no way responsible for the signals made them.

The ship was already a great way off, and it seemed as if they could walk for miles upon miles in a northward direction, so extensive were the fields of ice, reaching as far as the eye could see. James had returned a certain distance to satisfy the men who had hailed them; and then passing



THE FIRST ICEBERG. (See p. 102.)

in and out amongst the high-standing blocks and small bergs, he contrived to get often out of sight of the party, and then to appear again. After a time they sat down in a sheltered nook to despatch their

sandwiches and wine in sight of the rest of the party.

"Now that we are fresh again, I am ready for a start. I am the captain of the expedition, and I am going to explore the north-west passage, and pay a visit to the Pole. You two are my crew, and now we are off."

"I am ready too," said Alfred, "and there is no harm in having a good long run, provided that the men can see us ; is there, Henry ?"

"There is no use in asking me, for James does nothing but find fault whenever I speak about that," said Henry.

"Oh, do not begin your teasing again, or I declare I will cut the rope, and then you can go back if you like, you always were such a 'spoilsport !'"

At that moment poor Henry slipped, and down he went, and whether he wished it or not, the other two boys, never waiting for him to rise, pulled him along on the slippery ice as if he had been a sledge, amidst shouts of laughter. At last, too tired to pull any longer, they stopped to let him get up. They had not intended to do any harm, but boys are often very thoughtless, and the poor fellow had got sundry bad scratches and

bruises, for the ice was broken and rough in some places, and his clothes showed several considerable holes. He looked at the holes, and the cuts on his hands, but gentle as he was to others, Henry was a brave little fellow, and joined in the laugh, if not quite as heartily as the others, making no complaint of their rough play.

The day was drawing fast to a close, and the boys had carried out their plan of making an excursion to the North Pole. This was the name which they gave to a splendid peak of ice, now glittering in the last rays of the setting sun, all golden and glorious over the far, far west, whither they all were bound.

"The sun is setting, Alfred, and we are so far from the ship ; she seems like a speck in the distance ; do let us go back," said Henry imploringly.

"Speck ? What speck do you mean ? I see no ship at all. Show where she is."

"There—that dark thing. That is the ship, I think."

"That is no ship, Henry ; what you seem pointing at is only some tall shadow. You could not see her so far off as this, because her sails are all reefed, and the masts make no show ; and she lies too low in the water to be seen over all the bergs between us and her," said his brother, who now for the first time began to feel uneasy.

"How far off is the horizon do you think ?" said Alfred.

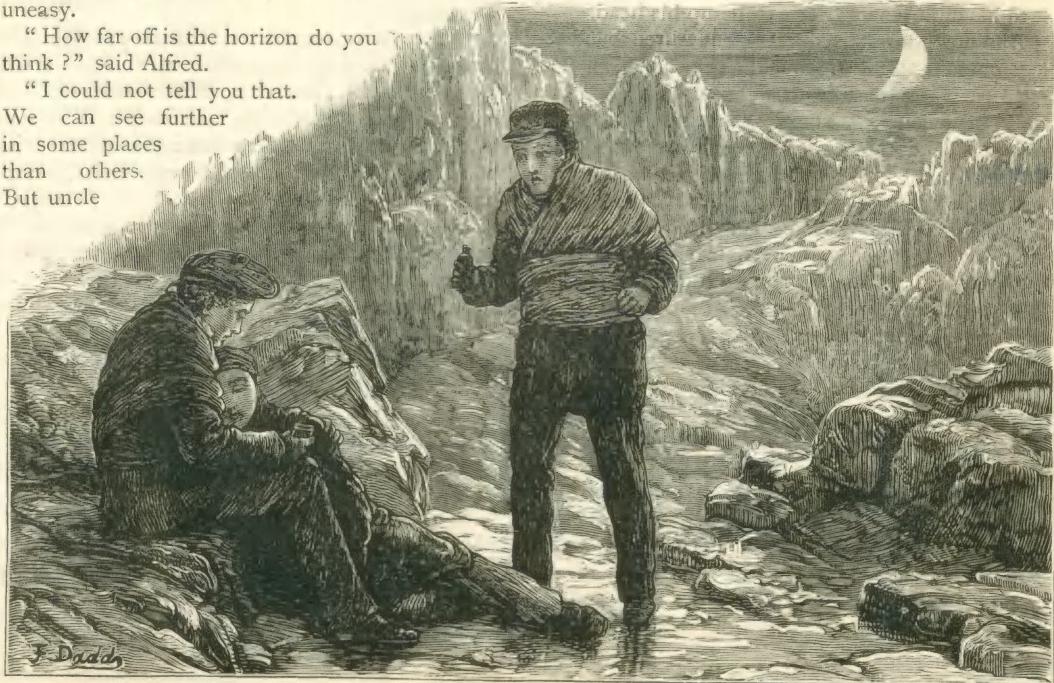
"I could not tell you that.  
We can see further  
in some places  
than others.  
But uncle

said that from a ship at sea your sight would reach a distance of seven miles in every direction all round ; you could not see further because the world is round. On land, from the top of a hill, you could see to a very much greater distance."

"But father has shown me the sails of a ship whose hull was below the horizon, and perhaps we might soon see ours if we start off and walk very fast," replied Alfred. "I am getting afraid that it will be dark before we reach her, and we shall not be able to see the fissures and cracks in this horrible ice. Oh how I wish we had never left the men !"

"Do not be a 'cry-baby,' Alfred, or you will make a worse Molly of Henry. We must walk as fast as we can ; and I dare say some of them will be looking out for us."

This was stoutly said, but had an older person scanned the expression and colour of the boy's face they would have seen that half his vaunted courage had fled, and his face was deadly pale ; for he knew this wilfulness which he had shown had brought all three of them into this dreadful trouble. Slipping and falling in turns, they did their very utmost now to make up for lost time, but they had not gone a mile before they came to a very wide break in the ice-field. It was twilight now, but they could still see very well.



LOST ON THE ICE. (See p. 106.)

"This will not do; we cannot venture so long a leap, with such slippery standing-ground to spring from. Turn about, boys, we must look for a better place for crossing."

The fissure was very irregular; some huge perpendicular masses of ice floated between the two sides, and kept them apart, but could not be used as bridges. Backwards and forwards, in and out, the poor boys ran, till at last they found a narrower place, and James sprang across at once; then Alfred, but he slipped, and down he went into the black deep chasm, souse into the fathomless water! The fall gave a pull to the rope, and nearly dragged in the other two; and it was all that James and Henry could do—the latter making the leap successfully—to draw him up out of that terrible situation.

Imagine the dreadful fright they all had, and now although the poor boy's life was saved from drowning, how could he walk for miles in the freezing cold, wet to the skin as he was.

To the credit of James, who was not an ill-natured boy, wilful as he was, I must here remark that he pulled off Alfred's coat, and taking off his own, he buttoned him up in it, and bade him carry his wet shawl by one corner. Then he wrapped his own big shawl all round himself, and carried Alfred's coat, but his hat was gone, and as Henry chanced to have a large silk handkerchief he gave it to his unfortunate friend to tie up his head.

*And now* they started again, but Alfred found the legs of his trousers stiffening at once.

"I shall not be able to walk much more," said he in a melancholy voice; "I can scarcely move my legs, and they are so benumbed with cold. I think I must soon sit down and give over."

"Oh, don't give over yet, Alfred, don't, there's a good, brave fellow! We shall all be lost if we once sit down, for we shall then go to sleep and never awake again. Come on, just a little way further."

"I am trying, indeed I am. I don't want to kill any one else, but it is that my legs are so bad and my trousers like boards."

"I think we have been going all round and round, and we are not a bit nearer than when we started," said James.

"What makes you think that?" said Alfred.

"Why, because I chose a very high berg in the direction of the ship for my landmark, and when we were looking for the crossing I lost it, and now I think I see half-a-dozen bergs exactly like it."

Both James and Henry had each taken hold of Alfred's arms, and had been dragging him along between them for some time past, but now the weight grew more and more heavy, and they felt they could help him no further. A dim dreary

moonlight was all they had to guide them. At last they came to a standstill, for Alfred fell forwards, his legs too stiff and benumbed to support him any longer.

James now bethought him that Henry's little flask had not yet been opened, and he poured the half of its contents down Alfred's throat, he and Henry dividing the rest.

"It's all over now!" groaned James, as he sat down and took poor Alfred in his arms, and laid his head on his shoulder.

Henry fell on his knees, and with tears running down his face, he prayed—

"Good Lord Jesus, help us! Send some one to find us. Good Lord, have mercy on three poor boys who are lost on the ice!"

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE PERILOUS SEARCH.

ON board the *Prussian* all was anxiety. The good captain, who always had a kind word for everybody, was looking out in the direction of the excursionists with his sea telescope. It was growing very dark, and the side of the deck was lined with the crew and passengers from end to end.

"What can have detained them?" were the words on the lips of all. As to poor Mrs. Ashburton and little Ethel, I cannot attempt to describe their trouble and impatience for the return of the wanderers.

"There they are!" exclaimed an old sailor, of whom I have spoken before, by the name of Bill. Glass in hand, he had been keeping a careful lookout ever since sunset. He had taken much interest in the three young gentlemen emigrants, and had half a mind to give up his old sea-life, and join the party bound for Muskoka.

"Keep up heart, ma'am; your young master will be here in a few minutes," he observed, with a cheery smile, to the anxious mother.

"Do you see them, my good man? Tell me, can you see the boys?"

"I can see some little chaps, but I cannot say that I distinguish any of them yet."

Soon a joyous shout of welcome hailed the arrival of the travellers, and all faces looked bright and beaming on the deck as they approached the vessel.

Bill was over the side of the ship some minutes before the party reached her. He thought he might "lend a hand" to the youngsters and show a light to all.

"Well, lads, had you good sport?" said he, as he held his lantern up to the young people's faces. "Why, where are my young gentlemen? Where be Masters Jim and Henry and Alfred?"

"Young gentlemen! What do you mean? They left us long ago, or we left them. They are in the ship, of course!" said one of the party.

"In the ship, do you say, sir? Not they! Their friends have all been watching for them this long time. We've kept a look-out for hours!"

I will not repeat the exclamations of horror and surprise that followed.

"We called them back more than once when we thought they were straying away too far, and they all came back and amused themselves not very far from the ship. And then we had a few shots at sea-fowl, one went one way and one another, and the party broke up; and we never doubted a moment but that they were tired, and had gone back to the ship some hours before dark."

Every one spoke at once, and all said much the same thing.

"Well, I shouldn't like to be the one to break the news on board!" said Bill.

"What can be done?" said one to another.

"Nothing without lanterns, and other things will be wanted besides."

"You tell the captain," said one man.

"No, not I," was the reply.

"Well then, I will," said a third. "I will get him away from the friends of the lads and settle what can be done. The news should be broken to them, and the captain will do it the best."

They had reached the ship by this time; and slowly, one by one, they scaled her lofty side by means of a ladder suspended from the deck. The men ascended first, the boys followed, Bill remaining below till the last to see them all safely out of danger of a slip into the black crevice between the ice and the vessel.

The party on deck were all confounded by the extraordinary silence of the party. "Why does the first man look so grave and haggard as he steps on the deck? And why does not one of them speak, in reply to the greetings so heartily given?" was each person's unspoken thought.

"Is all well?" asked the captain, gravely, his eyes looking almost fiercely anxious, and as if they would pierce into the thoughts of the man nearest him.

"Let me speak to you in private," said the man in a husky voice.

"No, no, we will have no private answers. We have all a right to hear the truth. Who is missing? We will know all. Count heads! Where are the boys? Out with the truth at once!"

It was not one voice that uttered these various cries, but a dozen or more all speaking together, as passengers and crew crowded round the group, and with such impatient eagerness that it was

impossible to count the travellers' heads as they desired to do.

"Clear a space on the deck!" cried the sharp authoritative voice of the captain. "Fall back every one in a line, on each side!"

Every one did his best to obey the orders, and the officers assisted in pressing the lingerers back.

"Now come forward, every man and boy who has been on this expedition."

The captain had taken his place in the middle of the deck, with his back to the steersman's house, and all the party then came forward, but before their numbers could be reckoned, one of the men stepped out from his companions, and revealed the dreadful fact that three of their number were missing.

A general groan showed how deeply every one felt, both for the mourners on board and the poor boys left out in the cold and darkness. Perhaps they might never be found again, who could tell? Were they drowned, or frozen, or would they be lost till starved to death? These were questions which many inwardly asked, but they remained unspoken in the dreadful silence that followed such a discovery. A long shrill cry broke the stillness at last; and Alfred's mother was half carried by the friends around her down into the saloon.

Little Ethel stood beside her there sobbing, while Mr. Ashburton returned to the deck to arrange a plan for an exploring party, that should start at once with lanterns, and clothing and food for the boys.

The captain made every effort to assist them, and supplied all they needed; two of his officers volunteered to join the party, and one of the other passengers; the old sailor Bill obtained leave to go too, the uncle of James and Henry, and Mr. Ashburton completing the party. Thus they numbered six persons, who were to explore the ice-field by two and two, united each to each by a rope. Every man also had a flask of spirits and some biscuits, and every couple had a lantern.

The party left the ship amidst the prayers for "God speed" of many, and the cheers of the rest.

"We shall not come back without them, never fear!" said old Bill, as he shook hands with a comrade and followed the last of the six. One officer paired off with Mr. Ashburton, the other with Mr. Talbot, each pair having taken a gun, that they might fire signals from time to time, to show the rest where they were. One shot meant "We are here;" two shots "Come to us;" this was arranged between them as they started all together at first, and then they parted company, and trotted off as fast as the slippery footing would allow, holding each other up as best they could.

*(To be continued.)*

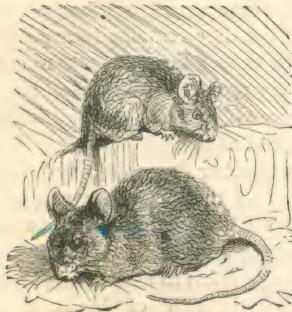


PUGNACITY.

*Small Dog : "Let me get at him!"*

## OUR PETS.

## RATS, MICE, AND SQUIRRELS: HOW TO KEEP AND TREAT THEM.



gentle, and loving, and docile; for in this paper I shall treat only of *rats* and *mice* and *squirrels*.

The best kind of rats to keep for amusement are, in my opinion, the white or the piebald, and I like the white better, though I am inclined to the belief that the piebald are the more clever of the two. However, this may be a mere matter of taste, although very few would for a moment think of taming the great brown or black rat.

Very different from this last in all its ways and habits is my elegant friend and favourite the white rat, but before describing the little animal to you, and showing you how to choose a good pair, let me tell you what kind of a house to provide for him, and how to feed him and bed him, for it is very unfair to invite even so humble a guest as a white rat to your house, without first having prepared his bed and board, and seen to all his little comforts.

He lives in a cage, and this may be of any shape you please, providing it is roomy, and that it should always be. I myself like a large square cage, with

I AM going to treat in this paper of cage quadrupeds! And by cage quadrupeds I do not mean you to understand wild beasts, in their iron-girded dens, but animals of farless dangerous propensities. They are harmless, and just as amusing as they are

a front tower to it as high again as the little domicile. There should be a wooden pole or spiral staircase running from the bottom to the top of the tower, out through, and projecting upwards like a flagstaff, and you will find that your little rodent, when he gets tame enough, will often want to climb up here and have a look around, just by way of seeing what the world is doing. Inquisitiveness, indeed, is one of the traits of a rat's character. Every portion of the rodental residence which happens to be of wood ought to be protected with sheet tin, for rats can be very busy with their little teeth when they choose. Attached to one end of the cage should be a roomy box, with a hole through it for the rat to enter. The box must have a lid or a doorway for cleaning it out, but be otherwise a dark room. This is the rat's retiring apartment and sleeping berth, and it should be lined with nice soft, dry straw, with which the occupant will form a nest and bury himself quite up when he sleeps.

The dishes he requires are hung in the inside of the cage, near perches, where they can be easily reached but still kept clean. There should be a water-dish, a dish for a drop of nice milk, and one for the food.

There ought to be a drawer in the bottom of the cage, that it may be cleaned out, and kept nice and sweet, the bottom of the cage or drawer should also be lined with dry oaten straw, and to facilitate its being changed the cage door ought to be large enough to admit your hand. If you allow the rat to have the additional luxury of a walk on the roof of its domicile, that roof had better be of wood, so

as to give your favourite a fair foothold, and there should be a way of access to it, a little door in the tower for instance.

Pet rats are never particular as to the kind of their diet ; they are not gluttons, and sleep a good deal. Remember, however, that, strictly speaking, they ought to be vegetarians to a great extent, for too much animal food keeps them from thriving. Let one dish be kept always about half full of nice bread and sweet milk, or now and then, by way of change, rice or sago pudding ; you may give a little meat now and then, or better still, a bone to pick. They also like a crust of bread, or dry grain, and nuts, which must be shelled for them. Fruit they should partake of but sparingly, and the same may be said of green food and garden stuffs. You see, then, they are not epicurean in their tastes, but bear in mind that if you wish to prevent your pets dying off, you must never let their food be stale ; they should have clean water every morning, and no kind of animal or vegetable matter should be left to decay or turn sour in the bottom of the cage.

Cleanliness is most essential to their well-being. Clean dry straw every second day, and a thorough clean cage and dishes. After cleaning the cage you may sprinkle a little sanitary powder—a very little does—in the bottom.

Having thus provided for the comfort of the coming guest you may go and bring him home. You will find rats at bird shops, and at those wonderful emporiums of live stock to be found in various parts of London. You need take neither a very long purse nor scrip with you. A cheque upon your banker for the sum of eighteen pennies sterling should procure you as fine a pair of rats as ever were seen, and a little cage to carry them home in will cost you twopence more.

The fur of a well-bred rat should be long and soft as silk, pure white, with just a sable-like shade of delicate yellow. The eyes are like garnets, and large and protruding, whiskers well developed, hands long and lean and pink, with white nails. The body should be long, not stumpy, and—this is an important point—the tail should be very long and tapering.

Now take your pets home, turn them with your own hand into the cage, and if you feed and care for them, I feel sure they will soon be great favourites, and cause you to shed many a tear—from laughing.

By-and-by, perhaps, little ones will come—such dear little funny little frolicsome mites you never saw in your life. It will be unnecessary to destroy these, for if they are well-bred and long-tailed, you will readily be able to find

a market for them by advertising them in some cheap medium, or having seen yours and laughed at the fun, it would be still more funny if you could not manage to make presents of the little ones to your young friends.

I should add that there is no unpleasant smell from well-kept rats, mice, or squirrels.

Fancy mice are of many different colours—pure white, greyish, plum-coloured, or lavender, and variegated. Among the latter we find brown and white, black and white, plum and white, tortoise-shell, and mice of any of these three colours in combination.

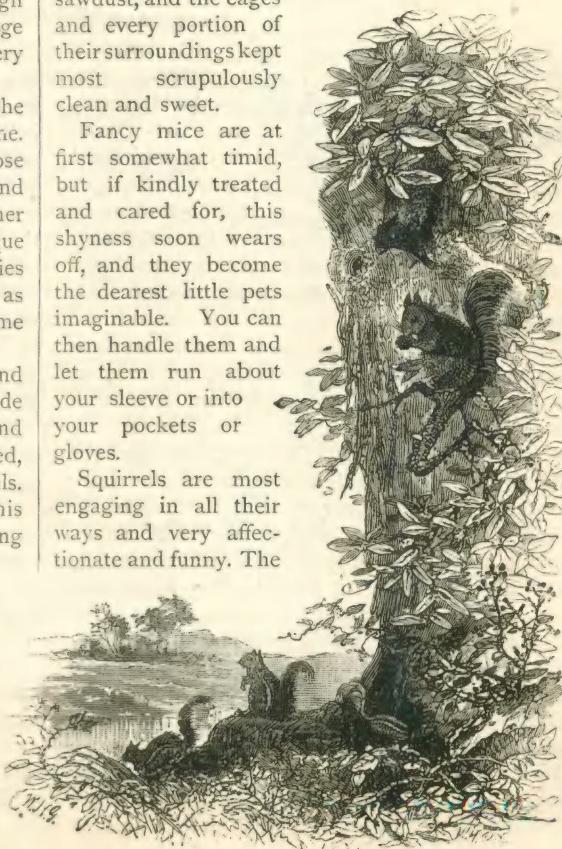
You will get cages for these pets at the shops, and I think I do well to advise you not to get a too large or roomy domicile, for mice are apt to catch cold. Each cage must, of course, have its retiring or breeding room.

In addition to bread-and-milk, mice should have now and then canary seed (not hemp), millet, oatmeal, &c., but no fattening seeds of any description, and no strong meats or vegetables should be given them.

The bottoms of the cages should be covered with sawdust, and the cages and every portion of their surroundings kept most scrupulously clean and sweet.

Fancy mice are at first somewhat timid, but if kindly treated and cared for, this shyness soon wears off, and they become the dearest little pets imaginable. You can then handle them and let them run about your sleeve or into your pockets or gloves.

Squirrels are most engaging in all their ways and very affectionate and funny. The



ordinary cage is rather small, otherwise it is complete enough, but it ought to have a branch of a tree in it fantastically arranged for the little inmates to caper about on.

The food of squirrels should be principally nuts, any kind, and often changed. Give them beech-nuts, walnuts, hazel-nuts, acorns, and almonds, in addition to their ordinary food—bread-and-milk. They also enjoy every kind of ripe fruit you can give them. They too, like rats and mice, should be kept very clean.

When speaking of rats and mice, I omitted to mention that they ought to have a good supply of cotton-wool in the breeding season to line their nests withal, and a portion of nice dry moss will likewise be considered a treat at the same time. I did not mention the rotatory cages so commonly used. I mention them now, only to condemn them; they are very cruel.

Treat your caged quadrupeds, then, with care and kindness, and without being timid with them, never be rough or harsh. *Amor vincit omnia.*



### THE EMPEROR AND THE CHILD.

A HINDOO STORY.

**M**ANY years ago, the sun was shining over the great plain of Northern India when a tall, dark, stern-looking man in a long white robe came slowly along the bank of the Ganges, and stood looking down into the dark water with such a grave, earnest face that it was plain he had something *very serious* to think about. For a full half-hour he stood there without moving or uttering a word, while his face grew darker and sterner every moment.

Two or three men who were coming up from drawing water caught sight of him, and as they passed one of them pointed at him, and said, with a laugh—

"See, there's Gohur Kshetriya (Gohur the soldier) waiting for the fish to come out and cook themselves for his supper!"

And then they all laughed and walked on, thinking no more about him. But had they known what he was thinking of just then they might not have laughed quite so loud; for at that very moment Gohur was making up his mind to kill a man, and that man was the Emperor Baber, who reigned over the whole of that country.

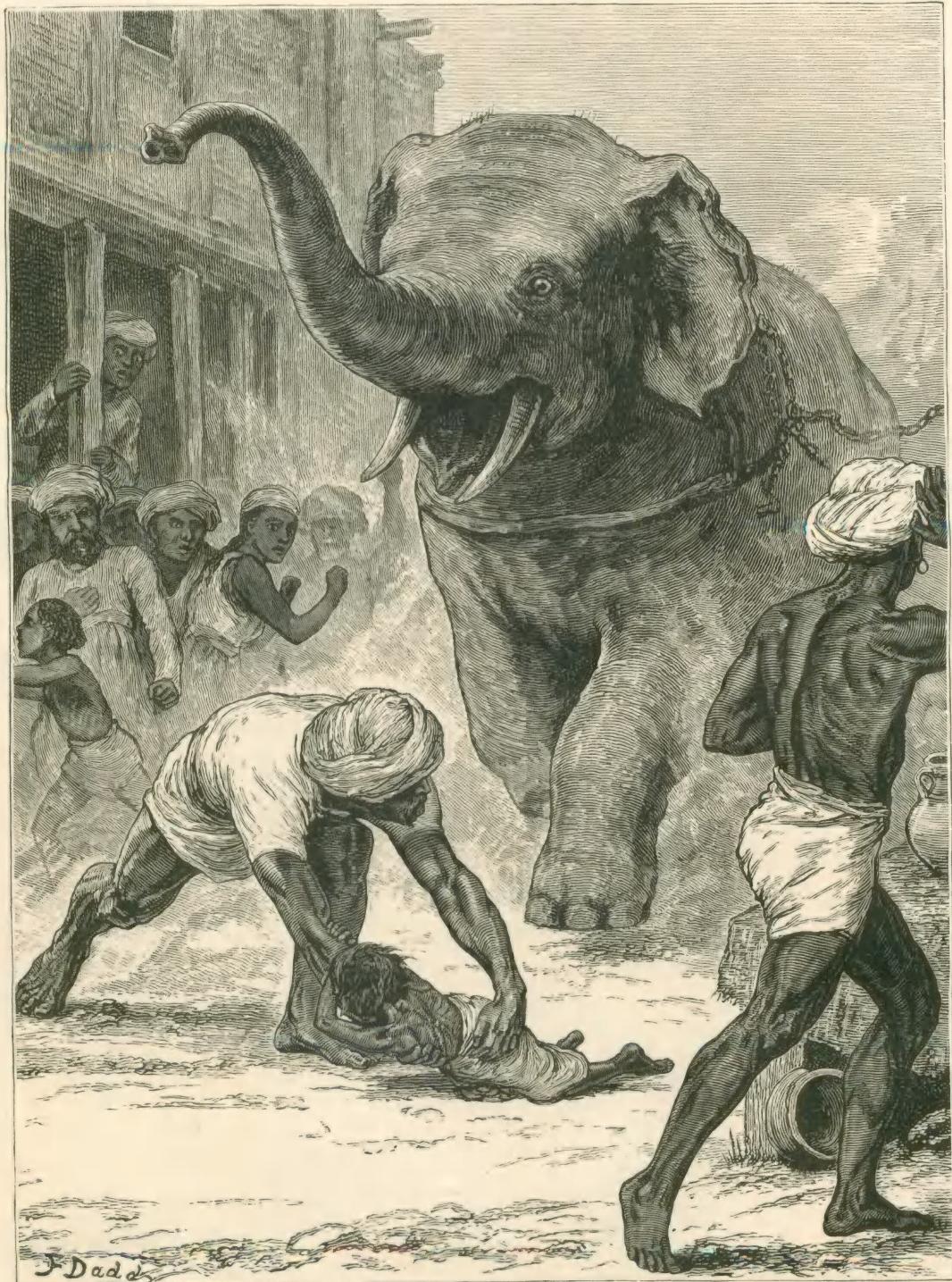
And what harm had the Emperor Baber ever done to *him*? you will ask.

Well, in the first place, Baber was not a native Hindoo at all, but had come with a great army from a country away beyond the Himalaya

Mountains, and had conquered India. Then, having conquered it, he made very strict laws to keep it in order, punishing severely any one who broke them; so that, although he was really a very good man, and a very kind one, there were many people who hated him bitterly, and thought him cruel and unjust. So Gohur made up his mind that as the emperor seemed to be making the people unhappy the emperor ought to die, and that *he* would be the man to kill him. He knew well enough that he would be killed himself for doing it, but that did not frighten him a bit; for he thought he was doing right, although, as we shall see presently, he found himself mistaken there.

Now, to meet with the emperor was no difficult matter, for instead of shutting himself up in his palace, like most other kings of that day, he was fond of going about into all parts of the town, dressed in rough clothes like a workman, to see how his orders were obeyed, and whether his people were well or ill-treated. So Gohur hid a short sword under his robe, and away he went into the city.

But when he got there he found such an uproar and confusion as he had never seen in his life. The whole air was filled with flying dust, amid which a crowd of men, women, and children were running and screaming as if frightened out of their wits, while every now and then came a crash, as if a house had fallen or a great tree been torn up by



A PERILOUS MOMENT.

the roots. And presently, right down the middle of the street, came rushing an enormous elephant, which had broken loose in a fit of rage from one of the great bazaars, and gone charging through the town, destroying all before it.

A fearful sight it was, that great black mass of savage strength tearing along like the rush of a locomotive, and beating down the huts on either side with one lash of its trunk as it swept by, its huge white tusks gleaming like sword-blades, and the foam flying from its open mouth. Right and left the people fled shrieking before it, and all was terror and disorder.

Now, I should tell you that in that country there are a set of people called Pariahs, or outcasts, whom every one hates and looks down upon and avoids as if they had the plague ; and nobody will shake hands with them or speak to them, or be friendly with them in any way. Why this is so would be too long a story to tell you here ; but for a Hindoo to have anything to say to a Pariah would be thought quite as bad as for one of us to be friendly with a thief or a murderer.

Well, it happened that one of the Pariah children—a poor little half-starved creature—had slipped and fallen right in the elephant's track. Another moment, and it would have been crushed to death ; but a man dressed as a labourer sprang out right in front of the furious beast, caught up the child, and leaped back just in time to escape the charge of the elephant, which went rushing blindly down towards the river. But as the man jumped back the turban that hid his face fell off, and

every one saw that this man who had risked his life for one of the "outcasts," was no other than the Emperor Baber himself.

Then a great hush fell upon the crowd, and every man looked blankly at his neighbour, as if he could hardly believe his own eyes. In the midst of that dead silence another man suddenly stepped forth. It was Gohur ; and he knelt at the emperor's feet, and holding out his sword to him, said firmly—

" Prince, I am thine enemy, and I meant to have slain thee this day ; but he who saves life is greater than he who destroys it. My hands are weak against him whom God protects. Take my sword, and kill him who would have killed thee ! "

Over the young emperor's noble face came a strange smile as he listened to the grim confession. He stretched forth his hand and raised the kneeling man gently from the earth.

" Not so, my brother," said he, kindly. " Thou hast said truly that it is better to save life than to destroy it ; and should I kill any man who has confessed his fault and been sorry for it ? Take back thy sword and use it in my service, for from this day I make thee one of my palace-guards."

The stern Hindoo bowed his head and wept like a child.

But Baber's words came true, sure enough, for in after years Gohur was one of his bravest soldiers, and saved him many a time in battle. And to the end of his days he was never weary of telling how the emperor had spared him, or of repeating the words that he had spoken—" It is better to save life than to destroy it." D. KER.



### A DIFFICULT SUM!

**W**HAT'S the use of the Rule of Three  
I should very much like to know ?  
" If a horse can go twenty miles in two hours,  
In fifty how far can he go ?"  
  
I've tried it this way, I've tried it that,  
And it will not come right to-day ;  
Oh, if I'd a horse I would saddle him now,  
And wouldn't I ride away !  
  
Away, away through the shady lanes  
And the woods that I love the best ;

My horse and I would not heed the time—  
We would gallop, then stop to rest.

We would loiter along the river bank,  
And drink of the cooling tide ;  
Then canter away through the meadows green,  
And o'er the blue hills I would ride !  
  
But oh ! but oh ! what an idle dream !  
And the clock is striking one,  
And the master says that here I must stay  
Till this horrid sum is done.

J. G.

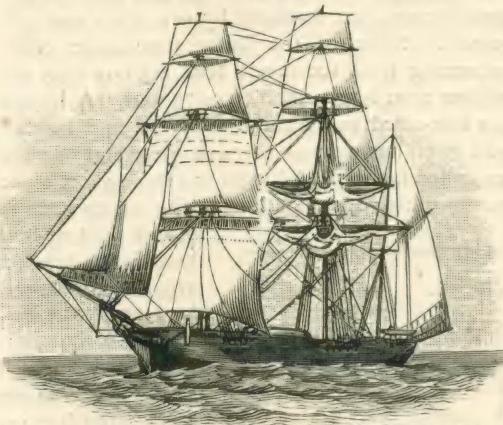




A DIFFICULT SUM. (See p. III.)

## BOATS AND YACHTS, AND HOW TO SAIL THEM.

By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.



BARQUE, WITH MAINSAIL AND MAIN-TOPSAIL CLEWED UP.

IT is pleasant to be the owner of a trim yacht, in which we may sail here and there over the laughing sea on a fine summer's day, or across to the shore which lies blue and indistinct in the far distance, but as a yacht, even of a moderate size, is an expensive luxury, we must be content with a model yacht, from which, if we know how to manage her, we may derive much amusement, and have an opportunity of exhibiting our nautical skill.

Supposing we wish to buy a yacht, we must know the best rig to select, and if we go down to the sea-side it is satisfactory to be able, as a sailor can at a glance, to distinguish one style of vessel from another. This I wish to enable you to do.

The largest class of sailing vessels are those which are ship-rigged. A SHIP has three masts, with yards across on all of them, on which square sails are set. Her mizen-mast, or after-mast, has a large fore-and-aft sail called a spanker, or driver, set on it with a gaff and boom, and she has triangular sails set on the jib-boom and bowsprit, which are called fore-staysail, fore-topmast-stay-sail, jib, and flying jib.

Next to a ship comes a BARQUE, which has also three masts. The fore and main masts are rigged exactly like those of a ship, but the mizen-mast has only two fore-and-aft sails, shaped something like those of a cutter, but narrower at the head, the lower called the mizen, the upper the gaff topsail. The head-sails are like those of a ship in shape and name. Both ships and barques can set staysails on stays or ropes running from one mast to that

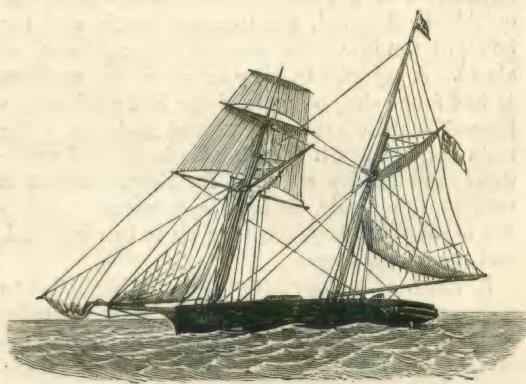
immediately ahead of it. They also, when before the wind, can set studding-sails, which are of a square form, on booms run out from the yard-arms.

There are other three-masted vessels, and some have even four masts, but these are not very common.

Next to a barque, a BRIG takes rank. She has only two masts, both of which have square sails. Her main or after mast has set on it a large fore-and-aft sail called the mainsail, with a boom and gaff, in shape like the spanker of a ship, or the mainsail of a cutter. The largest brigs are seldom above 250 tons, and they are more generally of 150 to 200 tons.

The next vessel to be mentioned is a BRIGANTINE, generally smaller than ordinary brigs, and has two masts. Her foremast is rigged like that of a brig, with a top or platform at the head of the lower mast, while the mainmast has crosstrees at its head, rakes, or leans, aft, and carries a mainsail and gaff-topsail like those of a schooner. Some carry a square topsail and top-gallant-sail. The rig is a very graceful one, but is not so general as that of a brig.

The SCHOONER is the most common rig for vessels of 200 tons down to 80 tons. There are some few larger and others smaller, mostly yachts. A schooner has two masts, which rake aft, that is, lean towards the stern. Each mast carries fore-and-aft sails, set on gaffs, much of the same shape, known as the mainsail, and main-gaff-topsail, and the foresail and fore-gaff-topsail; she has also a fore-staysail, a jib, an outer jib, and a flying jib. Some schooners have all their sails fore-and-aft, and are known as FORE-AND-AFT SCHOONERS; while others



SCHOONER, WITH SQUARE FORETOP SAIL.

have yards across the foremast, and sometimes the mainmast also, and are called **SQUARE-TOPSAIL SCHOONERS**. Both of these kinds of vessels, when running before the wind, set large square sails on the foremast.

The most common rig for yachts has long been that of the **CUTTER**. She may properly be described as a vessel with a single mast, a running bowsprit—that is, the bowsprit can be run in and out—a large fore-and-aft mainsail and gaff-topsail, a fore-staysail, and a jib; she can also set a flying jib from the topmast, and by hoisting up a yard, a large square sail when running. Her **topmast** is so fitted with a fid in the heel or lower end, that it being drawn out, the mast can very quickly be struck. The mainsail is much squarer or broader than that of a schooner, the boom extending a considerable way over the tafferel, while the gaff to which the head of the sail is secured is very long. The gaff-topsail is set flying, that is, it is hoisted up, made fast to a yard, which, when it reaches the top of the mast, projects some way before as well as abaft—that is, behind.

One of the many advantages of a cutter is that all the sails can quickly be lowered, the topmast struck, and the bowsprit run in, so that she has no weight aloft or ahead. Atrysail can also be set in bad weather. It has four sides, being in shape like a schooner's foresail, with a narrow head and no boom. The main boom, when it is to be set, is secured amidships, and tackles are used for sheets to haul it over to either side, as may be required. Cutters are of all sizes, from ten tons up to two hundred, and sometimes larger.

A **YAWL** or **DANDY-RIGGED** vessel is similar to a cutter with regard to her sails, though the main boom is shorter, as it does not reach quite to the tafferel, and she has in addition a short mizen-mast, stepped right aft, with a bumkin, or sliding

boom, projecting out astern. On this a lug is set, called the mizen—a four-sided sail, secured to a yard, which is set and taken in with the sail.

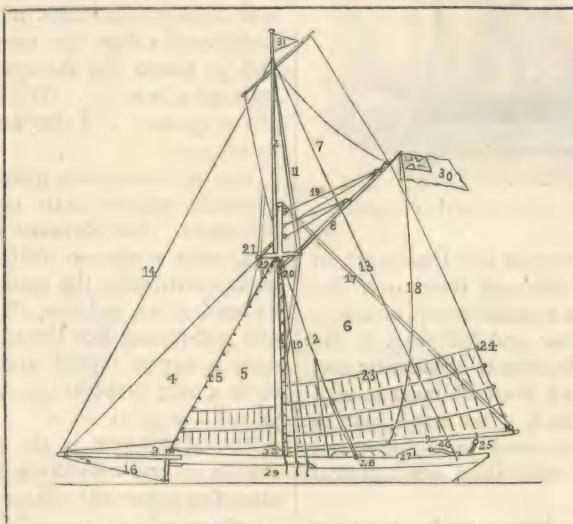
A **LUGGER** is a class of vessel now used chiefly by fishermen, but formerly by smugglers and privateers. Some of the latter were large craft, measuring from 100 to 200 tons, but now they are seldom seen larger than 60 or 70 tons. A lugsail is a four-sided sail secured to a yard and hoisted with it. Thus, vessels carrying these sort of sails are called luggers. A lugger has three short stout masts, raking more or less. The mizen-mast is stepped right aft, and there is a bumkin projecting beyond the stern, to which the sheet of the mizen is hauled out. Each of the other masts has a large lug set on it. Topmasts can be hoisted, upon which topsails, also lugs, are set. A fore-staysail and a jib are likewise carried—the latter on a short bowsprit, or jib-boom, which can be run in if necessary.

The only other rig for English vessels is the **KETCH**. She is like a brigantine, with her bowsprit steaming or rising considerably, with square sails as well as a fore-and-aft sail on her foremast, while the

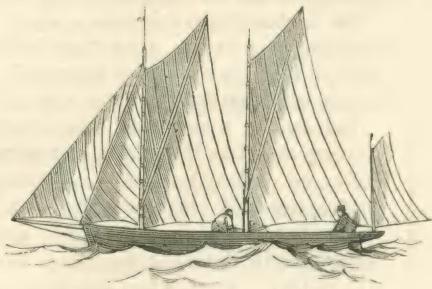
mainmast is rigged like that of a schooner.

Foreign vessels are rigged in a variety of ways, but I have not space to notice them. I will only mention the Greek **POLACCA BRIG** or ship. Her peculiarity is that her lower masts and topmasts are in one, so that when her sails are furled the yards are brought close together. She has thus, with her tall, wand-like masts, a light and elegant appearance.

Four distinct sorts of sails are used for boats besides the usual fore-staysails and jibs. First, the most common and safest for small boats is the **sprit-sail**, or **sprit-sail**, so called because the sail is extended by means of a sprit or thin spar, one end of which is fixed in a gromet near the lower part of the mast, and the other in the peak or



upper and outer corner of the sail. Boats of fourteen feet in length carry one large sail of this description, and perhaps another small one as a mizen, with a little jib to balance it. Larger boats, like



SPRITSAIL-RIGGED BOAT.

the once well-known Ryde wherries, carry two spritsails, of which the illustration will give a good idea.

Secondly, the *lugsail* already mentioned. It may be described as an irregular oblong, one side of the head being longer than the other, and secured to a yard. Gigs and light boats are generally fitted with lugs, as the moment the masts are stepped they can be hoisted or lowered rapidly. They are dangerous, however, when taken aback if the halliards are not let go in time, as they press against the masts and capsize the boat.

Thirdly, the *lateen-sail*, set on a long tapering yard, hoisted on a short mast, generally raking forward. These sails are used generally in the Mediterranean and West Indies, where light winds prevail. They are very picturesque, but are not often seen off the English coast.

The fourth sort of sail I have to describe is the *sliding gunter*. The mast consists of a lower mast and a topmast. The latter slides up and down the former on rings. The sail is very long, and triangular. The upper angle is fastened to the top of the topmast, to which the inner leech or side is laced. When the sail is to be reefed, the topmast is lowered so that the broad and the lower part of the sail is at once rolled up or reefed while the boat continues on her course.

Reefing, or lessening the size of sails, is performed in two ways. Square topsails are reefed at the head, the sail being drawn up to the yard by reef-tackles, and then fastened by reef-points—the short pieces of thin rope which hang down in rows along the upper part of the sail. Fore-and-aft sails, like the mainsail of a cutter, are reefed at the lower part, also by reef-points.

The rigging of a vessel consists of the standing-rigging and the running-rigging. All the fixed or

standing ropes, such as the shrouds and stays, belong to the former, and all the ropes by which the sails and yards are worked to the latter. The use of the standing-rigging is to support the masts and the bowsprit. The shrouds are the stout ropes fixed on either side of the masts. In large vessels they have light ropes across those, called *ratlines*, to form ladders for the crew to ascend. When there are no ratlines the men have to shin up to the masthead. The principal ropes of the running-rigging are the halliards, sheets, braces, clewlines, and buntlines. The accompanying diagram of a cutter will give you a better idea of the names of the masts, sails, and ropes than any mere verbal description can do.

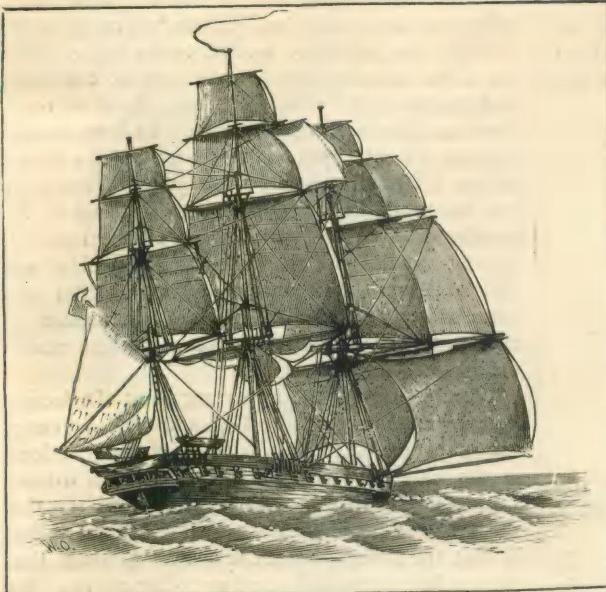
We now come to the important point of selecting a model craft for sailing. I should advise a cutter or a schooner. A fore-and-aft-rigged vessel, indeed, is the only one which can be managed without a crew on board. In choosing a vessel see that she has good beam, and a tolerably flat floor—that is, that the sides are not cut away. She will thus possess buoyancy, and stand up to her canvas. No model can sail which heels over very much; the chances are she goes over altogether. One of my sons had a pretty model given to him, cut out by a man-of-warsman who was evidently no shipbuilder, for on account of her lean sides she heeled over to the slightest breeze, and her sails lay flat on the water. Before you can make a model yacht sail



YAWL OR DANDY-RIGGED BOAT.

in the direction you wish it to go you must learn how to balance or trim the sails properly.

The wind acts with the greatest force on a sail at right angles. Take a strip of cardboard to



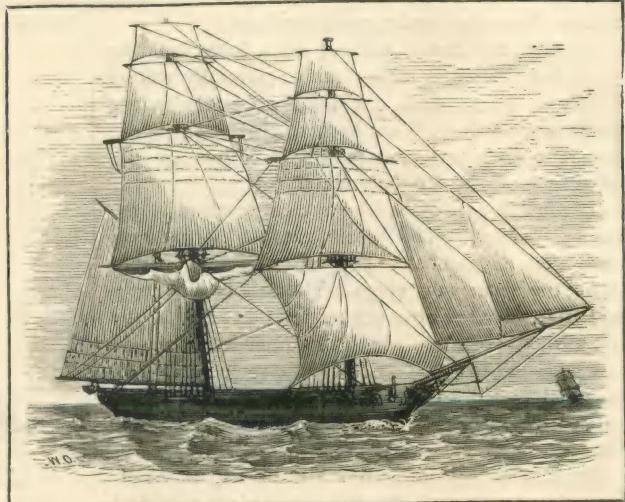
SHIP GOING FREE WITH STUDDING SAILS.

represent a vessel with all sail set and braced flat. Press with your forefinger at one end and your thumb at the other—your finger and thumb represent *the wind*. The wind has the same force on all parts, so if you wish to make the vessel's head turn from the wind you must set more sail at that end; or lessen the sail at the other if you wish to turn the stern from the wind. I am leaving out at present the power of the rudder. The water offers great resistance to vessels shaped as they are, otherwise they could only run before the wind, like feathers floating on the surface. Owing to this resistance of the water the rudder has the power of acting. Bend one end of the strip of cardboard and press against it; you find that it makes the other end turn in an opposite direction. This is exactly as a rudder acts on a vessel.

Now, having no one on board to steer, you cannot make your yacht sail before the wind; she would roll about, and soon have her sails aback. The only way to make her steer a direct course is to start from the side of the pond almost opposite to that from which the wind is blowing; you must then haul the sheets nearly flat aft, with the foresail quite flat. You must judge by the strength of the wind whether she can carry her gaff-topsail, or requires a reef or two down in the

mainsail. You should place her head about five points from the wind. See first that the halliards and sheets are belayed. Don't shove her off, but let the wind fill her sails, and she will go off by herself. The tendency of vessels on a wind is to luff up, or to carry a weather helm, so that if there is too much after sail your yacht will soon be taken aback, or get the wind on the wrong side, and either go boxing about in the middle of the pond, or come drifting back to you. You may make her sail steadily if the sails are properly trimmed, by introducing a piece of lead into the outer and lower part of the rudder. Thus, when she heels over, the weight causes the rudder to go over on that side, and consequently turns her head away from the wind. As she turns away, she rises to an even keel, and resumes her proper course. The after-sail will prevent her from running too much off the wind.

Practice makes perfect. If the head of your yacht turns away from the wind, set a smaller jib, or haul down the foresail at that end, or else set the gaff-topsail, or, if you have a yawl, the mizen at the other; if she heels over too



BRIG UNDER ORDINARY SAIL.

much, take in the gaff-topsail and haul down the foresail, or take a reef or two in the mainsail. The simpler the rig of your model the better. The most convenient size is about two feet long, or a little more, so that you can carry her easily and place her where you wish.



## "Up and Down."

*Words by W. G.*

*Allegretto moderato.*

*Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Up and down, Up and down, On dear fa - ther's knee,..... No  
 2. Up and down, Up and down, On dear fa - ther's knee,..... I'll

wear - er of a gold - en crown Can half so hap - py be.....  
 trot, and trot, and trot to town, And buy a cake for tea.....



#### The Youth of Charles James Fox.

Charles James Fox was as remarkable for talent and ability in his youth as William Pitt. He was the second son of Henry Fox, Lord Holland, and his father had as great an admiration for him as the Earl of Chatham had for his talented son. But Lord Holland was not so judicious a father ; he indulged Charles James in every way, and never allowed him to be curbed in the slightest degree. He was encouraged to give his opinions freely, and to correct anything he thought erroneous in the statements of others, whoever they might be. One day his mother made some incorrect statement about the Romans, when he immediately asked her, "What do you know about them?" and proceeded to prove to her that she was wrong.

Another time, when his father was Secretary of State, he one night went into the library where his father was engaged in writing important documents. One of these, which was ready for sealing, Charles James opened and read, and not finding that it agreed with his sentiments, coolly put it into the fire. His father did not reprove him, but quietly prepared another paper.

At another time, Lord Holland having decided to have a wall before Holland House taken down, part of which was to be blown up with gunpowder, he promised that Charles James should be present at the operation ; through some mistake the wall was blown down in his son's absence, and Lord Holland had it immediately built up again, and when it was all firmly set had it blown up for the amusement of his boy, remarking that one should always keep a promise to a child.

Notwithstanding the foolish indulgence of his parent his education was not neglected. His first school was a private one at Hackney, next he went to Westminster, and afterwards to Eton, where he

made astonishing progress, as he was never satisfied unless he could excel in all that he undertook. At Oxford, though he still pursued his pleasures to the utmost, he distinguished himself in an extraordinary manner. Like Pitt, he early interested himself in politics, and before he was twenty-one was a member of the House of Commons, where his brilliant speeches gave him the reputation of being one of the greatest orators that England had ever produced.

#### Water in connection with Plants.

Water has most to do with the growth of plants, as we may learn from the fact that the great botanist, Du Hamel, reared an oak-tree for eight years in water only. And it has been found that the buds of twigs in which the leaves are confined will gradually come to maturity if the twigs are kept in water ; the hard scales will open, and the leaves and flowers which have been preserved so carefully by them during the winter will develop. And doubtless many have sowed mustard and cress on a piece of flannel in a saucer partially filled with water, and will have watched the gradual bursting of the seeds and the growth of the little plants.

#### Kapiolari.

Kapiolari was the wife of a chief of high rank in the Sandwich Islands. The Sandwich islanders had shown much zeal in the adoption of Christianity, but still all had not embraced the new faith, and many still clung to their old idols and superstitions. Amongst these there was one very deeply rooted, which was the worship of Peli, their principal deity, who, it was believed, loved to dwell amongst the volcanoes, and show his wrath by letting the fiery lava burst forth, at which times the people would throw live hogs into the fiery gulfs to appease his anger. The great mountain Moana Roa contained

many volcanoes ; and Kapiolari, in order to convince the people that Peli had no power, determined to descend into the great crater. " If Peli is a powerful god," said she, " then I shall not return ; but if I come back unhurt, you must learn to adore the God who created Peli." It was in vain for her friends to beg her not to run so great a risk. She set out, followed by a few attendants, who had not the courage to go far with her, and she finished her dangerous journey alone, and reached the bottom of the dreadful chasm. Then she thrust her stick into the burning lava, and returned in triumph. When the people saw that no fire had burst forth to consume her, but she had been able to perform her daring deed, they felt she had a protector greater than Peli, and from that time paid no reverence to the fire-god whom they had worshipped.

#### Wise Little People.

The poet Pope, who lived a century and a half ago, in one of his poems bids us look for instruction to the birds, beasts, and insects, who are led by instinct to results at which men arrive by using their reason and observation. He speaks of the "Ant's Republic," and the "Realm of Bees." How the ants

" —in common all their wealth bestow,  
And anarchy without confusion know."

Whilst the bees

" —for ever though a monarch reign,  
Their separate cells and property maintain."

Now if any curious boys or girls will look into the manners and customs of the little creatures who filled the poet with these thoughts, they will find much to wonder at and admire. They will find, if they care to read about such things, that the ants can build cities and bridges and stairs ; that there are ants who go to war, and some that have slaves ; that there are mason bees, who make mortar, and that wasps were the first paper-makers. The white ants, common in Africa and the East Indies, though ingenious, are very troublesome, for they destroy wood in a very surprising manner, and as their numbers are very great the devastation is great also. But their cities are worth examining, for they are built with as much forethought and precision as if skilled carpenters, engineers, and masons, had been employed. When first they begin to build one sees little hills, shaped like sugar-loaves about a foot in height, rising up. The tallest hill is always in the middle, and when they have made it as big as they require they fill in between the tops of the other hills, so as to make the whole into one. Some of these hills, or cones when finished, are five or six or twelve feet high,

and some even as much as twenty feet, and are as hard and strong as stone. If the outside is wonderful, the inside and its inhabitants are more wonderful still. There is a king, known by his two great eyes, and a queen of great size, who is the mother of the whole city, and lays *eighty thousand* eggs in twenty-four hours. The king and queen live in a palace shaped like the half of an egg cut lengthwise, with doors through which the labourers can creep to carry off the eggs to the nurseries where they are to be hatched. Close to the nurseries are store-houses for food, such as gums and the dry pieces of trees. There are thousands of passages or streets winding along through these nurseries, and at the top of the hill or cone a large open space is left, around which are arches sometimes as much as two or three feet high. There is also a bridge from the lower part of the city, near the king's palace, to the upper part, which enables the labourers to take the eggs to the highest nurseries without going through all the lower streets.

Besides the king and queen and labourers, there are soldiers, supposed, like the labourers, to be blind, but who are very brave and do the fighting. For every soldier there are one hundred labourers. And the more we read of these wonderful creatures, the more clearly we see the truth of the words of Solomon, when he speaks of the ants as one of the "four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise."

#### A Musical Dog.

Our "four-footed friend" has long been famous as one of the most intelligent and faithful companions of man. But few instances of canine intelligence are so remarkable and interesting as that which a writer has noted as being manifested by a little Skye terrier that once belonged to him. He observed that it was peculiarly affected by Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." No other music had charms for it, but whenever this piece was played, "whether," says his master, "as written, or, for experiment, preceded by a few bars of a totally different style, and whether on piano cornet, violin, concertina, &c., if within hearing, he always recognised, if not the first chord, the first bar, and would run straight to the player, sit up and look at him, and join in at once." It is an old fact in connection with natural history that many animals, such as serpents, and mice, are influenced by music ; but an example of interest repeatedly exhibited in one particular "piece"—as in the case of this Skye terrier—is so curious and so rare as to call for special mention. It will also be generally admitted by lovers of music that the dog's taste was unexceptionable.

## THE DISOBEDIENT KINGFISHERS.



ERY pretty birds were Mr. and Mrs. Kingfisher, with dark glossy green wings, spotted with light blue. Their tails were also light blue, and there was a patch of yellow near their heads. The

little Kingfishers were quite as pretty as their parents, and Mr. and Mrs. Kingfisher were exceedingly proud of them.

"Only they eat a great deal," said Mr. Kingfisher; "I am getting very tired."

For Mr. Kingfisher had been flying backward and forward all day, and it was surprising to see the quantity of fish he caught for his family.

When he built his nest he took care that it should be near a stream, and he found one close by a high cliff that Mrs. Kingfisher said would be just the place; so they scooped out a deep hole, and there the eggs were laid, and in due time six little Kingfishers burst out of the shells.

Now three of the little Kingfishers were good, and three were naughty, and would not mind what their mother said to them. They would go close to the outlet and watch their father.

"Fish, fish, fish,  
Is what we wish,  
And if here we sit  
We shall get the first bit,"

said the greedy little Kingfishers. And so they did, and the mother and the three good little Kingfishers always had to wait until the naughty ones had eaten as much as they might happen to want.

"You will fall down if you stretch over so far," said Mrs. Kingfisher, "and you can't fly yet. Do come in."

But the three little Kingfishers said—

"We have no fear,  
We are quite safe here.  
We will not come in,  
For we don't care a pin  
For what you say,  
But will have our own way."

Now this was very wrong indeed of the little Kingfishers, and they were sadly punished for being so disobedient, for the next time Mr. Kingfisher came home he had a very fine fish in his beak, and the three greedy Kingfishers at once stretched out their necks as far as they could, and each seized the fish and commenced to fight for it.

"Oh ! oh ! oh !  
You'll fall, I know,"

said poor Mrs. Kingfisher, anxiously making her way to her naughty little birdlings.

But it was too late, the three naughty little Kingfishers were so eager to take the fish from one another that they scuffled and scuffled until they rolled out of the nest, and fell down to the ground and were killed. J. G.



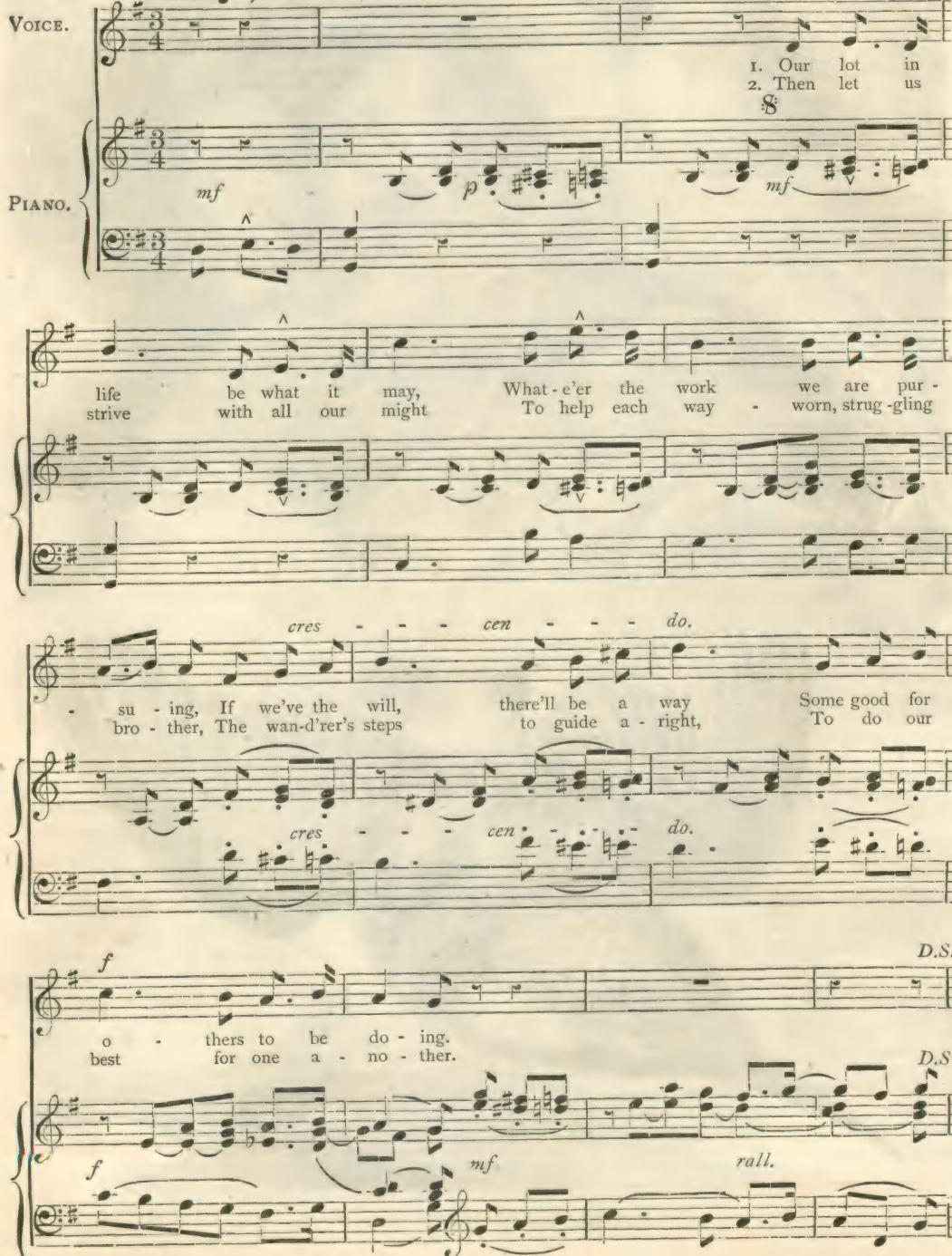
THE KINGFISHERS' HOME. (See p. 120.)

**"Where there's a Will, there's a Way."**

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

S. *mf*

Met. ♩ = 72.

**VOICE.** 

I. Our lot in  
2. Then let us

S

life strive be what it may, What-e'er the work we are pur-worn, strug-gling with all our might.

Crescendo (cres.) - coda (cen.) - do.

If we've the will, there'll be a way Some good for brother, The wan-d'r'er's steps to guide a-right, To do our bro-thering.

Crescendo (cres.) - coda (cen.) - do.

Others to be doing. best for one another.

D.S.

D.S.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

## ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY

WANTING WORDS (*Vol. IX., page 320.*)  
THE COMMON GROUND-SQUIRREL, OR HACKEE.

## FIRST PRIZE ANSWER.

**H**IS beautiful, elegant little animal is almost exclusively an inhabitant of North America. It is a lively, brisk creature, quick and rapid in its movements, and is principally seen among small timber and brushwood, making odd little clucking cries as it darts through the branches. The colour of this pretty, dainty little quadruped is brownish-grey on the back, passing into reddish-brown on the lower part of the back and forehead. On each side runs a distinct streak of yellowish white, bordered above and beneath by a line of blackish-brown. The throat and under-surface of the body is white. Its form is slight, and its ears round and erect, and its eyes bright and large. The length of this animal varies from six to eleven inches, and its tail from three to four and a half. The nest of the squirrel is composed of branches of pine trees, and other vegetable productions. During winter it remains in its burrow, which is made at the foot of a tree or bank overgrown with moss and leaves, in which it hoards a large store of winter food. This little creature is difficult to hunt, and often annoys the hunter by the queer clucking noise it makes when he approaches, for this is a sign to all the other inhabitants of the forest that danger is near. By reason of this noise that it makes it has sometimes been called the "chipping squirrel," or by boys the "chipmuck." In the picture we see the nest of one of these squirrels; it is made in an old moss-covered wall, and round it there are plenty of trees and leaves to keep the cold and rain from the little squirrels, of which there are three or four, looking forward with great pleasure to the return of their parents, who are just going forth to find some dainty morsel for their young ones' supper.

HARRIET EDITH WALKER.  
*Lound, Retford, Notts.*

(Aged 15*½*.)

## SECOND PRIZE ANSWER.

**P**AGE 320 represents ground-squirrels, or hackees; and at the back are some young ones lying in their nest. The hackee is found in America; it is a very beautiful little creature. The colour of the hackee is a brownish-grey, and two yellow stripes on its back. It likes making its nest in an old tree or in the earth, where it is sheltered by a wall, a fence, or a bank. It eats wheat, grass-seeds, hazel nuts, and beech nuts. When the hackee carries off the beech nuts into its cave, it goes through its work in a very business-like manner. The points of the beech nuts hurt its cheeks when it puts them in its mouth. The hackee is very active. The length of the hackee is about eleven inches, and the tail is about four inches and a half in length. The nest is made of dried grass and straw. It is found among brushwood and timber. It is a burrowing animal, and has a bushy tail. It always retreats for its winter quarters in November.

LEWIS H. LINNELL.  
*Elmswood, Stretford.*

(Aged 10.)

Certified by Mrs. JNO. ALLISON.

## LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour:—HARRIET EDITH WALKER (15*½*), Lound, Retford, Notts. Second Prize, with Officer's Medal:—LEWIS H. LINNELL (10), Elmswood, Stretford. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal:—IRENE E. V. PETRIE (15*½*), 14, Hanover Terrace, Ladbrooke Square, W.; HELEN S. WYNELL MAYOW (13), 95, Sydney Place, Bath; FANNY BRIDGMAN (14), Grove Villa, Trinity Place, Windsor; THE LADY ELYNE ERSKINE (12*½*), Alloa Park, Alloa, N.B.; ANNIE JEVONS (11*½*), 11, Belvidere Road, Prince's Park, Liverpool; EDITH M. FISHER (7*½*), Higham Rectory, Hinckley; HAROLD JEVONS (10), 11, Belvidere Road, Prince's Park, Liverpool.*

## FOUR CLEVER LINNETS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,



**L**IVE in France, in a village called Mont-Lambert. I am going to tell you a story of four linnets we have. Their names are Hop-on-my-Thumb, Mischief, Tom-Thumb, and Twinny. Mischief is the tamest; he is such a nice little bird. Every day he takes a bath, and when he has done he comes on my shoulder and dries himself; and when I wash myself he comes and washes with me; and he eats out of my mouth; and when I sing, he comes on my finger and sings as if his throat would burst. One day we lost Hop-on-my-Thumb, one of our linnets, out of doors. My sister sat out of doors all the evening sewing—it was in the summer—watching for the bird. She hung the cage out of doors, with the other linnets in it. Presently she heard a chirping on the wall opposite, and she remained perfectly still, and then the bird flew on to his cage; and then she went, and he let her catch him, and she put him in his cage; and he was as hungry as a hunter. And we have also got a sparrow. He is such a wicked bird. If at night you dare to put your finger near his cage, he will fight you, and chatter, and come on your finger and peck it with all his might. And at night sometimes we have supper very late, at ten o'clock, and Pierrot comes down all of his own accord, and eats out of our mouths, and then goes up again without saying a word; and if we don't give him any food he begins to chatter. And we have got seven rabbits that weigh twelve pounds each. And we had six hens; and how many eggs do you think we had in nine months? We had 950 eggs; but we gave them to grandmamma; and now she has got thirty-nine fowls. I like LITTLE FOLKS very much. I have taken it in two years; and the best story, I think is "In Mischief Again." I will write to you again. I hope my letter is good enough for LITTLE FOLKS.

PERCY ABNEY BARRON.  
(Aged 11*½*.)

*Mont-Lambert, par Boulogne-sur-mer, France.*

## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## QUOTATION ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials of the names of the poems from which the following quotations are taken spell the name of a great English poet.

1. "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."
2. "And looks commerçing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."
3. "Yet once more, O ye laurels, once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries."
4. "They fell devoted, but undying;  
The very winds their names seemed sighing."
5. "My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?"
6. "Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And hold communion there with God."

KATIE MARION DAWSON.  
(Aged 13.)

34, Sydney Buildings, Bath.

## BURIED HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

- H** H, I dare say it is true.
2. She sent her message to-day by the errand boy.
  3. I rise early every morning.
  4. Give me a tart, a russet apple, and a biscuit.
  5. Here is a very good vest and shirt.
  6. Who broke that cup? I did.
  7. At eight o'clock, remember.
  8. A cup and saucer.
  9. We had a race; you ran, I after you.
  10. Let her rest, for she is very tired.

EDITH MARY WALES.

Downham Market, Norfolk.

## BEHEADED WORDS.

- M** Y first is a measure; behead me, and I am used in the kitchen; behead me again, and I am an article.
2. I am a verb; behead me, and I am a place of amusement; behead me again, and I am wanted in writing.
  3. I am lean and thin; behead me, and I am a steep cliff; behead me again, and I am the remains of clothes.
  4. My first you can cut; behead me, and I am the plural of an insect; behead me again, and I am what every one likes in summer, and still more in winter.
  5. I am part of a carriage; behead me, and I am part of a boot; behead me again, and I am a fish.
  6. My first is a grain, my second is often felt in summer, my third we do every day.

MABEL GUBBINS.  
(Aged 11½.)

Ashwellthorpe Hall,  
Wymondham, Norfolk.

## QUOTATION PUZZLE.

**F**HE third letter of the name of the author of the first quotation, the third letter of the name of the author of the second, the fifth letter of the name of the author of the third, the first letter of the name of the author of the fourth, the fifth letter of the name of the author of the fifth, the eleventh letter of the name of the author of the sixth, the seventh letter of the name of the author of the seventh, the third letter of the name of the author of the eighth, the second letter of the name of the author of the ninth, and the third letter of the name of the author of the tenth, will give the name of the author of the last quotation.

1. "Come and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe."
2. "Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"  
Were the last words of Marmion."
3. "I hear thee speak of the better land;  
Thou call'st its children a happy band."
4. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."
5. "And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior."
6. "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,  
In a cowslip's bell I lie."
7. "While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow."
8. "For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."
9. "The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,  
I heard a voice; it said, 'Drink, pretty creature;  
drink!'
10. "She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow;  
Rushed to battle, fought and died;  
Dying, hurled them at the foe."
11. "But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea,  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me."

14, Sunderland Terrace. CHARLOTTE ARBUTHNOT.  
Bayswater, W.  
(Aged 16.)

## BURIED METALS.

- H**E wears a fez in cold weather.
2. Charlie is taller than I am, being older.
  3. Large cobras seem dangerous visitors.
  4. Is this bottle adapted for putting wine in?

Norton Court, near Taunton. H. J. HEWETT (14¾).

## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



The above read straight on from the top left hand corner will give the names of twelve towns.

SAMUEL C. TAYLOR, *Railway Street, Hitchin, Herts.*

## ALPHABETICAL BATTLES.

- A**, A BATTLE fought in the reign of Henry V.
  - B**, a battle at which an English king was killed.
  - C**, the last battle between Charles Edward and George II.
  - D**, a battle between Prince Charles and Cromwell.
  - E**, a battle fought in 1265.
  - F**, a battle between the Duke of Cumberland and the French.
  - G**, a battle fought by Alexander.
  - H**, a battle between the Normans and Saxons.
  - I**, a battle in the Zulu war.
  - J**, a battle won by the English over the Turks.
  - K**, a battle fought by William III., and Lord Dundee.
  - L**, a battle at which the Royalists were defeated, in 1643.
  - M**, also another battle at which they were defeated.
  - N**, a battle at which Ireton was taken prisoner.
  - O**, one of Marlborough's famous victories.
  - P**, a battle won by the Black Prince.
  - Q**, a battle at which the Spanish general defeated the French.
  - R**, a battle fought on May 23rd, 1706.
  - S**, a battle in which Lambert Simnel was taken prisoner.
  - T**, a battle in the reign of Edward IV.
  - U**, a battle between the English and French, when the English were defeated, and their general brought to trial.
  - V**, a battle at which the French defeated the English.
  - W**, a battle at which Napoleon was defeated.
  - X**, a battle at which Roderic was defeated and killed by the Moors, in the year 713.
  - Y**, a battle fought in the reign of Edward III.
  - Z**, a battle between the Romans and Carthaginians, 202 B.C.
- 28, Lansdowne Crescent,  
Notting Hill, W.

## MESOSTICH.

**T**HE centre letter of each word that is defined will spell the answer.

- My whole a new faith did spread,  
And has for many years been dead,  
  
This sea plant on the rocks cloth dwell ;  
I think that you all know it well.  
  
'Tis often gentle, tender, loving,  
Corrupted by no evil thought ;  
'Tis sometimes hard and unforgiving,  
With many an angry passion wrought.  
  
A man who on the cattle attends,  
And from all harm he them defends.  
  
As oft from little things do many great ones spring,  
So grows from this small seed the fine old forest king.  
  
This animal does deserts roam,  
And calls the burning sands its home.

A passing vision which at the moment seemeth real,  
Sometimes so beautiful its nature, sometimes such horrors  
doth reveal.

Something that we use every day ;  
Without it all things would decay.

VIOLET HARRINGTON WYMAN.  
(Aged 12.)



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (Pages 60, 61, 62.)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

CAMPBELL.—“THEODRIC.”

- |                   |              |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1. C ar T.        | 5. B ar D.   |
| 2. A mbus H.      | 6. E the R.  |
| 3. M ele E.       | 7. L ipar I. |
| 4. P uerto Ric O. | 8. L a C.    |

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

NORWICH.—NORFOLK.

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. N ewar K.      | 4. W ol F.         |
| 2. O riental L.   | 5. I lminster R.   |
| 3. R egg O.       | 6. C irencester O. |
| 7. H addington N. |                    |

## SCRIPTURE PUZZLE.

“Judge not, that ye be not judged.”

## MUSICAL PUZZLE.

SHAKESPEARE.—CHAUCER.

## ENGLISH TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- |                |                  |                  |
|----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Oak-ham.    | 2. Scar-borough. | 3. Darling-ton.  |
| 4. Wake-field. | 5. Ash-ton.      | 6. Dun-stable.   |
| 8. Taunt-on.   | 9. New-ark.      | 10. Barn-staple. |

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

```

    K
   PIN
  SIN EW
 FORGERY
 CORPORATE
 FLORIFEROUS
 KING OF GERMAN Y
 RATTLESNAKE
 REPARABLE
 COMMAND
 ALARM
 ANN
 Y
  
```

## PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION ACROSTIC.

## LOCOMOTIVE.

- |                    |          |
|--------------------|----------|
| 1. Rule transposed | = L ure. |
| 2. Doe             | , O de.  |
| 3. Race            | , C are. |
| 4. Cone            | , O nce. |
| 5. Team            | , M eat. |
| 6. Roe             | , O re.  |
| 7. Note            | , T one. |
| 8. Chin            | , I nch. |
| 9. Nave            | , V ane. |
| 10. Tea            | , E at.  |

## MUSICAL ARITHMOREM.

NELSON.

- |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. N ewcastle. | 4. S iberia.   |
| 2. E lizabeth. | 5. O ffenbach. |
| 3. L eopard.   | 6. N uremberg. |

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

ONCE there was a little girl whose name was *Sophia*, and she had a sister called *Florence*, who was *Superior* to her in good behaviour. One *Fyne* (fine) day their mother went out, and she said to *Sophia*, “Do not go out while I am gone.” *Sophia* did as she was told for some time, but by-and-by she began to *Tyre* (tire) of sitting still, and longed to *Rome* (roam) about in a wood near their house. At last she made a *Start* for the wood, and took *Florence* with her. They went on and on till at last they did not know *Ware* (where) they were. *Sophia* said, “I think that path *Leeds* (leads) to the right road.” But they had not taken many *Steppes* (steps) before they found they were wrong, and they fancied they heard a *Sound* like the roars of *Lyons* (lions), which filled their *Hartz* (hearts) with *Fear*. Just at that moment a *Man* came by, and asked them why they were there alone. He took them home to their mother, who was very glad to see them safe. They were both very dirty, and looked as if they wanted a good *Wash*. However, by the application of some *Clearwater* they were soon made clean again. *Sophia* promised not to do it again.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—“MONASTERY ;” “ABBOT.”

- |                  |               |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. S li M.       | 8. E lde R.   |
| 2. I ndig O.     | 9. Radiant Y. |
| 3. R enow N.     | 10. S of A.   |
| 4. W estphali A. | 11. C a B.    |
| 5. A udaciou S.  | 12. O r B.    |
| 6. L aten T.     | 13. T obag O. |
| 7. T errac E.    | 14. T rou T.  |

## A CHARADE.

The letter R.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

## DNIESTER.

- |                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. D ardanelles.  | 5. S acramento. |
| 2. N airn.        | 6. T hames.     |
| 3. I tasca.       | 7. E uphrates.  |
| 4. E tna (Mount). | 8. R ichmond.   |

## A LETTER CHARADE.

ZULULAND.



In answer to JULIE's question, KATE B. BRACKENBURY; LAWRENCE RICHARDSON; K. F. W.; IVANHOE; WALTON MOFFAT; ALICE JAMES; H. M. B.; META; M. B.; R. A. R. BENNETT; and JESSIE send the following:—

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;  
Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.  
Every endeavour engineers essay,  
For fame, for fortune fighting,—furious fray!  
Gaunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good;  
Heaves high his head, heroic hardihood!  
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,  
Kinsmen kill kindred, kindred kinsmen kill.  
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines;  
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous mines.  
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought  
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;  
Poor patriots partly purchased, partly prest,  
Quite quaking, quickly "quarter, quarter" quest.  
Reason returns, religious right redounds;  
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.  
Truce to thee, Turkey, triumph to thy train:  
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!  
Vanish vain victory! Vanish victory vain!  
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were  
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?  
Yield, yield, ye youths; ye yeomen, yield your yell;  
Zeno's, Zarpeter's, Zoroaster's zeal,  
Attracting all—arms against acts appeal.

In answer to Mary's question as to how skeleton leaves are made, V. G. P. writes:—"Steep the leaves in rain-water in an open vessel exposed to the air and sun. The leaves will purify, and then their membranes will begin to open. Then lay them on a clean white dish, filled with water, and with gentle touches take off the external membranes, separating them cautiously near the middle rib. Or, soak the leaves in this mixture for four hours: a spoonful of chloride of lime in a liquid state, mixed with a quart of pure spring water. Afterwards take them out, and well wash in a large basin filled with water; after which they should be left to dry with free exposure to light and air. LILIAN; C. L. M. H.; AGGIE; ADELA B. FULLER; C. SIMONS also send answers to the same effect.

SISSY.—[Yes, the clothes must of course be made by the competitor sending the group.—ED.]

H. L. L.—[Yes, parents may certify work for competition.—ED.]

A. F. B.—[All stories, &c., must be certified, and the full name, age, and address forwarded at the same time.—ED.]

ESMÉ.—[1. Yes; a representation of a fairy tale will be eligible for competition. 2. Yes; two groups may be sent.—ED.]

FLORA.—[Yes; you may compete in all or any of the competitions in LITTLE FOLKS if under the prescribed age.—ED.]

HORRIE; NINA; and MAUD.—[Yes, paper patterns are allowed in Competitions IV. and V.—ED.]

A. P.—[No; the houses must not be made of cork, but only of cardboard.—ED.]

AGNES JARVIE, 9, Lynedoch Crescent, Glasgow; F. FLANDERS WILBURTON, Isle of Ely, Cambs.; AMY B. CHEAL, Otley House, near Ipswich; LAURA TREVOR, Penmon Vicarage, Beaumaris; Miss BRAMBLE, Chiccompton, Bath; DAISY HARDEN, 6, Hyde Vale Cottages, Greenwich; EDITH FISHER, Chieveley, Newbury, Berks; and MARY WILLIAMSON, 26, Blenheim Road, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire, will be glad to assist in the collection of old postage stamps.

In answer to NELLIE's question, ANNIE and S. M. CLEWS write that there is a sequel to the "Wide, Wide World," the former giving "Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf" as the title; the latter, "Speculation."

ANNIE asks:—"Can any little folk tell me from what author, and in what piece the following lines are?—

'Emigravit' is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies."

In answer to ALRIC's question, GUIDO GRANET; W. E. IRELAND; H. C. P. write thus:—In the melting of the copper for the coins a lump of gold accidentally got in, so the Bank of England got them all back again to be re-melted.

MINNIE writes, in answer to LONG TOM, that she thinks the bird he describes is the Baltimore Oriole, belonging to the genus *Graculinae*; its Latin name is *Hyphantes Baltimore*. It is a native of North America, but is sometimes, though very rarely, found in Brazil.

BIRDIE, in answer to FRANCIS RAMSAY, has found the Swiss transferable oil pictures best for ornamenting paper. They can be procured at all stationers'.

AMY CHEAL writes, in answer to SNOWDROP's question:—"I think that I can recommend a very pretty fringe for a shawl. It is called daisy fringe. You take a skein of wool, any colour you please (a small skein is best), and place it over your fingers as you would a piece of sewing; you then take a ball of wool of a similar colour, but rather a lighter shade, and tie it tightly to the skein; you then turn it over the skein, and pull it through the loop, made by putting it over, for you must only pull gently; after this is done you will find it fixed quite firm. After you have finished the skein, you must cut the skein which is between the loops, and so cut it to any size you wish it, and then sew or crochet it onto the shawl, and you will find it turn out a pretty fringe."

A VOICE FROM THE COUNTRY.—[Your suggestion is under consideration.—ED.]

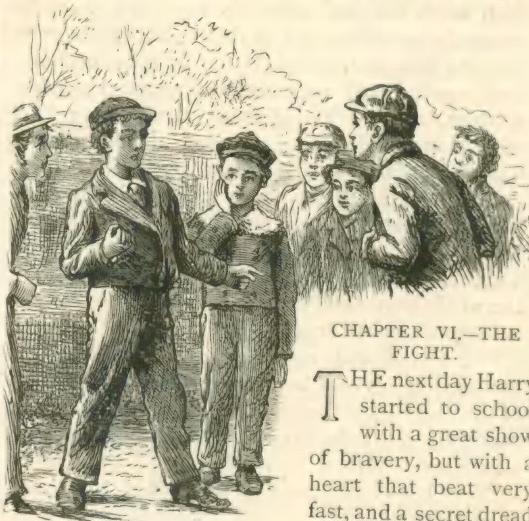
GUIDO GRANET,—[No; puzzles in Italian cannot be accepted.—ED.]

## PICTURE STORY WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour will be given for the best short and original description of this Picture. A smaller Book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition, for the best description relatively to the age of the Competitor; so that no reader is too young to try for this second Prize. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their letters must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 11th of August next (the 15th of August for Competitors residing abroad).

## ROSES FROM THORNS; OR, THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

*By the Author of "Into the View," &c. &c.*

## CHAPTER VI.—THE FIGHT.

THE next day Harry started to school with a great show of bravery, but with a heart that beat very fast, and a secret dread

of what was waiting for him, that made his steps get slower and slower the nearer he got to Axborough and the grammar-school. His cousin let him out of the garden-gate and locked it after him. It was another mild, pleasant day, though the damp in the overgrown shrubbery made it rather uncomfortable. The old man sighed as he turned from the gate and looked round; it seemed more dreary and forsaken than ever now the boy was out of sight. A pleasant voice called his name from the road as he was entering, and looking out he saw Mrs. Osborne.

"Mr. Ratcliffe," she said, as he bowed to her with stiff politeness, "I wanted to say I hoped so much you did not think I had taken a liberty in asking your little guest in yesterday. He was in some trouble, not being used to the rough teasing ways of schoolboys, and I felt sorry for him. I did not think, as I ought to have done, of asking your permission to have him. I do hope you will excuse it."

"There is nothing to excuse, madam," he answered, opening the gate and holding it for her to enter. "Will you come in and sit down? You are the exception, as you know, to my rule of solitude."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Ratcliffe," she answered, cordially, "but I am going to market in Axborough, and I know you must be busy at this time. I only wanted to apologise for what seemed rude of me, and to say how glad I shall be if you will let your little cousin come now and then to see

me. I was so much pleased with him; he seems such a refined, gentle, grateful boy."

A gleam of pleasure lit up the Hermit's face, but he did not choose to express what he felt; his habit of reserve was too strong.

"He is not a bad child," he answered, shortly; "I dare say the neighbours pity him sincerely for his fate in becoming an inmate for a time of my gloomy old house! And certainly it is a sad fate for a boy. Thank you for asking him. If he goes anywhere, I promise it shall be to you. I hope he will get on better with his school-fellows in time, or rather I hope they will find some other butt, and leave poor Harry alone."

"I think they are more thoughtless than actually cruel," Mrs. Osborne said, apologising for Frank in her words.

"I think they are both," the old man said, sharply. "I will wish you good day, madam."

"Only one word, Mr. Ratcliffe," she said in a great hurry, and colouring as she spoke. "I wanted also to ask you if I could be of any use—you see I am accustomed to a boy and you are not—in getting anything Harry might need. Perhaps his clothes might want looking to, and—and—"

"Thank you," he replied stiffly. "I am used to women's work, you know; I can see after him." He walked away, and then a kinder impulse moved him, and he turned back. "I think I know what you mean, madam. I dare say his clothes are not like the rest. I don't want him to be put to shame. I have lived out of the way a long while. If you will wait one minute I will ask you to be so very kind as to do a commission for me."

He went into the house very quickly, and returning, put into Mrs. Osborne's hand three sovereigns.

"If you will be so good as to spend these for Harry in the way you think best, I shall be most grateful."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Ratcliffe!" Mrs. Osborne cried, as warmly if he had bestowed a present on her. "I will do as you wish with the greatest pleasure. Good-bye."

Mrs. Osborne managed to make those three sovereigns go farther than money ever did before. Harry's delight at a new suit of dark tweed, with hat, boots, and everything else good, and like those of "other boys," made his cousin feel that the money, which he could ill spare, had purchased him a pleasure which he had not known in his retirement from the world.

But I must go back to tell you how Harry got through his second day at school. Mrs. Osborne had not failed to see Mr. Henderson, and to explain enough of the cause of Harry's absence to excuse it, and to interest the head-master in the orphan boy. He got no scolding and no punishment from Mr. Lane ; the master of his class was particularly good-natured to the shy lad who seemed so wonderfully eager to get on. The ordeal was when the recreation hour before dinner came, and poor Harry was once more in the midst of his tormentors. The old bullying began again, but Harry was more able to bear it, and he met with an unexpected friend. A sudden grasp made Bully Rogers release him, and a bright-eyed, curly-haired boy came resolutely to the front.

"Now, just look here, you fellows!" he said, at the top of his clear young voice, "you may as well let that small chap alone; I'm going to stick up for him, and any one that likes can have a row about it with me."

"And what's it to you, Frank Osborne?" Bully Rogers asked, with a sneer. "You only want to talk big, and make fellows think a lot of you! It aint any business of yours, and you needn't set up to be a prig all of a sudden. Let the young Hermit Crab look out for himself."

"If you want to fight, Bully, I'm game!" was Frank's simple retort ; "and I'm not afraid of you, though you are pretty big. It's all bark with you, and you are no better than a coward all the while."

"Coward yourself!" yelled the enraged bully, flinging about indiscriminately, so that one of his long arms, flying out like a flail, hit poor Harry with desperate force on the face.

He could not help crying out, though he did want to be brave so very much ; the blow was so sudden, and his body was frail and tender.

Frank revenged the blow by a violent onslaught, which took the breath away from Rogers for a moment, and the two boys, very ill-matched in size, though Frank had all the courage on his side, regularly set to with their fists, to the great delight of the spectators. Frank would most likely have won the day, though his opponent was much larger and stronger, if they had not been separated by a master. Rogers shrunk off in the sulks, and Frank, with his nose bleeding, went carelessly away to football. Harry followed him, full of gratitude and admiration, which he longed to express, but which shyness prevented. Frank did not take much notice of him ; he had determined to do his best for the boy, because his mother had wished, but he was rather ashamed of his *protégé*, whom every one laughed at, and did not feel inclined to make friends all at once with a milksop who could not

run or play or do anything like the rest. Harry watched the game, which was a perfect mystery to him, and longed to be allowed to join, but that was not at all likely ; he made a feeble rush now and then when the ball went his way, and once he succeeded in getting it, and kicking it feebly in quite a wrong direction, for which feat he got shouted at, and was greeted with various uncomplimentary epithets, so that he subsided altogether, scarlet with shame. He went off by himself after a time, feeling lost and out of place, terribly lonely in the midst of that noisy, merry crowd, who despised him as only schoolboys despise any of their number who cannot join in their pursuits. He leaned against a corner of the wall, looking on with wistful eyes, the whole bustle and confusion seeming to him like an uncomfortable dream.

But Frank was not heartless, though he was ashamed of his own best feelings ; he caught sight of the shabby melancholy figure, and when he had ended his game he came up and spoke with awkward good nature.

"You have never been used to this sort of thing, I suppose?"

"No," Harry answered, humbly. "I have never been to school, or had anything to do with boys."

"Ah ! Well, you'll get on all right after a bit, you know ; you must see how we do it, and in time you'll be able to try, and if you get into a mess just come to me, only I'd advise you to stand up for yourself, and they'll soon leave off baiting you."

"I'm very sorry you fought," Harry said, longing to say all he felt, though afraid of offending. "I didn't mind much to-day, and I hope you don't think I'm a coward."

"Oh, I dare say not. As for fighting, I didn't care—a knock or two don't hurt me ; and after all you got the worst. One side of your face is growing black."

"Is it black?" Harry said anxiously, putting his hand up to touch the aching, burning cheek. "Isn't there anything I could put on to take it away?"

"Cold water's the best ; but it doesn't matter. Grin and bear it."

"Oh, I don't mind for myself, but I'm afraid—"

"What of? Don't stutter."

"I'm afraid my cousin will be put out."

"Your cousin? who's he? the Hermit?"

"Yes ; but please, I'd rather you didn't call him that!"

"Why not? there's no harm in being a hermit. There used to be lots of old fellows who were hermits, and he is one, you know, for no one ever sees anything of him. People living like that are hermits."

expenses connected with the school. He had sometimes occasion to pay out small sums of money at short notice, and this drawer saved him leaving the schoolroom, or even rising from his seat. The drawer was seldom or never locked, for Mr. Marshall had thorough confidence in his boys. Since he had begun to be a schoolmaster he had always sought, by exhibiting a complete trust and confidence in his pupils, to create a spirit of perfect honesty, truth, and honour in them. He had found this principle answer his expectations. Seldom had he had cause to regret having adopted it—certainly not often enough to induce him to abandon it. To have regularly and scrupulously locked the little money drawer in his table would, in his opinion, have betrayed a want of trust in his boys which he would have been sorry to have felt, still less to have shown. And so the drawer nearly always remained unlocked.

It had entered into Robert King's mind to extract a small sum of money from this drawer.

"It will not be stealing," he argued with himself, "because I will replace the money before the end of the half. I shall write privately to the *mater*, and get her to send me a little cash without saying anything to my father about it. I know she'll manage that easily enough. Then I'll put the money back, and nobody will be a bit the wiser. I feel sure Mr. Marshall never knows how much he has in his drawer. He just keeps a lot loose, and is continually giving out small sums."

Thus Robert King reasoned with himself, but his reasoning, though specious, was false. Having once determined on his plan, there was very little difficulty in carrying it out. The school left off work at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and from that time until the next morning the large schoolroom was deserted. The day-scholars, of course, went home, and the boarders prepared their night-work in the two smaller class-rooms.

When the school had dispersed on the afternoon on which Robert King had determined to carry out his scheme, he returned from the playground, whither he had gone with the rest, and re-entered the large schoolroom. It was empty, as he expected; with a cautious glance around, however, lest any of the boys might be lurking for some reason in a distant corner, and having satisfied himself that there were none such, he approached the head-master's table. The money drawer was unlocked. He drew it quietly out, and after a little noiseless handling of the money, extracted a five-shilling piece and two half-crowns. "That will be enough," he said to himself, "and I feel sure I am safe. It will never be missed." He shut the drawer again, and was just

turning away, when he heard a footstep in the direction of the door which was at the other end of the room. He hurried hastily from the table, and, casting his eyes towards the door, the next moment saw Lionel Freeland entering. Lionel had come back to the schoolroom for his Virgil, which he had left in his desk. Being now shut out from all the school games, he had been driven more closely to his class work, and used sometimes to begin the preparation of his tasks for the following day almost immediately after the dismissal of the school.

As he entered the schoolroom he had just caught sight of his former friend and chum hurrying away from Mr. Marshall's table. Of course, his first feeling was one of surprise and wonder. What could Bob have been doing at the master's table at this hour? and why did he seem hurrying away so rapidly? was it the sudden sight of him that had made Bob hasten so? A vague suspicion flashed across Lionel's mind, but he tried to put it from him as unworthy and unkind. He was still feeling very sore, disappointed, and pained in regard to Bob, but he could not believe him capable of an action the thought of which filled Lionel with shrinking and dismay.

For a moment Bob himself was a little startled and frightened at the sight of Lionel, but he soon recovered himself. He felt sure that his friend had seen nothing. He had, he thought, closed the drawer and left the table before Lionel entered the room. He felt secure in this belief, and recovering his self-possession, sauntered at a leisurely pace past Lionel, assuming a careless and easy air to cover his former hurried and hasty one.

Notwithstanding that he had successfully accomplished his object, and notwithstanding he had, as it were, reasoned down his conscience, Robert King was not quite at rest in his mind for the remainder of that day. He felt a vague uneasiness which he could not altogether get rid of, and when he went to bed at night this vague disturbing feeling was still present with him.

Lionel and Bob's beds stood next to each other in the fourth class dormitory. That night Lionel lay awake longer than usual. His meeting with Bob in the schoolroom returned to his mind, and set him thinking over the matter again. He was at length dropping off to sleep when he heard a muttering from Bob's bed. Bob was talking in his sleep—a thing he sometimes did; on any other occasion Lionel would have paid no further heed to this, but he caught one or two of Bob's words, and they at once arrested his attention. He listened more closely, his sleepiness suddenly departing. "It's only ten—only ten shillings. It'll be

all right. He'll never know, and I'll be sure to put it back. Where's the harm?" Bob muttered in low, broken tones.

At once Lionel took in the whole facts of the case. His worst fears were confirmed. Bob had

that?" Lionel said to himself. "Ten shillings is a good sum. Mr. Marshall may sometimes know how much he has left in the drawer; the risk is too great. Oh, Bob! you have been as rash as you have been dishonourable and guilty!"



"HE SHUT THE DRAWER AGAIN, AND WAS JUST TURNING AWAY" (p. 143).

taken money—ten shillings—from Mr. Marshall's drawer. For about ten minutes Lionel lay still in bed, deep in thought. Bob muttered on for a little longer a few more disjointed sentences, and then was quiet again. Presently Lionel rose and noiselessly dressed himself.

"He feels sure that Mr. Marshall will never miss the money, but how can he be certain of

Lionel went quietly to his box, which stood at the foot of his bed, and took from it a small portmanteau, in which he kept the bulk of his school money. Then he crept noiselessly down-stairs and along the passage which led to the schoolroom. As he passed Mr. Marshall's study, which adjoined the large schoolroom, he did not notice that there was a light burning within. It was a moonlight night;

Mr. Marshall's study door was closed, and only a faint gleam stole beneath the door into the passage, which, mingling with the clear moonlight that was shed through the windows of the house, was hardly noticeable, especially by one who, like Lionel, was

follow out and complete a thought in his mind before putting it to paper just as Lionel was passing the door outside. Quietly as Lionel was moving in the hushed stillness of the house, his footfall caught Mr. Marshall's ear, and naturally excited his wonder.



"MR. MARSHALL MET HIM WITH A VERY GRAVE AND PAINED EXPRESSION OF FACE" (p. 146).

in haste to get his task done, and had his mind bent on that alone.

Within his study sat Mr. Marshall at his writing-table. The head-master at Denmark House sometimes occupied his leisure hours with literary work, and to-night he was sitting up to finish an article which he wished to have ready in a few days for a London review. He was pausing for a moment to

Who could be moving about the house at this hour, when all the servants, as well as the boys, were, or should be, in bed?

The master rose from his seat, opened the door, and glanced along the passage, and as he did so caught sight of Lionel as he entered the schoolroom. He recognised him at once. He walked to the end of the passage, and without entering the schoolroom,

stood looking in at the door. The sight that met his eyes at once surprised and deeply pained him. He saw Lionel advance to his table, open the drawer, and begin, as he thought, to handle the money in it. This much he could see quite plainly, for the moonlight filled the room from the windows on one side. The master stayed to see no more, but turned, re-entered his study, and closed the door before Lionel again passed. As for Lionel himself, he thought he had successfully accomplished his object, and saved his former friend from all risk of discovery, exposure, and irretrievable shame.

On the following day, shortly after breakfast, Lionel received a summons to attend Mr. Marshall in his study. He wondered a little what the headmaster wanted with him at that particular moment, but was wholly unsuspecting of the actual cause of his summons.

Mr. Marshall met him with a very grave and pained expression of face, and at once began :—

"Lionel, I know all that happened last night. I saw everything. I cannot express to you the astonishment and pain your act has caused me. I could not have believed it of you had I not witnessed it with my own eyes. My words to you shall be very brief. Some masters would have taken short and stern action in a case like this, but considering how exemplary your conduct has always been here, I cannot find it in my heart to punish *you* as perhaps your deed deserves. I shall simply take no further notice of it whatever. What were the motives which tempted you to such an act I cannot conceive, and do not inquire. I feel sure you know as well as I do how wicked and base a deed you have been guilty of, and I leave you to the punishment of your own conscience. My earnest and best hope for you is that your own remorse for what you have done will lead you to full repentance of it, and save you from ever committing the like again. One word I must just add, and that is that you cannot expect me henceforth to have the same trust and confidence in you which I have hitherto always had."

Lionel spoke no word in reply. His face was quite pale, his lips trembled, but no word issued from them. He inclined his head slightly when Mr. Marshall had ceased speaking, turned, and hurried from the room.

If Lionel Freeland's position at school was a painful and cheerless one before, how much more *so was it not now!* To the ill-will and contempt of his school-fellows were added the distrust and suspicion of his master. Mr. Marshall believed him to be a thief. Could he have rested under a more terrible suspicion? Could anything be harder for a

boy, truthful and upright and honourable as Lionel was, to bear? But he was resolved to bear it. As he had borne his companions' injustice, and his friend's faithlessness and desertion, so he now bore what was a still bitterer trial—the fact that Mr. Marshall regarded him as a thief—patiently, bravely, silently. He had resolved not to betray Bob, and he would keep his resolve.

And so the half-year drew to a close, and bravely as Lionel Freeland had set himself to bear his burden, he had never so longed for a half-year to end before. He had been passing through a period of endurance that was little short of wretchedness. Nothing but the knowledge of his innocence—the assurance that, no matter what boys or master might think, he had done nothing wrong—could have kept him up, and prevented him from giving way to a feeling of hopelessness and utter misery. He was but a boy, you see, and, as it was, he longed daily for the end of the term, when he should once more return home, and have done, for a time at least, with school life and its trials. He did not look beyond the holidays.

It was on an afternoon two days before the breaking up of the school, Mr. Marshall sat at his table in the large schoolroom, making out the order in which the boys stood as the result of the examinations. There was no one else in the room, but presently a little boy entered and advanced to Mr. Marshall. He came to receive a small balance of money which still remained over to him from his half-year's allowance. Mr. Marshall acted as banker to such of the younger boys as chose to leave their money in his keeping. "You have surely been very economical this half, Willie. It is seldom I have to refund you boys anything two days before breaking up," the master said, smiling. The little boy laughed, received the money, and departed. Mr. Marshall glanced into the drawer as he closed it again, when it struck him that it contained much more money than he thought. He had withdrawn nearly a pound on the previous day to pay a stationery account, which had left only a few shillings—three or four, he could not exactly remember which. He counted the money now and found that it amounted to twelve shillings, and among the coin was a half-crown, which he was certain was not in the drawer on the previous day. Who could have put the additional money into the drawer? No one was ever supposed to make use of it but himself.

Puzzled and perplexed, Mr. Marshall thought over the matter, and at last the only solution he could arrive at was that Lionel Freeland had replaced the money he had taken on that night, which was still vivid in the master's memory.

An hour later Mr. Marshall sent for Lionel Freeland to speak with him in his study.

"What you have done, my boy, looks as if you were really repentant for your deed," he began at once, and without prelude, in a not unkindly voice. "Of course, you must know as well as I do, that the mere replacing of the money is no real atonement for the wrong-doing that—"

"Replacing the money!" escaped from Lionel's lips in the surprise of the moment, almost before he was aware. But the next instant the truth flashed upon him, and he recalled Bob's words in his sleep.

A doubt entered Mr. Marshall's mind.

"Yes; you put back yesterday the money you took, did you not?"

Lionel was silent.

"Lionel Freeland, I want an answer to my question," said Mr. Marshall quietly, but firmly. "Did you not put seven or eight shillings into my drawer between yesterday afternoon and this?"

Thus questioned, Lionel could but return one answer. "No, sir, I did not," he said, in a low tone.

"Then who could have done it? I felt certain that the same hand that took the money also replaced it. It seemed the only explanation of the matter."

The master paused a moment in thought, and then resumed suddenly:—

"Is it possible that I have been mistaken about the whole matter? Lionel, surely it was you and no other whom I saw that night go to my drawer and take money from it. Surely I could not have been deceived, and mistaken some one else for you. Will you explain, if you can, my boy. There seems some mystery about the whole matter, and if you can explain it, I think you are bound in duty to do so. Lionel, I demand now that you should tell me all you know of this affair."

Lionel now felt that there was no other way open to him but to disclose to Mr. Marshall all the facts.

"I did not take any money from your drawer, sir, I put money back," he said, and then told all, with one reserve—he did not reveal Bob's name, and he tried not to give the slightest clue as to who was the actual perpetrator of the deed. He began by telling Mr. Marshall that he would mention no names, and the master did not demand that he should do so. When he had finished, Mr. Marshall said:—

"Lionel, I need not say how rejoiced I am to

learn that you are not guilty of a deed of which I thought you incapable. You have acted nobly and bravely, my boy, throughout, and I beg to apologise to you for having suspected you, though I think you will allow that, under the circumstances, it was almost inevitable that I should do so. I now ask one thing from you, which is that you will at once seek the boy who did the deed, and tell him all. It is but due to yourself and right that he should know all. Promise me to do this."

"Yes, sir, I will," answered Lionel.

That night Lionel told Bob King everything. Bob's face grew paler and paler, and his lip trembled, as Lionel continued speaking. When he had finished he caught his old friend round the neck, and his head fell upon his breast.

"Oh, Lennie, Lennie! what can I say?" he burst out. "Can I hope that you will ever forgive me for all this? Can you ever be friends with me again as before?"

"Yes, Bob, just as before, if you choose. I know that you are really sorry for what you did, and that is enough."

"I have been miserable ever since that night, Lennie. I only put back the money yesterday—I hadn't it before—slipped it into the drawer and rushed away, feeling like a coward and a thief as I was. But the restoring the money didn't take away the miserable guilty feeling, though perhaps it eased it a little. But now I feel almost all right again, only for the thought of all the wretchedness I have caused you—I that was such a mean, spiritless fellow, too, as not to stand by you against the others. Oh, Lennie! do you really, really forgive me everything?"

"Yes, yes, Bob. You were tempted and yielded, but I never came under such a temptation; that must be recollected."

"You would never have done the same, never!"

"I cannot say, Bob. No one can tell until he is tempted, and it is an easy thing being strong when there is no trial."

"No, no, that is only your goodness to say so, to encourage me. Thank you, old fellow, for that too," said Bob.

"Well, well, Bob, let us say no more about it. We shall banish this miserable affair from our thoughts this day for ever; and you can't think, Bob, how glad I feel to know that we are once more, just as we were before, the best of chums."

ROBERT RICHARDSON.



## BLACKBERRY-TIME.

**N**OW the glorious sunshine of summer is past,  
And the crisp leaves of autumn are reddening  
fast,  
Full well does each rosy-cheeked country child  
know  
That the season is come when the blackberries grow.  
  
Then bring out the baskets; we'll wander away  
Mid the thick tangled hedges throughout the long  
day;  
Till with evening returning we'll sing as we go  
Down the dark wooded lanes where the black-  
berries grow.

Though the best always grow in unreachable  
places,  
Though the dew-sprinkled spiders' webs tickle our  
faces,  
Though thorns are around us and nettles below,  
There's no nicer place than where blackberries grow!

Many fruits, rare and costly, the rich man enjoys,  
But this gladdens the lowly, the birds, and the  
boys.  
Ah! the pale city children, how little they know  
Of the pleasures we find where the blackberries  
grow!  
F. A.

## WHAT ARCHIE SAW THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

## MILDEW AND MOULD.



busily engaged even with story-books, his mamma was glad to find any indoor occupation for him, and allowed him to paste her labels, hold the string, cut the paper, and hand her the smaller pots as she stood ready to put them away in the store-closet. This was all capital fun; but he expected some very much better when they came out again for tea, as the children were allowed to make their choice by turns of the preserve for the day.

Tom invariably chose gooseberry, papa put in an occasional claim for red-currant, and Archie's very particular weakness was raspberry; and mamma was glad of it on the present occasion, for she had an idea that the fruit had been gathered when not quite dry, and was anxious to see

whether she must make haste and use it, or whether it would keep till winter.

Archie knew exactly where it stood, and was trusted one Saturday morning with the key that he might fetch down one of the precious pots for mamma to open and turn out into a glass dish. He carried it carefully in both hands, and watched her untie the string and take off the cover, when puff! came a little cloud of whitish dust into her face, and she exclaimed—

"Oh dear! What a pity! I felt sure it was damp. Just look at it, all over mould!"

"Beautiful!" ejaculated papa. "What a splendid growth! Let us go and put it under the microscope, eh, Archie?"

"I should like to have the preserve first," said mamma, "if it is good for anything, and then you are quite welcome to the mould."

"Let me take the top off," stipulated the father. "If you will kindly get me a spoon and plate I will do it for you, for I don't want it disturbed more than can be helped."

So the spoon and plate were fetched, and the thick coat of greenish, furry-looking substance removed without much of it being broken. The preserve underneath was pronounced eatable; and Archie's mind being relieved on this important subject, he followed his father to the study with great glee.

A little bit of the mould was separated from the rest and placed on the object glass with the greatest care, and then the microscope was arranged in a way that Archie had never seen before, with a glass so placed that it reflected a bright light on the piece of mould.



BLACKBERRY-TIME. (See p. 148.)

It was some time before everything was quite ready, and the little boy stood watching, resting first on one leg and then on the other, till he was almost tired. But presently he heard the words, "Now, Archie!" and ran forward for the first peep.

What he saw was so surprising that he raised his head and looked underneath to make quite sure that what he was looking at was really the mouldy crust off the jam; but there was no mistake, so he put up one hand to keep his left eye tightly shut, and applied the other to the lens.

"Why, papa," said he, "it's like a forest! How close the trees grow together, and how many different sorts there are, and isn't there a lot of fruit on the branches!"

"How many kinds do you think you see?" asked papa.

"Well, there's a weeping-willow, and something rather like the palms we saw in the tropical house at Kew last summer, and a tree with a straight stem and a head like a little nut, and lots of pretty branches like strings of beads springing out of it."

"That is called the *Stysanus caput-medusæ*, or the stem with a Medusa's head."

"Oh, I know—the horrid woman whose hair was all snakes! But she must have been a fright, and it is a shame to name such a pretty thing after her."

"I think I agree with you," said papa; "but you see the idea; those strings of beads, as you call them, are just a little bit like snakes."

"What a nice sort of carpet they all grow out of," observed Archie. "I can see the threads."

"We call that the *mycelium*," replied his father. "It is the vegetable threads all matted together and interlaced that grow first of all on the top of the jam; the trees are the reproductive, or fruit-bearing, part of the mould."

"What a pretty bright colour they are," said Archie. "I wish the fruit was big and good enough to eat; it looks first-rate."

By this time his curiosity was very much awake in another direction.

"What is this round glass, papa, that stands slanting?" he asked; "I never saw it before."

"That is a reflector," was the answer; "it makes the light brighter, and things of this kind do not want to be magnified so much as many, but they do want a good light."

"There was some dust flew out when mamma took the cover off the pot," said Archie.

"**That dust** was a quantity of the little seeds or sporules, the fruit you see on the branches," replied papa, "and if they settle on any damp surface, and are not disturbed, some more mould will spring up

from them, but rather different, according to the substance on which it grows."

"Oh!" rejoined Archie, "something like mignonette seed or mustard and cress."

"Yes, only with this difference, that the seeds we sow in the garden produce the same kind of plant whatever the soil may be, and these fungous sporules do not."

This sounded very odd, and if it had not been for Archie's faith in whatever his father said he would not have known how to believe it. Outside the study window there was a climbing rose-tree which had not flowered very well that season, for blossoms and leaves had both been attacked by a sort of blight or mildew, and he was sent to gather one of the unopened buds, which was placed under the microscope for him to look at.

"These are quite different trees," he said. "What are they called?"

"*Puccinia rosæ*," answered papa; "and if I could show you some of the rust, or *Uredo*, that has spoiled poor Farmer Smith's wheat in the field over there, you would see trees, as you say, of a very different form."

"I heard John tell mamma this morning that the vine in the greenhouse was mildewed," said Archie, whose thoughts had gone travelling on the wings of the words he heard.

"That is another thing of the same kind," was the reply. "It is a damp season, and the mould-seeds fly about and grow in all sorts of places."

Archie wondered whether his "trees" could talk if they tried, and thought they must have as many cousins as the Infusoria; but he had no opportunity of listening to hear if they were inclined to commence a conversation, for his father happened to be kept indoors by a cold, and was ready to amuse his little son and be amused by him the whole morning.

Besides, we all like those who take an interest in our own favourite pursuits; and even if Archie had not been his child, he would have been delighted to show him the curious things in which he manifested so intelligent a pleasure. So he took away the piece of mould, and placing another object in its stead, told the boy to look at it.

"Oh, papa," cried Archie, "this is better and better!"

"Tell me what it is like," said his father.

"Why, first of all, there are ever so many little feathers stuck in the ground, and in the middle a tall palm-tree; next to that there's a thing like a fire-screen; and on one side there is a long feather standing bolt upright, with a tuft of sea-weed growing out on the top, and a peacock's feather springing out of the middle of it."

"You will never guess what these wonderful growths really are," said papa, "though you have given a very good description of them."

"No, I'm sure I shan't, so please tell me."

"They are very minute fungi which grow luxuriantly in what you would think a very unlikely place—the stomach of a beetle. Do you understand what a fungus is?"

"You called the pretty red toadstool I found in the garden yesterday a fungus, and you used the same word just now when you were talking about the tiny little seeds like so much dust."

"Quite right," answered papa, "or as nearly right as you can get by mere sound. Some day, perhaps, you will have the two words in your dictation lesson, and then you will comprehend the difference."

"And are all these trees and feathers and things *funguses*?"

"*Fungi*," corrected his father. "Fie, Archie, you ought to remember your plurals. Yes, they are all of the nature of what is called fungoid vegetation; and this particular kind is found growing on the skin of the stomach of *Passulus cornutus*."

"Are those the fellows that run about the scullery, the ones cook calls *black-beadles*?" asked Archie.

"No; these are much smaller, and don't come indoors at all. They live in old tree-stumps and eat the decaying wood."

"I shall go and look for a live one," exclaimed Archie, and was darting off, when his father called out to him to come back, because it was raining. Like a good many other children, he did not like to be thwarted in any of his little projects, so he returned slowly to the study, where he flattened his nose against a window-pane, and heaved the deepest of sighs.

"What is the matter?" asked papa, raising his head from the drawer in which he was rummaging.

"I've got nothing to do," replied Archie.

"Then you are just the boy I want," said his father. "Come and hold the door of this cabinet open for me while I look for a wasp I caught one day in the West Indies."

After a few minutes a small phial was found, containing the body of a wasp with a plant as long as itself growing out of it.

"There," said papa, "I caught that fellow paying his respects to the ripe passion-flower fruit which had fallen to the ground under some tall, beautiful trees on the banks of the Riviere Douce in Dominica."

"Do passion-flowers grow into trees there?" asked Archie.

"No, but climbing branches of the lianas, as we call the different species out there, twine themselves

up the trees, so that the best fruit ripens at the very top, and quantities of them fall into the river, which carries them down to the sea, and then the negroes paddle out in boats and canoes, and pick up large quantities, calling them water-lemons."

"What do they do with them?" inquired the child.

"They sell them, and when the juice and pulp are squeezed out and mixed with a little sugar, it is a delicious dish for dessert."

"Why, we have got a passion-flower!" exclaimed Archie, rapturously, feeling as if he had made a delightful discovery.

"Yes, but we are too far north for the fruit to ripen, though it does in the southern counties. But it has not the taste that the tropical suns give it, and no one thinks of eating it here."

Archie mentally resolved that he would try what it was like if he ever went to the south of England and had the chance, and was forgetting all about the wasp, when his father recalled him to the subject by saying—

"I often saw *Polistes* (they are not quite the same as our wasps) flying about with these plants growing out of them, but this was the only one I ever caught."

"What kind of a plant is it?" asked the little boy; "and how did it get there?"

"It is a fungus, and the tiny spore or seed is supposed to find its way into the insect's body through the breathing pores in its sides."

"How is it the wasp doesn't die? I shouldn't like to have a plant growing through my skin," Archie observed, thoughtfully, as if he had a fellow feeling with the much-encumbered creature.

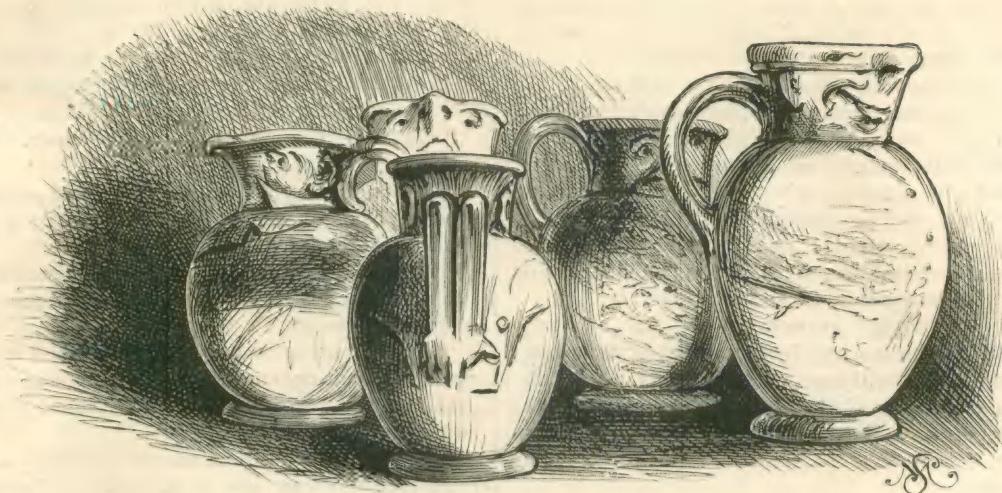
"It does after a time, for the vegetation spreads right through the body and kills the insect, and when it is dead the fungus grows far more rapidly than it did before."

"What are these sticks?" asked Archie, peering into the box from which the phial had been taken, and pointing to what looked like three pieces of wood.

"They are caterpillars from New Zealand and Australia which have been killed by minute fungi growing inside them and filling them right up, so that when dead and dried they look like bits of stick."

"Thank you, papa," said Archie, getting off the stool he had occupied while looking through the glass. "Aren't you tired?"

"You are, I know," answered his father, with a smile, "whether I am or no. But I am sure you have seen and heard enough for one morning, and it is time you fed your rabbits, so run away, and we will have another talk some other day."



A.C.

## THE HISTORY OF FIVE LITTLE PITCHERS WHO HAD VERY LARGE EARS.

*By the Author of "Brave Little Heart," "Little Hinges," &c.*

## CHAPTER I.

**O**NCE upon a time, there lived in the cupboard of an old farm-house five little pitchers. Real little pitchers, I mean, not five inquisitive little human beings—though I think it very likely that the first person who spoke of children as “little pitchers with large ears” must have known some such little creatures as I am going to tell you about, or at any rate, must have been one of the favoured few who are let into the secrets of that queer region, “Wonderland,” in which we find the most ordinary creatures doing and saying all sorts of things that we should never give them credit for when we see them in our every-day life.

My little pitchers had been shut up for years in a dark, out-of-the-way cupboard, which had not been used since the present mistress of the farm-house was a young girl. But one day, the young girl they had once known so well, grown now into quite an old lady, came to this very cupboard for some reason, and forgot to shut it when she went away. Then the little pitchers waked up from the dozing condition in which they had spent the last thirty years or so, and winked and blinked at the unusual light that

streamed in through the narrow aperture left by the slightly opened door. Then the truth dawned upon them that they were prisoners no longer, and they held a long conversation. There were four brown pitchers, named respectively Pipkinne, Pannykin, Paurridge-potte, and Tue-Rean, and one, larger and more elegant than the rest, who was considered a very fine fellow, and supposed to be possessed of extraordinary talents. His name was Cleverre-Schynnes. In case you are not acquainted with any little pitchers, I will tell you that they were peculiar little beings, with no necks, to speak of, and none of them with hands, though they all had very large wide mouths, and two of them had lips. Each had one arm, which he kept tucked into his side—never unbending it except on extraordinary occasions—and one very broad large foot. Most of them had plenty of eyes, with which they saw very little, although they were all over their bodies, and are frequently mistaken by ordinary observers for flaws in the earthenware. As for their ears, I know very well that they had very large ones, for it has been impressed upon me from my infancy up, but I must confess that I have not yet discovered exactly where they are.

The result of our little pitchers’ talk was that they agreed to celebrate their return to liberty by a ball, to be given in the larder, which Cleverre-Schynnes felt quite sure he could find easily. But the difficulty was as to whom they were to ask. Cleverre-Schynnes arranged this. They were each to start off on a tour of inspection through the house, and find out who among these new

folks were worthy to be asked, "for," as he remarked, "though we are doubtless related to Miss Pan, and Mr. Jar, and Mrs. Bowl, and some others of a lower order, we must not forget our relationship to Sir China Cuppe and Lady Saucer, and Lord Glass-dish, our uncle, and Baron Ewer, our grandfather." Having charged his four brothers to make good use of their ears, and endeavour by their aid to find out what people really were before giving them invitations, Cleverre-Schynnes assisted them to drop from the shelf to the floor, and started them off in different directions. Let us first follow Pipkinne. He soon found his way to a door which was fortunately open, and traversing a landing, he came to a flight of stairs, which he, with care and difficulty, descended. At the bottom he met with a serious barrier, in the shape of a green baize curtain, which resisted all his efforts. Suddenly, however, the heavy baize was gently moved, and Pipkinne perceived an opening, through which he crept, and gazing up at an open window, saw with delight his old friend, the lovely Lady GentleBreeze. Enraptured at the meeting, he gave her an invitation forthwith, and after a little pleasant conversation tore himself away to pursue his journey. By-and-by he came to a room which, by the signs of children's presence, he judged to be a nursery. But there were no children in it now, and he was about to quit it when he discerned the sound of a feeble voice. He listened, and this was what it said: "I'm a poor old woman who lives in a shoe, and I've so many, many children that I don't know what to do."

## CHAPTER II.

"Ho, ho!" quoth Pipkinne, pricking up his ears; "here's a new acquaintance. But let me hear what sort of a body she is before I make friends."

The wee voice continued in a melancholy strain, "Oh dear! oh dear! it's so wretched living in this old shoe, but if I didn't I should have all my children trodden on and killed. They're all so small, except Jack and Jill."

"That's queer," thought Pipkinne. "I've heard

those names before, ever so long ago. This must be a very ancient family."

"And Jack and Jill, though they are big enough to take care of themselves, drive me nearly crazy. It was only this morning that I said to them, 'Now, Jack and Jill, go up the hill and fetch a pail of water.' When I'd watched them safely through the keyhole, I thought it was all right; but no, by-and-by Jack returned with his pail empty, and in a sad plight, and that naughty Jill only laughed, and said, 'I say, ma, Jack's fallen down and broken his crown;' and then Jack called out, 'Well, Jill, you know you came tumbling after.'" And here the poor little woman seemed quite overcome by her troubles.

"Poor little creature!" exclaimed Pipkinne; "I should very much like to make friends with her."

"I wish I knew some one," went on the plaintive voice. "Nobody has anything to do with me now; and I declare I've never danced since I was at the ball at which Cinderella lost her glass slipper. I should so much like to go to a party."

"Now here's a chance," thought Pipkinne. "A lady that has been at that famous ball would be something to boast of. I'll ask her at once."

So Pipkinne walked across the room till he came to an old shoe, when the lady who lived in it, hearing the strange noise, peeped out.

"Lady of the shoe," began Pipkinne, "I have come to bring you an invitation for a party that my brother Cleverre-Schynnes is about to give. May we reckon on the honour of seeing you there?"

The lady clasped her hands with delight, and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I shall be so pleased to come! but what am I to do with my ninety-nine children?"

"Bring Jack and Jill with you," replied Pipkinne; "it's time they entered society, I should think, ma'am."

"Well, so it is," replied the lady; "they must be over fifty years old; and as for the others, I'll get Jack and Jill to put another old shoe on the top of this one, and then they can't get out."

"A capital idea, ma'am," replied Pipkinne, and waving his hand to the lady, he bade her adieu.

For on the other side of the room he thought he



THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

spied a little brown figure, and he hastened to find out who it might be. He was not mistaken. There, in a distant corner, was a little old creature with a brown face, brown hair, brown body, and brown feet. He looked very cheerful, and kept on singing to himself in a very low tone. So Pipkinne took up his position behind a large rocking-horse to listen, and this was what he heard the little old creature sing :—

" Sam, Sam, was a queer old man ;  
He washed his face with a frying-pan,  
Curled his hair with a waggon-wheel,  
And went to bed with the toothache in his heel.

"That's me," laughed the old man. " Ah, Sam, Sam! you're a queer old man, that you are indeed. Wasn't that a fine wash? You didn't wash your face with your mouth open, did you? Oh no, the soap would have got in, wouldn't it? That was scented soap, wasn't it, my boy? Ha, ha, ha!"

" This seems a merry sort of creature," thought Pipkinne. " Hullo, he's singing again!"

" Old Mother Flipperflopper jumped out of bed,  
Opened the window and popped out her head,  
'Oh, dear,' she cried, 'the white goose is dead.'

"That's my old woman, is old Mother Flipperflopper," laughed the queer little man. " And the white goose is dead, so it is."

" This is a most incomprehensible little creature," thought Pipkinne, " but he's cheerful; and we want some one who is cheerful; and he seems thoroughly good-natured."



PANNYKIN AND THE CAT. (See p. 155.)

" Sir," said Pipkinne, emerging quietly from his hiding-place, " I have been delighted with your singing. May I have the pleasure of making your acquaintance?"

" Ah," replied, the old man, as cheerfully as ever,

" Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

" Umph!" grunted Pipkinne, " this is a queer way to treat any one. Sir," he continued, " I request the honour of your acquaintance?"

" The old man in the wilderness asked me,  
' How many strawberries grow in the sea?'  
I answered him as I thought good,  
' As many as red herrings grow in the wood,'"

sang the old man, without heeding Pipkinne's request.

" Sir, what kind of treatment do you call this?" demanded Pipkinne, wrathfully.

" Ah, Pipkinne! I've got the best of it," laughed the little old man. " You've lost your temper, Pipkinne, and I haven't, ha, ha, ha!"

" Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Pipkinne. " You've taught me a lesson, friend Sam, and I'm much obliged to you; but you were rather aggravating, now, were you not?"

" I don't deny it," replied Sam; " but I always am to people I take a fancy to."

After this gallant speech Pipkinne tendered his invitation, which " Old Sam" readily accepted, promising to bring " Old Mother Flipperflopper" with him.

" Well," thought Pipkinne, " that's six guests, and distinguished ones, too. I think I've done very well."

### CHAPTER III.

PANNYKIN started off in an exactly opposite direction to the one Pipkinne had taken, and passing through a door in the other side of the room, found himself in a small unfurnished apartment, which brought him presently to another room, small, and scantily furnished as a bed-chamber.

In a few seconds he heard a sound outside the door, and the next moment a servant entered hurriedly.

" Wherever did I leave missis's hot-water jug?" she exclaimed, crossly. " Oh! here it is! Lucky I came up instead of Betsy, or she would have had a nice tale to tell. Good gracious! it's full of dirty soapsuds! What could I

have been thinking of? Where can I throw them? Why, here's a pitcher. How did that come here, I wonder?" And at that moment Pannykin received inside him a copious draught of dirty soapy

water. He was nearly full of the horrid decoction, which was so nauseous that he shed tears of disgust through a crack in his side.

He was bemoaning his unlucky condition, which rendered him quite unfit for visiting, when he perceived a large tabby cat softly approaching him.

"I'm so thirsty," purred the cat, "and here is a pitcher. Perhaps I shall find something to drink."

"Oh, you are very welcome to drink out of me," said Pannykin invitingly. He had ceased crying now, for so much water had oozed away in tears that the soapsuds had sunk below the crack in his side.

Puss put her head in Pannykin's mouth, and, probably beguiled by the colour of the water into the belief that it was milky, pushed her cranium down till her tongue could reach the liquid. Horrified and angry at the nasty taste, she drew her head hastily back, but, alas! it was firmly fixed in Pannykin's mouth. Puss tugged and tugged in vain. Then she ran about frantically, whirling poor Pannykin hither and thither, bumping him on the floor, and keeping him in terror of being smashed into a thousand pieces. At length she gave a mighty pull, nearly dislocating her neck, and out came her head, poor Pannykin rolling over and over, with the dirty water streaming out of his mouth in a pool, and finally subsiding in a state of complete exhaustion.

Puss rated him furiously and indignantly, but Pannykin expressed his sorrow for the misfortune so gently that her heart was touched, especially as he had had the worst part of the adventure.

"I must say you are a good-natured little fellow," she said, presently. "Pray, who are you?"

Pannykin proceeded to give his new acquaintance the history of his family and pedigree, as well as his faint and exhausted state would permit. Puss was very much interested, especially when she heard that the little pitchers had lived in the farm-house so many years ago, and must have known her illustrious grandfather, who had rendered such service to his master's son Jack by killing the rat which had eaten whole bags full of malt stored up in a house that he had built.

Pannykin was delighted at making so distinguished an acquaintance, and having given her an invitation to their party, he bade her an affectionate adieu, and, thoroughly worn out with his turbulent adventure, turned round to go home.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE little pitcher Tue-Rean was considered by many of his friends to be the handsomest member

of his family. An ordinary observer would scarcely have detected any difference between Tue-Rean and his brothers, except that Cleverre-Schynnes was red, while he was brown; but the little pitcher family



TUE-REAN LISTENS AT THE DOOR. (See p. 156.)

themselves were aware that Tue-Rean's sides were as smooth as the dainty Queen Statuette's, and not less perfectly shaped than those of her ladyship the Countess Vase. Not a bulge nor a roughness was to be found anywhere about him, and his eyes were delightfully small and round, instead of straggling about all over his sides, as did those of the less favoured Paurridge-potte. But you know that nobody was ever perfect in all respects, and neither was little pitcher Tue-Rean, although he was so handsome. He had one great fault. He was always acquiring habits—a very bad thing to do, for when any particular habit was upon him he would come out with it at all times and seasons, thereby rendering himself very ridiculous. Shortly before the little pitchers had been shut up in their cupboard Tue-Rean had got into the habit of saying to every one he met, "Oh, you thief! I saw you." One day when he was taking a stroll he encountered the Princess Image, sister to Queen Statuette.

"Well, Tue-Rean!" she exclaimed, graciously, "how are you and all your family?"

Upon which Tue-Rean, who could not overcome his habit, replied, "Oh, you thief! I saw you."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the princess, angrily.

"Oh, you thief! I saw you," was all that Tue-Rean answered.

As may be expected, the Princess Image was very much annoyed at this strange conduct; and as she had always said that she intended to remember the little pitchers very handsomely in her will, Tue-Rean's four brothers were greatly enraged with him

for offending her, and would not even look at their brother for many a day. Tue-Rean also was much vexed, and determined to cure himself, when, unfortunately for his resolve, he overheard some one make use of the sentence "Such as it is." It struck him at the time what a fine sentence it was, and when he recovered from the shock he found that when any stranger spoke to him he couldn't answer anything but these four unlucky words, "Such as it is." Before his brothers, however, he was not at all nervous, and therefore could manage a short answer well enough.

Since his escape from the cupboard he had not been called on to speak to a stranger, and thus he had not discovered to any one his weakness; but he trembled as he set forth on his mission, for he could distinctly feel the horrid words rising to the very tip-top of his mouth, and ready to come forth the first moment he should be spoken to.

If it had been possible, he would have backed out of it, and left his *brothers* to issue their invitations without any aid from him, but he knew how unmercifully they would ridicule him, and determined to try his best to overcome the habit; and if he failed, why, he couldn't help it.

He had not gone far before his troubles began. As he was passing along a passage he descried a little cupboard, in which his sharp ears detected something going on. "A rats' levée," thought he, and stopped still to listen.

"I've hunted here, and I've hunted there, and I've hunted everywhere," Tue-Rean heard some one saying.

"I wonder what Mr. Rat has lost," thought Tue-Rean, still listening attentively.

"I can't make it out," continued the voice. "I left it here, I'm sure, and now it's gone. Who can have taken it? My poor little darling'll get no supper to-night now."

Tue-Rean was quite in a state of excitement to know what it could all mean. It would greatly have relieved his mind if he could have popped out those four words, "Such as it is;" but this he did not dare do for fear the inhabitant of the cupboard

should hear him, and as Tue-Rean was determined to follow Cleverre-Schynnes' advice, and hear all he could before he introduced himself, this would have been most undesirable; so he kept in, by a great effort, the words that were waiting to be spoken, and went on listening.

"If somebody would but help me a little I should feel so much obliged," continued the voice, which Tue-Rean began to think couldn't be a rat's. "I am not so young as I used to be, and my eyesight is getting bad. Poor Toby!"

"Whatever has Toby to do with eyesight?" thought Tue-Rean; and at last gave it up as the most difficult riddle he had ever heard.

"I am sure nobody can say a word against me. I never was unkind to any one in my life, and I have always behaved myself as a high-born dame should, and yet no one comes to my aid."

At these words Tue-Rean felt bound to make himself known to the "high-born dame" and offer his assistance. From her words, there was no doubting her to be a most suitable acquaintance, and

even Cleverre-Schynnes himself could not have been more prudent than he had been in thus hearing so much about her through the medium of his large ears.

So he crept in through the open door, and discovered a lady who appeared to be very old, and who wore spectacles and a mob cap. She was peering about into every nook of the cupboard, but did not appear to find anything. As Tue-Rean entered she turned round and looked at him through her glasses.

"I have come to offer you my assistance," exclaimed Tue-Rean, with a great effort, for he had been very near to saying "Such as it is."

"Oh, indeed! I am very much obliged to you," exclaimed the old lady, eyeing Tue-Rean somewhat curiously.

"What is it you are looking for?" asked Tue-Rean, with another effort.

"Since you are so kind, I will tell you all about it," answered the old dame. "I am generally called 'Old Mother Hubbard.'"



TUE-REAN WAFTS THE DOOR TO AND FRO. (See p. 157.)

"Such as—" exclaimed Tue-Rean, but stopped himself in time.

"And I came to this cupboard." Here the old lady stopped and looked at Tue-Rean, who felt himself called upon to say something. What was to be done? Tue-Rean was bursting with the unlucky words.

"Such as it is!" he roared out.

"Sir!" exclaimed the old lady, indignantly, "I am at a loss to understand what you mean. My cupboard is famous in history. What do you mean by saying 'Such as it is'?"

But Tue-Rean did not answer, and the old lady, thinking he was sorry for having been rude to her, continued—"As I was saying, I came to this cupboard to fetch my poor dog a bone, but when I got there I found the cupboard quite bare. I thought I might have overlooked the bone, so I kept on looking everywhere, but I can't find it, and so my poor dog—"

"Such as it is!" burst out Tue-Rean, who, now that he had once given way, could no more control himself than he had been able to when he had met the princess.

"Oh, you slanderer!" screamed the old dame; "how dare you insinuate wicked things about my little darling, the beauty! Why, his hair is as long and as silky as—as mine!" cried Dame Hubbard, who was rather vain, and at that moment at a loss for a simile.

"Such as it is," answered Tue-Rean, without even so much as an effort at resistance.



"THREE BLIND MICE" (p. 158).

"Oh dear, dear me! how can he insult me so?" cried out the old lady, in a tone of bewilderment; and giving a bound into the air, she fell down at Tue-Rean's feet in a swoon.

#### CHAPTER V.

WHEN Tue-Rean beheld the unfortunate result of the bad habit he had contracted he was much shocked. He so greatly inconvenienced himself as to take his hand out of his side, where it had



MC

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" (p. 158).

reposed uninterruptedly during the greater part of his existence, in order to waft the door to and fro for the old lady's benefit. But having set himself to the task, he went at it with so much vigour that the old lady revived in less than no time, and seeing how assiduous Tue-Rean was with apologies, explanations, and inquiries after her health, she there and then forgave him so cordially, that he begged of her, as a personal favour, to delight them all with her honoured presence at their grand ball.

To this Dame Hubbard replied that her little darling Toby was a source of great uneasiness to her, as he behaved himself as no other dog had ever done before, and she was in great fear that he had something on his mind, but that if Toby would consent to accompany her, she would be only too happy to accept the invitation.

This being settled, Dame Hubbard bade Tue-Rean a very affectionate adieu, and having recommended him to inspect her famous cupboard took her departure.

It would take far too long a time to tell of all the individuals Tue-Rean became acquainted with in this wonderful cupboard, all of them more or less

renowned in history. Snugly ensconced in the cave they had nibbled in a large piece of cheese, he discovered three blind mice, distinguishable from the *rest of* their species by the absence of their tails, which fact, as they informed Tue-Rean, was due to a certain farmer's wife rather than to any peculiarity of breed. These three were so genial and so frisky, that Tue-Rean was quite delighted with their company and proud of their promise to grace his brother's ball.

Then in another corner of the cupboard he found an individual who greatly pleased him. This was none other than "Little Jack Horner," who at the time Tue-Rean called upon him was busily engaged in extracting plums from a wonderful pie, that never grew stale, and from which plums were always forthcoming.

"Little Jack Horner" informed Tue-Rean that although his history had been given to the world, and had gained him both honour and renown, there was one point on which no historian had done him credit. After repeating the words which had made him famous, he continued:—"You see, this history is very well as far as it goes, but it leaves an impression on the minds of the readers that I must be a very

conceited fellow. Let me explain it to you. You see, if I put in a *finger* and thumb, and then pulled out a plum, that would only be doing what every one else could do; but I put in my *thumb*, mind you, without my finger, which is a very different matter, and when I manage the feat successfully, I say, 'What a good boy am I,' as a sort of acknowledgment of my own perseverance. Now if this were explained I dare say people would think better of me."

"But don't you think that they understand all that you have told me? You know, it mentions that you use your thumb," suggested Tue-Rean.

"But it doesn't lay stress on the fact that I use *only* my thumb," replied Jack.

"Little Jack Horner" was very pleased with the invitation, and willingly agreed to come, on the condition that he might be allowed to bring his pie with him. In addition to Dame Hubbard, the three blind mice, and "Little Jack Horner," Tue-Rean obtained promises from "Little Miss Muffit," a relation of Jack's; "Tom Thumb," "Humpty Dumpty," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Cow that jumped over the Moon," "The Dog that laughed to see the sport," and "The Dish that ran away with the spoon."

(To be concluded.)

### A D E V O T E D M O T H E R .

A TRUE STORY.



**D**OWN on the beach in a pretty rural watering place there was a rustic, ivy-clad, thatch-roofed cottage, inhabited by an old woman, who owned a pair of beautiful white Persian cats. Their mistress kept a little shop in her front room for the sale of spades and pails, balls, carts, miniature wheelbarrows, and similar articles dear to the juvenile heart out for its holidays, and she drove a tolerably thriving trade. The two cats were valuable assistants, for many a boy and girl stopped to caress the pretty creatures, and drew the attention of mamma or auntie to the white pussies till the least they could do, after giving due admiration to their silky coats and gentle ways, was to buy something that their charges coveted among the stock of toys. It frequently happened that there was a basket in the corner containing three or four plump kittens curled up like balls of white fur, and in summer-time, when there were numerous visitors on the shore, they

found plenty of customers at the rate of ten shillings apiece. The mother did not at all approve of the manner in which her children were handled, and fretted very much when they were removed from her, though this was not done of course till they were able to feed themselves. She became more jealous with each succeeding family, seldom left her basket, and showed the greatest anxiety whenever the kittens were taken out for exhibition.

At last one July morning when she was comfortably cuddling up three of her white babies, purring over them to her heart's content, and licking their coats to the proper degree of smoothness, she was interrupted by two ladies who came into the shop and asked the old lady if she had any kittens to dispose of. The trio were speedily taken out of the basket, stroked, kissed, and petted, and then each of the ladies chose one, saying that they should not be going away for a month or five weeks, and hoped by that time they should be able to take their new acquisitions to their distant homes. Pussy jumped on the lap of one lady, and then stepped over to the other, mewed, tried to take her offspring in her mouth, and showed the greatest uneasiness.

Presently she saw two pieces of ribbon brought out, one blue and the other red, one of which was tied round the neck of each of the two finest kittens, and the disconsolate parent knew very well what that meant, and laid her plans accordingly. When she got them back into her basket she fed and comforted them, and when they were sound asleep she went out for a walk and did not return for an hour or two, when she found her husband keeping the little ones warm and cosy, relieved him from his unwonted office and resumed the charge of her family, which she did not leave again all day.

Pussy's motherly affection made her very observant, and she was quite aware that there was a pane of glass in the upper part of the low window which swung back and was generally left open during the hot weather to afford ventilation to the little shop. So when the world seemed to be asleep that summer night she took a kitten gently in her mouth, sprang on to the broad shelf of toys without displacing anything but an indiarubber ball, jumped from thence right through the open window-pane, and alighted on the ground, which, luckily for her, was not very far off, as you had to go down a deep step to enter the cottage. There was no one to be seen, and hardly a leaf stirring, so she paused a moment, re-adjusted her burden, and trotted off along the shore and up the cliff till she came to a carpenter's workshop, with a shed behind it where the shavings were stored, and in a snug little corner deliciously scented with mice she deposited her child, while she ran back to fetch another. Three times she performed this journey, which involved traversing a distance of between four and five miles, as the shed was quite three-quarters of a mile from her house. Perhaps she knew that the carpenter only worked at his trade during the winter, and turned boatman in summer-time, for animals are far wiser than we think them, and certainly she had found a retreat which was absolutely quiet and undisturbed.

The next morning when the old lady had her breakfast only one cat came for his milk, so she went into the shop and called the other, but no pussy came; so she looked into the basket and found it empty!

This was a much greater annoyance to her than it would have been the previous day before the kittens were sold, for she was an honest old soul, and had received five shillings as a deposit on account of each, and, worse still, had payed her small grocer's bill with the half sovereign, after closing her shop in the evening. It was very likely she might sell ten shillings' worth of toys before the end of the day, but for the moment she had only half-a-crown in her pocket, and could not repay the

money to the ladies as she would have liked to do. However, it was still early, so she left the shutters up, and locked the door, putting the key in her pocket, and went into the village, followed for some distance by the remaining cat, just as if he knew where she was going, as he very likely did. When she reached the villa where *the ladies* lodged she found them in the garden, and told them how pussy and her kittens had disappeared, stolen, she was afraid, on account of their value.

One sister immediately thought of her five shillings, and seemed to suspect that it was a trick, but the other kindly said she hoped the missing favourites would be found before they left, so the old lady told her how she was situated, and said she should be ready with the money in a day or two. Four weeks passed and nothing was seen or heard of pussy, so her mistress quite gave her up. One evening, however, when she was shutting up, she felt something rubbing against her legs, and as the cat who remained was washing his face on a chair opposite the window she knew it was not his doing. So she looked down, and beheld her lost pussy, very thin and not as clean as she might have been, but alive and clamorous for something. A nice saucer of bread-and-milk was soon given to the truant and a great many kind words said to her, but when her hunger was satisfied she slipped out at the still open door, and very cautiously the old woman followed, the white object guiding her through the twilight till it began to run up the cliff. Pussy took a very short cut, but her owner went leisurely round a winding path, as she began to suspect the state of affairs. There was a round hole in the shed door which had served the cat for an entrance, but it was only latched, so that her mistress had no difficulty in entering, and there she saw the three kittens playing about among the shavings. She picked up a handful and stuffed them into the hole, and feeling satisfied that they were now imprisoned, went home to bed. The next morning she watched for the ladies as they went to bathe, and told them what she had seen. The younger one immediately apologised for her hasty judgment, and as they were leaving the next day, they arranged to accompany the old lady to the shed with a basket, took possession of their purchases, paid the full price, and then departed. The remaining kitten was carried home in her mistress's arms, pussy running beside her, and though many offers were made for this third child, they were all refused, on the ground that the mother deserved to keep her as the reward of her courage and devotion.

ELIZA CLARKE.



A DEVOTED MOTHER. (*See p. 150.*)

## BY LAND AND SEA; OR, THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

## CHAPTER VIII.—SAVED.

**I** FEAR the worst," said Mr. Ashburton, who until now had expressed no opinion as to the fate of the boys. He felt too deeply to speak. "They have got upon some loose piece of ice, and who can tell where it has floated? I feel sure

How anxiously Mr. Ashburton listened to hear two shots fired instead of one; but *his friends* had no reason yet for calling the whole party together, and to him every minute seemed like an hour.

On board the *Prussian* no one thought of going



MONTREAL, FROM THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE. (See p. 165.)

that my boy would never have wandered so far away as to be unable to reach the ship before dark. Some accident has happened. And yet, I now remember, the three lads were tied together."

"You must not look on the dark side of the picture. We may not be long in finding them, for as it is so obscure they might fear to walk even a short distance, and probably are watching for help from the ship," said the officer who accompanied him. But Mr. Ashburton's heart misgave him all the same, and he was almost afraid to hope.

Presently they heard the guns fired, and perceived what direction one party of explorers had taken. Shortly afterwards the other couple fired, and then they made a similar signal themselves.

to bed that night. Ladies as well as gentlemen sat on deck, or paced up and down in the feeble moonlight, straining their eyes to peer into the dim distance.

By-and-by a great gun was fired from the ship to show the wanderers where she was, and a rocket shot up high into the air, and a lantern was also hung out at the mast-head. Not long after the captain sent up a second rocket, which not only showed where the vessel was, but was meant to encourage and cheer the party on the ice, and show they were thought of, and cared for during their anxious and perilous expedition. At last, at about half-past ten o'clock, two reports of a gun were heard in quick succession, and the

watchers on deck knew that some discovery had been made, or else that help was wanted.

Old Bill had fired those shots, and, according to mutual agreement, the other two parties made the best of their way towards the direction whence the reports appeared to have come.

"Thank God! thank God! we have found them at last," exclaimed the kind-hearted old tar.

Poor fellows! they had heard the shots fired and seen the rockets, and had taken fresh courage; and in a very short time the rest of the party came up, provided with a blanket to be wrapped round each.

Alfred had suffered the most, of course, and but feebly smiled his thankfulness, while the others spoke for him and themselves. They were carried on the men's backs in turns, for they could not have walked so far.

At last the twinkle of the lanterns was seen from the ship, and by eleven o'clock they were lifted on board, amidst the hurrahs of the crew and the tears, smiles, and blessings of the whole ship's company.

The doctor had to put Alfred under medical treatment to restore his half-frozen legs, which were now without any sensation, and the other two boys had a good deal of doctoring too. All night long the rubbing and scrubbing, first with snow, and then with spirits, was going on; and after hours of this kind of treatment the stiff legs began to recover. Everybody was kind and disposed to be helpful, and plenty of assistance was forthcoming.

It is always very painful to recover feeling when at last the blood begins to circulate and the frozen parts to get warm again. Poor Alfred tried to bear it well, but he cried a little—at least, his hand was sometimes quickly brushed across his eyes—and at about six o'clock he became drowsy, for the pain had subsided, and then he fell asleep.

"Thank God! he is all right now," said the doctor to his father and mother, who had never left his side.

"And now, dear lady, I must entreat you to go to bed; and you also, Mr. Ashburton, and I will leave some one to watch a little longer. You have nothing further to fear, so far as I can see." The other boys had long been asleep, each comfortably tucked into his snug little berth.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC.

AT about mid-day on the morrow James and Henry were allowed to get up, but they were still very stiff and tired, and not at all disposed to run nor even to walk about as usual.

"James," said Mr. Talbot, when he saw them for the first time the next day, "I do not mean to scold either you or Henry for the wilfulness you showed yesterday. It nearly cost you your lives, and you both have suffered a sufficient punishment. So I shall only say, never forget that the cause of all this danger to yourselves was not to be attributed to accident. All the terrible risk of life to the brave gentlemen who went out with me in the darkness of the night to find you was due to your misconduct. The whole misfortune was the result of your own disobedience."

"Indeed, sir," said James, "it was not Henry's fault at all, it was I who made him come with me, and I was obliged to drag him part of the way with the rope."

"Was that the case?" replied Mr. Talbot. "I am sorry on your account, as the eldest brother, who ought to have been proud to set a good example, but for other reasons I am glad. First, it pleases me to see that you are a brave boy, and do your brother justice, though to your own disgrace. Secondly, I am thankful to find that I have not been deceived, as I so much feared, in Henry."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a few moments, and then Mr. Talbot recommenced:—

"Whenever you are tempted to do what you know to be wrong, remember the mother you have left behind—that she is a widow, who looks to her boys to stand, to a certain extent at least, in their father's place, to help her and their sisters in making and keeping a home. Beware how you peril your lives or injure your health needlessly, for they are hers, to be used for the comfort and support of her declining years. You owe all to her patient care and labour; and she was half heart-broken in parting with you!"

Mr. Talbot again was silent for a few moments, and on looking at the two boys he saw that his remarks had taken effect, for tears were streaming down their cheeks. So he got up and patted each on the head, and continued—

"Remember what I have said, dear boys, and give me reason to send your mother a good report of you both. God bless you!" So saying, he left them to themselves, and the silence was for some minutes undisturbed. Presently Henry got up and put his arm round his brother's neck and kissed his cheek, and James turned at once, and understood that Henry meant to thank him for what he had said in his defence, though he felt such a choking sensation in his throat he could not do so in words. At least he returned the kiss heartily, and the two boys were better friends from that hour than they had ever been before.

Ethel was sitting by Alfred's bedside, and a very nice, attentive little nurse she made. The doll was not in requisition any longer; she had a far more interesting patient now, for he did not cry nor give any trouble. Every amusement was forgotten all that day, and the next, and she could scarcely be induced to go up on deck and leave the sick boy for a moment.

"What a good nurse you make, Ethel," said the little fellow, as he held out his arms to her on the second day.

"Miss Ethel has learnt to be a nurse, Master Alfred; she has been practising a long time on her doll, who has been sick very often, and now she knows how to nurse you. So do not laugh at little girls and their dolls any more, for you see that is how they first begin to be useful, just as boys begin learning to work with their tool-boxes and lathes, and prepare for doing men's work by-and-by. Do you see all that, my dear?"

"Yes, I do, nurse; and I shall not laugh at Ethel and her doll any more. Kiss me, Ethel. I love you so much; you are so kind, and I have often been naughty and would not play with you. I am so sorry now!" Ethel saw tears in Alfred's eyes, and she leaned over the sofa where his bed was made, and kissed them away; and she whispered some loving little words in his ear, which no one heard but himself, and his face was all wet when she sat down again; but these new tears were not his.

The poor legs were able to support him on the third day, but his nurses would not allow him to walk about, so they carried him up the "companion-way" to the deck. There he lay, wrapped in fur rugs, for an hour or two, where James and Henry soon joined him, and a number of other little boys, who were emigrants themselves, who were allowed to see and congratulate them on their safety, and the preservation of their limbs, and Alfred's in particular, with the loss of which he had been so seriously threatened.

The ice was now breaking up in the river St. Lawrence and moving out into the ocean. The breeze from the west had freshened; great openings in the wide ice-fields appeared, enlarging hour by hour, till at last the sound of the engines, long silent, was heard once more, and every one's spirits revived. And by-and-by new scenes opened up to their view, and the great chain of mountains, high and bare, each side of the mouth of the river St. Lawrence afforded the travellers a new and lively interest.

"What are those mountains called, Captain Dillon?" said Alfred, as he gazed with great delight at the new continent before him.

"Those mountains on your right are called the Laurentian Mountains. You will observe that the appearance which they present on both sides of the river is exactly the same the one as the other—huge, undulating, bald-looking hills—and they are of far greater height than you would imagine."

"I should think they were three or four hundred feet high," said Alfred.

"You are very far under the mark, my boy; for if you were to guess them at as many thousands you would be more correct. Then there is another fact for which they are as remarkable as their height; it is that the lowest formation of the rock substance of the earth has been turned up to the top there; just as if your bones—which lie low down under your skin, muscles, veins, and nerves—were to stand out uncovered in certain places."

Alfred laughed at the comparison, but he understood what the captain meant, and the latter continued—

"When you grow older you will learn something of what is called geology, a science relating to the substances which form the globe. They lie in layers, which I may further explain as like a heap of sandwiches, one over the other. These layers of different kinds of stone, earth, gravel, or clay are sometimes found lying slant-wise, in other places straight, or ziz-zag, and are called 'strata.' I believe that this locality is the only spot in the whole world where the lowest stratum, or bones, of the earth has appeared on the surface. It is called the Laurentian formation, or Metamorphic. Remember all this; for I have given you your first lesson in geology."

"Oh yes, Captain Dillon!" said all the three boys, who now gazed at the great solemn-looking chain of mountains on each side of the river with double interest.

"Do you see that nearer strip of land on the right? That is not a part of the mainland under the mountains; it is an island, on which are trees and houses, called Crane Island. The land on your left is called Gaspé, the extreme end of the lower, or French, Province of the Dominion of Canada."

The captain now left them; and how eagerly every one looked about to see all they could of the great new country they had many of them chosen for their home.

By-and-by the river narrowed, for the second day's voyage saw them advanced a good distance on their way towards Quebec. How impatient every one now became to exchange the sea-dwelling for one on land. They were tired of the narrow berths and want of room in the cabins; tired of the

food on board, for, however really good, everything seems gradually impregnated with the peculiar smell of a ship's cabins, and one thing tastes just

"How I wish we could have a good race along the shore," said James.

"And I should like to go into one of those pretty



"ETHEL WAS SITTING BY ALFRED'S BEDSIDE" (p. 162).

like another, and begins to sicken you. The inconvenience also of having most of your little things packed away in trunks becomes day by day more irksome, when the novelty of sea life is over.

little houses that line the river's banks," said Ethel.  
"I should like to have one just like those for my doll, with white walls, and high roofs painted red. What very long lines of them there are!"



A RIVER BOAT IN CANADA. (See p. 166.)

"And how pleasantly green the trees look. I wonder whether there are any bears or wolves prowling about under them?" said Henry.

"Of course not, Henry; they are far away to the north, but we shall be sure to see them where we are going to settle," replied his elder brother.

"Shall we stay at Quebec, mother?"

"Yes, dear. I think we shall make our journey more slowly than we intended, that you may not be over-fatigued," replied Mrs. Ashburton.

How fast the good ship speeds on her way up the great calm river. The captain seems so cheerful now that his duties are nearly accomplished.

See, in the distance, a high rock with a precipitous side towards the river, and crowned with a fortification.

"Quebec! Quebec!"

Many voices take up the joyful cry, and the children, scarcely knowing why they should feel so glad, run about telling the news one to another.

The deck is now a busy scene. Crowds of people cover it from stem to stern, looking after their small packages, or watching the sailors as they bring up the luggage from the hold, and anxiously looking out for their own.

"Oh, what a fine place Quebec looks!" exclaimed Ethel; "and will it not be delightful to go to a hotel? I am so tired of this ship."

"Are we to walk, mother?" said Alfred, rather dolefully.

"No, my boy, we shall drive. The hill up towards the citadel is so exceedingly steep, and you could not walk so far at present, in any case."

Closer and closer the ship glides up to "Point Levi," where the passengers will go on shore. It took a long time for all to disembark, and still longer to have the luggage examined in the rooms of the Custom House. But all is accomplished at last, and our friends the Ashburtons and Talbots are crossing in a ferry-boat to the Quebec side of the river. Here curious little carriages, that look as if they had been made a century or more ago, are waiting to take them to the upper town.

"See, mother! The carriage is all open at the back, and there are curtains on each side like those of a window," said Ethel.

"What language are the people speaking, father?" inquired Alfred.

The people here are descended from French forefathers, who settled here about two hundred years ago, and the gentry speak the purest French possible, but the common people a *patois*, and they mix up English words with it. Take care that you are not jolted out of the side of the carriage, the streets are so rough, especially now that the ice is breaking up."

"Look, Ethel! There are men at work with pick-axes and shovels. How thick the blocks of ice are in the street!" cried Alfred.

"Oh, what a dreadful jolt! we were nearly upset

then!" exclaimed Ethel, as she held tightly to her mother's arm. "I wish we had arrived; I don't like this very rough driving!"

*Alfred* looked at his sister, and was going to say something about her being afraid, but checked himself, for he remembered all her patient kindness to him, and he had learnt a good lesson during his illness.

The carriage, however, at length reached the hotel, and glad enough our travellers were to arrive there.

Then the gaily-painted queer old vehicle rumbled off, and as the sound of the jolting died away in the distance our travellers joyfully seated themselves on sofas and in arm-chairs, to revel in the quiet of a chamber on land and the sweetnes of the breezes blowing through the trees in the square.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE RIVER BOAT—ARRIVAL AT TORONTO.

Two pleasant days have been spent at Quebec, and Ethel and Alfred are standing on the balcony of the hotel, having a last chat before going to bed.

"What did you like best of all we have seen, Alfred?"

"I don't know. Oh yes, I do! I liked our day in the old citadel, and seeing General Wolfe's monument on the plains of Abraham—only the helmet at the top looked rather like a teapot at a little distance."

"And I liked our excursion to-day, the best. What is the name of the great cascade we saw?"

"The Falls of Montmorency. I should have enjoyed them more only that I could not go down all those steep wooden steps to the bottom of the falls."

"Do you know what father told me when he took me down? A man was driving a waggon across the bridge which used to span the falls, and just as he reached the middle it broke, and he and horses and waggon went over, and never were seen again."

After an exclamation of horror from Ethel, Alfred continued—

"Mother says we are to go by the great river boat to-morrow at three o'clock, and sleep on board, and in twelve hours we shall reach Montreal. I am tired of Quebec now."

\* \* \* \*

"What a curious ship, Alfred! It has two galleries round it, and it is not like any that I ever saw. I was so tired of the ocean steam-ship. Come, they are waiting for us."

In a few minutes more they were on board trying all the sofas in the beautiful saloons, trotting up

the stairs and round the galleries on each side, and looking down on the saloon over the railings, then peeping into any cabin where the doors were open, and running out at the end door which opened on the outer gallery.

It was fine sport for them till supper-time came, when they joined a large party at a very long table. After that they sat outside for a time, watching the lights from the villages on each side of the wide river as they steamed swiftly along by a bright moonlight. How nice it was to be tucked up in their clean, comfortable berths, each large enough to hold two people, so unlike those narrow berths in sea steam-ships, where you can scarcely turn round, and must un-tuck all the bed-clothes if you do.

But where were the Talbots? They had no reason for delay on their long journey, for neither of the boys had been so ill as Alfred, and their uncle could not afford to pay for more days on the road than were required. So the friends took leave of each other at Point Levi, where the Talbots only dined, and went on the same evening. They were sorry to be obliged to continue their journey without the Ashburtons, but they knew that before long their respective journeys were to terminate at the same place, and they were henceforth to be near neighbours. So Ethel had only one little tear to hide when she bade good-bye to Henry, and he stood and watched the ferry-boat until James gave him a pull by the elbow, as the quick, decided voice of their uncle called them to gather up their cloaks and sticks and proceed to the hotel.

"Good-bye, old fellow. We shall soon meet again. Hope you will be stronger on your legs when we encounter the bears!" This was James's farewell to Alfred.

The charming river boat has reached Montreal, and although our travellers would like to have spent some time in so fine a town, it was not necessary for them to spend a night there. So they drove about during that day, and then went on by a "Pullman's sleeping car" at night.

"How nice these sofas are all down each side of the long carriage; and I like being able to walk up and down in the middle between them. Come and take a walk with me, Alfred."

"I want to see what kind of rooms there are at each end of the carriage," said Alfred.

Presently they came trotting back. "Mother, there is a little room at each end intended for washing; shall we be allowed to use it?"

"Yes, dear; but the coloured man is coming to prepare the beds for us, so you had better sit down, or you will be in his way."

"Where are the beds?" exclaimed Alfred.

"Watch the man, and you will see."

"Why, he has turned the two sofas next to us into one, and made a large bed. How quickly he arranges everything! I never saw a housemaid make a bed so well as that."

The train is rushing along at great speed. All has been prepared for the night journey, the long curtains are drawn in front of the beds on each side, and there is a passage down the middle of the carriages between them, lighted by lamps from the roof. Ethel is lying next the windows, and she was longer going to sleep than usual. The rough movement of the train, the stopping at various stations, where, from her pillow in her strange new bed she could see the travellers bustling about, and the loud ringing of the great bell which is always attached to every steam-engine on the American continent (to warn people at a great distance of its coming) roused her if she felt sleepy, not to speak of all these unaccustomed sounds at such a time.

"Are you getting up, Ethel?" asked a gentle voice from above.

Looking up, she saw a small face over the edge of the uppermost bed early in the sunshiny morning that followed. It was not long before they were dressed. They stopped at Coburg for breakfast, and before noon reached Toronto, and walked about to see the handsome town, with its avenues of trees, much needed in the great heat of the Canadian summers, and the fine university standing in well-kept grounds.

Early the following morning the Ashburtons were dressed and ready for their last and long day's journey by land and water. They were drawing near their future home, and everything was naturally full of interest to them.

CHAPTER XI.—THROUGH THE BURNT FOREST.  
BREAKFAST at five a.m. being over, our friends are ensconced in one of the ordinary long railway cars, neither second nor third class, as there is but one class for all descriptions and degrees of men, excepting the Pullman's drawing-room and sleeping cars, and a smoking saloon, which consists of a separate carriage from any of the rest. A long row of windows close together on each side gives an excellent view of the country to the occupants, and Mr. Ashburton selected seats at the extreme end, farthest from the engine, so that they might enjoy the full benefit of the panorama spread out on either side of their road. Traders, with baskets of books, fruit, sweetmeats, and other wares walk up and down the cars *in relays*, getting in and out at the several stations on the route.

The line passed through a clearing in a forest for many miles, and then they came to a pretty little town by a lake.

"We must get out here; the railroad would take us on our way as far as a place called Washago, but I prefer to take the steamer now *waiting*. This is Orilla, and a very pretty little town it is. People come here for change in the summer, as they can have good bathing and boating, and there is an excellent hotel."

"*The Washago!* what a queer name! I suppose the names here are Indian ones."

"Yes, my boy, many are; and you may see some 'Indian reservations' on our way, which means that when we took a portion of the red man's country we left him some parts for himself, which are his by unalterable law and treaty. The Indians in Canada are much attached to the English, and are very loyal indeed, and while they are dying out in the States they are increasing in numbers under British rule and protection. See, there are two or three of them on board the ship."

The steam has ceased to roar out of the funnel, and our travellers are off. Trees grow down to the water's edge, and pretty little towns, with a church in each, line the shores. Further on there are tiny islands, some of which appear like artificial ones, in the lake of a picturesque pleasure garden.

"Here is *Washago*, and I see the long public cars waiting for us at the little inn. See, Ethel," said her brother, "there are three, and I think we shall want the whole of one for ourselves, and part also of another for the luggage."

They are rattling along now on a rough road for carriage wheels and springs. It lies through a great forest, nearly all the trees of which have been burnt to charcoal, some lying prostrate on the ground, some standing up like masts of a ship with sails and rigging all burnt away, and some leaning over all on one side, as if ready to fall every moment.

"How solemn and dreadful this forest looks, mother," said Ethel. "I wonder how it was set on fire?"

"The heat in summer is very great in Canada, and there is no rain for many months at a time, and fires are very frequent in consequence. Sometimes men have to cut away shrubs and remove great wooden fences between the fire and a house or town, that it may die out before it reaches them. And sometimes they have to set fire to the bushes two or three miles in front, and burn all away, and then extinguish as fast as they can, before the swiftly advancing fire, so that it will find nothing to feed on when it comes up to the clearing. In Australia the bush-fires are even worse than in

Canada ; but everywhere they are terrible, and difficult to extinguish."

Bump, bump, bump ! "What kind of a road is this ? Apparently made of trunks of trees laid side by side, instead of a pavement of stone," thought the children.

"What do you think of a 'corduroy' road, Alfred ?"

"I do not like it at all. Why do they make them ?"

"Because the ground is soft and marshy, and here wood is more easily procured than stone or earth."

"I am getting very tired, mother," said Ethel, when they had rumbled and jolted along a little further. "When shall we arrive ?"

"We shall have a lake voyage to take before we reach our new home, my dear. We have traversed Lake Couchiching, the next we shall cross will be Lake Muskoka, and lastly, Lake Rosseau."

Again the party has left the cars, and they are on the deck of another steamship, whose Indian name —on her stern and her flag—appears to be the "Nippissing".

One lake in this country is much like another. The change is most agreeable from the rough road to the smooth water. Dinner and tea over, the travellers were eagerly looking forward to catch the first glimpse of their future home. But on this occasion one steamer had been prevented going up a certain river to a town called Bracebridge, and so the "Nippissing" had to do her work, and as the river was very winding and narrow, by the time the steamer reached the landing-stage of the little town the evening was beginning to close in, and the banks could be but dimly seen.

"This is the place to which I had to write, Alfred ; when I was arranging to purchase my land. Do you remember my hearing from a Mr. Lount, the Government agent ? He lives here, and I dare say he will be on the look-out. Some one is coming on board ; I dare say it is he."

So it was ; and some conversation took place between the two gentlemen. But the captain seemed in a hurry, and soon the difficult business of turning the ship round was effected, much to Alfred's delight, as he stood at the extreme point of the prow of the vessel, which reached within only six feet of the bank.

\* \* \* \* \*

Later and later—it is long past the young folk's bed-time, but the fresh air keeps them awake. And now there is great running about, and lights appear on shore, and they are evidently going to stop.

"Here we are at last," said Mr. Ashburton, "Hurry up now, my dears. The landlord of the hotel is waiting with a lantern to show you up to the house."

"One o'clock ! No wonder we are so tired and sleepy," said Ethel, as she stepped on the very rough pathway, fitfully lit up at intervals, now and then, by the swaying lantern of the landlord walking in front, causing the two children many a stumble and fall. They had had their tea on board, so they now had only to go to bed ; and it was not long before they were up in a queer little cabin-like room, without any sash in the hole meant for a window, and scarcely any furniture for their accommodation. But they were so tired that they were fast asleep before they were five minutes in their beds.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE LOST LAMB.

**T**HE blossoms were falling, the winds were at play,

Three children went out in the meadows to roam—

Three sisters, to gather the wild flowers of May,  
And thoughtless they wandered far, far from their home.

The buttercups starred every field that they crossed,  
And all the long hedgerows with hawthorn were pink ;

Bright o'er the stepping-stones tiny rills tossed,  
Where the birds darted down for a moment to drink.

When the children had strayed to the low wilder ground,

A soft cry they heard, or a bleat, or a moan.  
Through tangle of roses they sought till they found

A poor little lost lamb, dying alone !

Sorely pricked by the brambles, it raised not its head,

And their tears at so piteous a sight quick must flow ;

With young leaves a couch for it softly they spread,  
And they stroked it, and soothed it with words sweet and low.



THE LOST LAMB. (*See p. 168.*)

"No mother," they said, "her ailing one hushes,  
And mother's voice comforting would we could  
hear!"

But only around them the merry-eyed thrushes  
Sang louder and louder as evening came near.

A purple cloud rose—was it mist, was it storm?  
And the children cried, watching the fast fading  
sky,

"Oh, how could we sleep in our beds safe and  
warm,  
If we left the poor lamb in the dark night to die!"

Then Dottie, the bravest, looked out far around,  
Nor too soon, for the rose light had gone from  
the west,

And she cried, "On the hillside a roof I have  
found,  
And it may be the fold where the lamb went to  
rest."

Then they carried it gently through thicket and  
hollow,  
Up ways long and winding, with moss covered  
o'er;

The path to the cottage they scarcely could follow,  
And weary they were when they knocked at the  
door.

But out from the tree that drooped over the thatch  
A nightingale sang them a song of good cheer,  
And the old shepherd said, as he lifted the latch,  
"Tis the lamb I have lost they have brought to  
me here!

"All day have I mourned for it, helpless, alone,  
For it strayed far away whilst I slept on the sward,  
Nor long could I seek, for so feeble I've grown.  
Dear children, say what shall be your reward?"

They said, "Once we thought it would never awake,  
But now by the hearth in your care it may  
thrive.

If you've milk, pray warm it, for sweet pity's sake,  
And grant that we see it once drink and revive!"

"The roads are so lonely, the cloud hangeth low!"  
"So glad are we now, no shadows we mind,  
For did not our dear Lord ask long ago,  
Who would not be joyful a lost lamb to find?"

Then they went hand-in-hand, nor knew where they  
strayed,

But they heard on the leaves the soft splash of the  
rain,

And they said, "We are three, and we are not  
afraid,"

And the nightingale sang through the darkness  
again.

At last they came down where a window shone  
bright,

And friends, too, they found their slow footsteps  
to guide;

By mother's voice blessed, they slept through the  
night,

And the lamb rested well on the quiet hillside.

H. P.

### HOW TO MAKE BIRTHDAY CARDS FROM FERNS AND FLOWERS.

**B**EFORE the summer is over, and while many of our little folk are spending their holidays in the pleasant country, I should like to suggest to them an agreeable employment for wet days, and the seeking of materials for which will give zest to their woodland walks—I mean the manufacture of Christmas, New Year, or Birthday cards ornamented with ferns, which you can bring out in winter as a pleasant surprise to friends, who will be doubly delighted with them, both as the handiwork of the senders and as bearing the real green ferns themselves instead of the mere pictured likenesses of them.

The work is very pretty and simple, and only requires a sheet of cardboard cut into suitable sizes, a few common cakes of paint, a bottle of gum, and plenty of small ferns dried and pressed. To

procure these take with you a blotting-book with a stiff cover whenever you go for a ramble in the fields and lanes, in which place all the tiny ferns you can gather from four inches in length and under, taking care only to select those which are perfect in every way. But you need not confine yourself to ferns; sprigs of moss, young ivy leaves with their delicate tints of red and yellow, and any miniature leaves which retain their beauty after being dried, all add to the general pretty effect of your cards, and will enable you to carry on the work even in a neighbourhood where ferns are not abundant.

As soon as you reach home put your blotting-book to press till the next day, when you may begin your work. The first thing to be done is to have your cards ready. These should not be too small, as you want space to arrange your ferns prettily and to write the motto afterwards; about

the size and shape of a post-card is the most useful. The ferns, &c., should be gummed on in a graceful group on one side or one corner of the card, then pressed, after wiping off any specks of gum which may be visible on the outside, and lastly varnished over with weak gum to make them look bright and glossy. As it is difficult to lay gum with a brush on every separate portion of the fronds and frondlets of some of our most graceful and feathery ferns, it will be found a good plan to pour some thick gum into a plate or saucer, so as to have a large surface, on which you should lay your fern, face uppermost, by which means the whole of the "wrong side" will be reached with the gum.

You may now write your mottoes, unless you would rather do so before gumming the ferns on for fear of injuring the latter, in which case you should first arrange the ferns as they are to be placed, and then indicate with a few pencil dots the extent of space they will take up on the card. The blank space should then be ruled faintly with vertical, horizontal, or oblique lines, on which to write the sentence you have chosen. This should be done with a penful of bright-coloured paint (coloured ink is sometimes used, but it is much less effective), and the letters may either be illuminated, printed in capitals, or written in a clear *round* hand. Not many can print small letters neatly. You must use your own taste as to combining various colours in the same sentence. If you write all the words in small letters, only one colour had better be used; if in capitals, you may have some variety; and if your motto is a comical one, you may put it into harlequin dress by writing each word in a different hue. Crimson lake and carmine make the best reds, ultramarine and cobalt the best blues. If vermillion is used, it should be very thick and bright, or it will look dull and poor; and a few words in black—made with lamp-black or Indian-ink—are very effective among the other colours.

When all is finished, the cards should be put carefully away wrapped in paper, or the ferns will dry up and drop off.

One word more about these latter. If you have a good choice of other kinds, do not use polypody or blechnum—except now and then for the sake of variety. The former are the least graceful of young ferns, and the latter lose colour very quickly.

If after you have manufactured as many cards as you think you will want for private presentation, you find your materials and your pleasure in the work still unexhausted, you might make a dozen or two of text cards for hospital distribution. In writing the texts, remember that the most important consideration is that they should be easily read by the uneducated, and those whose eyes are weak through illness, therefore all fancy letters should be avoided. The whole should be printed in capitals, or else in a *very distinct* round hand; if the latter plan is adopted the effect will be increased by printing the more important words in slanting capitals, as in *italics*, thus: "*ASK, and ye shall HAVE; SEEK, and ye shall FIND,*" &c., and of a different colour from the small ones. Do not have more than two colours for the texts, as they are confusing to the eye. It is best to use a bright colour for the principal words, and a quiet one for the others; red and black, or brown with blue or violet form the best contrasts.

An appropriate hymn written on the back of the card in a small round hand will add to its interest and value. Choosing these and the texts, which should be simple and not too long, will be a nice occupation for Sunday afternoons in the country, when young folk often miss their home books and magazines. If you have no friends in the habit of visiting hospitals who would convey your little gifts to the patients, they may be forwarded to the Editor of this magazine to be distributed by him among the different children's hospitals with the yearly prize gifts.

SOMERSET.



"WHO ARE YOU?"

OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS  
—  
BIBLE EXERCISES.

## XXIV.

*"I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there."*  
—I KINGS xvii. 4.

Give examples of birds, beasts, and fishes that obeyed God's command.—Numb. xxii. ; I Sam. vi. ; 1 Kings xiii., xx. ; Jonah i., ii. ; Matt. xvii.

Does God care for them?—Job xxxviii. ; Psalm civ., clxvii. ; Jonah iv. ; Luke xii.

## XXV.

*"He requested for himself that he might die."*—  
I KINGS xix. 4.

Give examples of other men who asked for death.—Numb. xi. ; Jonah iv.

Has God appointed our time to die?—Deut. xxxi. ; I Sam. xxvi. ; Job vii., xiv. ; Eccles. xxx. ; Heb. ix.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## THE LITTLE MAID.



CROSS all the wide plain of Esdraelon, even into the land of Samaria itself, the Syrian soldiers had made their way. From the sides of snowy Lebanon, from the banks of the great rivers Abana and Pharpar, from the rich city of Damascus itself, little troops of robber-soldiers rode out in all directions over the land of Israel, and plundered and ill-treated the inhabitants.

For long years there had been war between Israel and the powerful neighbour which lay to the north-east ; and just now the Syrian king, Hadad, or Benhadad, as he is called, had taken advantage of a war which Israel was carrying on with another enemy, and had been more than usually active in sending out soldiers to distress the land.

And it was not only cattle and sheep, not only corn or fruit, or gold and silver, that these robber-soldiers would carry off ; there was a reason for dreading them much greater than the fear of loss of wealth. The women of Israel, as they gathered their children round them, shuddered to think that some as young as they had been already carried off, to be slaves to their captors in another land. Perhaps their own little ones might be seized next ; and we can fancy how every mother would be afraid to let her children wander in the forests, or play outside the shelter of the village, for fear these fierce soldiers should suddenly ride up and seize them.

Somewhere in one of the villages of Samaria was living, at the time when Jehoram was King of Israel, a little girl. She was old enough to be very useful at home ; and we cannot help thinking that

she was full of loving thoughtfulness, and had pleasant helpful ways, which would make her more than usually dear to her father and mother and all to whom she belonged. We do not know whether the Syrian soldiers burnt her cottage home, or whether they overpowered her as she went out alone to draw water ; but so it was that some of these fierce freebooters took her prisoner, and carried her with them into their country. They would be sure to be mounted on very fleet horses, and most likely would want to retreat quickly with their spoil into their own land ; and so, I suppose, the little maid, who would not be able to run at her captor's stirrup, as prisoners generally had to do, would perhaps be carried before some fierce soldier on his bright saddle-cloth, too terrified and heart-broken to notice, as they passed beyond all the places that she had ever seen, and came in sight of glittering Hermon, and the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee.

Splashing through the fords of the Jordan, across the dry desert land beyond, the soldiers still went on ; and now they had reached some height above the plain, from which, if the poor child's eyes were not too much blinded with tears, she must have seen, with sudden wonder, the beautiful city of Damascus lying before her.

It was thither that she was being carried ; to that city of which she had often heard, perhaps the oldest city in the world ; and there she was bought by one of the greatest ladies of the country, to be her own little maid.

It would not have seemed unnatural in a girl cruelly carried from her home, and made a slave amongst strangers and enemies, that she should have hated every one round her—her master, for he

was a great captain and fought against her land ; her mistress, for she had bought her as a slave ; and even her fellow-slaves, and the whole household, because they belonged to that people whom we

told what she did, and as we look at the very few words which are written about her, a great deal more comes clearly out before us, as is always the case with the wonderful words of the Bible. For



THE LITTLE MAID. (*See p. 174.*)

know she must, from her very earliest years, have learnt to dread.

Now, in the story, as it is told us in the Bible, nothing at all is said of how the poor lonely child felt, as she moved about in the strange wide palace. But though we are not told how she felt, we are

this is plain, that if at first she did feel any hatred in her heart, she never let it pass into her words or deeds ; and when, with the help of God, we keep an ill thought from taking shape and becoming an ill action, then we have done a great deal towards turning it out of our hearts. Perhaps

even if at first the sight of the riches and luxury in which the Syrian nobles lived made her the more disposed to hate her new masters, yet before she had been long in Naaman's house she learnt something which changed her anger into pity. That great captain, her master, the general whom the king had put at the head of his army, the man who had fought against Israel and conquered, he was a leper.

In her own land of Israel lepers were shut out from the homes even of their nearest friends, and had to live quite apart from all others ; but in Syria was no such law ; and with this terrible disease eating into his flesh, Naaman still wore his soldier's dress, rode in his gaily-painted chariot, and walked nearest to the king, when he went to worship in the house of his idol. But his life was not only full of pain and present misery, he had also before him the prospect of increasing suffering and disfigurement, which could only end with his death.

This was the man who, more than any other, had done harm to her country, but yet she was not glad to hear what had befallen him. She knew that he was a kind master to the servants who waited on him, so that they all loved him, and were as anxious for his cure as if they themselves had the disease. He was proud and passionate, but there was something in his character, heathen though he was, which not only made his slaves love him, but pleased the God who had made him.

It would seem that God saw how even in his ignorance this Syrian soldier was seeking after goodness, so that he was nearer to the God of Israel than the many lepers in Samaria who knew Him, and yet never obeyed His voice. And thus, as he had tried to take the one step which he could see, God would lead him further ; and this little maid was chosen to be the means.

Now we see that it was not because God had forgotten her that He allowed her to be carried away from her home ; it was because He wanted her in Naaman's house. The little maid was very unhappy at the thought of her master's trouble ; to be a leper was, in her eyes, the worst grief that could befall any one ; but instead of wondering why all the doctors in rich Syria could not help him, her faithful thoughts went back at once to her own dear land, and she remembered the great prophet Elisha who lived there. He had done so many wonderful deeds—he had even raised to life a little boy who was dead—there was nothing, she thought, that he could not do, for God was with him ; surely he could cure her master.

True, he had never yet attempted the cleansing of a leper, but everything was in the power of God, and Elisha was His prophet and servant. The

thought was so much in her mind, that she could not help speaking about it to her mistress.

"Oh, if only my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria ! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

Her words were overheard, and passed from one to another, until one of the servants, most likely a soldier who waited on Naaman, went to his lord, and told him what the little maid had said.

And that one unselfish loving word it was which the little maid had been sent there to speak. Such a little thing to do ! and yet, through it, Naaman, the mighty soldier and noble, was sent to the prophet, who healed him, in the name of God, of his grievous disease. And through it much more than this was done, for the man who, knowing nothing of God, had yet tried to do what he knew to be right, was taught of the one true God, and learnt to believe in Him and serve Him, and made a solemn promise that henceforth he would offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord.

Such a little thing to do ! Well, perhaps so, but it must have cost much. First, it cost forgiveness of injuries. The poor child who had been carried by force from her home, had to learn to love and care for those who had wronged her, so that she could feel sorry for their griefs, and wish, if she could, to help them. This was no easy lesson, and she could not have learnt it except by the grace of God.

Then it was an unselfish thought. When any trouble falls on any one, even on a child, that child often forgets to think at all about others. His own pain makes him selfish ; he thinks no one else has any right to complain, for no one else has so much to bear. The little maid forgot her own trouble, her own lonely life, her longings for her dear home, in pity for her poor master, and the dear memories of Samaria came back to her, to suggest in what way she could comfort or help the sick man.

And then she showed how she had remembered God. Here, amongst the idol-worship of Syria, she did not forget to pray to the God of her fathers, for if she had not prayed, could she have had faith to believe that God's prophet could heal the leper ?

We do not know whether, when Naaman returned home clean from his disease, he remembered the little maid of the land of Israel. Perhaps she never went back to Samaria, and lived all her life a servant amongst strangers. We hear no more of her after she had spoken this one word to her mistress. But we are sure that God took care of her ; and if her life was what He meant it to be, then it would not matter at all whether it were what we should call a fortunate or happy one, for it would be full of the best sort of gladness—"the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

## OUR PETS.

## FOREIGN CAGE BIRDS, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.



The natives are far from friendly, and would certainly accord one a warm reception. Besides, there are no woods and forests, only hills of heated sand for ever baking in the tropical sun. But south of the line it is far different : here are the most beautiful forests that one could wish to see, not always dense and dark and deep, like those around Sierra Leone on the west, but more often lovely woods, covering a country of rolling hill and dale, and surrounding many a rock-girt little bay. It used to be my great delight to land on these shores, and traverse the voiceless woods all alone. To have had a companion would have entirely spoiled the charm. There was but little danger in this. Human beings I seldom saw, and when I did they always turned out to be friendly natives. So near the sea, there were few wild beasts, and those I did see were more afraid of the silent stranger than he was of them. But there were many kinds of snakes—these I shot and bagged when I had the chance—and monster lizards, many ugly enough in very truth, and just as inquisitive as a Greenland seal, for at a safe distance some of these would follow me for miles, merely to get a look at me ; there were Johanna cats, and flying foxes, and many other curious animals in hairy jackets, too numerous to mention, and which I never killed, because I did not care to carry them. The beauty of the plumage of the birds I used to see in the bush and up in the tall spreading trees I can no more describe than I could paint you, to life, the radiant wings of a tropical butterfly or the gorgeous splendour of an Arctic aurora, but many of them so impressed me that I see them even yet in my dreams. They were unusually silent, though, those beautiful birds, and they did not sing with such passionate joy and jubilant glee as the birds of our native land.

**S**OME nine or ten years ago, the writer of the present paper was cruising in a British man-of-war, on the shores of Eastern Africa, between Delagoa Bay on the south of the equator, and Brava and Magadoxa on the north. North of the line, I may tell you at once, there was little to tempt on shore even the most enthusiastic naturalist.

Some of them were quite as inquisitive as any wild creature I have ever known, and this trait in their characters often lost me good specimens, which I should otherwise have shot and stuffed. For instance, I was looking up one day at a curious but pretty specimen of a kind of finch. He was a very comical fellow, and somewhat dowdy in shape. He was perched on a branch, and looking full of business, blowing out his throat, shaking his body, and shifting his head every second. As I raised my gun he spied me, and stopping his "song," hopped down a branch or two. "Hullo !" he seemed to say, as he cocked his head and craned his neck, "whatever are you?" I was about to fire, when down he came a little nearer, repeating the self-same ridiculous motions. Well, who could shoot a finch that was trying to peep down the barrel of his gun. When I tried to wave him off he seemed highly indignant, gave a nod and a little saucy "chick-chick"—as much as to say, "Like your impertinence. It's my tree, and I don't mean to budge." So I was fain to laugh and leave him.

A great many of these splendidly plumaged birds are imported into England every week, and may be seen at the shops of the naturalists, and purchased at far from high prices. Kept in an aviary or conservatory, and properly fed and attended to, they soon, as a rule, make themselves very much at home, and become charming pets.

The African wax-bills may be kept in cages, and are exceedingly pretty, without being in any degree gaudy, and very affectionate and taking. In a warm conservatory they will build and lay, but the eggs are seldom, if ever, productive.

The Australian wax-bill is easily kept, is very happy and very hardy, is a very beautiful and interesting bird, and does excellently well as a pet. The best time to secure them is about the end of June, when they arrive in London and Liverpool, and are sent to the dealers. They breed easily in confinement. Food : seeds and insects.

The cut-throat, so called because the male bird has a circle of crimson around his throat, is a very lively and very prettily plumaged bird ; he is an African favourite of mine, and very common in the shops of England. These birds, especially the male, are, when tame, very interesting, and it is funny to watch their manoeuvres and goings on. They breed readily enough, but they are just as full of fight as of fun, and this reminds me to tell you that in buying birds for a large aviary you should inquire whether or not they are likely to agree.

Cut-throats are, when once acclimatised, very

hardy, and *one* pair will build and breed in a roomy cage. Feed on insects and egg food, meal-worms, ant's eggs, &c. The cut-throat belongs to the finch



PARRAKEETS.

tribe, and this leads me to say a word or two about some other very lovely finches.

The lavender finch is a native of Africa. It is a charming bird, with a delicate, bloomy lavender back, brown feet, and red tail and beak. Once seen it isn't easily forgotten. They are somewhat rare, but breed well in single pairs, and are to be recommended, if only for their great beauty.

There are the African fire-finches and the Australian crimson-finches, both very beautiful, but liable to serious illnesses.

The white-headed finch from India—there, I am out of Africa at last—will breed in large aviaries if you allow it to choose its own nesting place. I can recommend the bird as interesting, funny, and affectionate, and well suited as a cage pet.

The mannikins are charming, most loving, and tame cage birds, perhaps the pretty little bronze-wing is as nice as any.

Finches, in addition to millet and canary-seed

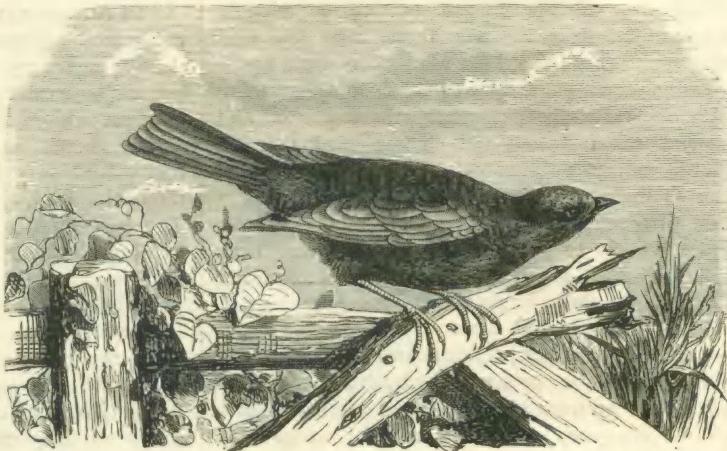
ought to have a supply of insect food. I am convinced they will not thrive well without it.

In Northern Africa you find that most lovely of birds, with its sweet melodious voice, the golden oriole. If you can get one of these you will have a pet worth looking at and listening to as well. They require good living, egg and bread-crumb, worms, fruit, &c.

Although space almost forbids, I cannot forget the mino, nor one especial mino who was my comfort and delight when lying sick in an Indian hospital. Minos are musical and talk well. Like our own starlings, they will eat anything that is put before them.

And now, what shall I give you to finish up with? Some birdie from Afr—No, I have it: the grass parrakeet, zebra parrakeet, or budgerigar, a native of Australia. They are very common in England, very popular, and deservedly so. They are beautiful, as doubtless you know, and the male bird is a delightful warbler. They breed in winter, and that being the case, I need hardly caution care and freedom from draughts. They ought to be allowed to fly about the apartment if they are to breed successfully, and a rotten log of wood should be given them wherein to build. During the breeding season they ought to be kept as quiet as possible, and have all the sunshine you can give them.

The staple diet is canary-seed, with bread and milk for a change, and a little green food now and then. Contrary to the belief of some unsophisticated people, *they do need water*.



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

Perfect cleanliness, good food regularly served, pure water, and gentle treatment are essential to the health and comfort of all birds in confinement.

## SAVAGE LIFE IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

**T**HE wilds of Africa at present consist of thousands upon thousands of miles, not barren and sandy wastes like the desert of Sahara, but generally rich and fruitful, producing tropical plants in abundance, well watered, either by the vast river Livingstone, which stretches across the entire continent to the great lakes, or by other streams flowing from or into those lakes or towards the sea.

It is in these regions that exploration has been busy during the last few years. Speke, Grant, Burton, Cameron, Livingstone, Stanley, and others have given us a clear idea now of those parts which a quarter of a century ago were only known by report, and respecting which our information was uncertain, and often false.

It is well for the explorer seeking to travel through the states of Africa to be provided with the means of holding his own, or he may meet with considerable resistance from the petty kings and chieftains who abound, and who are generally of a most grasping disposition, ready to lay claim to a lion's share of the traveller's goods, and if their demand be not complied with, to try and extort by foul means what they fail to get by fair. Thus when Grant was marching through the jungle to join Speke he was met by messengers from a certain Sultan M'Yonga, who insisted on his staying the day at his village. This Grant refused to do, and set the people of his expedition in motion; but he had not gone far when he was attacked by the Sultan's warriors, and after a short struggle his undisciplined followers gave way and fled into the

jungle, leaving all his merchandise at the mercy of the barbarous horde who had molested him.

However, as it happened, the Sultan sent him back a considerable quantity of his goods the same day, with a message that the attack had been made by mistake, and that he had punished one of his men for it by cutting off his hand!

The African monarchs do not, of course, know the value of money, and it is therefore necessary to be provided with goods the value of which they understand. Shells, beads, cloth, brass wire, and particularly guns, powder, and, if they can get it, spirits are the commodities they delight in.

This same king who had molested Grant came to Stanley when he was on his way to Lake Tanganyika, and demanded an inordinate tribute, before permission to proceed could be granted. But Stanley being in command of a better equipped expedition than his predecessor at once refused, and gave but a moderate present, which he coupled with a hint that as the guns of his men were loaded

it might be rather dangerous for M'Yonga to endeavour to delay his advance.

Now I dare say you would think an invitation from an African king to stay in his village a very favourable sign amongst a people who are often very hostile to strangers travelling through their country. And should the king himself come to greet you on your arrival, and make you sundry presents of oxen, goats, palm wine, beer, bananas, tomatoes, new potatoes, &c., the height of pleasurable expectation would certainly be fulfilled. But there is generally a dreadful "skeleton in the cupboard" behind all this, for before you left you



AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

would be expected to give large presents to the king, his chiefs, and to every one who could squeeze anything out of you. In fact, the probability is that you would go away with little or nothing if you had not the power to resist the demands made.

One of the greatest and most renowned of monarchs in the neighbourhood of the great lakes is King Mtesa, who made fast friends with Stanley on his recent expedition, and has also been visited by several European travellers at different periods. For an African, this man is most enlightened. In early youth he was a despot of the worst description—implacable, barbarous, cruel, and revengeful. He was, however, converted to the Mahometan faith by one of his Arab visitors, and the doctrines of Islam softened to some degree his savage nature.

During Stanley's sojourn at his capital the explorer found opportunities of telling him the story of the Gospel, and Mtesa was greatly interested in hearing for the first time of the wonderful love of Christ for sinners. He did not, however, discard Islamism and embrace Christianity without testing the two systems of religion in a very practical manner. He explained to his chiefs what each religion did for its converts. On the one hand, the Arabs who were Mahometans bought slaves, whom they treated cruelly, and their dealings were not marked by truthfulness or justice; on the other hand, all those whom he had known who professed Christianity refused to take slaves, treated the blacks kindly, and were honest and truthful. Therefore the king decided the Christian religion must be the best, and accordingly embraced it.

Of course Mtesa could not change his nature immediately, any more than he could change the colour of his skin, and it is impossible to expect that he will altogether abandon his savage ways for many years to come; but already a great difference exists between the young and barbarous king who put to death all his relations who were likely to stand in his way when he came to the throne, and the man who, even when he had tied one of his enemies to the stake and was going to burn him, was induced to forego his dreadful purpose.

A mission has lately been sent to Mtesa's capital, which it is hoped may be the means of converting many of his people to Christianity.

The amount of awe which an African despot inspires is scarcely credible, unless we take into consideration that one word or look from him means the ruin or death of a subject, however lofty may be his position. The chiefs bow and prostrate themselves in true barbarous style before

their king; his smallest wish receives attention, and all, from the highest to the lowest, are watchful to anticipate, if possible, his desires. But woe to that man who offends him! His life is not worth an hour's purchase, for the king is generally attended by executioners, who are men of prompt and energetic habits.

One of the most heartrending sights which meets the eyes of Europeans travelling through Africa is the evidence of traffic in slaves. Livingstone, in his travels, relates again and again how he found slaves who, falling ill, had been deserted by their masters, and left to starve in the wilderness; others who, unable to carry their burdens, were cruelly tied to trees, and thus perished; while not unfrequently bodies of slaves were found who had been killed by their owners, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of other traders, in case they had recovered. The Arabs who purchase the slaves in the interior drive them bound together, and carrying heavy burdens, to the coast, and when, through exhaustion, they can proceed no further, often dispose of them in the way I have described. In most cases these slaves have been purchased from the greedily disposed potentates who rule over the tribes of the interior for a small sum, forty yards of cloth being considered in some regions an excessive price for an able-bodied slave.

The greatest variety of disposition is noticeable amongst the tribes of Central Africa. In some cases the people are kind and gentle, ready to help, willing to trade, anxious to make the acquaintance of peaceable strangers, hospitable and industrious. In other instances the savage nature is seen in all its worst features, the people are suspicious, treacherous, refusing to hold any converse with the traveller or trader, quarrelsome, pugnacious, and inhospitable. In some places the natives are not at all averse to cannibalism; but this shocking custom, happily, does not prevail amongst any of the more enlightened tribes. The appearance of the natives is equally diverse. Whilst in the countries bordering on the coasts may be found the strong, stalwart warrior, spear in hand, wearing rings, bracelets, and ornaments in great variety, the features and aspect of the inhabitants of many inland tribes are repulsive in the extreme.

African warfare is, amongst all the different tribes, a most dreadful and frequent occupation. The nations are generally at war either in small or large bands, and when they are thus engaged the utmost cruelty prevails. Oftentimes a village will be surrounded, and men, women, and children put to death, the houses burnt, and the place left a blackened wilderness. Instances are not wanting,

however, of nations who carry on their wars with much show and little bloodshed, with violent abuse but few blows ; a tribe will declare war against a neighbouring one for a slight or serious provocation, muster its soldiers, march with an imposing array, and find their enemies in a similar condition ; but neither party has the least inclination to fight, and a peace is probably concluded in a most amicable way, on the matter under dispute being compromised. One cannot but admire the good sense of such an arrangement, though the people are generally arrant cowards and thieves all the same !

In the construction of their houses and villages the Africans display considerable ingenuity. Many of the houses are built of cane, with well-thatched roofs, and are by no means uncomfortable.

It is by no means uncommon to find the natives clever workmen as blacksmiths or carpenters ; and a variety of articles are produced of a most curious and interesting character. Spears and knives, tools, chairs, spoons, benches, and many other useful and ornamental articles, are manufactured

with great skill. There is, too, a good deal of trading among the natives ; markets are held, goods are bartered, and much bargaining goes on in the disposal of merchandise.

Central Africa abounds in vast forests, *some of* which are impenetrable by reason of the undergrowth which has grown up without hindrance for centuries, and which would now require an army of sappers and miners to clear a way through ; and you can form some idea of the difficulties of piercing a way through such a jungle when I mention that the grass grows to a height of ten or twelve feet, and is correspondingly thick, reminding one, indeed, of the grass which Gulliver found in Brobdingnag, while the branches of the trees are so interwoven that the sun is powerless to penetrate them, and thus the forest is rendered thick, gloomy, and dark as night.

Of course such forests are uninhabited ; but the time may not be far distant when its vast stores of timber will find its way to European markets, and when the treasures of Central Africa may be made of service to all the world.

### C H I L D R E N ' S

### L A U G H T E R .

**R**IIGHT dear to my heart is the song of the birds,

In the glen or the coppice, the hedgerow or tree ;

But yet dearer still, and a joy lacking words,  
Is the laughter of childhood, so blithe and so free !

The strains of the harp and the organ's deep swell  
Have enchantment for me of surpassing delight ;

But sweeter than orchestral music the spell  
Of the laughter of childhood, so ringing and bright !

The chimes that with eventide summon to prayer,  
Or the peals of wild harmony, cheering all hearts  
On festival day, are but nought to compare  
To the joy which the laughter of childhood  
imparts !

Oh ! sweet is applause when a triumph is gained,  
And the welkin re-echoes with rapturous cries ;  
But sweeter, yea, nobler, so pure, unconstrained,  
Is the laughter of childhood, that scorneth  
disguise !

So blithe and so free, and so ringing and bright,  
It hath virtue to scatter the clouds of dull  
thought :

Then laugh, happy children ! Laugh on, it is right;  
For the laughter of children from heaven is taught !

But laugh not at those who are crooked or lame ;  
Or whom God hath deprived of their health or  
their mind ;

Oh, laugh not at *sin*, nor at sorrow, nor shame—  
For the laughter of children for *good* is  
designed.

Your innocent mirth and your gambols should  
tell  
Of a heart wherein goodness and gentleness  
reign ;  
If love in the soul in supremacy dwell,  
Then the laughter of childhood will never give  
pain.

Laugh on, merry children ! God gave you the  
power ;

Be your laughter as balm to the weary, the old.  
Laugh on while you may ; fill with gladness the  
hour ;  
Nor the *love* from the laughter of childhood  
withhold.

For dear to my heart are your jubilant cries ;  
Once again I seem youthful in heart and in  
voice.

Hurrah, then, for laughter ! For no one denies  
In the laughter of childhood 'tis good to rejoice !

EDWIN CHARLES WRENFORD.



### Pocahontas.

Perhaps few English children have heard of Pocahontas, the Indian girl, who, more than two hundred years ago, was like a guardian angel to the English people who went to settle in America. Naturally, the Indians who lived in the wilds and forests of the great western continent did not wish the English to come and take their land from them, and settle in their country and make themselves masters of it. Amongst those who came upon an expedition with other Englishmen was Captain John Smith, who was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. He and his friends landed at the northern point of Chesapeake Bay, where they saw some Indians, who after a time became friendly, and invited Smith and his companions to their village.

After this, Smith and his companions were not so fortunate, for near the place that they fixed upon for their residence, in Virginia, lived a formidable Indian chief named Powhattan, who lived in a sort of barbaric splendour. Captain Smith was, unfortunately, taken prisoner by the brother of this chief. His wonderful bravery had caused the Indians to feel a sort of terror of him, and they did not dare to approach him until, almost dead with cold, he threw away his arms and surrendered.

Surrounded by fierce Indians, he was in hourly expectation of his death, but owing to various circumstances, they did not at once kill him, though he had several narrow escapes of his life. At last they brought him to the residence of Powhattan; and after feasting him, held a long consultation as to whether he should be put to death. The decision was against him, and it was settled that his brains were to be beaten out with clubs. His head was placed on a stone, and the clubs of the savages were raised, when Pocahontas, the favourite daughter of Powhattan, rushed forward, and clasping Smith's

head with her arms, laid her own upon the stone, determined to save his life, or lose her own. The king was so moved at this sight that he spared Smith's life. After a strange ceremony, in which he informed his captive that they were now friends, he sent him home on condition that he should give him two pieces of cannon and a grindstone.

But all did not remain in a peaceful state; again there was trouble between Smith and Powhattan, who had prepared to attack the English at night, and would probably have destroyed them all, had not Pocahontas gone through the woods at night to inform Captain Smith of her father's plans.

In April, 1613, Pocahontas was married to an Englishman, Mr. John Rolfe, and in the spring of 1616 she and her husband went to England. When Captain Smith heard of her arrival, he wrote a long letter to Queen Anne the wife of James I., recounting all the kindness Pocahontas had shown to the English. Pocahontas, or Lady Rebecca, as she was called, met with much attention in London, and in 1617 was to have returned to Virginia. But she was taken ill at Gravesend, and there died at the early age of twenty-two.

### The Early Life of Alexander Pope.

Alexander Pope was a poet from his childhood. He was a delicate, sickly child, and his voice at that time was so sweet that he was called the "little Nightingale." His aunt taught him to read, but he was not sent to school until he was seven or eight years old. He partly taught himself to write by copying pages of print. When he began to have regular instruction he advanced rapidly, in spite of the several drawbacks in charge of masters, some of whom put him back in his studies. But young Alexander seems to have plodded on, and to have early shown his talent for

verses. At the age of twelve he wrote the "Ode to Solitude."

His father, who was a linendraper, had made twenty thousand pounds, and had retired to Binfield, in Windsor forest. He saw no manner in which he wished to invest the money, so he locked it up in a chest and used it as he wanted it. When Pope's father went to live at Binfield, he sent for his son, who had been studying with a clergyman, and from this time the boy determined to direct his own studies. His first desire was to be a poet, and to this his father did not object, but helped him on by proposing subjects for him to write upon, and obliging him to revise and correct them. Young Pope now did nothing but read and write; and as he read the classics he translated them. He was a great admirer of Dryden, and persuaded some friends to let him go to the coffee-house to which Dryden was in the habit of going, so that he might have the pleasure of seeing him. Dryden died when Pope was scarcely twelve, so his appreciation of him began early.

He next determined to learn French and Italian, and was soon able to read in both languages.

Pope was now about sixteen, and from this early age his life as a poet began. Few are advanced enough in their education to begin a career so young, but Pope had steadily progressed by taking advantage of all opportunities, and he eventually accomplished his purpose—to be a poet and leave a poet's name behind him.

#### Animals and Music.

Some animals are fond of music; horses especially love to hear martial music, and the sound of the trumpet will fill them with fire and spirit. They will draw near, and listen with attention as great as that of human lovers of music at a concert. Cows, also, are susceptible to the charms of music. I have watched cows in a field near a church, and when the organ is playing and the singing going on, the cows will draw nearer and nearer to the wall that separates the field from the churchyard, and will stand listening gravely. We are told of a French state prisoner who begged, as a great favour, that he might have the musical instrument on which he played, to amuse himself in the prison; and what was his surprise, after he had played a few times, to see some mice appear, and stay quietly hearkening to the playing, and at its conclusion returning to their holes. Nor was this all, several large spiders came also, and remained during the musical performance, and then ascended to their corners.

Other instances have been known of spiders showing this taste for music, and coming out to listen to it. Perhaps when the ancients wrote the story of Orpheus, and told how he charmed the brutes, they may have known something of this love of music implanted in the hearts of the dumb creation.

#### Lyre-tailed Night-jars.

The night-jars, or goat-suckers, are universally considered birds of bad omen by ignorant people, and also bear a bad character, which is as undeserved as possible. They have the reputation of being thieves and helping themselves to the milk of cows and goats before the milkmaid comes to draw it into her pails. Perhaps appearances are a little against them, for they are very fond of darting to and fro underneath the animals, but the real truth is that they feed entirely on insects; and as these little creatures are always buzzing about cattle, the goat-suckers ought to be regarded as kind friends, who rid the patient kine of the tiny pests that beset them and render their lives miserable.

The lyre-tailed night-jar may easily be known from all other species by its two long tail-feathers, and the general fluffiness of its soft, grey, mottled plumage. Its curved beak is neither large nor strong, but it has the power of opening it so wide that you would almost think the head was cut into two halves. The bristles round its bill are useful in helping it to retain the small flies or moths which it thinks such dainty morsels; and it is remarkable for having the middle toe of each claw toothed in such

a way as to resemble a comb.

These birds usually live in pairs, and are not much of nest-builders, as the hen-bird



THE LYRE-TAILED NIGHT-JAR.

lays a couple of eggs in a little depression in the ground under a bush, or at most on a few dry leaves, hatching them in fourteen days. Towards autumn they get very plump and fat, and are sometimes shot for eating, being esteemed as delicious tit-bits by all who have tasted them.

The only species of night-jar that visits England is about the size of a thrush ; it comes late in the summer and goes away very early, taking its flight to the countries south of the Mediterranean Sea, where it passes all the cold months. It has a great many cousins in all divisions of the world, especially in Algeria and on the prairies of North America, where at sunset they come out of the bushes in which they have hidden during the day, and skim about with a swift, graceful, strong flight, which bears great resemblance to that of a swallow.

#### Used Postage Stamps.

So many questions are continually being asked as to the practical purposes to which old postage stamps can be put, that a few words on the subject will probably be interesting. The matter may be summed up in a few words :—Beyond their use for toy-makers (as explained in the “Questions and Answers” pages), old postage stamps seem to be of no use whatever, and the stories about the admission of children into asylums, &c., and of childrens’ lives being saved in heathen lands by their aid, are probably myths. At any rate, no trustworthy evidence has yet been brought forward to prove their value, and until such has been done it seems a pity that valuable time should be wasted in their collection.

#### Herons.

The herons are of the same family as the spoonbills, the storks, and the cranes, and are not uncommon in the British Islands, though, like many other

birds, they retreat as far from man as they possibly can. Their bills are remarkably long and stout, their necks long, and their stomachs peculiarly capacious. They frequent river banks, wide marshes, and fens, where they procure their food, which consists of efts, newts, frogs, fish, shrews, and water-rats. It is a very pretty sight to see herons fishing in a pool, standing with their feet in the water, and peering anxiously among the tufts of rushes for their prey. They usually live in pairs, or sometimes are quite solitary, but in the breeding season become sociable, and build their nests in lofty trees.

Many an old park in England has had its herony from time immemorial, and very highly these settlements were prized in the days of falconry. Any person convicted of stealing herons’ eggs had to pay a fine of twenty shillings, which represented a much larger sum of money than it does now. The flesh was also regarded as a great delicacy, only to be found at the tables of the great on state occasions.

#### A Puzzling Sentence.

A story is told of a schoolmaster who gave his boys the following puzzling Latin sentence to translate :—*Mus cucurrit plenum sed contra magnum ad.* It is scarcely surprising that none of them could make it out ; but its explanation is not so very difficult after all. Here it is :—*Mus*, a mouse ; *cucurrit*, ran ; *plenum*, full ; *sed*, but (butt) ; *contra*, against ; *meum*, my ; *magnum*, great ; *ad*, to (toe). “A mouse ran full butt against my great toe.”

#### A HOLIDAY GAME.

(See Frontispiece.)

**A**LL in the golden sunshine,  
'Neath the chestnut trees, at play  
A group of merry school girls ;  
Who so happy as they ?

Playing among the buttercups  
Gilding the green-grassed earth ;  
Making the summer breezes  
Carry afar their mirth.

Earnest as though their lifework  
Were centred in careless play,  
And the wreath of glory they strive for  
Fair-born of a summer day.

Play on ; play on, ere the tempest  
Sweeps over life-skies so fair,

Ere sorrow shall leave its traces,  
And years shall be full of care.  
Play on ; play on in the sunshine,  
The world is all fresh and free,  
And a fairy kingdom is circling  
The wonderful chestnut tree ;  
And merrier music is ringing  
Than ever the song-birds sing,  
In the chorus of gladsome voices  
Where youth is the blooming king.  
Play on ; play on while the joy-bells  
Are pealing their mirthful strain ;  
For the golden pleasures of childhood  
Will never come back again.

JULIA GODDARD.



A HOLIDAY GAME.

(See p. 182.)

# "The Bat and the Mole."

Words by W. G.      Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.  
*Allegretto con moto.*



VOICE.      *mp*

PIANO.

*cres.*

"Let us see, let us

*f > >*

see," says the Mole to the Bat; "With all my

*cres.*

*f*

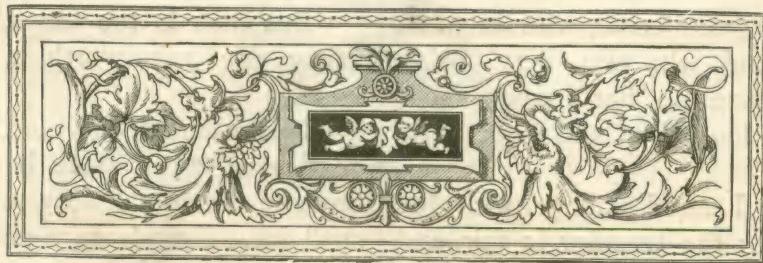
*dim.*

*p*

soul," says the Bat to the Mole, "Let us see, let us see."

*dim.*

*p*





LITTLE children who live in warm, comfortable houses, and only look out of the nursery windows when the rain is beating and the wind blowing, do not know what a hard life the fishermen have who go out in their boats to get fish to be afterwards sent to the great markets all over the country.

But little Joe knew well enough what it was to go out on a rough day, when his father's boat was tossing up and down and dancing upon the waves.

Just now Joe's father could not go out on the water; he had sprained his arm so badly that the doctor said he must not think of using it for some weeks.

What were Joe and his little brothers and sisters to do for food? There was no money in the house to buy bread.

The old grandfather, who mended the nets, and who was very feeble and had done no hard work for a long time, looked at the poor little children.

"I think I could manage, with Joe to help me; the weather is fair, and there won't be a storm yet awhile."

### A GOOD HAUL.

The father shook his head; but Joe said—

"Let us have the boat, father; I can't bear to hear the children cry because they are so hungry."

Then the father said Joe might go; and the old man and little Joe got a man to help them to get off the boat, and away they went with the other fishing-boats.

"We'll look after them if any danger comes," said the other fishermen to Joe's mother, who had come down to the beach to see them start.

But no danger came, and they were happy enough to get in a good haul of fish.

And as the boat came in shore, not only the mother but little Joe's little brothers and sisters came down and cried—

"Hurrah, hurrah!" when they saw Joe again.

A gentleman and lady were looking for shells on the shore, and the gentleman came and spoke to the grandfather. And when he heard what a good boy Joe was, and that the children were wanting bread, he took out a sovereign, and told Joe to give him a score of herrings for it.

"But that is too much," said Joe, "they are not worth a shilling a score."

"Never mind, my lad," said the gentleman, "you have been a brave boy and done your duty, and now you shall have the pleasure of giving this money to your father."

J. G.



A GOOD HAUL. (*See p. 184.*)

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

PRIZE ANSWERS TO PICTURES  
WANTING WORDS (*Vol. IX.*, pp. 374, 375).

**M**ANY of the stories forwarded by competitors in answer to these pages exceeded the limit of length announced—namely, 750 words for the senior and 250 words for the junior competition. In justice to the other competitors, who have conformed to the regulations, all such stories have been disqualified so far as the prizes were concerned, although the names of the writers of two or three have been included in the List of Honour. It cannot be too plainly enforced that in the case of all LITTLE FOLKS Competitions, the regulations must be strictly carried out.

It should be clearly understood that the fact that the first prize is awarded to a story in verse is an accident only, as no extra credit is given for verse,—indeed, prose is rather preferred when verse is not distinctly asked for.—ED.

## THE ADVENTURES OF NELLIE MASON.

## FIRST PRIZE ANSWER.

"**N**OW, Nellie, please attention lend,  
And tell me if you comprehend  
Each thing that by this time, I trust,  
Has on your memory been thrust.  
Don't loiter on your way, dear child,  
**N**or speak to little children wild;  
And then, if nothing goes amiss,  
You'll be rewarded with a kiss."  
"All right," said Nellie, "I shall try."  
So off she went with beaming eye,  
And tripped along with childish glee,  
Determined very good to be.  
Before her mother went inside  
She watched her with maternal pride.  
But when there struck upon her ear  
A cry of true infantine fear,  
She knew her baby was awake;  
So on her knee she did her take,  
And sitting by the open door,  
She watched the messenger once more.  
Our heroine upon her way  
Is now proceeding, bright and gay,  
Not thinking that the road is long,  
As she beguiles it with a song.  
But who is this, so trim and taut,  
That carries eggs just newly brought  
From many a cosy little nest,  
And which are always of the best?  
It was the farmer's little maid,  
To whom politely Nellie said,  
O'erawed by dress and bonnet neat,  
And little dainty slippers feet,  
"I want some eggs and butter," please,  
Along with honey from the bees."  
"All right, **my dear,**" she then replied;  
"Your wants shall quickly be supplied."  
And so they were; and much relieved,  
Her varied purchase she received.

Scarce had she started to go home  
By the same road as she had come,  
When sobs, and a deep-drawn "Oh dear!"  
Did fall upon her listening ear.  
And there, upon a mossy spot,  
All spangled with forget-me-not,  
Did sit a figure bowed with care,  
The very picture of despair.  
But faithful to her promise given,  
And which to keep she hard had striven,  
Kind-hearted Nellie did not speak,  
Nor to find out the matter seek,  
But, like a little heroine,  
The conquest o'er herself did win.  
But soon so very tired she got,  
That in a pretty sheltered spot  
She threw her cloak upon the ground,  
And sitting down, she looked around.  
But in a moment up she flies.  
For what a scene doth meet her eyes!  
Regardless of all else besides,  
Amongst the waving corn she hides,  
And acteth, with a twinkling eye,  
The part of a most watchful spy.  
For there was Tom, the worst of boys,  
Destroyer of the varied joys  
That unto bird and beast pertain,  
And now of honey-bees the bane—  
Tormenting them with all his might,  
And showing signs of keen delight.  
But soon they wrought a speedy cure—  
For bees, like men, cannot endure  
To have their peaceful realms disturbed  
By those of temperament uncurbed—  
And gathering in o'erwhelming force,  
Pursued the customary course.  
So foolish Tom learned by degrees  
How hard bees' wrath is to appease;  
While Nellie laughed with all her might,  
Soliiloquising, "Serves him right."  
As soon the screams did die away  
Much further on she did not stray,  
But how dismayed was she to find  
That she had left so far behind  
Her basket and her little cloak;  
And just like all the little folk,  
When neither of them could she spy,  
Sat down, and then began to cry.  
She knew she had been very bad,  
And so with heart both vexed and sad,  
And eyes full filled with tears of grief,  
She hunted for the naughty thief.  
Through a thick leafy hedge she spied  
Two children busy, side by side,  
In gathering sticks a fire to make,  
Before a gipsy-tea they'd take.  
**T**hey certainly were not the thieves,  
And so a weary sigh she heaves,  
As she perceives, far in the west,  
The sun in evening splendour dressed.  
It surely must be getting late,

For there, enthroned in modest state,  
Old patient Will all scissors blunt  
Is sharpening upon his flint ;  
And there is Kate, who just has come  
From Widow Turnbull's tidy home,  
Where every night she goes and reads,  
And ministers to all her needs.  
With head bowed down with grief and shame,  
With heavy heart and weary frame,  
She reached her cottage home once more,  
And softly knocked upon the door.  
But now to her we'll say good-bye,  
And wave adieu with pitying sigh,  
And hope sincerely that at night  
A pretty fairy, robed in light,  
The missing articles did fin',  
And, like a benefactress kind,  
Did place them at the cottage door,  
Restoring happiness once more.

ISABELLA MIDDLEMASS.

12, Mayfield Terrace, Newington, (Aged 15.) Edinburgh.

Certified by JAS. MIDDLEMASS.

## SECOND PRIZE ANSWER.

**T**WO little boys, named Harry and Freddy Gordon, were playing in the road one morning. Harry was nine, and Freddy four; they were the children of a poor washerwoman. They were spinning their tops. Just then their mother called Harry to take a small basket of washing to the Hall. Harry went in to fetch it, while Freddy stayed outside. While Harry was gone, a big boy came past, and took away Freddy's top. Just after Harry came out, who, when he heard all about it, lent him his own top; and leaving Freddy very happy with it, he started for the Hall.

When he got there he gave the washing, and was going home, when he heard violent screams from a pond close by. He rushed there, and was just in time to see a little girl struggling in the water before she disappeared. He jumped in after her, for he could swim nicely, and, catching her, he brought her to the bank, where her mother was, who carried her to the house as fast as she could to put her to bed, telling Harry to follow her.

The little girl had not been long in the water, so she was soon dry and comfortable. And then the lady came to

Harry, and gave him some money for his mother, because she knew he would rather she had it than he himself, and sixpence for himself, with which he got a top and a ball for Freddy; and they spent a very happy afternoon in the garden with their new toys.

ANNIE BELL.

13, Uxbridge Road, Surbiton, Surrey. (Aged 11½.)

Certified by L. DE LAYEN, Governess.

## LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour :—ISABELLA MIDDLEMASS (15), 12, Mayfield Terrace, Newington, Edinburgh. Second Prize, with Officer's Medal :—ANNIE BELL (11½), 13, Uxbridge Road, Surbiton, Surrey. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—HARRIET E. WALKER (15½), Lound, Retford, Notts; LILLA J. CHARLES (12½), Brackenfield, Carpenter Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; STELLA V. A. MALCOLM (12½), 7, Randolph Cliff, Edinburgh; MARCELLY CLEMENTINA BURNETT (13), Lorne House, Padwell Road, Southampton; THEKLA MENRICOFFRE (13), 52, Piazza Municipio, Naples; MARGARIDA DA COSTA RICA (10½), 86, Ladbrooke Grove, Notting Hill, W.; ADA M. WILLIAMS (11½), The Green, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees; HELEN A. M. HOME (10½), 38, Queen's Gate Terrace, South Kensington, W.; RUTH BROWN (10), Banksea House, Orwell Terrace, Dovercourt, Harwich, Essex.*

## THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

**A**UTUMN draws on apace;  
May it with beauty grace

Twilight comes quickly on,  
Summer is almost gone,

Summer so dear !

Slowly the bright flowers fade  
In garden, wood, and glade :  
Thus speeds the year  
Nature, with all her grace,  
Tells us, with smiling face,

Autumn is near

MILICENT LE GAY BURLEY.  
Theberton Grange, (Aged 14.)  
Saxmundham, Suffolk.



## SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

**T**HE results of the Special Holiday Competitions will be published in the next number of the Magazine.

The attention of readers is called to the fact that the Eight Prize Competitions for 1879 (including the LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book Competitions) close on Wednesday, October 15th, 1879. Full particulars of these Competitions were published in the number of LITTLE FOLKS for March, 1879.



## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## BEHEADED WORDS.

- J** AM a trouble ; behead me, and I am a sign of mourning ; behead me, and I become a plant, and from my seeds people get oil ; behead me again, I am an animal.  
 2. I am not large ; behead me, and I am a beater or hammer ; behead me again, and I become everything.  
 3. I am an animal ; behead me, and I am a river in England ; behead me again, I am to employ.  
 4. I mean to upset ; behead me, I am a medicine very often given ; behead me again, I mean not well.  
 5. I am a demonstrative pronoun ; behead me, I am an article of dress ; behead me again, I am a preposition.

EMMA H. LANYON.

(Aged 14½.)

6, Claremont Place, Dover, Kent.

## UN ACROSTICHE DOUBLE EN FRANÇAIS.

**L**ES initials et les terminations font le nom de deux parties du corps.

1. Une partie d'un arbre.
2. Un écrivain français.
3. Inaction de l'esprit.
4. Un couleur.
5. Etablier.
6. Un règle.
7. Le roi des animaux.
8. La première femme.

ALICE DALE.

(Aged 15½.)

Bromboro' Hall, Cheshire.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**F**HE initials will show a great conqueror, and the finals will give the name of his last residence.

1. The goddess of vengeance.
2. To help.
3. To mend.
4. A river in Yorkshire.
5. To roll about.
6. An eagle's nest.
7. A town and district in the United States.
8. A lake in the least civilised of the five great continents.

CHARLOTTE M. SIMPSON.

(Aged 15½.)

Brunshaw Seminary,  
Brunshaw Road, Burnley.

## WORD SQUARE.

**A** FAMOUS poet ; a flower ; a continent ; a space of time.

LOUISA BARRETT.

(Aged 14½.)

94, Edgware Road, Hyde Park.



PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form the name of a new invention, and the finals that of a very useful electrical apparatus.

1. A small bird.
2. A fur.
3. A shrub.
4. To marry.
5. Sudden pain.
6. A joiner's tool.
7. A musical performance.
8. A term applied to the tides.
9. A period of time.

ARTHUR HEYWOOD CHARLESWORTH.

(Aged 13½.)

Rose Hill, Bowdon, Cheshire.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form the name of an island in the Mediterranean lately come into great notice, and the finals that of a great desert.

1. A county in Scotland.
2. A town in Japan.
3. A town in Huntingdonshire.
4. A town in the province of Emilia.
5. A lake in Cumberland.
6. A town in the Holy Land.

ADA M. B. THOYTS.

(Aged 13)

Berkeley Hall, Cheltenham.

## OBLONG PUZZLE.

**M**Y finals form an island in the Mediterranean Sea, my initials its capital.

1. A town in France.
2. A girl's name.
3. To collect.
4. A reptile.
5. A town in Turkey.
6. Movement.
7. A town in Italy.
8. An island off Italy.

ADA KATE HAZELL.

(Aged 12.)

8, Castle Street, Farnham,  
Surrey.

## CRYPTOGRAPH.

**D** byh miih il funy nbys lyuwb nbun wiumn,  
Iyl fezy'm liocab iwyuh xlcpyh,  
Nbys gus lykicwy hi duhx yllyl fimm—  
U zugcfs ch byupyh.

A. SIMMONS.  
(Aged 15.)

13, Lushington Road, Eastbourne.

## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



With the letters of the word expressed by the central picture make words describing the remaining pictures.

## TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials, medials, and finals name three celebrated musicians. The first was a Pole, the two others were Germans.

1. An English philosopher.
2. A province of Spain.
3. Neglect.
4. A town in Hampshire.
5. A river of France.
6. An island off the north-west of North America.

CAROLINE M. HAZELL.  
8, Castle Street, Farnham.  
Surrey.

## SQUARE WORDS.

**A**PART of the face; one of the continents; a circle; a wise person.

2. An animal; a tree; to revolve; a genus of creeping fish.
3. Free from danger; dry; a conflagration; an English river.

Bearwood, Wokingham, Berks.

MARY M. TEGG.  
(Aged 15.)

## THE DEAF MAN OF PUZZLEDOM.

EACH WORD WANTING ENDS IN EAR.

**J**IN the middle of a large common in Puzzledom there lived a deaf man. One day he was in want of amusement, so he sat down and held a letter of the alphabet to his ear, when, behold! a savage animal appeared. He put that letter down, and taking up another one, he saw a delicious fruit. He took up another letter, and things became expensive. He raised two letters to his ear, and the objects around him became more vivid. He held up another letter, and he had a burn on his hand. He picked out two more letters, and he saw a long-pointed weapon. He caught up another one, and he had apprehensions of evil. Again he held up a letter, and 8766 hours passed by. He seized another one, and he saw a river in Durham. He picked up another letter, and things came close to him. He got another letter, and he had a rent in his coat. He held just one more letter to his ear, and lo, he could perceive with his ears, he was a deaf man no longer!

MARY B. HARDIE.  
(Aged 13½.)

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form an exhortation frequently used by David the Psalmist.

1. A province of Asia Minor.
2. One who entertained the spies.
3. A daughter of Omri, King of Samaria.
4. One of the four great prophets.
5. A son of Jacob and Leah.
6. A valley in the south part of Judah.
7. The delightful service of Christ.
8. One of Job's friends.
9. The wife of the king of Egypt in the time of Solomon.
10. A son of Nahor.
11. A son of Cain.
12. The uncle of Jacob.
13. King of Bashan.
14. The son and successor of Solomon.
15. A prophetess.

CLAUDE NASH TIPPER.

*The Shrubbery, Balsall Heath,  
Birmingham.*

(Aged 13.)

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (Pages 124, 125.)

## QUOTATION ACROSTIC.

MILTON.

1. "M erchant of Venice."
2. "I l Penseroso."
3. "L ycidas."
4. "T hermopylæ."
5. "O n the receipt of my Mother's Picture."
6. "N ight."

## BURIED HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

1. Ida.
2. Hermes.
3. Iris.
4. Tartarus.
5. Vesta.
6. Cupid.
7. Ate.
8. Pan.
9. Urania.
10. Lethe.

## BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Span, pan, an.
2. Drink, rink, ink.
3. Scrag, crag, rag.
4. Slice, lice, ice.
5. Wheel, heel, eel.
6. Wheat, heat, eat.

## QUOTATION PUZZLE.

LONGFELLOW.

- |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Mi <i>L</i> ton.      | 6. Shakespear <i>E</i> . |
| 2. Sc <i>O</i> tt.       | 7. Campbe <i>L</i> l.    |
| 3. Hema <i>N</i> s.      | 8. Mi <i>L</i> ton.      |
| 4. <i>G</i> ray.         | 9. W <i>O</i> rdsworth.  |
| 5. Long <i>F</i> fellow. | 10. Co <i>W</i> per.     |

## RIDDLE.

**J** AM a county in England:—  
My 2, 4, 5, 6 is a bitter plant largely cultivated in the south of England, and used in breweries.  
My 9, 4, 6, 10 is a flower very much liked by poets.  
My 1, 8, 3 is a title given to a gentleman.  
My 9, 4, 5, 10 is another name for hempen-cord.  
My 7, 4, 3, 6, 10 is an animal of great use to man.

PHILLIS BARNETT.  
*Gloucester House, Kew.*  
(Aged 14.)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**J** HE names of two Latin poets.

1. To disappear.
2. A messenger between two parties.
3. A secretary.
4. A lake in Switzerland.
5. A strengthening medicine.
6. A musical instrument.

71, High Street, Mile Town.  
*Sheerness-on-Sea.*

LILIAN BRAY.  
(Aged 14.)

## BURIED METALS.

1. Zinc.
2. Gold.
3. Brass.
4. Lead.

## PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

"Polly, put the kettle on."

## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

Dover. Manchester. Chatham. London. Newark.  
Nottingham. Merioneth. Andover. Swansea. Stratford-on-Avon. Monmouth. Maidstone.

## ALPHABETICAL BATTLES.

Agincourt. Bosworth. Culloden. Dunbar. Evesham.  
Fontenoy. Granicus. Hastings. Isandula. Joppa. Killicrankie. Landsdown. Marston Moor. Naseby. Oudearde. Poictiers. St. Quintin. Ramillies. Stoke. Tewkesbury. Ushant. Vimiera. Waterloo. Xeres. Ypres. Zama.

## MESOSTICH.

## MAHOMET.

ANE **M** ONE  
HE **A** RT  
COW **H** ERD  
AC **O** RN  
CA **M** EL  
DR **E** AM  
WA **T** ER





A. MAUDE M. LOVE, Mitford Lodge, Birkdale Park, Southport, Lancashire; AMY WILLIAMS, 9, Lynedock Crescent, Glasgow; J. A. STOTHERT, Park Gardens, Weston, near Bath; MABEL and ETHEL MILLER, 214, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.; ALICE SLADE, High Causeway, Whittlesea, Cambridgeshire; and HELEN CROSBY, 1, Rose Villas, St. Peter's Road, Margate, will be glad to assist in the collection of old postage stamps.

M. E. JONES PARRY, The Bank House, Dolgelly; M. SINCLAIR, 37, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, N.W.; E. S. STANTON, The Lease, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, will be glad to assist in the collection of embossed envelopes, &c.

FLORENCE LEWIS has read in LITTLE FOLKS "Questions and Answers" for July, that Charlie Wilson has got a child into a school by collecting old penny postage stamps. She would like to know what school, and how many stamps are required? She has collected 1,150,000; is that sufficient? LAURA BAXTER asks similar questions.

GRACE and A. W. DORLING, 2, Knighton Villas, Buckhurst Hill, Essex; M. SINCLAIR, 37, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, N.W., wish for assistance in collecting old postage stamps.

ETTY; B. S. RICHARDSON.—[Stamps should not be forwarded to me, as I cannot undertake to do anything with them. A paragraph on this subject will be found in "The Editor's Pocket Book," page 182.—ED.]

ALI BABA.—[Yes, to both of your questions.—ED.]

A. and B.—[Only the first six pages are to be coloured for the six-page competition; they may be taken out of the book or not, as you like.—ED.]

IVY.—[Yes, the "Painting Book" must be certified.—ED.]

HALF MOON.—[1. It is better to write only on one side of the paper. 2. Yes.—ED.]

BLANCHE WINDER.—[The cardboard toys can of course be painted.—ED.]

M. W. wishes to know if any of the little folks can tell her what use she can make of a quantity of waste paper she has collected—such as old copy-books, old letters, &c., which she has torn up in small pieces—and whether she can sell it to anybody who can make use of it.

L. BARTER.—[Yes, it is better to provide stands for the dolls.—ED.]

ALICE M. WILLIAMS.—[The old series of LITTLE FOLKS is out of print.—ED.]

EDITH HAUSTONE writes:—"Can any of the little folks tell me of a nourishing food for hedgehogs, and where should they be kept in summer?"—[A paper on hedgehogs will be published in this volume of LITTLE FOLKS.—ED.]

P. B. wants to know if any readers of LITTLE FOLKS

can tell her where the following quotation comes from, and who it is by:—

"Better trust all, and be deceived,  
And mourn that trust, and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart which, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing."

HENRIETTA S. BROWN writes:—"In answer to QUÆSTOR's inquiry, in the July number of LITTLE FOLKS, I have found as follows:—The Empress Theodora died of a cancer on June 11th, A.D. 548, in the 22nd year of her reign, and the 24th year of her marriage. I am very sorry to say that I could not find how old she was when she died."

ETTY writes, in answer to DICKY BIRD and BLOSSY:—"The most generally received origin of this custom of 'All Fools' Day,' now *April Fools' Day*, is, that the 'all' is a corruption of auld or old, thereby making it Old Fools' Day; in confirmation of which opinion the following observation is quoted from the Roman calendar, respecting the 1st of November. 'The Feast of Old Fools is removed to this day; though it is at the same time acknowledged that the Old Fools' Day is different from the Feast of Fools, which was held on the 1st of January, but by a removal, which was often convenient in the crowded Roman calendar, it was applied to the 1st of April.' ROBERT R. MILLER writes on the same subject.

A. M.—[Yes. A dictionary may be used.—ED.]

CORALIE PLATUOVA asks:—"Can anybody tell me the name of the author of 'Picciola'?"

ALICE M. BOWIE; J. A.; E. M. HORTON; D. N. D., in answer to CÆSAR, write:—"The poem entitled 'King Robert of Sicily' is one of Longfellow's. It is in a book called 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.'"

In answer to JOSIAH MACKAY, A. E. WILLIAMS writes:—"The word 'ban' is the old form of bound. Ban-dogs, then, were fierce dogs which had to be kept bound up." ETHEL S. HICKS; A. G. C.; HORATIUS MONGREL; G. E. B.; M. S. S.; and HARRIET also send answers.

B. E. MACKIE writes, in answer to F. T. C. CHARD:—"In ancient times, after the people had confessed their sins on Shrove Tuesday, they were not allowed to eat meat, hence arose the custom of eating pancakes."

F. H.—[Orthographical errors in prize stories and letters are usually corrected before publication.—ED.]

ALICE SLADE "would like to know how many dolls are required for the single competition, and if all the doll's things must take on and off; also if the doll's shoes should be made or bought?"—[A single doll is, of course, sufficient for the Single Doll Competition. More credit will be given if the doll's clothes take on and off, and if the shoes are made by the competitor.—ED.]

## SCRIPTURE HISTORY WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour will be given for the best short and original description of this Picture in verse, not to exceed fifty lines in length. A smaller Book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best description relatively to the age of the Competitor; so that no reader is too young to try for this second Prize. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their verses must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of September next (the 15th of September for Competitors residing abroad).

## ROSES FROM THORNS; OR, THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

*By the Author of "Into the View," &c. &c.*

## CHAPTER IX.—A SCHOOL HERO.



being obliged to be kept prisoner, and to submit to the will of others, and he particularly disliked the invasion of his retreat by the doctor, a magistrate, and the policeman, but there was no help for it. Harry kept close to him, and was a devoted attendant ; and though others irritated him, Cousin Ratcliffe was wonderfully tender and affectionate to his boy. In a few days the old man was able to get about again, and seemed not much the worse for his attack.

The robber proved to be a worthless fellow who had been taken in when a boy out of charity by the very man he had nearly succeeded in murdering. About ten or fifteen years before the day on which this happened, Mr. Ratcliffe, who had not then been quite so much shut off from the world, had found a ragged, wretched boy under the hedge close to the Manor House. He was half starved, and in a miserable plight altogether, and the Hermit's heart was moved to pity, and he brought him in, fed him, and gave him some employment in the garden. For a while he worked pretty well, and seemed likely to improve ; but the old habits were too strong. The child of bad parents, and trained in idleness and vice, he went back to his former courses, and after staying a month or so, and getting lazier and more troublesome as time went on, one morning Sam disappeared, taking with him some money of his benefactor's. This fresh proof of the wickedness and ingratitude of the world gave Miles Ratcliffe a sort of bitter satisfac-

M R. RATCLIFFE passed a tolerably easy night, and in the morning, though his head was weak, and he felt altogether so shaken that it was impossible for him to get up as he wished, he was in the way to recover. He fretted a good deal at

tion. "They are all alike," he said ; "I'll have no more to do with people. If I care for no one and pity no one I shall be less deceived and suffer less." And he shut his heart to all claims upon it.

Since that time this worthless Sam had gone on getting worse and worse. He had wandered about the country, begging and stealing—sleeping in barns and haystacks, or in the workhouse—sometimes being sent to gaol, sometimes escaping from punishment. Chance brought him to Axborough, and he remembered the lonely habits of his former master, and the report of his hidden riches reached him. He watched the house till he had the extraordinary luck, as he thought it, to find the way open to him to enter. He traced the old man to the coal-shed, and struck him on the head with the shovel as he was stooping with his back turned. The Hermit fell as if dead. Sam never waited to see whether he were or not, but, as we know, made his way to the bureau he had robbed once before, broke open the lock, and was looking for the money that was kept there when Harry came on the scene.

When Mr. Ratcliffe was sufficiently recovered to appear, of course Sam Bates was brought before the magistrates, and committed to the Assizes in the nearest large town for robbery and violence. It was a terrible grievance to the old man to have to appear and give evidence, but to all Axborough and the neighbourhood it was the cause of great excitement. Nothing was talked about but the extraordinary event, and any one who had been lucky enough to be on the spot at the time and to have made their way into the Manor House, which had been closed to every one for so many years, had to tell their tale over and over again, and made quite a name by it. Of course, the stories did not lose by being repeated, and Harry's valiant act was magnified into something wonderful. It was reported, after a little while, that he had engaged in a hand-to-hand scuffle with the ruffian, had been severely injured, and only barely escaped with his life. These stories did not come to the ears of either Harry or his cousin, of course ; but Mr. Ratcliffe hated the thought that he was being talked about at all, and the affair seemed to have the effect of making him more averse than ever to breaking his habit of seclusion, and he was morose and even fierce with every one, except Harry. He said little even to him about what had happened ; only the evening after the attack, as he was lying

in bed and Harry sitting beside him, he said, after a long unbroken silence, "My laddie, I can't *thank* you, but you must not think I don't care. They say—and I believe it's true—that I owe you my life. There's but little left of that, my dear, and what there is is worth nothing to any one, but I shall not forget what you did for the cross old man. All that I have to leave shall be yours, Harry. I shall get over this, but I shan't last long, very likely. What, are you crying? You silly boy to cry for me! You will be happier when I'm gone, laddie."

"No, no, Cousin Ratcliffe," Harry sobbed out, laying his head on the pillow. "Please, please don't say so. I love you, cousin!"

"*Love* me!" the old man repeated, and in his voice there were tears too. "Is that the truth, Harry? Don't deceive me!"

"I *do* love you," Harry said again, and he slid his hand into the other's.

Mr. Ratcliffe raised it and laid it against his cheek. "You have made me happy, child," he said, in a voice that faltered a little, after a moment's silence—"that is to say, happier than for many and many a day! I never thought to have any love again. You have made me feel almost *glad* to live. I shall not forget it, Harry. But don't cry. I don't like to hear you, and you are a good boy. Get a book and read to me."

When Harry went back to school, which was as soon as he was able to feel that his old kinsman could spare him, he found a curious change had come over his school-fellows. He was no longer bullied and laughed at; on the contrary, he was treated with a sort of respect. In fact, Frank, who was, after all, a good-hearted boy, and who felt that he had not fulfilled his mother's wish for him to be kind to Harry, had given a glowing account of the wonderful and daring deed which had been the means of bringing Sam Bates to justice. Frank had not seen it done, and had heard a great many different accounts, so he made the most of it, and related to an excited crowd his version of Harry's adventure with the thief.

"You see, the young hermit isn't a muff or a coward, after all," he said, triumphantly. "The fellow was a great strong one, and there wasn't any one else to help. But Maurice went in at him, and regularly floored him."

"I say! that little chap! That won't do, Osborne!" a chorus broke in with.

"Oh! if you choose to think I'm not speaking the truth I shan't say any more," Frank remarked loftily, making a show of moving off. Of course, he was not allowed to do this, for all the boys were eager to hear his story.

"Go on, Osborne! What did happen really?"

"Wasn't I telling you? Maurice found a fellow at the old miser's—ahem—at the Hermit's bureau; and what does he do but give him a tremendous whack with his strap of books before he could get at him. I don't know exactly how long they were at it, but at any rate young Maurice knocked him down."

"Knocked him down!" shouted the astonished crowd.

"Yes—honour bright—and he then cut to the door and yelled out. I was going home when I heard no end of a row going on at the Manor House. I thought at first the Hermit must have gone mad, and was pitching into Harry, so I ran as hard as I could, and I can tell you I was astonished. There was the fellow, and two men out of the village had got him, and young Maurice in a dreadful state of mind—I don't wonder!—but not a sign of the poor old Hermit. I thought he must have been murdered and thrown into the stream, and we got a lantern and went to look. And there we found him lying on the heap of coals just as if he were dead. It was enough to frighten any one, I can tell you. And another thing, he can't be such a bad sort as they say, for Harry is really fond of him—only he's a soft sort of little fellow, and might get fond of any one. They say the Hermit is all right again now. And the man who broke in will get five years at least, they fancy."

"How did he get in?"

"Why, for once in a way the Hermit forgot to lock the door, and he had been watching the place."

This was Frank's account of the affair, given in schoolboy language, but not so far from the truth as some of the stories of Harry's prowess. Everybody predicted that Mr. Ratcliffe would never recover from the shock he had received and the exposure to the cold afterwards; but everybody seemed to be wrong. After a few days there was not much difference apparent in him; he resumed his usual way of living, shut out all the neighbours, who had begun to hope they might get a chance now of gratifying their curiosity fully, and that since the privacy of the old Manor House had been once broken in upon a change would take place in it. But this was not the case. The Hermit could not alter all at once from the habit of years, which had grown a second nature; he resented all the interest shown in him and his affairs as an insult, though he was very anxious to reward, as far as he knew how, everybody who had taken any active part in helping him. The labouring men whom Harry had called in received a sovereign apiece, with a strict injunction not to talk about anything they had seen. They took the money

with much satisfaction and some surprise at the "miser's" liberality, but I am afraid they did not pay much attention to his orders. Sarah, Mrs. Osborne's servant, also received a handsome present, and Dr. Brown a larger fee than his visits had earned, for Mr. Ratcliffe had refused to see him more than twice.

"Harry, my boy," his cousin said to him, about a week after the attack, putting his arm round his shoulder, "I have given the rest a present, but I don't give you one, though it is to you that I owe the most. I can pay those with money who care nothing about me, and to whom my life or death does not signify in the least; but I can't pay you so, my laddie, for I believe you do care. Is not that so?"

"Yes; you know I do," Harry said, half reproachfully. "And I don't want anything I am so glad, so very, very glad you are well again!"

The old man smiled. "Well, it is a pleasant thing to feel that any one should be glad on that account. I never thought I should hear a human being say as much. No, I can't *pay* you; but, all the same, boy, I should like to do something to please you. Remember, if there is anything you want or wish for tell me of it, and don't be afraid. Is there anything, Harry?"

"Only, Cousin Ratcliffe, I *should* like to have a fiddle."

The Hermit stared in amazement. "A fiddle! What put that in your head?"

"Mr. Ellerton plays one, and he lets me hear him sometimes, and he offered to teach me to play if you didn't mind."

Mr. Ellerton was the organist and choirmaster of St. Michael's—an old bachelor, rather fidgety and crusty at times, but kind-hearted withal, and he had taken a great fancy to the quiet, gentle, reserved little fellow, who gave him no trouble, and sang so sweetly, with all his heart and soul in his music. He had the boys once a week for practice at his house, and as a great treat he had kept Harry now and then a little while after the others to hear him play on his beloved violin. It had been for weeks Harry's secret ambition to have one of his own.

"A fiddle!" Mr. Ratcliffe repeated again. "So that is the desire of your heart just now? Well, it might be a worse one. You shall have it, Harry. Let me see, we shall have to go to W—to those horrible Assizes in a fortnight, and I will buy you your fiddle then."

Harry was speechless with joy and gratitude.

When our little hero returned to school he was received with extraordinary interest, and even with a kind of surprised respect. It was very difficult

to believe that the small, frail, timid-looking boy, who was a "muff" at games, and so sensitive that, try all he could, rough words and hard handling would bring tears to his eyes, who looked like a girl, and could not distinguish himself in any way at cricket, football, or other play, should really have engaged in a fight with a burglar. But, whether it were true or not, it was certain that he was the hero of some exciting adventure, and Harry found himself once more the centre of attraction in the playground, though this time he got a very different reception from the first. A crowd gathered round, eager to hear all about it from the fountain-head, and Frank Osborne was nowhere.

"Now then, young Maurice, tell us all about it! Did you *really* have a fight with the fellow who broke into the Manor House?"

Harry felt painfully shy. He did not want to be made a hero of—it was only a little *better* than being a butt. He felt himself growing hot and red all over, and was afraid he should be made to tell more than Cousin Ratcliffe would like.

"Oh, no—not a fight," he stammered.

"There, Frank Osborne!" Bully Rogers said, with withering scorn; "I said it was all a cram! I should like to see a young hermit-crab fight!"

"It wasn't a cram!" Frank cried hotly; "and you hold your tongue, Bully Rogers! I tell you I was there myself, and if any one says I didn't tell the truth I'll give it him! Maurice, you know you knocked him down."

"He fell down," Harry said, meekly; it seemed he could not say anything without offending some one. "I gave him a blow on the side of his head—with my strap of books, you know."

"There!" It was now Frank's turn to triumph. "Now, you Rogers, what do you say to that? Didn't I tell you so?"

"Oh, ay, I dare say! You said they fought."

"Out with it all, Maurice!" cried the chorus.

"There isn't much to tell," Harry answered, longing to get away and be left to himself. "The man didn't see me at first, and I suppose he was stunned. We didn't *fight* at all."

"Well, that isn't much, certainly. Any fellow could have done that." And the boys were half disappointed, half pleased, to find that the merit of the valiant deed was lessened.

"But haven't you to go to W—Assizes and be a witness?"

"I suppose so." And Harry looked dismal; he dreaded the ordeal more than he could tell.

"What a lark for you! But you don't seem to like it a bit. You *are* a muff, young hermit!"

Harry was quite used to this compliment, and took it quietly now. He supposed he *must* be a

"muff." At any rate, he was sure he did not consider it a delightful prospect to have to go with his cousin to the large town of W—, and to give evidence before a crowd of strangers, and probably alarming people.

and his one act of heroism was deprecated at once. He might have made a great deal more of it ; if he had been a boy of more spirit, and less sensitive and shy, he could have taken up his stand as a sort of hero ; but this was not Harry's way.



BUYING THE VIOLIN. (*See p. 198.*)

But there was one consolation, one joy to look forward to—his violin.

This almost made amends for all. On the whole, his account of the adventure proved to be very flat and unexciting ; he said as little as he could, and gave himself no airs. Schoolboys think a great deal about brag and show. They went back pretty much to their old opinion about Harry—he was a poor sort of fellow and of no use at manly sports,

He was too readily depressed, and thought too much of popular opinion. He despaired of being anything but a "muff," a sort of outsider in all the sports and fun that went on, and he could not come out of his shyness and reserve enough to make intimate friends. Frank was, on the whole, good to him in a patronising way, but Dolly was his only confidante. On half-holidays he was allowed to meet her, and they played cricket together, ran

races, or went for a walk. These were Harry's happiest hours, perhaps the only times when he was able to feel himself a careless child, and throw off the shadow of the sadness which seemed to have been his very earliest experience, and which had taken the buoyancy from his spirits almost completely. Dolly sometimes bickered with him, was often imperious, exacting, and domineering, so they had their little tiffs and reconciliations, but she did not look down on him and leave him out in the cold as the grammar-school boys did ; and Mrs. Osborne was glad for the solitary, quiet little fellow to have a companion who was neither old and dreary nor tyrannical. He kept his friendship very close—he dreaded being laughed at about it ; but in his heart he had a strong affection for three very different people—his old kinsman, whom no one else cared about, the kind motherly lady who had befriended him in his greatest trouble at Clayton, and his own particular friend and companion, Dolly.

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#### CHAPTER X.—THE TRIAL.

WHEN the day came for the hermit and Harry to go to W—— Assizes the old man almost fretted himself into a fever. During those many, many years of seclusion, he had only left the house on the occasions when it had been necessary for him to visit the bank, and then had only taken the walk into Axborough. Even this had been a great trial, but it was nothing compared to the misery of going by train into the crowded streets of W——

Harry dreaded it secretly quite as much as his companion. It unfortunately happened to be W—— market-day, and this made the town fuller than usual, besides being Assizes, which also caused a good deal of extra bustle. The curious, bent figure, in an ancient cloth cloak, and with long streaming grey hair, could not fail to be remarked ; and the hermit looked very dark and scowling as he and Harry made their way to the Court.

Fortunately, Sam Bates' trial came on without much delay, and the old man made up his mind to go through it at any rate with composure. He answered all the questions put to him, and gave his evidence very plainly and briefly, and those who had the idea that this strange-looking man was mad soon changed their opinion when they heard his clear, collected replies, and noticed his refined, though rather irritable, manner. Then poor Harry's turn came, and he trembled like a leaf when he found himself placed in a conspicuous position and the object of general notice. But every one was kind to the frightened-looking little fellow, with his large, anxious, wistful eyes, who seemed so eager to satisfy every question and to speak only the exact truth.

Harry's tender heart ached for the forlorn-looking outcast whom his evidence was helping to condemn, and he was so taken up, after just the first, with pity for the creature that no one else thought of pitying that he gradually forgot to be frightened for himself. The barristers and the judge were very kind, Harry thought, and complimented him on his evidence and the way he had behaved on the night of the attack. His cousin's contracted forehead relaxed, and an almost pleasant expression came over his face as he heard them, and it was altogether much less terrible than Harry had fancied it would be.

Then the evidence of the working-men who had been called in was taken, the doctor's, and one or two others. There was no circumstance that in any way excused the prisoner ; on the contrary, it came out that the very man he had attacked and might have killed had once befriended him, and the judge passed a very severe sentence on him. He deserved it, no doubt ; but when he burst out blubbering when it was pronounced Harry could not help crying too for sympathy, and even Mr. Ratcliffe felt himself moved to pity. He asked for leave to see the prisoner before he was removed from W—— jail, and told Harry to go and wait in the cathedral till he joined him.

The Hermit, who had pretended to despise and condemn all the world for so long, and to believe that it was made up of ingratitude and wickedness, felt almost ashamed of his own weak soft-heartedness as he went in to see Sam Bates ; but he thought Harry had infected him. But he was not sorry he had given way to the weakness when he found the poor wretch quite broken down, and really, for the time, remorseful for his cruel ingratitude. He was not, after all, so utterly lost and wicked, and Mr. Ratcliffe's kindness touched what little heart he had as nothing had ever done. He begged to be forgiven for his brutality and cowardice, and thanked the old man again and again for having come to give him a kind word. He certainly was glad that the blow had done no real harm after all. There was a glow in the Hermit's heart as he came out of the jail ; it was not a cold heart, after all, you see, only he had let it become crusted over, so that the real warmth had neither done himself nor any other human being good for a long while. The ice was slowly melting, and he was beginning to feel the sunshine of sympathy and affection again.

Harry, meanwhile, had been very happy by himself in the cathedral. He liked wandering about and dreaming his own fanciful dreams in the rich, beautiful building, so delightfully still and warm and dim. When his cousin found him they both stood and looked about in silence, and each, in his

own way, felt the influence of the place. But it was spoilt to them by a party of staring people, who seemed a great deal more impressed by the oddity of the Hermit's appearance than by the beautiful cathedral.

"I say, look there ; there's a sight !" and so on, in audible whispers, passed between them as one nudged another to look, and all tittered and stared.

All the old fierceness and disgust came back into the Hermit's face, which had been so softened and changed a minute before. He seized Harry's hand. "Come out, child, come away !" he said, in an angry whisper like a hiss. "Rudeness and vulgarity enter even into churches ! Come, let us go home." He stalked off at a rapid pace, and Harry followed with quick, short steps. He was half afraid of his cousin in one of these moods, and dared not remind him of his fiddle ; but Harry's heart sank with disappointment as they silently retraced their way to the station.

He was at once too shy and too delicate to remind Mr. Ratcliffe of his promise, but he could not help stealing longing looks at the music shop as they passed it. In another minute they were in the road which led to the railway, and all the shops were left behind them. One deep sigh made its way from Harry's disappointed heart to his lips, so deep that his cousin stopped short and looked at him, with some return of his kinder mood.

"Out of breath, Harry ?" he said. "Why, what's the matter ? Are you going to cry ?"

"No, cousin," Harry said, trying to control his voice and a foolish tear that had got as far as his eyelashes.

"No !" repeated the old man ; "but what makes you look so dismal, then ? Don't pretend there's nothing the matter if there is. Are you hungry ? tired ?"

"No."

"Then what is it ?" he asked, impatiently. "I don't like to hear you sigh like that. Ah ! by the way—I begin to see. Wasn't there something I promised you ? Come, out with it. I may be an ogre, but I don't forget my promises, Harry ; and you deserve that I should remember this one. What was the thing you wanted, boy ?"

"A fiddle, Cousin Ratcliffe," Harry said, in a very small voice, colouring with returning hope.

A slow smile came and chased away the angry lines in the face that looked down at him.

"A fiddle ; to be sure ! and I had forgotten all about it. That was too bad of me after what has passed. But it isn't too late, luckily. We have plenty of time left to buy this wonderful fiddle and to catch the train too. Turn about ; we will go back to the shop, Harry, and see what we can

find. And if the folks do favour us with more of their polite notice, we must run the gauntlet of it, I suppose."

Harry's face changed in a moment from resigned despair to the liveliest joy ; he danced along, with his eyes bright and his cheeks quite rosy. His cousin's look softened more and more, and all the grimness and irritation had passed away. To be able to make a child perfectly happy is such a delightful sensation.

They reached the music shop in the High Street, and very soon Harry was the proud possessor of a very tolerable little violin. If it had been one worthy of the greatest violinist in the land he could not have thought more of it.

"I shall be able to play this, and you can accompany it on the piano, Cousin Ratcliffe," he said with the greatest pride, as they were seated in the train and returning to Axborough. "But I think you had better have the piano tuned."

The old man laughed. It was the first genuine laugh Harry had ever heard from him, and it seemed to promise happier days to come than either had ever known.

#### CHAPTER XI.—A BREAK DOWN.

AFTER this things settled down very much as before at the Manor House. Harry had almost begun to hope that the old life was to be changed a little, but it was not likely that the habit of so many years should break down all at once. The only difference was that his cousin was certainly more cheerful, and now and then—but very seldom—he broke through his seclusion so far as to go to St. Michael's and hear Harry sing. But no one could persuade him to alter in any other way, and the fonder he grew of his boy the less he seemed to wish him to see of others. Even the intercourse with the Osbornes dwindled. Mr. Ratcliffe took offence at some imaginary affront, and Harry saw nothing of them, except for meeting Frank at school, and now and then catching a glimpse of Mrs. Osborne and Dolly. And in the spring even this became less.

The widow had begun to feel dissatisfied with her boy's progress at the grammar school ; he was idle, and in want, she thought, of stricter discipline. She could not be severe, try all she could, her nature was too tender and indulgent ; but she had too much sense and judgment not to see that Frank was becoming spoilt, and she made up her mind at last, though it cost her a terrible heart-ache, to send him to a boarding-school. She took him herself to the sea-side place where his new school was, and, as Dolly had not been very well,

she decided that Dolly should go too, and that they would spend some weeks by the sea—partly to break the parting with Frank, partly for the benefit of the change. Frank was, on the whole, not sorry to leave Axborough ; he liked variety, as boys always do, and he had a notion that it would be a rise in the world. What regrets he felt he kept to himself. He happened to walk home with Harry the day before he was to leave, and he was in a kind and patronising mood towards the “young hermit,” who looked depressed at the prospect of losing the most friendly face he ever met in school.

“ You must really try and pluck up a spirit, Maurice,” Frank said, in a tone of good-natured admonition. “ You will never get on if you are so *down*. Why do you mope about and look like a ghost ? Of course, fellows don’t like it—it’s a sort of endless wet blanket, you see ! If you were to be jolly and festive you’d do ever so much better.”

“ Yes, I dare say,” Harry said, trying a rather feeble smile, “ but somehow I can’t help it ; and I’m afraid, Osborne, when you’re gone it will be worse. I don’t know how it is, but I feel so tired I really can’t seem very jolly. But I have got on better with cricket now, haven’t I ? ”

“ Y—yes, a bit better, thanks to Dolly’s coaching. Well, I suppose you can’t help it ; it must be dull enough at the Manor House ; I don’t wonder it takes all the life out of you. But you see, Maurice, I take an interest in you, and I should like you to get on better with the rest of the fellows ; you really might. Now, for instance, after that affair with the man who broke in, you had a splendid chance, only you muffed it. You really had done a fine thing in knocking him over, and you made nothing out of it. Fellows think nothing of you if you are so desperately meek. You aren’t a coward or a sneak, if you *are* rather a muff at some things. Well, perhaps you will get on better in time. I want to see you looking a bit jollier. You go in too much for work and not for play, and it makes a dull boy of you. Look here, I mean to give you my knife for a keepsake—it has six blades, only one’s broken, and is a stunner ! You aren’t half a bad fellow, though you aren’t like the rest.”

“ Oh, thank you, Osborne ! ” Harry said, gratefully accepting the treasure offered to him with these condescending words. “ It’s *so* good of you ! I’m *very* sorry you are going away ! And, Osborne, I want you to tell your mother it isn’t my fault I don’t see anything of you now. I don’t want her to think I don’t care—don’t remember how good she’s always been. I shall miss you dreadfully, Osborne ! ”

“ Well, don’t snivel,” Frank said, hastily, and with complete disregard of politeness ; “ it makes a

fellow feel so foolish ! You’ll get on all right. Don’t grind your head off, and keep up your spirits, that’s what I’ve got to say, young fellow ! And please tell the Hermit, with my compliments, that he ought to be ashamed of himself for shutting you up in his dismal old den till you look like—like”—he searched about for a simile as he looked disapprovingly at Harry’s pale, somewhat deplorable countenance—“ like a white mouse in a cage.” He ended with, “ Good-bye, young shaver ; I shall look you up when I come home at Midsummer ! ”

Frank Osborne went off, whistling as usual, but he looked more thoughtful than his wont, and his whistle died away in rather melancholy notes. Somehow the look in Harry’s eyes had taken hold of him, and he could not quite get it out of his mind.

“ Mother,” he said, some time in the evening, after keeping silence longer than usual, “ I think that poor little chap at the Manor House will go melancholy mad, or something, if that old Hermit keeps him shut up much longer. He looks bad, *I* can tell you.”

“ Poor child ! ” Mrs. Osborne said, sadly. “ I can’t do anything, Frank, but I believe the old man means well. He loves Harry if he does not any one else.”

Mrs. Osborne was right ; Harry’s old cousin *did* love the boy, but it was a curious, exacting, selfish love, and one that did not notice what other people did—the growing look of weariness and illness in the child. His brain was over-worked at school, and he had none of the relaxation he needed ; his amusements were all comprised in one—and that was in practising on his beloved fiddle. When his lessons were done Harry would play for hours, and while he played he was perfectly happy, but it was not what his health required. What Harry wanted was real, hearty, vigorous play, and free open-air exercise. He was often so tired even with the short walk to school that he sat down in play-time instead of trying to join in any game, and looked on dreamily, wrapped in his own thoughts, or sometimes pored over a book he had brought with him. Then when he got home it was learning again, and after that the violin that he took for rest and pleasure. No one noticed, no one saw what a father or mother would have realised long before—that the gentle, uncomplaining little lad was drifting into an illness.

One morning—it was a Sunday—Harry woke with a violent headache, so violent a one that if it had been any other day he would have asked to stay at home ; but he could not bear the thought of being absent from the choir ; and besides, he had *the* solo of the anthem to sing. Even Cousin Ratcliffe’s dim eyes perceived that Harry looked very ill.

"You had better not go, my lad," he said kindly, as he noticed that the boy drank his tea feverishly, but did not touch a morsel of bread.

"Oh, I must indeed!" Harry cried, eagerly. "It is only a headache. I've got the solo, you know. I must run off directly, for I'm wanted for a practice first. Cousin Ratcliffe!"

"Well, what is it, Harry?"

"Are you coming to-day?"

"I don't know, lad. Do you want me particularly?"

"Yes, *particularly*. Will you come?"

"Yes, if you really wish it. But I am not sure that you are fit to go out at all, child."

"Oh, do let me! You know a headache is nothing. I dare say it will go off quite soon. I shouldn't like to miss to-day, cousin."

"Well, if it must be, run off, then, but take care of yourself, my boy."

According to his custom, Mr. Ratcliffe slipped noiselessly into the church by a side door, when the service had begun. His appearance there, though not frequent, had lost its first novelty, and no one took much notice. He sat where he could see the boys of the choir, but little else—he always liked to watch his little lad, who sang so sweetly, and whose pale, thoughtful face was, at least in the old man's eyes, so full of interest. But to-day the boy looked paler than he had ever done; something about him—the dark rings under his blue eyes, a sort of anxious, strained expression—gave the old man a *painful* sense of sudden fear and anxiety. He began to think that Harry looked ill—really more ill than a mere headache accounted for—and vague plans of doing him good began to hover in the Hermit's brain. He noticed nothing, thought of nothing, but

this new fear, and the service floated on, as it seemed, like a mere dream.

Now the time for the anthem had come and Harry had to begin. Miles Ratcliffe leant forward and fixed very anxious and eager eyes upon his boy.

The first notes rose clear and sweet, but less powerful and more tremulous than usual.

"I will arise—" then there was a sudden break and pause. Harry's face changed, a more intense pallor spread over it, he made a sort of frightened movement and then fell forward senseless.

There was a loud stir in the church, and one or two started out of their seats to lift him up, but every one gave way to Mr. Ratcliffe, who was on the spot directly, and he waved off the others with an imperious gesture. He stooped over the boy and lifted him, gazing in the insensible face with a haggard look of anxiety. Dr. Brown came forward to offer his help; for a moment it appeared as if Mr. Ratcliffe would repel it, but then he said, in a

low, hollow whisper, "Yes; help me carry him, and come with me."

The doctor silently obeyed, and between the two poor Harry was carried out into the air. The cool, fresh wind revived him, and he opened his eyes.

"It was only faintness," the old man said, with a long, deep breath of relief; "it will be all right. His head ached this morning. I ought not to have let him come. Doctor, be so good as to fetch a fly for me."

"Shall I accompany you to the Manor House?"

"No—yes—perhaps you had better. I fancy the boy has not been well."

Dr. Brown hastened away to fetch the carriage,



"HE WAVED OFF THE OTHERS."



BREAKFAST-TIME. (See p. 202.)

and Mr. Ratcliffe, with his arm supporting Harry, spoke to him in strangely tender tones.

" You feel better now, my laddie? it has all passed off. You frightened me, Harry!"

" Did I?" Harry said, languidly. " I am sorry. I don't remember much. I began to sing, didn't I? *then it all seemed to spin round and there was a great rush in my ears—something like a wheel turning inside my head. Did I faint?*"

" Yes. I wonder what made you. Have you been feeling ill lately, my dear?"

" Rather—that is, not quite well. But I shall be all right to-morrow, I dare say."

" Harry, my boy, I am afraid I have not taken enough care of you—my poor child!"

" Oh, don't say that, cousin," Harry said, trying to throw off the languor which was oppressing him. " You have always been very kind."

" Kind!" the old man repeated, with a sad and bitter smile, but he said no more.

The doctor very soon returned, and announced that the fly was ready and waiting at the church-yard gate.

" Can you walk to it, Harry?" his cousin asked him, anxiously.

" Oh yes, I think so," Harry replied, with a great effort to speak briskly.

" Better let me carry him, Mr. Ratcliffe," said the doctor, whose keen professional glance had taken everything in. " And perhaps you would like me to return with you now, or shall I follow to the Manor House?"

" Yes, yes—anything you think best!"

So Dr. Brown caught up poor Harry, and carrying him off—easily enough, for he was mere skin and bones—he put him carefully down upon the cushions. The two others followed him, and the ancient grey horse went off at its usual leisurely pace towards the Clayton Manor House.

(*To be continued.*)

### FIVES.

#### A LITTLE STORY IN RHYME.

**F**IVE little sparrows one sunny morn  
Eating their breakfast out in the corn :  
Five little boys, cruel as boys can be,  
Longing to kill those birds blithe and free :  
Five little stones that whizzed in the air,

And fell all at once where the sparrows were :  
Five little sparrows that flew safe away,  
For sparrows are quicker than boys any day :  
Five little boys who looked quite forlorn  
As they wandered on through the waving corn.

### CHATS ABOUT THE NEEDLEWORK OF ENGLISH QUEENS.

#### TAPESTRY AND EMBROIDERY.



**A**GAIN I see my little friends gathered round me, waiting for the light to be extinguished, and the magic lantern set to work. So many of our accomplished queens were clever with their needles I cannot show you all the work that is still preserved; but here and there I shall find something of which you might like to hear a brief description—enough to give a hint to those who are willing to learn. While the preparations are going on for showing off the best of the needlework, I cannot do better than to give you some explanation of stitches in embroidery, which you may wish to learn.

" Feather-stitch" resembles the "long" and the

" satin stitches," for they are all taken one way, never crossing each other, but so put together that they seem to lap one over the other, something like the plumage of a bird.

" Cross-stitch," "cushion," and "tent-strokes" are all done as you do Berlin-wool work and the marking on your sampler. "Comb-work" resembles woven fabrics, and is now done by machines. "Appliquéd," or "cut-work," means sewing on pieces of one colour or material upon another, so as to make an ornamental pattern.

"Passing" means simple stitching over and over gold or floss-silk threads, or over cords laid along the stuff. "Couching" means taking two or three or four gold threads in groups, and stitching them in wavy lines, or interlacing them, so as to resemble basket-work. "Button-hole stitch" is familiar to you all, and serves more than one purpose, being pretty, and useful for bordering flannels instead of hems, and for white and coloured embroidery. Trimmings

and babies' dresses are much worked in this useful stitch.

My lesson is over, and the show commences. Before us we see a magnificent standard, such as soldiers carry to battle. They were in use in very ancient times, and are mentioned in the Bible. This one is exceedingly remarkable, and looks as if it had gone through much hard usage. Only its history remains, and above it you may read the pretty name, "Adelicia of Louvaine." This lady used to be called "the Fair Maid of Brabant," and afterwards became the queen of Henry II. She was as accomplished as she was handsome, for she inherited the great talent of her branch of the Charlemagne family. Her father, Godfrey, Duke of Brabant and Lothier, was the lawful representative of Charlemagne; and this beautiful standard, which she embroidered for him, was used in the battles he fought to recover his lands from the Bishop of Liège and Earl of Limbourg. So exquisite was the workmanship and the pattern she designed, that it was celebrated throughout all Europe. Alas! when the battle raged near the Castle of Duras, in the year 1129, the beautiful standard was captured by the enemy, and so great was the loss considered, that the plain where it was taken was called "the Field of the Standard," and goes by that name to this day.

"But what became of the ancient standard?" I think I hear somebody asking. The "Fair Maid's" work was carried off to Liège, and placed in the church of St. Lambert, as a trophy of victory; and at certain seasons it was carried in grand processions through the streets of that city, during many long years that followed. But the church was destroyed in the French Revolution, and the banner was lost sight of from that time.

To Eleanor of Castile, surnamed "the Faithful," first wife of Edward I., we owe the introduction of tapestry-hangings for walls; and before she went with the king on a crusade to the Holy Land, she worked and embroidered an altar-cloth in gold brocade, and presented it to the church at Dunstable, where she went to pray for their safety and success.

What does the white rose signify, which appears on the curtain before you? It is the emblem of a charming lady, Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV., and Queen of England in her own right, but her husband, Henry VII., reigned in her stead. She was surnamed "the Good," and she worked much with her ladies, and kept embroiderers constantly employed, at one time, on a great state bed, which cost her much for silk and gold twist. We read that she paid "8d. for an ell of linen cloth for her sampler."

The good yet unfortunate queen, Katharine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII., was much skilled in the art of the needle. It is said that—

"She her days did pass  
In working with the needle curiously,  
As in the Tower, and places more beside,  
Her excellent memorials may be seen."

In writing to Wolsey a month before the invasion of the Scots, she says, "I am horribly busy in making standards, banners, and badges."

The equally unhappy successor of this lady, queen Anne Boleyn—daughter of Anne of Brittany, the Queen of France, was very well instructed in every kind of stitchery. Her mother used to have a school of 300 children of the nobility assembled daily at her Court, and superintended their education, some hours every day being devoted to embroidery and tapestry. So poor Queen Anne Boleyn knew well how to work; and she not only executed much of the splendid tapestry at Hampton Court, and the tester of a grand bed, but she joined *with her* ladies in plain work too, making shirts and other garments daily, for the use of the poor throughout the land.

Queen Katherine Howard was also an embroiderer; but of the wise and good Queen Katherine Parr we know very much more. She also worked in company with her ladies; the royal apartments at the Tower were furnished with hangings of her making, and at the country seat of the Stricklands, Sizergh Castle, a magnificent counterpane and toilet-cover may still be seen, which she made, when a girl of fifteen, while on a visit to her relations there. The counterpane is of the richest white satin, in the middle there is a medallion, and in the centre of that a spread-eagle with the Imperial crown round its neck. There are dragons in each corner, worked in crimson, purple and gold; and large bright flowers, enriched with threads of gold, are scattered here and there, all worked in high relief, which means that the pattern stands out thick and high from the foundation on which it is worked.

The two accomplished sister-queens, Mary I. and Elizabeth, were equally famous for their wonderful skill with the needle. The Tower of London, Windsor Castle, and Hampton Court were full of Mary's tapestries; in the latter place—in a room called "Paradise"—it is recorded by an old writer that—

"Whoever pleaseth thither to resort,  
May see some works of her's of wondrous price."

And there, in the scene before you, is a representation of some of this remarkable work. It is a picture of the Garden of Eden full of beasts,

birds, and plants of all kinds, worked in "cross-stitch." At the exhibition of work in South Kensington, in 1873, we not only saw fine specimens of Queen Elizabeth's embroidery on all kinds of articles, but eighteen pieces of baby-linen stitched by her notable fingers for her sister Mary. Some of her ornamental work is done in "feather-stitch," "cushion-stitch," and bullion-embroidery, made as presents to members of her family, or her governess Katherine Astley.

Lady Jane Gray, proclaimed Queen of England, though four months completed her reign, was said to have learnt "the art of painting with the needle," otherwise working picture designs. A beautiful toilet-cover of her embroidery is still preserved at Zurich.

You may now observe a quaintly-fashioned little box, the panels decorated with needlework, and that on the top representing Jacob's dream. This is the handicraft of Mary Queen of Scots—whom you have so often represented in your doll exhibitions, she and "Queen Bess" dividing the honour of popularity between them on these occasions. Mary had learned the art from her governess, Lady Fleming, the mother of Mary of Lorraine; and in those old times every royal lady had a tapestry-worker and embroiderer attached to her suite. Two pictures by her own hand are now before you, "Solomon's Judgment," and "Abraham's Sacrifice of Isaac." These are worked in tent-stitch, with silks and crewels, and gold and silver threads employed; and are very large pictures, no less than five feet long. It is amusing to see the figures dressed in stomacher bodices and big ruffles, instead of their loose Eastern garments; and in the last-named scene Queen Elizabeth has been introduced, attended by her Maids of Honour, looking on the sacrifice of Isaac! These works are preserved at Hardwicke Castle. Many beautiful relics of her industry and taste still exist; but I will only add that she used to do patch-work upon black velvet,—figures cut as large as life, put together in colours, embroidered, and sewn on the foundation. To those of my readers who mean to compete at their next doll exhibition I recommend this kind of work. First try your skill at cutting out some large figure—a coloured engraving, if you can procure an old soiled one; tack it on a piece of black cloth, then get some scraps of coloured stuffs and tack them upon the paper picture, a couple of stitches in the centre of each will be sufficient. Then carefully cut them to the outlines of the paper figure—the bodice, the skirt, the hat, the arms and hands, feet, and so forth, *remembering that the face and hands, and all flesh must be made of a fine scrap of pale pink ribbon.*

When the outlines are correctly cut, then sew down the edges with fine thread of the colour required to match the different pieces. Do not be discouraged if you fail the first time. By-and-by you might thus make a border of figures, beasts, birds, or flowers, all round a quilt or table-cloth, being careful to select the sizes well. Do not make a little man and place a bird beside him big enough to swallow him up like a fly.

Enough of the handicraft of our queens, for I must tell you a little respecting a famous artist of the needle, Miss Linwood. Her pictures were very wonderful, and so were those of several other ladies who lived at about the same time—a Miss Morris, of Daventry, and a Miss Maria Coombs, who embroidered maps of England in coloured silks upon white satin. Now I think it would amuse some of you very much to begin a map on a piece of canvas, and trace all the boundaries in coloured silks or thread. First draw the chief outlines on tracing-paper, and tack it on the canvas, to be removed when all the work is done. Large cities may be represented by black beads, the sizes suiting those of the towns; the rivers by laying down black threads, sewing them over here and there in the style called "passing." The sea all round should be represented by straight parallel lines, one end touching the shore, running always from east to west, and varying in their lengths, scarcely two the same. The divisions of the counties must be marked with different colours, and those selected that harmonise best together if they touch. Button-hole stitch would be best for the outline all round the coast, very finely done in green cotton or silk. White and pale blue silk would look best for the sea, as it must shine as much as possible. A map should be worked in a frame, and when finished should be well stretched on a thin board, the edges brought behind, and placed in a frame under a glass.

There was an exhibition of Miss Linwood's wonderful work some years ago, consisting of nearly 100 specimens. Her portrait was painted by a Mr. Russell when she was nineteen, and she copied it so exquisitely that it was not distinguished from a real painting. Before she was twenty she had worked two or three fine pieces, and her last picture took her ten years to complete, by which time she was seventy-four, when her sight failed, and she could follow her art no more. She used to copy pictures by Gainsborough, and for her splendid copy of Carlo Dolci's "Salvator Mundi" she was offered 3,000 guineas, but refused it. And now, my little readers, the good fairy can show you no more, and I must bid you farewell.

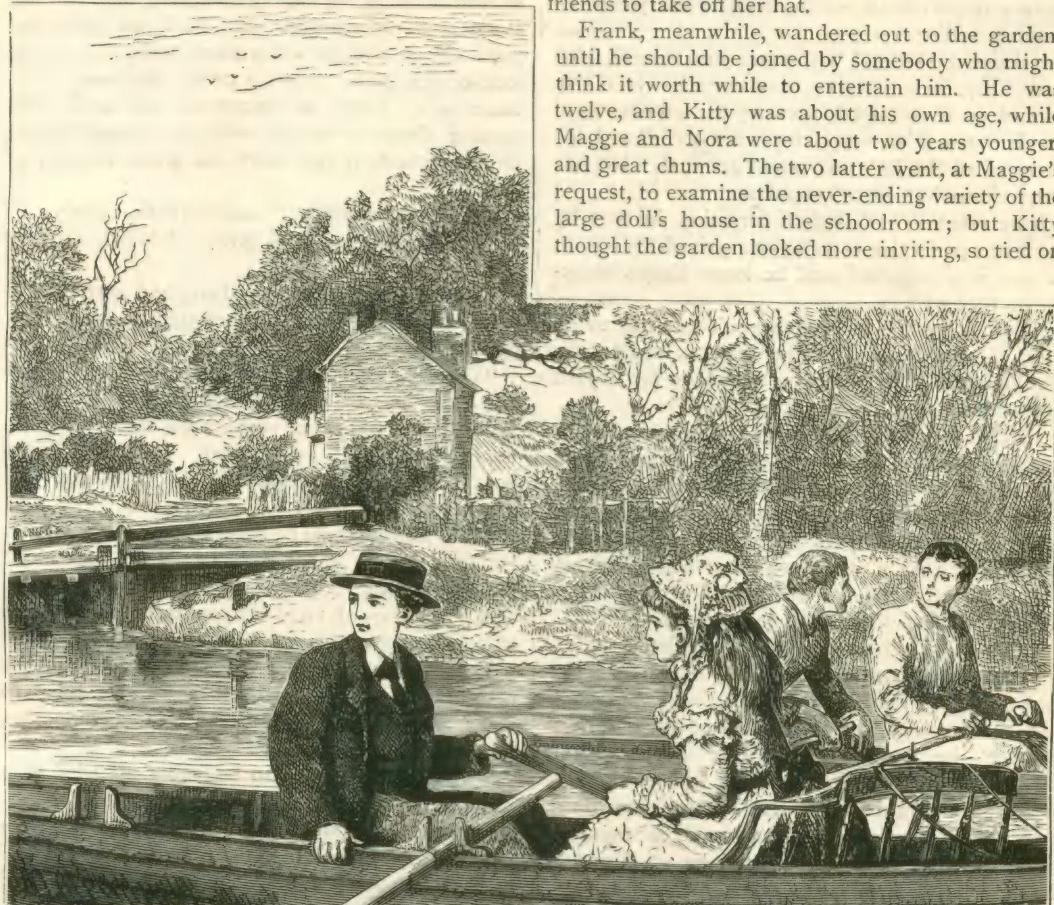
S. C.

## GOING WITH THE STREAM.

**I**T certainly was provoking. Why should Aunt Jane get one of her attacks just at the beginning of the holidays? And what could make it necessary for mamma to go and see her that very

"Mrs. Moore called as she went by to-day, and asked mamma to let us come and spend the afternoon with you. We can stay till half-past six," announced Maggie, and then went with her young friends to take off her hat.

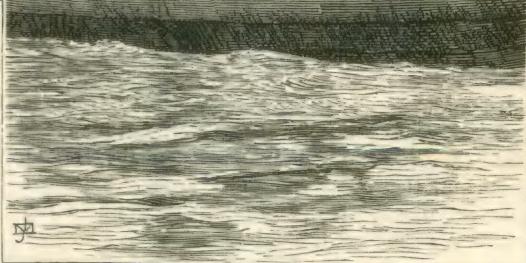
Frank, meanwhile, wandered out to the garden, until he should be joined by somebody who might think it worth while to entertain him. He was twelve, and Kitty was about his own age, while Maggie and Nora were about two years younger, and great chums. The two latter went, at Maggie's request, to examine the never-ending variety of the large doll's house in the schoolroom; but Kitty thought the garden looked more inviting, so tied on



day, when they all wanted to have a nice long drive?

Kathleen, or, as she was called, Kitty Moore, looked very pouting and disagreeable as she leant against the side of the large dining-room window, and looked sulkily out over a lawn gay with July flowers at the sparkling river, bearing its crowd of pleasure-boats.

The door opened and her sister Nora entered, bearing the pleasant news that their friends Frank and Maggie Leyton were just coming in at the front gate. Kitty's blue eyes brightened, and she tossed back her long fair hair and hastened with Nora to greet their young visitors in the hall.



"FRANK TURNED HIS HEAD" (p. 206.)

her hat and wandered down to the waterside, where she found Frank sitting in the punt that was chained to the landing-place.

"I say, Kitty, what a day for the river! Let's go for a row."

Kitty hesitated. The river *did* look most tempting. It was about three o'clock, and numbers of pic-nic parties passed by, the sound of their merry laughter infecting the boy and girl, who watched them with an intense desire to share the pleasures of the sparkling water.

"Papa's in Ireland just now, you see, Frank," said Kitty, in a wavering sort of way—and this way, as could be clearly seen by the expression of her fair, soft face, was natural to her—"and we haven't had the boat out since he went. He has never allowed us out without him."

Now when Frank wished anything he was by no means particular as to how he gained his object, so that it *was* gained, and he knew Kitty's weaknesses very well.

"Of course not, for you haven't any one to go with. *If* you'd had a brother now, it would have been different. Suppose you and I go for a quiet turn while the little ones are playing?"

It always gratified Kitty to find herself distinguished from "the little ones," and she now persuaded herself that just an *hour* on the water could do no harm; no one had forbidden it actually, and as Nora was not by to say, in her downright fashion and with a straight look of her dark grey eyes, "Nobody's been asked yet," Kitty yielded to her own wishes and Frank's persuasions.

The key of the boat-house was in a book-case in the dining-room, and it was easily obtained. The schoolroom, where the others were playing, and the servants' offices were not at the river side of the house, so no one observed the boat being taken out, and merry with a sense of pleasure which a determination *not* to listen to the warning whisper of conscience enabled them to enjoy, off went Frank and Kitty, he sculling and she steering. They went down stream, and to children nothing could be more enchanting than this swift and easy gliding past trees and lawns and beautiful houses, and they did not particularly observe that the ease and speed with which their boat glided on was caused by a very swift and strong current of water. So, with merry chat and plans for holiday amusements they went on till they heard persons in other boats shouting "Lock!" and then Kitty exclaimed, "Oh, Frank, we're close to the lock! We can't get through alone, can we?"

Frank turned his head, and found that they were gliding in amongst a number of pleasure-boats; and his foolish pride made him think people would be laughing at him if he turned back now. So he answered Kitty promptly:—

"Of course we can. Why not?"

And half afraid, but much delighted, Kitty steered carefully, and Frank, with great show of manliness, stood up in the boat, and warded off any chance knocks against the heavy wooden gates of the lock. And then they found themselves inside amongst a number of other boats; and Frank took hold of one of the heavy chains that hung from the big stone sides of the lock, and held fast while the gates closed and the water went down. Then the lock-keeper came round to collect the money—for there is a charge of threepence for each boat passing through—and it suddenly flashed across the two children that they had never thought of this.

"Have you anything?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"Not a penny!" said Kitty. "What shall we do?"

Then the man came to them, and stared hard when Frank said they'd forgotten to bring any money.

"What do you come in for if you aint got none?"

"I tell you we forgot it," repeated Frank, much flushed, and trying to speak with the bluster he thought most likely to succeed. "And this is the boat from Rose Bank. We'll send you the money."

"Mr. Moore's boat? Ah! and this young lady's his little girl? Never see'd her in the lock alone like this before!"

A gentleman who had his own little girl with him in another boat thought it right to interfere, and paid for Frank and Kitty; and when he handed them the pink ticket which they would have to show going home, he said to Frank, supposing him to be Kitty's brother:—

"You are too young to be here alone with your sister; a mistake like this exposes her to rudeness. You had much better take her home"—advice which Kitty was heartily glad to hear. So on some one saying it was half-past four o'clock, she implored Frank to turn at once, or tea-time would come, and the servants would find out that they were not about the house.

Somewhat sulkily, Frank consented to remain in the lock and turn the boat. They had some time to wait, and this time, as they were going up-stream, the water in the lock rose. When at last they had given up their ticket and got free of the gates, Frank indulged in some very strong expressions about "that fellow's impudence!" Kitty was too miserable to say much; but she became very uneasy when the strength of the current they were rowing against made Frank draw in his sculls to rest, for the boat began to turn, and all her steering could not right it. Then the boy, who was dreadfully tired, asked her to take a turn while he rested,

and they changed places. But all Kitty's efforts scarcely moved the boat.

"Here, I'll go on again; you're no use!" said Frank, gruffly; and Kitty was too frightened at the lateness of the hour and the seeming impossibility of reaching home to do anything but cry, and the tears were running down her cheeks like rain.

This novel appearance attracted the notice of a young lady who was comfortably reclining in a boat that was being towed by a gentleman, who was walking along the towing-path with the boat-rope round his waist.

"Charlie, stop a minute," called the lady; and he stopped while she asked Frank what was the matter with Kitty.

"Oh, nothing, thank you—at least, not much. But she's afraid we'll be late home, and the stream's so strong—" Here Frank nearly, but happily not quite, broke down himself.

"Where are you going to?" asked the lady.

"To Rose Bank—Mr. Moore's," said Frank.

"Mr. Moore's! Oh, Charlie, this is Mr. Moore's little girl! Could she get in with me, and the boat be fastened behind ours?

The gentleman looked rather disconsolate at this proposal that he should tow two boats instead of one; but pitying the evident helplessness of the children, he good-naturedly agreed, suggesting that Frank should come on shore and help him to tow. This was done; and when the boat was made fast, their troubles would have been ended, but for the fact that they had no business to be there at all, and were even now dreading to arrive at Rose Bank.

What they saw when they came near was a group that made both heartily ashamed of their misconduct. Mrs. Moore was there, and, terrible

to behold, Kitty's father as well. The fact that he was expected home from Ireland in time for dinner had been concealed from the children that they might have a joyful surprise. And Mrs. Moore, after visiting her sick sister, had gone to meet her husband at the station; and when they arrived together at Rosebank, at six o'clock, they were met by Nora and Maggie's frightened faces, for the servants had searched everywhere in vain for Frank and Kitty, and had only now come in from the garden to say that the boat was gone from the boat-house.

I do not think Kitty will ever forget the stern look on her father's face, as he desired her to go straight to her room, saying, "I cannot trust to my eldest daughter to respect my known wishes. The disobedience is just the same as if a renewed command had been given to-day."

For long after the key of the boat-house was entrusted to the old housekeeper's care, and this was a great humiliation to Kitty, showing plainly that no confidence could be placed in her not taking it again if any one tried to persuade her to do so.

"Now if it had been Nora," said her mother, "I feel sure nothing would have induced her to forget our wishes to suit her own pleasure."

And Kitty knew that this was true, and began a hard battle with her own weakness, which will, I feel sure, end in making her worthy of the trust and confidence of those who are her best earthly friends. But in her struggles against a long-indulged habit of doing what was pleasantest instead of what was right she must often be reminded of how very hard it was to get safe *home* that day, although they had found no difficulty in "going with the stream."

### A U T U M N   D A Y S .

**R**USSET and crimson and gold and brown,  
From beech and elm and sycamore tree,  
The beautiful leaves come fluttering down,  
And dancing sadly round you and me.

The bindweed blossoms are bright and fair,  
The thrush still pipes, and the robin sings,  
But a breath of autumn is in the air,  
And summer has folded her rainbow wings.

Pink and purple, 'mid dusky leaves,  
Chrysanthemums bud by the garden wall;  
A twittering comes from under the eaves,  
And deeper the lights and shadows fall.

For the royal sunflower hangs her head,  
The lingering swallows lower fly,  
The aster is burning a warmer red,  
And a golden gloom creeps up the sky.

The wind is sighing through every bough,  
And over the bending grass it blows;  
The chestnuts fall on the pathway now,  
But still in the garden is left one rose.

The black plum ripens, the apples glow,  
The barn o'erflows with a plenteous store;  
Pure and strong let the west wind blow,  
Dear autumn stands on the threshing-floor.

A. M.

## THE HISTORY OF FIVE LITTLE PITCHERS WHO HAD VERY LARGE EARS.

*By the Author of "Brave Little Heart," "Little Hinges, &c."*

## CHAPTER VI.

**W**HEN the little pitcher Paurridge-potte heard of the proposed expeditions, he was overwhelmed with joy. Not at the thought of having his liberty once more—that was a matter of little importance to him. Nor was it the idea of the party, or the meeting of old friends—minor considerations all these. Paurridge-potte had but one aim in life. From his earliest days his unambitious soul had never risen beyond it. That one wish gratified, he longed for nothing else. Nothing could charm him but it. That gained was all gained. Would you fathom the mysteries of his soul and the secret of his life? If you would you shall. We will not delay nor mince the matter. In one word, then, let me state that the key of Paurridge-potte's *existence* was—treacle! Treacle was his delight and his joy. Once upon a time, in the days gone by, a quantity of the delicious syrup had been poured into his mouth. How he had relished it! The cook could have told how she had lost sight of the little pitcher for a couple of days, and at last found it hidden away behind an old coal-scuttle, though she never dreamed that the greedy fellow had hidden himself in order to enjoy his treacle without interruption. Ever since that day Paurridge-potte had had an unsatisfied longing for the delicious fluid. His very dreams were tinged with its mellow colour. "And now," he thought, as he bounced along out of the room; "if I don't manage some treacle *before* I come back, why then my name isn't Paurridge-potte!"

With this delightful vision before his eyes, Paurridge-potte travelled along at a pace quite unequalled by any of his brothers. At length his

ears detected a sound as of flour being thrown from a dredge on to dough. He listened attentively, and heard this time the rolling-pin passing lightly and swiftly over the pie-crust. Following the sound, he traversed three corridors and two long flights of stairs, and in a short time arrived at a pantry, where a somewhat peculiar-looking lady was busily engaged in making tarts. She was perfectly flat and square, and carried her heart in one corner, exposed to every one's view. Paurridge-potte uttered an exclamation of joy. Here was his old friend the Queen of Hearts making tarts as assiduously as ever. An idea entered Paurridge-potte's mind, and he proceeded to carry it out.

"May it please your most gracious Majesty, I hope I find you in good health," said Paurridge-potte, politely.

"Oh, thank you, it's of no consequence," returned her Majesty, who was of an absent turn of mind, and had not heard a word that our hero had said.

"Did you ever find out who stole your Majesty's tarts?" asked Paurridge-potte.

"Oh, that wretched knave!" replied the lady, wrathfully; "I declare I am always making tarts, and he gets eleven out of every dozen; but he's so artful that we can't prove him to be the thief."

"May it please your Majesty, I've got an idea," exclaimed Paurridge-potte.

"Oh, don't distress yourself about it," replied the queen.

"You always put jam in your tarts, do you not, madam?" asked Paurridge-potte.

"Of course," replied the queen.

"Take my humble advice: use treacle," said Paurridge-potte, mysteriously.

"I couldn't touch it!" replied the queen, warmly.



"LITTLE BO-PEEP" (p. 210).

"That's just it. Leave them in the usual place, and when that knave comes won't he be sold, that's all!"

"A capital idea!" exclaimed the queen, de-



"RANGED IN ORDER OF TWO AND TWO" (p. 211).

lightedly. "I'll do it!" And having been attentive so long, she relapsed once more into absent-mindedness.

"Shall I fetch you some treacle?" asked Paurridge-potte.

"In the usual place!" exclaimed the queen, thinking of her tarts; but Paurridge-potte, thinking she alluded to the treacle, darted into a remote corner of the cupboard, and brought forth a jar of lovely bright golden syrup.

"Oh, how delicious!" he exclaimed, vainly endeavouring to smack his lips. "Can I hold it for your majesty?" asked Paurridge-potte; "that jar is so large and inconvenient."

"Oh, thank you!" replied the queen, emptying some of the delicious treacle into Paurridge-potte's eager mouth. For some minutes he stood quietly on the table, and the queen every now and then ladled some out into the tarts. But the treacle began to disappear down his sides, and Paurridge-potte was in despair. He felt that he could not part with his beloved treacle, and that he must make an excuse to get away; so, summoning up his courage, he exclaimed suddenly, "Oh, dear me! what shall I do? I must not stay another moment, or I shall never meet Cleverre-

Schynnes. Would your majesty be so kind as to excuse me?"

"It's all the same to me," replied the queen. Now the queen had accepted his invitation, so, quite easy on that score, Paurridge-potte started off in high glee, considerably more than three-parts full of treacle.

The fear of being called back and deprived of what his ingenuity had gained for him, caused Paurridge-potte to lose no time in putting as many stairs and passages as he possibly could between the Queen of Hearts and himself.

The pace at which he went quickly brought him to a part of the house which, being inhabited by children, was also plentifully populated by the little folks that figure in our story. It was impossible for any one to walk any distance and not stumble across some of them, and accordingly Paurridge-potte soon perceived a damsels, with as pretty a face as ever the sun shone on, wandering disconsolately about, as if in search of something. "What a lovely little creature!" thought he; "who can she be? Now I've got treacle enough to last me for many a long day, I've really a great mind to stop and talk to her. After all, I don't want to hurry back home just yet, for the others are sure not to have returned. I wonder whether that



"A RIGHT ROYAL PERSONAGE" (p. 211).

bright-eyed little damsels likes treacle, by-the-bye?" With this reflection Paurridge-potte went up to the little creature, and asked her, in his politest

tones, if she had lost anything ; and if so, whether he could assist her to find it.

" Oh yes," replied the damsel, in a distressed voice ; " I've lost all my sheep."

Paurridge-potte started—that is to say, he gave a little bound, and exclaimed—

" Then you are——"

The lady took the words out of his mouth, and exclaimed—

" Yes, I am——"

There was a little struggle to get out the word, each trying to say it before the other ; and then the two brought it out precisely at the same moment.

" Little Bo-Peep ! "

" Little Bo-Peep ! "

" Allow me to give you a piece of advice," said Paurridge-potte.

" No, thank you," replied Bo-Peep ; " I know quite well what you are going to say. Everybody gives it to me."

" What do you imagine I was about to say, then ? " inquired Paurridge-potte.

" Oh, I know well enough !" replied Bo-Peep. " Leave them alone and they'll come home, and bring their tails behind them."

" Well, I never ! " exclaimed Paurridge-potte, in surprise. " That is just what I was going to say. Fair damsel," he continued, in his grandest tones, " how wonderfully you have divined my very thoughts ! "

" I am dreadfully sleepy," replied Bo-Peep. " I have been looking for those wretched sheep almost ever since I was born."

" Have a little nap, then, charming creature, and I will look out in case any of your sheep should pass this way," said Paurridge-potte, gallantly.

" Thank you ; I think I will," replied Bo-Peep, and curling herself up comfortably in a doll's cradle, she soon fell fast asleep.

Notwithstanding that Paurridge-potte kept all his eyes looking out, before, behind, and on every side of him, not a vestige of a sheep was to be seen, either with or without its tail behind it ; and when at length Bo-Peep awoke, and declared in piteous accents that she had dreamt she heard them bleating, he was fain to attempt again to give her the advice that her other friends had already given her.

" Leave them alone," he began, in his most winning manner.

" That's enough !" replied Bo-Peep, putting her fingers in her ears and stamping her pretty feet.

" Oh, thank you ! " said Paurridge-potte, feeling somewhat snubbed, but not knowing what else to say.

" I don't know how it is, but I feel dreadfully sleepy," said Paurridge-potte, after a short pause. He was not aware that gluttons generally do feel sleepy and ill too.

" Well, then, go to sleep," said little Bo-Peep.

" How could I so waste the precious moments that I might be spending in your sweet company ? " said Paurridge-potte.

" Oh, I'll stay here till you awake," replied Bo-Peep. " One good turn deserves another, you know."

Paurridge-potte had scarcely uttered the last word of a high-flown speech of thanks to the little lady at his side when his fourteen eyes closed, and a strange sound, something like a snore, escaped from his treacle-laden breast.

How long he could have slept he never knew. He woke, feeling considerably lighter, but with a tickling sensation in his sides that he could not in the least understand. Imagine his horror when he fully took in his situation. Little Bo-Peep was leaning affectionately over him, dipping her lovely white fingers into his beloved treacle, and ever and anon carrying

them, with the utmost satisfaction, to her ruby lips.

Paurridge-potte was so taken aback that for some minutes he could not believe his senses. When he fully recovered himself he shook off the faithless Bo-Peep, and exclaimed, in accents of sorrow—

" Perfidious one ! you have taught me a lesson. Another time when I bestow my company on a young lady, depend upon it I shall not forget to ask the favoured one if she be fond of treacle."

#### CHAPTER VII.

As Paurridge-potte managed the rest of his invitations without adventure of any sort, we shall pass on without further delay to those that met Cleverre-Schynnes on his travels through that wonderful farmhouse.

As he traversed one of the long passages in which it abounded, his attention was arrested by cries of



"HE FLED AWAY AT HIS UTMOST SPEED"

(p. 214).

"Shame!" "Order!" "Turn him out!" "Chair!" and many others of the same nature. Now nothing pleased Cleverre-Schynnes better than making a speech, so directing his footsteps whither the sounds proceeded, he found himself at the door of a gigantic Noah's Ark. The door being much broken, Cleverre-Schynnes was enabled to enter. To his surprise, he found all the inhabitants ranged in order of two and two (except in a few instances where, the Noah's Ark being an old one, an animal had disappeared altogether), listening attentively to a learned discourse.

This Noah's Ark Cleverre-Schynnes had known tolerably well in the days gone by, but now he could scarcely recognise any of the animals. A creature who was obliged by the loss of his two hind legs to be perpetually sitting down with his front legs in an uncomfortably erect position, he discovered, after some time, to be an ox, while all the others appeared to be in a no less dilapidated condition.

Cleverre-Schynnes' first care was to find out the object of the meeting. He was informed by Noah's wife that it was assembled for the purpose of inquiring into the reason why the animals therein are always made without any joints in their legs, thereby rendering walking, or even standing, an almost impossible undertaking; also why Noah and his wife and family are all dressed in peculiar blue garments with white aprons, this not being their idea of the ancient costume; likewise to protest against the same absurdities for the future, and to select two members who should suggest to the makers many improvements in the construction of Noah's Arks.

Thus informed, Cleverre-Schynnes ascended the platform in order to commence a speech, but was received with such groans and hisses from all the beasts there assembled that he was fain to make a speedy retreat. This, however, was hardly feasible, for he was so beset by the animals for the presumption he had shown, that if he had been formed of anything more sensitive than earthenware he must soon have succumbed to their united malice.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, when he had managed to escape, "what a thing it is to be clever. If it hadn't been for my wish to exhibit my talents I should never have got into this mess; however, not

one of these uncivil creatures will I invite to my party to-morrow."

"What was that?" exclaimed Mrs. Noah, who was standing outside the door of her husband's domain. "An invitation to a party? Oh! thank you; I'll be sure to come. To-morrow you said, I think. Depend upon it we'll all be there."

Cleverre-Schynnes stared aghast. The idea of a broken-down Noah's Ark at his party! Oxen with two legs, horses with none, beetles without any heads, and Mrs. Noah herself with only half a one! Cleverre-Schynnes prepared to protest, but he thought of the drubbing he had received, and held his tongue.

"Truly I have done a clever thing now!" he exclaimed, bitterly, as he marched along, endeavouring to swallow his mortification.

Before long his attention was arrested by a sound of "chink, chink, chink!" He soon found that it proceeded from a little cupboard; and on entering, discovered a right royal personage seated at a table counting out money.

"What a noble being!" thought Cleverre-Schynnes, who was a great admirer of riches.

Presently the king looked up, and seeing Cleverre-Schynnes, inquired what might be his business, whereupon Cleverre-Schynnes replied that he only craved to kiss his majesty's great toe. His majesty, much pleased at this mark of respect, extended his foot, much to Cleverre-Schynnes' horror; for his mouth, by a peculiarity of constitution, always remained wide open, thereby rendering kissing an impossible feat. He therefore got out of the difficulty by embracing the king's foot with his long arm. The king, being a good-natured fellow, was quite satisfied with his manoeuvre, and asked Cleverre-Schynnes whether he was hungry, as he had the remainder of a blackbird pie at his service if he (Cleverre-Schynnes) would excuse the absence of the blackbirds themselves, they having all flown away some time since.

Cleverre-Schynnes having refused this kind offer, the king asked him to accompany him into the parlour and be introduced to the queen. This he readily agreed to, and, conducted by the king, found a buxom dame, with a very large mouth,



"MY NAME IS MISS WACKSDOL" (p. 214).

making a hearty repast of bread and honey. By the fire was a maid holding a baby, and at the same time attending to something boiling on the hob.

After some little conversation, the queen turned to the maid. "Mary," said she, "why don't you give that poor infant some pap?"

"If you please, your majesty," replied the maid, "I ain't got nothing to put it in to cool."

"How's that?" asked the queen.

"I forgot to bring anything with me," replied the maid.

"You forgot," replied the queen, angrily; "then you must not forget. Next time you forget I shall give you a month's warning."

"Oh! if you please," exclaimed Mary, with tears in her eyes, "it's all along o' them nasty blackbirds what comes and pecks off a poor creature's nose when she's a hanging out the clothes, and don't make no scruple to steal away her memory along of it, which I declare, ma'am, that since I lost my nose, I ain't had a bit o' memory left in me!"

"Perhaps," said the queen, not heeding Mary's tearful explanation, "Mr. Little Pitcher Cleverre-Schynnes wouldn't mind holding the dear infant's pap for a minute or two; I should be so greatly obliged," observed the queen, sweetly.

Of course, Cleverre-Schynnes couldn't refuse, and accordingly received a copious instalment of the boiling pap. But oh, how hot it was! He had never felt anything so hot before. It was a wonder his sides did not crack; but his constitution was a strong one, and so he only fumed and fretted, without obtaining any alleviation of his pain.

At last he felt he could bear it no longer, and looked about for some convenient place into which to pour the scalding mess.

His eyesight was none of the best, but after some time he espied what appeared to him to be a cavity in the floor. He crossed the room and found that the floor here was somewhat elevated. Without

being able to notice more than this—for the end of the room was in very deep shadow—he turned himself over on his side, so that his mouth was just above the hole in the floor that he had descried, and to his intense relief felt the hot pap gradually growing less and less.

Suddenly a loud shriek, which seemed to be in the queen's voice, filled him with terror. He gazed round the room, but could not see her. In an instant the truth flashed upon him. The queen had laid down at one end of the room to have a little snooze after her bread and honey. Her mouth was large, and she slept with it open; the light was very imperfect; consequently, what Cleverre-Schynnes had taken for a hole in the floor was the queen's open mouth, and he had been deliberately pouring boiling pap down her throat.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

HERE was a terrible to-do—the poor queen nearly suffocated, and the king in a towering passion.

Poor Cleverre-Schynnes seemed destined to be unfortunate.

He was profuse in his sorrow, and explained to the king and queen the mistake under which he laboured. The king, who believed his story, told Cleverre-Schynnes that he would grant him his forgiveness on condition that he asked the queen's on his knees, which remark showed the king to be totally ignorant of the constitution of little pitchers. In order to obey as nearly as possible the king's behest, he fell down flat before the queen, and had the good fortune to receive her pardon; but his troubles were by no means over, for at this moment the door opened, and in flew four-and-twenty blackbirds, and making straight up to poor Cleverre-



"ON THEY CLATTERED" (p. 214).

Schynnes, began to peck at the remainder of the pap which clung to his sides.

They enjoyed their feast so well that not even the command of the king could prevail on them to



"OLD MOTHER HUBBARD'S LITTLE DOG STRUCK UP THE FIRST SET" (p. 215).

leave him. At this fresh disaster—for the four-and-twenty beaks made him smart not a little—poor Cleverre-Schynnes' usual courage left him, and he began to feel very sorrowful. He had no sooner done this than, to his horror, he found he was actually *melting into tears*. He felt that if he indulged in his grief for another five minutes there would be nothing left of him but a pool of salt water, and, with the intent of averting this calamity, he plucked up his sinking spirits and began to feel quite cheerful.

At this moment the birds, having consumed every atom of the pap, flew away in a body, to the relief and intense delight of poor Cleverre-Schynnes, who now thought it high time to take his leave, lest any other misfortune should befall him.

Whereupon, having received the promise of the king and queen to be present at his party, and having had a note placed inside him to be delivered to the queen's cousin, Miss Dutchedol, he took his departure.

Before very long he arrived at Dolhouse, and seeing through the open doorway a number of little figures, whom he took to be sisters of Miss Dutchedol, he would have entered, had not a voice close by him arrested his attention. He turned round and perceived a most lovely creature, whom he set down in his mind must be the lady he was in search of; accordingly he inquired after her health, whereupon the lovely creature, who seemed somewhat amused at being spoken to by such a strange figure (probably she had never before seen

a little pitcher), replied that she was not very well, owing to the heat of the sun, which had caused her to melt very uncomfortably.

"Ah! I can sympathise with you," he replied, thinking of his adventure.

"I do believe you're bald!" exclaimed the lady after a few minutes, during which she had been narrowly examining Cleverre-Schynnes.

"Bald! What is that?" asked he.

"Why, not having any hair," laughed the lady, shaking her ringlets of flaxen hue.

"Hair! What is that?" asked Cleverre-Schynnes, in a puzzle.

"That which grows on your head," answered the lady.

"Head! What is that?" asked Cleverre-Schynnes, more puzzled than ever.

"Why!" exclaimed the lady petulantly "it's a—" here she stopped, unable to find a word; but in a moment suddenly added, tapping her own—"it's a this."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Cleverre-Schynnes, who was all at sea, having neither head nor hair; "then I'm afraid that I haven't got a *this* at all."

The lady looked at him for a minute in astonishment, then exclaiming that he was the strangest fellow she had ever met, peered with some curiosity into his mouth, and perceived the letter and its address. She started up in indignation surprise. "Sir!" she exclaimed, "how dare you speak to me when you are in league with the enemies of our race—those stiff-necked, noseless, bald-headed Dutchedols."

"Are not you, then, Miss Dutchedol?" asked Cleverre-Schynnes, in surprise.

"Good gracious me, no!" replied the lady. "I, who open and shut my eyes, turn my head round, and, *in fact*, have all the latest improvements, to be taken for a Dutchedol! Let me inform you, sir, that my name is Miss Wacksdol, and that I have quite superseded the Dutchedols."

"I am extremely sorry," began poor Cleverre-Schynnes, but Miss Wacksdol interrupted him.

"Extremely sorry, indeed! If you were only a wine-bottle, or something a little more brittle than you really are, I would smash you, you traitor! A friend of the Dutchedols, indeed!"

Poor Cleverre-Schynnes! when were his adventures to end? As the enraged lady spoke, he felt himself growing taller and thinner every moment. The truth dawned upon him—he had actually turned into a wine-bottle, and even had a cork in his mouth.

How appallingly thin were his sides! A fall on the floor would terminate his existence. He turned round towards the lady and beheld her in the very act of attempting to overthrow him. With a cry of despair, he fled away at his utmost speed, which, owing to his lightness, was by no means inconsiderable.

"Hie after you!" cried Miss Wacksdol, bounding after Cleverre-Schynnes at full speed.

The Dutchedols peered out of their house, and beheld their enemy, Miss Wacksdol, tearing along with all her might.

"Hie after you!" they shouted, and galloped after her.

On ran Cleverre-Schynnes faster and faster; on ran Miss Wacksdol after him; and on ran the fourteen Miss Dutchedols.

Thus running, they passed a fire-place. Up jumped tongs, shovel, and poker. "Hie after you!" they all shouted, and brought up the rear, to the fright and dismay of those who stood in fear of being crushed by the stumble and fall of these formidable-looking creatures.

A Dutch clock hanging lazily on the wall saw them pass.

"Here's fun!" he exclaimed, and rapidly descended. "Hie after you!" he shouted, and bounded after them.

On they clattered, attracting general attention as they passed. The jugs and basins in the room heard the disturbance with surprise. Where were the inhabitants of the house that they did not hear it? Down jumped jugs, basins, and many others as they passed along.

"Hie after you!" they all screamed, and joined the chase.

To what an extent had the train of pursuers grown! but Cleverre-Schynnes thankfully perceived that he was getting very near home. He managed to keep ahead of them all, and at length beheld the cupboard, and close by it, returning from another direction, his brother Paurridge-potte.

In he bounded through the open door, when Paurridge-potte, perceiving his brother's dilemma, banged it close, and shut out the whole host of dolls, jugs, basins, clock, and fire-irons.

His brethren, who had arrived before him, were greatly astonished at his abrupt entrance, and begged him to relate his adventures.

"Alas, alas!" he exclaimed; "I'm no longer a little pitcher—I'm nothing but a nasty horrid common black wine-bottle!"

"What a fancy is this!" exclaimed Tue-Rean; "you're as much a little pitcher as ever." And Tue-Rean tapped his brother's sides that he might hear how thick and strong he was.

"I see it all," exclaimed Cleverre-Schynnes, mournfully. "The adventures I have had must have turned my brain."

#### CHAPTER IX.—MIDNIGHT.

THE hour appointed for the party being now not very far distant, the five little pitchers, as soon as poor Cleverre-Schynnes had recovered from his fright, took their way to the larder in order to prepare it for the reception of their very numerous guests.

This larder was the perfection of an old-fashioned farm-house larder, large, airy, and plentifully stocked with delicious pies, puddings, tarts, cheese, bread, cakes, and tit-bits of every description. A large bowl of milk delighted the hearts of the little pitchers, who were quite content to leave all the other good things for the use of their friends.

In a very short time all the shelves were cleared (except one little space, in which was piled up all the good things), so as to leave plenty of room for the dancers. And the window being opened, the moonlight poured in and illuminated the ball-room more beautifully than a thousand wax tapers.

Old Mother Hubbard was the first arrival. She had persuaded her darling Toby to accompany her, and to bring his flute with him.

After Dame Hubbard the arrivals became fast and numerous. The Queen of Hearts came, bringing tarts with her. Little Bo-peep was there, still without her sheep. Sam and old Mother Flipperflopper kept the company in high good humour with their merry jokes. The king and queen, for

whose baby Cleverre-Schynnes had held the pap, graced the festival with their presence, with so many others that the larder was quite thronged with guests.

Precisely at midnight Old Mother Hubbard's little dog struck up the first set. Cleverre-Schynnes and his queen led off the quadrille, with Paurridge-potte and the Queen of Hearts for the opposite couple. Lady Gentle-breeze, who floated gracefully in at the window, made Pipkinne happy by becoming his partner; while Little Bo-peep made a fresh conquest of Tue-Rean.

The quadrille passed off extremely well, and after it there came a round dance, in which everybody kicked up their heels and enjoyed themselves to the utmost, except Jack Horner, who could not be persuaded to leave his corner and his pie.

The Queen of Hearts made herself very useful handing round tarts and all sorts of good things between the dances, and taking care that every one should feel amused. Toby, too, contributed greatly to the success of the ball by the kindness with which he played dance after dance, being occasionally relieved by the cat, however, who played her fiddle.

Cleverre-Schynnes was congratulating himself greatly when the door was suddenly thrown open, and there appeared Mr. and Mrs. Noah, followed, two and two, by all their worn-out, broken-down animals. All eyes were turned towards them as they marched slowly in.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the Queen of Hearts; "what is the meaning of this? An old Noah's Ark like that coming to a ball with me! Why, they can't know who I am, and I feel quite insulted!" And here the Queen of Hearts and all the other ladies tossed up their heads and waved their fans contemptuously.

The inhabitants of the Noah's Ark, finding that they could not obtain partners, would have got up a dance between themselves, but both Toby and the cat refused to play for them. The consequence was they were obliged to stand and look on, which, as nobody spoke to them, they found very disagreeable work indeed.

With the exception of this little interruption, never had there been a more successful party than that of the little pitchers. And it was not till the dawning light warned them that day was near, that they broke up and wended their various ways, leaving the larder in a state to puzzle and perplex the wisest heads.

The little pitchers, having conducted home their various partners, returned to their cupboard, and, having mounted on to their shelf, closed all their eyes and fell asleep.

At an early hour the next morning Cleverre-Schynnes awoke, and looked to see the door open; but, much to his surprise, it was shut as fast as possible, and not a vestige of light was to be seen, except that which came, as in the old times, through the keyhole.

"Surely I must have been dreaming!" he exclaimed, thinking over the strange events of the last day.

At this moment Pipkinne awoke.

"Dear me! I've been dreaming such queer things!" he exclaimed.

Whereupon Pannykin opened his eyes.

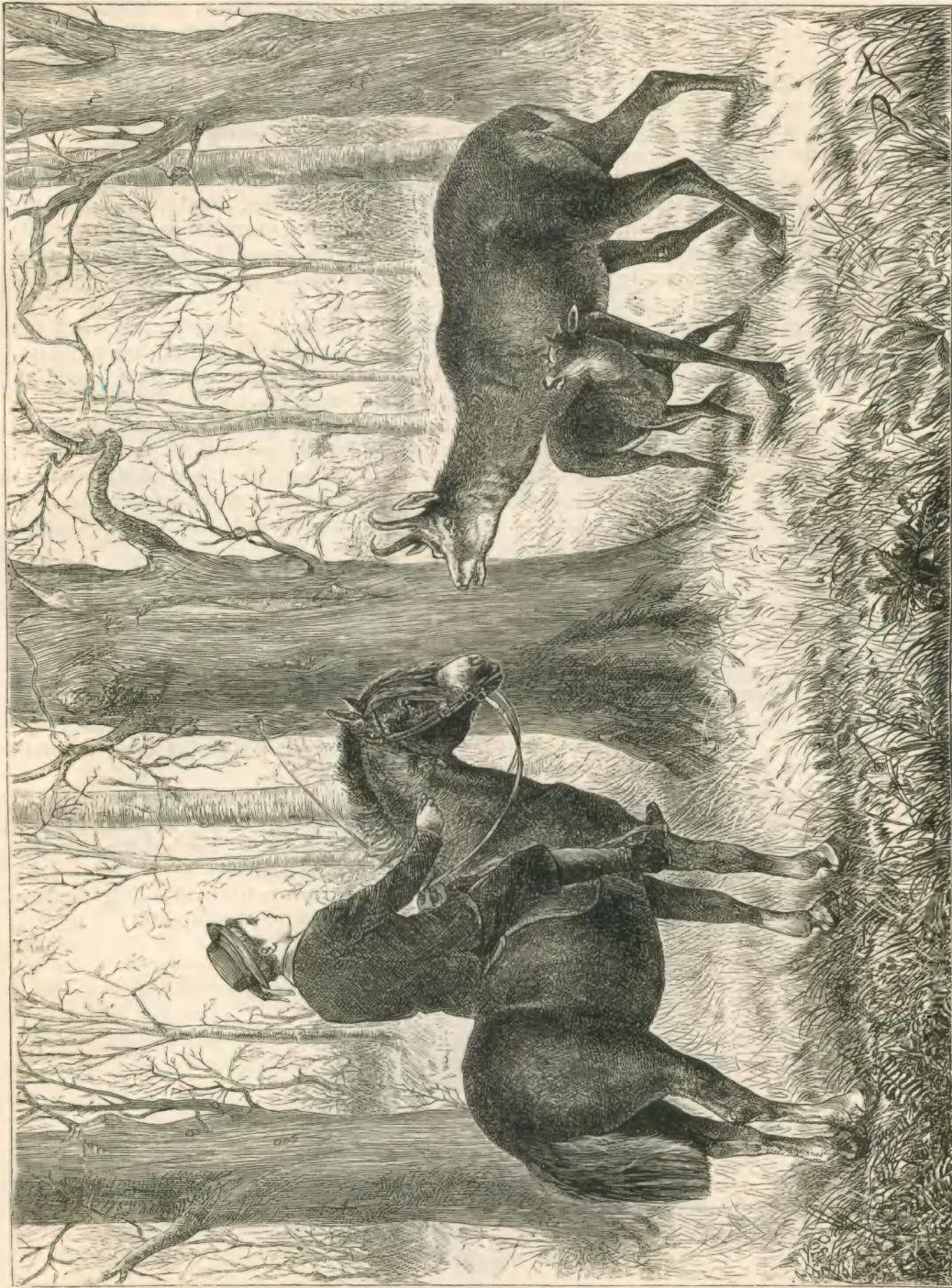
"Do you know, I've had such a funny dream!" he cried.

"Dear me! so have I!" cried Tue-Rean.

And Paurridge-potte, rubbing as many eyes as he could get at, exclaimed, "I've had the strangest dream I ever had in my life!"

Having said this much, the five little pitchers fell asleep again and forgot all about it.





A MOTHER'S FEARS. (See p. 217.)

## LAURIE'S BIRTHDAY.

**W**HEN Laurie betimes from his slumber awoke,  
Fair gifts for his birthday around him were spread ;  
The voices he loved many fond wishes spoke,  
And the white winter sky softly gleamed overhead.  
He mounted his pony so gentle and good,  
And joyous he rode out afar through the wood ;  
Where the moss lay warm, and the tallest stem shone  
In the silvery noon tide, he lingered alone.

He thought through the year that had just passed away—  
Of his parents so loving, his own happy lot ;  
And he thought of the hours when his anger had sway,  
And of words sweet and kind when his heart listened not.  
But soon in his gladness, with snatches of song,  
And the birds chirping with him, he cantered along.  
“On my birthday,” he said to the forest aloud,  
“I will neither be pettish, nor careless, nor proud.”

Then he suddenly stopped. Close before him a deer

Confronted him boldly, with strife in her glance ;  
Her lithe pretty fawn, all a-quiver with fear,  
Still shielding, she dared him a step to advance.  
“Do I look like a monster ?” his scornful reply,  
“Would I tread on an ant-hill, or torture a fly ?  
Or is it my gentle old Trot that you dread,  
From whom not a sparrow in terror hath fled ?”  
As ever defensive the wild creature stood,  
Very angry was Laurie alone in the wood.

Then he turned home again, nor sang on his way,  
Till his path led out straight to the long shining road.

“How hard is it still to be good one whole day !”  
So he said, while his heart with kind thoughts overflowed.  
“It was right for the mother to shelter her fawn,  
And only to slacken with danger withdrawn ;  
Should my steps weak and heedless to peril incline,  
Or dreaded or real, so would do mother mine !”

## WHAT ARCHIE SAW THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

## A PEEP AT SOME RAIN-WATER.



ITUATED at the back of the greenhouse in the garden of Archie's home there was a small rain-water cistern, which was sometimes cleaned out, and on such occasions provided his father with a great number of curious objects for his favourite study. The gardener, however, could not see why “master wanted to mess about with a lot o' dirty water,” and did not always inform him when the cleansing operation was going to take place, and as it was supposed not to have been done for some time, father and son walked round together, one fine morning after breakfast, to inquire about it. When John saw them there, he knew exactly what order was forthcoming, and proud of having thought to do a necessary piece of work without being bid, called his master's attention to the cistern, as being “beautiful and clean” as much scrubbing could

make it, and just in time to be refilled by the heavy down-pour of the last few days.

The sun shone very brightly, and as Archie looked at the cistern he cried out—

“See, papa, what a pretty green froth there is on the water. Perhaps it isn't quite clean.”

“Indeed, sir, you shouldn't say so ; 'tis as clean as clean,” interposed the aggrieved John.

“Yes, yes, I've no doubt it is,” said papa. “I don't think the green froth Master Archie notices arises from dirt ; just get me a clean seed-pan, and rinse it out so that it may not be dusty.”

The seed-pan was brought, and dipped carefully into the cistern so as to take up some of the froth as well as the rain-water, and John was bidden to carry it indoors and put it on the table in his master's study. Papa went to the stable, and the little boy was called indoors to his lessons.

Later in the day, being sent to his father with a message, he found him with a pile of big books on the floor by his side, and another one on the table, while every chair in the room was similarly encumbered. After receiving the child's commission,

he said, "Run and ask mamma to come to me if she has a little time to spare."

Archie ran off, and as he saw that his mamma instantly put down her work and went to the study, he thought he could do nothing better than follow her, and was just in time to hear her asked to look through the books on a particular shelf for a notice of any forms of vegetation that had been found in freshly collected rain-water. She searched diligently for some time, and at last said—

"Here is a description of *Protococcus pluvialis*, which it appears has, until lately, been supposed to be an animalculæ."

"That's it! Thank you, my dear. Give me the book," was the delighted answer; and in a few minutes papa said—

"Now, Archie, your sharp little eyes spied the green froth on the cistern, so you must come and look at it through the microscope."

Archie was quite ready for this or any other kind of amusement, and, looking through the lens, made two discoveries—firstly, that the little green transparent atoms of which the froth was composed were in constant motion; and secondly, that in the centre of the green ones there was a patch of red, which kept quite to itself, and did not get mixed up with the opposite colour. He thought that having heard his papa say something about vegetation, he might venture to describe what he saw by saying, "I do believe there are a lot of tiny, tiny little red flowers in the middle of a green field."

"That must be the *Haematozoccus*," said papa, coming to look, and after a few moment's observation, readjusting the glass so as to bring a higher magnifying power to bear on the water. Then he told Archie he could keep his eye at the lens, and watch for any changes that might arise, and tell him about them; but this edifying exchange of communications between father and son was destined to come to a speedy conclusion, for a servant appeared at the door announcing the arrival of some visitors, and Archie was left all alone once more in the study, and as he watched the restless fragments, which seemed to be perpetually undergoing some subtle change, he heard a thin small voice say in an aristocratical treble—

"I never heard of such a mistake in my life!"

"What mistake?" asked the little boy, gently.

"Why, supposing us to be animalculæ, indeed!" returned the voice, which, by the direction, Archie thought must proceed from a round greenish mass surrounded by a ring of something colourless but more transparent.

"But papa's book said you were vegetable, I think," said Archie.

"Then it is a sensible book," observed the atom in a self-satisfied tone.

"Do you mind telling me what your name is?" asked the child.

"Why do you want to know?" said the voice.

"Because then I could call you by it," was the answer, "and speak to you politely."

"Oh, very well! But I only mention it as a great favour; and to tell you the truth, I suspect that I have two, but that doesn't matter. My family name is Protophyte."

"And how did you get into the cistern, Mr. Protophyte?" inquired Archie.

"I grew there, of course. The sun kissed the water because he saw his own beautiful face in it, and I and my brothers and sisters sprang up just to mark the place."

"Oh, indeed!" said the little boy. "And are you as big as you will ever be, or do you mean to grow any more?"

"I can't exactly grow any bigger," was the answer; "but I am going to divide myself into two."

And as Archie looked he rolled himself over and lay like two eggs within the same colourless rim, and one of his red neighbours turned himself into four in a similar manner. Presently ten or a dozen very minute balls seemed to escape altogether out of another roundish body, and just then papa entered.

"Do come and see!" exclaimed the child, pointing out the changes he had witnessed.

"Ah!" said his father, "you are a capital little observer. Shall I tell you what those tiny eggs are called?"

"Please," said Archie, with a glow of delight at his parent's praise.

"They are Zoospores; and if you notice there are some fibres coming out of one or two of them, which are called cilia."

Archie heard no more that day, for nurse came and fetched him to go for a walk, and when he came home there was the usual routine of tea, playtime, and bed; and the next morning preparations were going on for a picnic, which quite absorbed his attention, and drove Protophytes, Zoospores, and all such organisms out of his head. He thought of them, however, a day or two afterwards, and found his way into the study, where he saw the seed-pan full of water still standing in the window, though the froth had disappeared, and the same little glass which had been the abode of his talking friend under the microscope.

"Hullo, Archie, is that you?" said papa. "Do you know nearly all the green froth has vanished, and there are some Rotifers swimming about and disporting themselves as happily as possible?"

"Rotifers!" repeated Archie. "What are they?"

"They are what we call the wheel-animalculæ; I have often found lots of them in the cistern water."

"I should like to see one," said the little fellow.

"You will see crowds of them if you look through the microscope," was the answer.

So Archie peeped, and this is what he saw in the glass. The water seemed quite full of life, and the creatures that swarmed in it were perfectly transparent, with longish bodies, large mouths, red eyes, and a projecting lobe on each side of the head thickly fringed with hairs, or cilia, which moved so rapidly one after another as to give the idea of a wheel turning round. Some of them seemed to have fixed themselves on the floor of their habitation by a kind of sucker at the end of their tails; others drew those appendages in and out of their respective joints as if they had been telescopes; many were swimming, and a few crawling over the small inequalities of the glass, much as worms would have done.

"They *are* queer little fishes," said the boy.

"You will think them still queerer," rejoined papa, "if I pour away the water."

No sooner said than done; the glass vessel was apparently emptied and then replaced. Archie looked again, and all the Rotiferæ left about its bottom and sides had changed themselves into little globes, though by the wrinkled appearance of their skins you might imagine that they could elongate themselves again if they wished to do so.

"Why have they made themselves round?" asked Archie.

"They always do so when they are suffering from deficiency of water," replied his father. "See, I will put some in again, and they will resume the old shape." And he suited the action to the word, to Archie's great delight, as he watched the animals changing back to the original form.

"Do they only live in water?" he asked.

"Sometimes we find them in the leaf-cells of the Sphagorum, or bog moss," said papa; "and as these cells are larger than in other mosses, and communicate with each other, the Rotiferæ travel about in them almost all over the plant."

"But I want to know what has become of the green froth," said Archie. "Where can it have gone to?"

"My private opinion," answered papa, "is that these Rotiferæ are exceedingly greedy, and have eaten every bit of it."

"I suppose it's the same as grass to them," observed the child, thinking it was not a very pleasant fate for one intelligent organism to be eaten by another.

"But I do not see any trace of either green or red in these active gentry," continued the father; "and as they are so transparent, I wonder at that."

"There wouldn't be room for them and the Protophytes too," Archie remarked, "for the water is just as full of them as it was of the others."

"How do you know they are called Protophytes?" asked papa.

"One of them told me so on Monday," said the boy.

"You are a great dreamer, Archie," was the reply, "and fancy all sorts of impossible things, but if you really watch and wait on Nature's ways patiently and lovingly, she will reveal many and many a secret to you."

"I wonder if things ever talk to papa," thought Archie, and perhaps would have asked him had he not seen that his father had taken down a book; but he had been trained never to speak or interrupt when any one was reading, and held his tongue. But he was only a child, and though a minute afterwards papa sat down and took him on his knee, and read to him Longfellow's poem about Agassiz, and how "Nature, the dear old nurse," took him by the hand and taught him, it was a flight beyond his juvenile mind, and he was fidgety.

"I see you have been here long enough," said his father. "Run away and play."

Archie felt as if he had been rather ungracious when papa had spent so much time on him, and endeavoured to round off the edge of his non-appreciation of the verses by saying—

"I will just have one more peep at the Rotifers first;" and as he looked through the glass he thought he heard a thin far-away voice say—

"Another mistake! We are not all eaten up, lots of us have only assumed a still form and retreated as far out of sight as we can get. Some day, when your eyes are sharper, you will spy us by ones and twos at the sides or wherever we can creep to. The worst of it is that we are so tiny, unless there are a lot of us together we don't make any show."

"That is very funny," thought Archie, but he was not inclined for any more conversation, and trotted off as fast as a pair of sturdy legs could carry him.

ELIZA CLARKE.



## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

## BIBLE EXERCISES.

## XXVI.

*"As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."*—1 KINGS xx. 40.

Give examples of others who neglected God's service, because too busy in the affairs of this life.—Eccles. ii. ; Mark iv., x. ; Luke x.

Will God accept half-hearted service?—Eccles. ix. ; Matt. vi., xviii. ; Titus iv. ; Rev. iii.

## XXVII.

*"I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd."*—1 KINGS xxii. 17.

Are God's people called sheep in Scripture?—Ps. lxxiv., lxxviii., lxxix. ; Ezek. xi. ; Matt. x., xxv. ; John xxi.

Was a similar gift bestowed upon any others?—Numbers xi., xxviii. ; 1 Kings iii. ; Acts ii., x.

Give examples of shepherds whom God honoured.—1 Sam. xvi., xvii. ; Luke ii.

Who is the great Shepherd of the sheep?—Ps. xxiii. ; Zech. xiii. ; John x. ; Heb. xiii. ; 1 Pet. ii., v.

## XXVIII.

*"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"*—2 KINGS ii. 14.

What gift did Elisha ask for before his master left him?—2 Kings ii.

Is that gift a thing much to be desired?—Prov. ii., iii. ; Luke xiii. ; 1 Jas. v.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## THE LITTLE PRINCE.

*"Such was his dawn; but oh! how grieve  
Good angels o'er his noon and eve!  
He that with oil of joy began,  
In sackcloth ends, a fallen man."*

Then wherefore trust youth's eager thought?  
Wait till thine arm all day hath wrought;  
Wait humbly till thy matin psalm  
Due cadence find in evening calm."



HERE was a great cry in Jerusalem. Tidings had reached the city that Ahaziah, their king, was slain. He had not been a good king, but still he was of the house of David, whose memory the people loved; and none knew who would fill the throne now that he was gone; for his sons were young, and his mother, Athaliah, was regent of the kingdom. That means, you know, that when Ahaziah went to the war from which he never came back, he had left his mother to govern for him, and to be ruler over the people so long as the king was away.

Every one in Judah who was faithful to God dreaded the rule of Athaliah, for she was a wicked woman, like her mother Jezebel. She worshipped the false god Baal; and now that the idol temples which had been built in Israel were all pulled down, and their priests killed or scattered, Athaliah wished to make the people of Judah take Baal for their god—wished to build altars to him even in the holy city Jerusalem, and gather his

priests where none but the servants of the most High God should ever come.

Athaliah was not only wicked, she was also very strong, fearless, and determined; no one in Judah was found able to resist her and the soldiers who did her bidding. They made themselves masters of the palace and of the city, and Athaliah was called the Queen of Judah. The first thing that she wished to do was to put to death all her grandsons, the children of Ahaziah, for she was afraid that when they grew to be men they would take the kingdom from her.

The boys were alone in the palace, and quite defenceless. Only one friend, a poor woman, seems to have lingered near or with them, and she could not do anything to save them. She was nurse to Joash, the youngest of the boys, an infant of scarcely a year old, and we might almost think, from the words of the story as it is written in the Bible, that when she heard the tread of the soldiers she hid herself.

There seemed no help for the poor boys. The cruel deed which Athaliah wished to do was quite easy to be done. Perhaps she smiled to herself as

she thought how plain it was that Baal, the idol whom she worshipped, was stronger than the God of Israel. Or perhaps she never even knew that God had said that if the house of David would

and now they were shut up in the palace with the cruel soldiers and the yet more cruel queen.

One by one the poor boys were put to death. Little Joash was not too young to be frightened



THE CROWNING OF JOASH. (See p. 223.)

worship and cleave to Him, then the throne of their kingdom should be established for ever, and that there should never fail David a man to sit on the throne. It hardly seemed possible now that this promise should be fulfilled, for the sons of Ahaziah were all that remained alive of the house of David,

when his brothers fell around him, and he silently crept close to their dead bodies as they lay, and hid himself beneath them, so that the fierce soldiers did not see him. That is how we speak of it, but what really happened was that God blinded the eyes of Athaliah and of her soldiers, so that the

child whom He intended to keep alive was safe, even in the very midst of his enemies.

We are not told how long he lay there, but at least till the soldiers had all gone away, and there was a great silence in the chamber. Then some one entered softly. It was not the nurse, it was his aunt *Jehoshabeath*, his father's sister, and the wife of *Jehoiada* the priest. God caused her to see what He had hidden from the curious eyes of the soldiers. There amidst her dead nephews lay the little living child ; she took him up very quietly and softly in her arms, and no one knew, as she stole out again, that she had carried away in safety one son of the house of David.

Her first thought was to hide him. Most likely his nurse was close at hand, perhaps now that the soldiers were gone she had stolen out of her hiding-place ; certainly she was quickly found, and took the little one in her arms.

*Jehoshabeath* led them to one of the upper chambers of the palace, where it was not at all likely that Athaliah or her soldiers would come. It was a room filled with mattresses, most likely a sort of store-room in which all that were not in use were kept ; and hidden amongst these mattresses Joash and his nurse spent perhaps several days, while the soldiers filled the palace below with noise and revelry.

We can think how frightened the poor woman must have been as she crouched there, trying to make little Joash understand that he must not cry, lest he should draw on them the notice of the soldiers. Before very long, however, when Athaliah had begun to feel secure, and the watch had perhaps grown careless, the nurse and Joash were taken safely out of the palace, and lodged in those chambers round the Temple in which *Jehoiada* and his family lived. So that Joash was brought up almost as little Samuel had been, though the Temple in which he lived was twice as large as the Tabernacle at Shiloh in which Eli served, and far richer in gold and jewels, and carved work, in scented cedar, and in hangings of costly purple dye.

But the boy, as he grew old enough to understand, must have seen a great deal done in God's house which would make even a child who loved God very sad.

Athaliah led the nation to worship Baal ; altars were set up even on the very roof of the Temple, and all about the place, holy with the presence of God, people were busied in worshipping and sacrificing to the evil and false thing which they had made for themselves to bow down before. Joash would see the court, with Athaliah at their head, coming from day to day to the house of Baal, which she had built either close to the Temple or even

within its sacred walls. He would see the wild-looking figure of Mattan, the savage high priest, as he sacrificed on the altar of that idol temple, and cried aloud, with fierce wild gestures, on the Baal who had no ears to hear, no hand to help.

All this the little prince must have seen, and even sadder things ; for while the house of the idol was growing day by day in beauty and in wealth, more and more the Jews forsook God's altar, and the holy Temple was falling into ruin. Wicked men even carried away the bricks from its walls to set them in the house of Baal, and took the holy and dedicated vessels for the service of an idol.

We can tell from the acts of Joash when he grew to be a man, that this sad sight grieved his childish heart very deeply, and that he even then longed to win back all that had been taken from God, and give it again to His house.

And if even a little child felt thus, we may be sure that the good priest *Jehoiada* was often sick of heart as he served in the desolate Temple, but he looked at little Joash and his hope revived. That one living son of David was a sign to him that God remembered His promise to the house of David, and he used to repeat hopefully to himself, as he looked at the fair little face, "Behold, the king's son shall reign."

Years went on ; the people began to weary more and more of the wicked Athaliah. Here and there men were to be found returning to the worship of the true God, and the good priest thought that the time was come to tell the secret of the hidden prince. One day he contrived to send a message to the five officers who commanded the royal guard. He told them that he had with him in the Temple a prince of the house of David, and he bade them take counsel and determine how he should be restored to his father's throne, and with him the worship of the true God.

The five captains, as soon as they heard this good news, caused messages to be sent through all Judah to every Levite who lived among its hills, and these Levites, with all the wisest old men of the nation, gathered to Jerusalem, and came secretly to the Temple. Athaliah did not take any notice of this gathering ; either it was so secret that she did not hear of it, or else perhaps she said mockingly to herself that it was only a few priests and weak old men going up to worship their God ; and she thought of the great house of Baal, and laughed in her heart at these feeble Jews.

But inside the Temple a strange scene was going on. When *Jehoiada* had looked round on the captains and chief men who had come to him, and had made himself sure that none were there

who were likely to be spies of the wicked queen, then he led out little Joash into their midst.

The boy was just seven years old. Most likely he had never, in all the life which he could remember, been outside the Temple walls ; had seen nothing but the coming and going of priests and Levites, or of the worshippers at God's altar, or of the followers of Baal ; had heard only the songs of the sons of Asaph or the more distant cries of the savage soldiers. But now he looked on a very different sight. Here were tall and noble captains bearing shields and spears, here were elders in rich robes whose white beards hung below their girdles, here were all the chief men of the nation ; and every one was looking at him, every one was thinking of him ; and when Jehoiada, still holding his little trembling hand, said in a solemn voice, "Behold the king's son shall reign, as the Lord hath said of the sons of David," then we may believe that these great chieftains bowed low before the little prince, honouring God's word in him.

Jehoiada of course took the command, both because he was the high priest, and also as uncle and guardian to the prince. He told the captains what they must do, and every one promised to obey and to be true. He chose the Sabbath as the best time for what they had to do, because on that day the Levites who had been on guard at the Temple, serving and keeping the doors for one week, always went out of office and others came in to take their place. Therefore, on the Sabbath twice as many Levites as usual could be present without any notice or suspicion being excited.

The day came. The holy place was full of priests and Levites, while outside a great crowd of soldiers and of the people of Jerusalem filled the place and guarded every door. But only a very few wore arms, and Jehoiada knew that the soldiers of Athaliah would soon trample down the whole multitude if they had no weapons with which to fight. Therefore he went, and the five captains went with him, to a place within the Temple where long ago King David had hung up the spears and shields that he had taken in fight. They had not perhaps been used since his day, for they were counted sacred ; but the priest was not afraid to take them to be used in the service of God, just as in old times David himself had been armed with the sword of Goliath from the sanctuary.

When the captains had armed all the Levites with these weapons, they were posted around the place where the king was to stand, with orders not to allow any one to enter the Temple armed ; thus the soldiers of Athaliah would be kept without. All was ready, and every eye was fixed on the

platform near the great brazen pillar, where the prince would soon be seen. Then a low murmur stirred through the courts ; Jehoiada was coming out, and with him the chief men of Judah.

Amongst them all walked Joash, the king's son, dressed in royal robes, and looking brave and fair and princely, as he stood at last alone above the people. Jehoiada held a crown in his hand. It was not the glorious golden crown which had been set of old on the heads of David and of Solomon—very likely Athaliah had stolen that when she stole the throne ; but this lighter diadem gleamed with bright jewels, and given thus by the priest was the sign of kingship. It was Jehoiada who set it on the child's head, just as now it is the chief bishop of our Church who sets the English crown on the head of our monarch, as a sign that kings reign, not by their own will, but by the grace of God.

It was as another sign of this that the holy oil was poured upon his head. You remember that when David was chosen to be king, Samuel anointed him, for this was the appointed token of the divine choice : "With my holy oil have I anointed thee." By the Jewish law, kings, prophets, and priests were all thus set apart for their office, because each one was a type and a shadow of Him who is called the Christ, the Anointed One, the King by whom all others reign. And that this might be made more clear, the next thing done was to place in the hand or on the shoulder of the king a copy of the Testimony, the law of God, by obeying which himself he might truly reign and be king of God's people. Little Joash was too young yet to have copied it out for himself, as all kings were bidden to do, but no doubt his uncle had taught him to know and love its sacred words. And now Joash was really king. At a sign from the priest all the people clapped their hands, and shouted aloud, "God save the king ! " " Long live the king."

The shout was caught up by Levite and soldier, and by the crowds outside the Temple, who all pressed on towards the doors. Every one wanted to see Joash, and those who were near enough to do so turned to the others behind, and said how fair and royal he looked ; perhaps they thought he was like little David, with his ruddy cheeks ; he was David's son, their king, and every one was praising him.

But presently through all the crowd of shouting people his cruel grandmother, the Queen Athaliah, rushed into the Temple. She was quite alone—if any soldiers had followed her they had been stopped at the gates, but she, a woman and with no weapons, might be allowed to pass—and she pressed on, in

great wonder as to what the crowd and shouting meant. Now she understood it all. There stood Joash. Even if she did not trace the likeness to her own son, his father ; even if his face did not reproach her with the eyes of his brothers, dead long since by her crime on the floor of the palace at Jerusalem, yet she knew the king by his robe, by his royal crown, by the bright hair yet shining with sacred oil, by the holy Testimony which he still bore. Athaliah seemed to feel in a moment that the kingdom was gone from her ; she rent her clothes as a sign of grief and amazement, and cried aloud—

“A conspiracy ! A conspiracy !”

She knew that if her guards heard that cry they would understand directly that she was in danger, and she thought they would come to her. But she cried in vain ; every one had forsaken her, and she stood alone in the midst of the crowding thousands around the little king.

Some of the bright swords which the Levites held were raised, perhaps in another moment she would have lain dead, as her grandsons lay when the soldiers smote them, but Jehoiada spoke aloud, “Slay her not in the house of the Lord.”

Then silently the Levites laid hands on her ; on each side they went, and led her out through all the silent ranks of armed men, through all the gathering crowd they led her, until by the gate of the palace which she had stained with blood she herself was put to death.

Afterwards Jehoiada made both the little king and all the people solemnly promise that they would faithfully serve the God of Israel. They threw down the evil temple of Baal, and broke in pieces his altars and his images, and slew Mattan there, amidst the shattered stones of the defiled altar.

And now Judah came back for a time to obedience to God ; once more the priests in their white robes were busied with offerings brought by willing hands to the Temple ; once more the sweet singers answered each other in hymns of praise, and solemn worship bound the nation to its God.

It was a bright, sweet beginning for the reign of the boy king, and happy would it indeed have

been if his after life had fulfilled its promise. For long years all went on well. As Joash grew into manhood his first care was to insist on the repair of the still dismantled Temple, just as he might have dreamed of doing when, as a little child, he saw it wasted by Athaliah.

As long as Jehoiada lived he had the comfort of seeing the prince whom he had trained and loved, and whom he had given to Judah, living a good and God-fearing life and ruling his people well.

But after his uncle’s death Joash began to change. He allowed evil men to come into his court, and when they flattered him he was pleased, and listened to their words. Little by little they persuaded him to leave the service of God ; and when, by neglecting those daily prayers which bound his life to God’s life, he was growing careless and weak, then they tempted him to come with them into the groves and to the altars of idols, and there to give the worship which he had withheld from the God of heaven and earth.

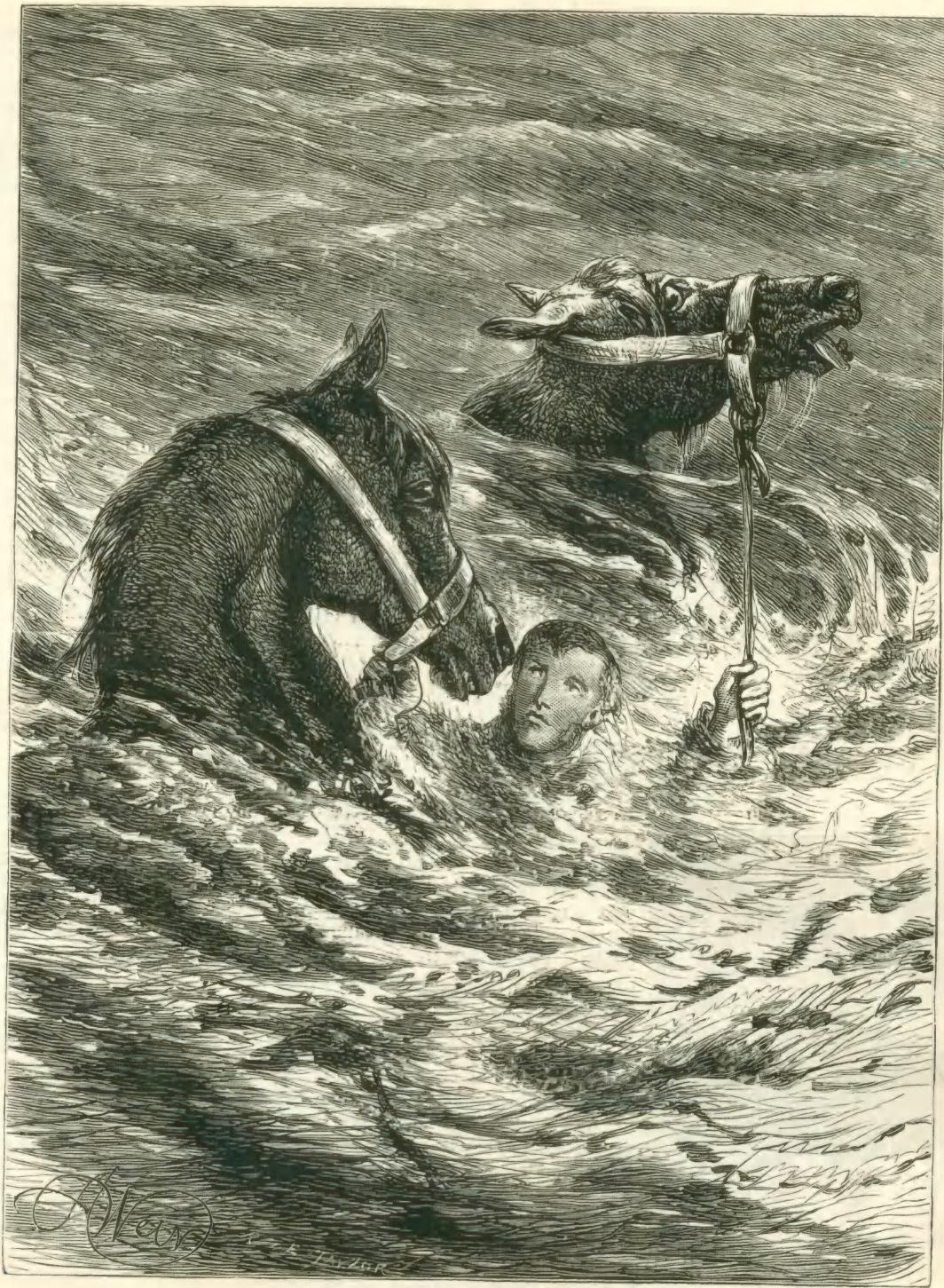
Jehoiada’s son Zechariah, the cousin and old companion of Joash, was priest now in his father’s room ; and he was brave enough to rebuke the king and all people who followed him to do evil. But Joash would not listen ; indeed, even to hear the words which reproved his sin made him so angry that he ordered the priest, the son of the man who had saved him and made him king, to be cruelly stoned to death, “between the altar and the Temple,” there where Jehoiada had set the crown on his childish head.

It makes us very sad to read this, but it is set down in God’s book that we may learn from it ; and this is one of the lessons which it is to teach us : never to make sure of ourselves ; never to trust our own wishes to be good, nor even the grace which has already been given to us.

For Joash was a son of David’s line, yet when he began to forget prayer in God’s house and obedience to God’s law, he fell into sin so terrible, that none who saw the bright-faced boy anointed with the holy oil and bearing God’s law dreamed that it could ever be thus with him.

But Joash forsook his God.





IN SIGHT OF LAND. (*See p. 226.*)

## BEAUTY AND BESS.

AN ANECDOTE.

**T**WO beautiful horses, named Black Beauty and Brown Bess, belonging to officers of a regiment ordered to Dominica, were embarked on board a steam-vessel at Southampton for a tedious voyage to the West Indies. The first disagreeable thing that happened to them was the being slung up by broad straps passed under their bodies, and swung through mid air till they were deposited on the lower deck, where each found the man who was accustomed to take care of him waiting to take him by the halter, give him a kind pat on the neck, and, with alternating soothing and coaxing words, calm his fears and back him into the stall prepared for him. This was not so bad, but as time went on and the good ship steamed down Southampton Water, and, rounding the Needles, got out into mid ocean, the air grew very close between decks, and both Beauty and Bess thought themselves in cramped quarters, longed for the liberty of a loose box or of a good gallop, and had visions of green fields and unlimited grass. The only gleams of sunshine in their day were when their keepers came with food, and groomed them

down, or their masters strolled round to look at and encourage them, as well as to relieve the monotony of their own voyage. But at last, after a long journey, the vessel hove-to in the harbour of St. Thomas, and they were transferred to a large flat-bottomed boat, in which the remainder of the weary journey was to be accomplished. Here they had more air, though it was hot and stifling enough in that sultry climate, and the transport was tugged through the channels between the islands till it reached the place where they were to be disembarked. There the palm-trees almost dipped their feathery tufts in the sea, and the green sward, fresh after the tropical rains, in one spot came down to the water's edge. No sooner did Beauty and Bess espy this than they stamped and reared, and finally leaped overboard, and struck out for the shore. One of the men followed them with all possible speed, and seizing a bridle of each, swam with them, guiding and talking to them till their feet touched the ground, and no sooner were they out of the water than they neighed, gambolled, rolled over and over, and in many ways testified their delight at being once more on dry land.

## BY LAND AND SEA; OR, THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

*By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.*

## CHAPTER XII.—THE MISSIONARY'S STORY.



It was late before the tired travellers rose next morning, but when in the public dining-room at one o'clock, who should appear but the Talbots, and a great pleasure it was to the young people to meet again, and know they would be near neighbours henceforth. The

boys were full of information about their new quarters, and all talked together so fast that each party heard little more than his own voice.

"Have you seen any wolves yet?" at last inquired Alfred.

"No, for it is not the time of year for them; but Henry and I were walking through the wood close by yesterday, and we saw two great blackish-brown creatures eating the wild raspberries, for there are plenty of them growing everywhere. I was sure they were bears, and we ran so fast out of the wood, expecting to hear them after us every moment; and when I described them, uncle said that there was no mistake about that, for bears are often seen near the village of Rousseau in the raspberry season."

"Then you have both had your first adventure? How I wish I had been there too!" said Alfred.

"And I am so glad that I was not!" thought his sister.

"We cannot waste time now," continued James, "for we have been putting up a log-house, and uncle has hired some men to help us at very high wages."

"And we boys work like the men!" added

Henry exultingly. "And when our shanty is built uncle says we are all to help you to raise yours."

"But where are we to live before it is built?" said Ethel. "I hope those bears will not be always walking about near us."

James laughed, and said, "You girls are always so timid, and do not half enjoy the fun of adventures. But people say that bears do not ever attack people unless they have nothing else to eat, or people attack them."

"Excepting what is known as the 'grizzly bear,' who is always fierce," interrupted Henry; "and perhaps Ethel thinks that these are 'grizzly.' These are brown, but the others belong to the Rocky Mountains."

"It is time to start," said Mr. Ashburton to Alfred. "I shall leave your mother and Ethel here till we have a house prepared for them."

Alfred was now quite well again, and able to set off with the rest of the party to the "clearing" purchased for their respective farms.

What a hewing of trees, what a sawing and dragging about of long poles, what a perpetual hammering was going on! Every one had something to do, and each boy had a bright new axe, with which he chopped off the smaller branches of the newly-felled trees, as a further clearing was necessary, and timber was required to build the new house, sheds for the cattle and poultry, and barns. It was a pleasant scene, and the boys greatly enjoyed their work; and no one liked to say he was tired, for each was so anxious to be useful, and proud to show how much he could do.

A bright and happy time was this for all, and Mrs. Ashburton was soon able to drive out to the settlement to take out the dinner for both families, Ethel accompanying her there till the return of the whole party at night.

The first thing done was to finish the house of the Talbots sufficiently to enable them to sleep there, and then all set to work to build one for the Ashburtons. And before the late days of a beautiful Canadian autumn had ended both families were comfortably housed, and the last improvements in the interior of each dwelling were commenced. On Sunday evenings a missionary clergyman, Dr. Neville, used to perform the service in a large room in the hotel, having travelled some fifteen or sixteen miles on foot from the Georgian Bay to give the people of Rosseau this service. One evening, after the service at the hotel, Mr. Talbot drove him home to his own house for the night. The two families arranged to meet him at supper, and as they chatted the doctor said he would, if they liked, tell them an adventure of his own which had but just occurred, which he thought

would especially interest the young people of the party.

"Oh! pray do, Dr. Neville!" exclaimed all the boys at once, and taking one a stool and another a block of wood to sit on, the young folks gathered round him.

"My dears, I heard that a distant settler had fallen sick, and having no horse, I had to walk as best I could to the clearing in the forest where the neighbours nearest to him were settled. Now, at this season it is sometimes a serious undertaking to the clergy to look after their straggling parishioners, and in the present case I had upwards of twenty miles to travel. Arrived at the settlement, I rested for a time, and was directed on to the sick man's shanty, which was situated some miles further off. They wished me to remain with them till the next morning, but I was anxious about the poor fellow, and woud not lose any time that I could avoid. So I followed the tracks in the snow to a clearing beyond, and through it to a track, as I thought, direct to his house. But evening was setting in, and I took the wrong footprints, for the woodsmen had walked in and out of the clearing to carry away or heap together the felled trees; and I had not left the open space long before I found myself back again in the clearing from whence I had started. I then selected another path, and after walking for some time, and becoming rather uneasy at finding it less straight than I expected, I found, to my disappointment, that now, a second time, I had returned to the old starting-place once more. And so I wandered about, hunting for a better path, till I became completely confused and much fatigued, and neither knew the way to the man's house nor home to the settlement I had left. I was dreadfully annoyed and grieved on account of the poor sick man, and I also knew it was not safe for any one to be out in the woods at night; besides, it was very cold, and I was exceedingly hungry as well as tired.

"Well, as I see you are all in a hurry to know what happened, I must make my story short. In the clearing there were piles of wood—the trunks of trees laid one over the other—and I looked about for an opening in one of these piles where I might crawl in under shelter and be safe from attack."

"Safe from the wolves?" inquired Alfred.

"Yes, my boy. I thought they were probably as hungry as I was, and would like to make their supper of me!"

The children all looked with big eyes at each other in the fire-light, and Ethel took hold of her father's hand.

"Presently I found a long narrow hole, where, if I tried, I could squeeze myself in, but then my feet

would be all exposed to the wolf that might like to creep in after me!"

The missionary stopped for a moment in his story.

"Put on a fresh log, James," said Mr. Talbot.

The boy was not long in procuring one, and hurried back to his place.

"Oh! pray go on, Dr. Neville; we are so anxious to know how you saved your feet," said he, as all the children at once looked down at the missionary's feet to see whether either were missing.

"I am glad to say I have still got them both, my dears, and you shall know how I saved them. I looked about for a short log of wood, about as thick round as the hole I had found. This log I rolled to the opening of my new-fashioned bedroom, and *then I worked* myself in feet foremost, and pulled the log in after me to stop up the doorway, which I could hold firmly if necessary. It was tolerably warm inside on the old dry leaves, and I was thinking over my strange night's lodging, my weary

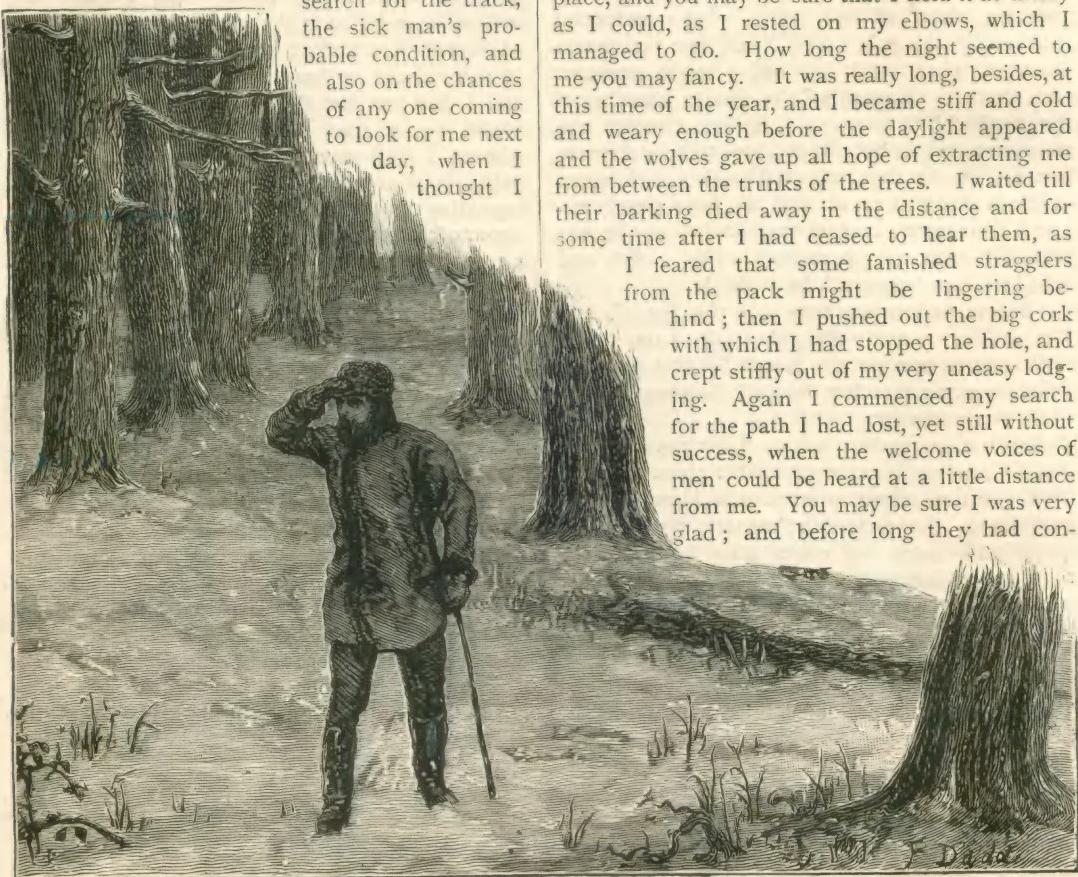
search for the track, the sick man's probable condition, and also on the chances of any one coming to look for me next day, when I thought I

heard a shrill wild barking in the distance. Nearer and nearer the sounds approached—nearer and nearer!"

"Oh, dear!" muttered Ethel; and the children's eyes looked bigger and bigger in the light of the flickering fire.

"I assure you I did not enjoy the situation," pursued the doctor; "and still less the shuffling about of the dry leaves and cracking of small sticks just outside my place of refuge; still less the sniffing and snuffling at every opening between the logs. I even thought that I could see the glaring eyes of my twenty or thirty enemies, now within two or three feet of me, and whose paws were thrust into the apertures, scraping and pawing as far as they could reach; but, thank God! short of touching me. Had I rolled in the short log after me across the opening they would certainly have succeeded in rolling it out again with all their pawing; but as I had drawn it in end forwards, it did not move, or, at least, I could keep it in its place, and you may be sure that I held it as firmly as I could, as I rested on my elbows, which I managed to do. How long the night seemed to me you may fancy. It was really long, besides, at this time of the year, and I became stiff and cold and weary enough before the daylight appeared and the wolves gave up all hope of extracting me from between the trunks of the trees. I waited till their barking died away in the distance and for some time after I had ceased to hear them, as

I feared that some famished stragglers from the pack might be lingering behind; then I pushed out the big cork with which I had stopped the hole, and crept stiffly out of my very uneasy lodging. Again I commenced my search for the path I had lost, yet still without success, when the welcome voices of men could be heard at a little distance from me. You may be sure I was very glad; and before long they had con-



"I HAD RETURNED TO THE OLD STARTING-PLACE ONCE MORE" (p. 227).

ducted me to the sick man's shanty, where I was given the refreshment I needed."

"What a delightful adventure!" exclaimed James.

"But what a dreadful one!" said Ethel. "I should not like to have taken such a walk in the woods all alone."

"Nor should I," responded her brother. "But if I had been inside the log-wood pile with Dr. Neville I should not have been afraid."

There was much comparing of each other's feelings on this subject when the missionary's story was finished, and some of the young people remembered the adventure rather unpleasantly that night, and dreamed of the howling of wolves under the windows. Ethel cried out, and wakened; but the only sound at that time was the wind in the chimney.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—THE FRIENDS IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

BACK again, in thought, across the "big fish-pond," we enter the little English home where the mother and sisters of James and Henry reside.

"What does the doctor say of Dolly, mother? Does he think her better?"

"There is no change at present, he says, nor can there be any for some days, I fear," replied Mrs. Talbot. Her face looked pale and sorrowful.

The room was darkened, and only a few bright streaks of sunlight stole in at corners and chinks in the closed blinds of the window. In the small bed at the end of the room there lay a lovely little girl; her hands were lying out on the white counterpane, and her head rolled restlessly from side to side. How fast she breathed, and how she started in her sleep!

"Fetch me a large pair of scissors, my dear. The doctor has ordered her hair to be cut off."

"Oh, mother, what a pity!" exclaimed Rosa.

"A pity indeed!" sighed Mrs. Talbot, as she looked mournfully at the fair bright curls that lay



"A HUGE 'PAINTER' . . . LEAPED UPON THE CUTTER" (p. 231).

over the pillow. Gently they approached the bed. A loose board creaked as they trod upon it, and wakened the sleeper. She stared at one and then at the other, with eyes wide open, for a moment or two without speaking. Mrs. Talbot sat down quietly, hiding the scissors, but Dolly had seen them.

"What are you going to do, dear mammy?"

"My love, your head is very hot. I think you would feel cooler if I shortened your hair."

Dolly only moved her hand towards her mother, but said nothing, and in a few minutes the locks, so prized by the mother, were folded in paper and put carefully away.

"Dolly, my love, it is time for you to take your medicine."

Dolly opened her eyes, and whispered, "Is it nasty?"

"It is, my child; but I trust it will make you better. Will you take it bravely for my sake?"

The child put out her hand and tried to raise herself, but she could not do so, and when Mrs. Talbot supported her, the medicine was swallowed without a murmur. A kiss was all the reward that the dear little girl ever needed; and she lay back again, her burning cheeks appearing to glow a deeper red on the white pillow. She was only six years old, and the long-hoped-for time for packing up and starting for Canada had just come when she fell sick, and ill as the mother herself felt, she struggled hard against her own indisposition to nurse her little girl. But she was sickening for fever too, and that same night the dreadful truth

forced itself upon her, and she felt she could not leave her own bed again.

What a sad time for Rosa! She was now eighteen—a tall, handsome girl—and all her sense and strength were wanted for attending the two *sick rooms*. The maid had now to reside in the house, and a kind neighbour took it in turns with her to sit up at night and assist in nursing. Mrs. Talbot insisted on Rosa's sleeping in the room with Dolly, and it increased her own malady to think of her child's danger and her own helplessness.

When Dolly's fever reached its greatest height Rosa used to sit up or lie on the floor at night to keep herself awake, for there were fever draughts to be given every two hours, and chicken broth between the doses, and the wet handkerchief round the hot forehead had to be dipped in the iced water *kept outside* the window whenever it dried, which it quickly did.

"Do come to bed, dear Rosie," said a faint little voice from a dim corner.

"I do not want to go to bed yet, darling; you go to sleep if you can."

"But you must be so tired, and I am so unhappy about you! Come and lie down in bed with me."

The pitiful tone of the voice, and the fear of distressing her at such a time, made Rosa consent to the tender request, and she got into bed by the little creature, determined to keep her weary eyes wide open.

"Are you going to sleep?" said the little voice again. "Do go to sleep, and then I shall sleep better."

"Very well, dear," replied her sister; "shut your eyes now. Please God, you will be better soon."

"I sut my eyes," said the child.

Alas! when her sister, worn out with want of sleep, closed her eyes to please her, she really fell asleep, as the child desired. And soon after her poor head was burning hot, and ached terribly, and she had pains in all her limbs and back, and was thirsty and restless; but she loved her sister dearly, and lay as still as she could, and never uttered a moan; the handkerchief dried on her forehead, and the fire in the grate burnt lower and lower, the flickering candle in the corner glimmered up for a moment and then went out, and all was dark and silent.

Two hours passed over before Rosa woke, and what she felt when she opened her eyes in the dark, and when, on lighting the candle, she found that the time for medicine and nourishment had passed over, and felt the dry stiff handkerchief on the little child's burning head still there, showing how motionless she had lain, you cannot well imagine.

"Never mind, Rosie, dear," said the faint little voice. "I was so glad when I heard you go to sleep; and I was afraid to move for fear you should awake."

"God bless you, my darling! but I cannot forgive myself."

It was not long before the cold handkerchief was again applied to the aching head, and a spoonful of broth and another of medicine administered in turns; but Rosa had learnt a painful lesson, for she should have engaged the maid to watch, in case she should fall asleep herself.

Dolly grew worse next day, but two days later a change for the better set in, and by degrees a load was taken from off her weary shoulders, for the doctor pronounced the crisis past. His last report of the lady in the other sick chamber was not so satisfactory; his face looked graver than usual that day when, after giving the good news to the mother, he returned to give directions to Rosa.

"My dear young friend, it is right that I should tell you that your mother is not progressing as I had hoped."

Rosa felt as if some one had grasped her heart, and she sank down on a chair. The doctor drew a seat near her, and laid his hand gently on hers as she held to the table.

"You have nursed your dear mother and sister with most devoted care, and now that the little one will cease to need you I will take her home for a few days' change of air to leave you more free to watch by your mother. But you must try and be brave, for your mother is dangerously ill."

The good man then wrote some directions, and after a few kind words he left, promising to return at night. Poor Rosa took the paper, and went up to the nursery to collect a few clothes together, and pack them in a small valise for Dolly; and presently the doctor's carriage arrived, and she put the little girl into it, where she was kindly received by the doctor's wife.

I will not enter into any more melancholy details respecting sick chambers, nor is it necessary that I should tell my readers more than this, that in spite of all the doctor's advice and Rosa's careful nursing, the fever took a serious turn for the worse, and after a long time of hoping, and fearing the worst in succession, the most grievous of all afflictions fell on the sick lady's family, and they were deprived for ever of her loving care.

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The people living near were very kind; and much was done to help the orphans. All their things were packed that were for Canada, and other things were sold. And now but one day more, and they must sail; but ere they went a visit was made

to a new strange garden. In Rosa's hand was a basket, and Dolly held a trowel. They once more wandered through the avenues, and found the sacred spot, round which they planted tufts of flowers.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—AN ADVENTURE WITH A "PAINTER," OR AMERICAN LYNX.

AN interval of a few years has been passed over since we left the settlers at Rousseau to visit our friends in England. We now return to Muskoka, and take a view of what intending emigrants designate "the new and happy land" before they have seen it. In the present case the settlers had no reason for repenting of their choice.

James Talbot was now a man, for though not more than eighteen or nineteen, he was tall and strongly built, and proved of great use to his uncle. Sometimes they travelled a considerable distance to direct engineering works, and were absent for some weeks at a time—for Mr. Talbot was a civil engineer by profession. At other seasons they attended great cattle meetings, and invested money in purchasing for their farms so as to sell again for the English market. On these occasions Henry remained with the Ashburtons, and learned his lessons with Alfred and Ethel, and attended to the cattle and the poultry on his uncle's farms during the rest of the day. It was hard work for a young lad; but he managed also to direct his uncle's men, according to the orders left for each week's work, during his absence.

Now it happened that Mr. Talbot was away with James in the State of New York, and having business for his nephew in a different direction, he hired what is called a "cutter" for him, that he might drive himself to a place named Corinth, in Saratoga county. A "cutter" is a small sleigh, large enough to carry two persons only. It was a longer day's business than was expected, and James started on his return journey to Conklingville at much too late an hour. James was a bold fellow, and did not mind travelling alone, though quite aware of the dangers that lay in the road at that hour and at a time of the year when wild animals find it difficult to obtain food. He was belated; there was no moon, and the road was rough, owing to the late bad weather and the snowdrifts.

"I am glad I have a good spirited horse," thought he, as he cracked his whip, and tried to feel cheery. "It is getting cold enough, and it is well that I have such a capital buffalo-robe to keep me from freezing. I wonder whether I shall meet any wild animals on the way? I ought to have brought my revolver."

It was now about eleven o'clock, and he had

been a long time in the dim light of the snow only, but had nearly arrived at his journey's end. The snug warm room, with its stove and long black chimney-pipes running along the ceiling, the supper waiting for him, and the cheery voice of his uncle, all were present to his mind.

"Well, James, my boy, how have you fared? Sit down and get your supper, and then tell me all about your business, but not a word till you are warm." This he well knew would be his uncle's greeting. It was a pleasant prospect after that freezing drive in the dark. The road now lay through some under-growth of wood, and the horse was a little tired, or, at least, was permitted by his thoughtful driver to jog along at a moderate trot, when suddenly he stopped, threw his ears forward and his weight back on his haunches, gave a furious snort, and refused to go further.

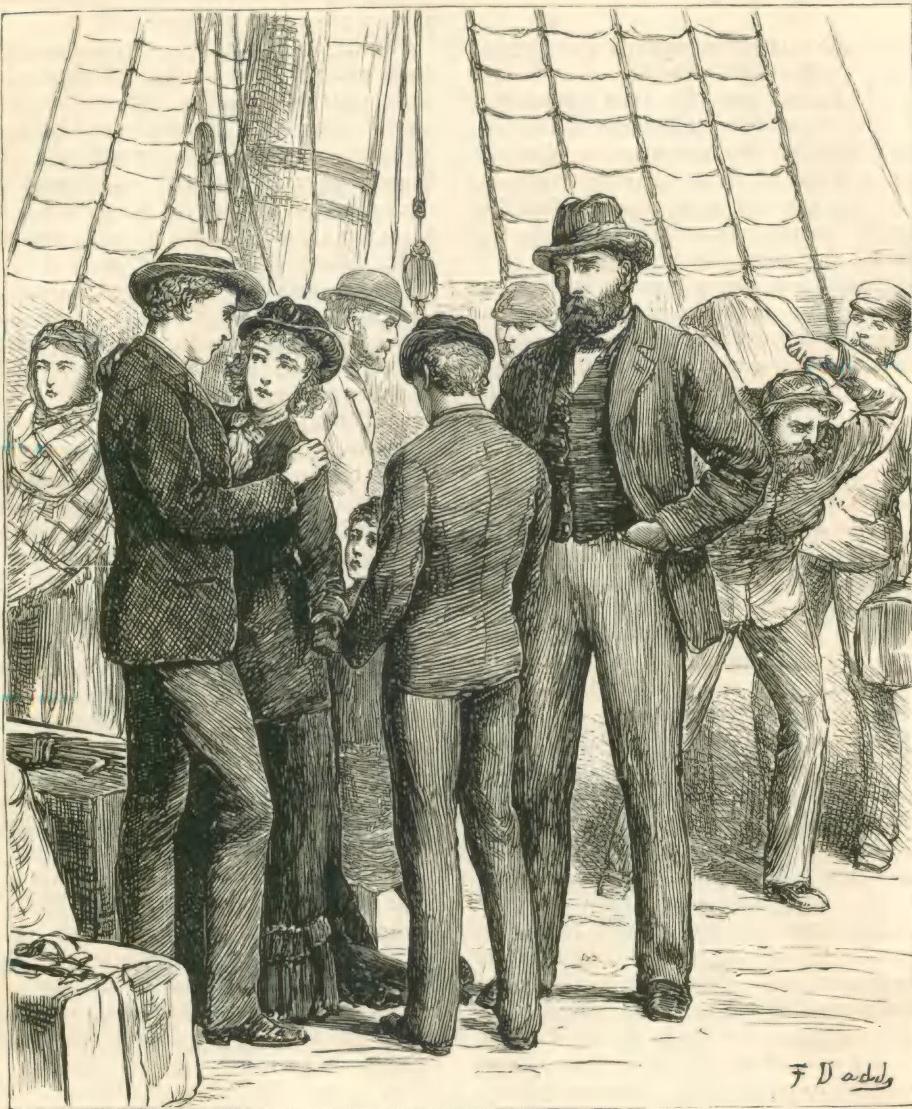
"Why, what's the matter, old boy?" said James, straining his eyes to see for himself. "Come on, this will not do. On with you!" And he cracked his whip, jerking the reins two or three times. "Nay, but you must go on," said James, getting provoked, and feeling that there was all the greater need for hastening onwards if the horse had really been frightened by anything in living form.

Switch, switch! He now had to whip the poor animal, for the safety of both seemed at stake. The whip caught in some part of the harness and was jerked out of his hand, so he took hold of the halter—the strap-end of which was tied on to the cutter, to prevent its falling out or being lost—and he struck him with this, for his position was by no means agreeable, though the cause of the horse's alarm he could not discover.

The poor animal plunged forward, but before he had taken three onward steps a huge "painter," or lynx, sprang from behind a low bush close by the track and leaped upon the cutter. The fore-paws of the beast came with great force against the young man's breast, and with its powerful claws the clothing was stripped from his skin. But he had the halter still in his hand, with which he had struck the horse, and contrived to hit at the "painter's" head as it fell off from him in the jolting cutter. He had no other means of defence, and Providence guided his hand. By the second blow, aimed with all his might just as the creature was rising again, the headstall, having a slipping noose, passed over its head before James was aware of the fact, and in his effort to raise the halter again the noose was drawn tightly round the animal's neck. The struggle was a desperate one. Seizing the buffalo-rug, he thrust it in the animal's face, to shield himself from its teeth and claws, and fortunately the violent jolting of the cutter

prevented the lynx from springing upon him, as he otherwise would. James struggled hard to throw his assailant out of the sleigh, but his own position was so unsteady he was almost dashed

it was the left arm, and with the right the young man made a desperate effort to draw the noose tighter round the wild beast's neck. On feeling the still tightening pressure, it let go the arm to



"VERY TENDER WAS THE MEETING OF THE LONG PARTED BROTHERS AND SISTERS" (p. 233).

out himself, for the horse was frightened to death, and galloping off at full speed over the ups and downs of the roads, the cutter was in danger of being broken to pieces. The "painter" now began to gain some advantage, and managed to seize the arm of his enemy between its terrible jaws, so that the blood streamed from it. Fortunately,

recover its breath, and pulling its head away, only drew the halter the tighter. While gasping for breath and endeavouring to escape, the next moment they reached a turn in the road, and rounding the corner too shortly at so furious a pace, the cutter was suddenly over-turned, most fortunately, as it turned out. Out rolled both man

and beast upon the frozen snow. The moment they struck the ground they parted company. James was left bruised and bleeding by the roadside, while the lynx flew onwards as fast as the horse could gallop, one end of the halter being fastened to the cutter and the other tight about the animal's neck, which was therefore dragged helplessly along, its body bounding over the hard rough road, and was soon out of sight and hearing.

The poor horse broke loose from the shattered sleigh before he reached Conklingville, and made his way to the town, to the consternation of the ostlers at the inn, who, with Mr. Talbot, were still sitting up to receive the belated traveller. Of course two or three men at once set out with lanterns on a search for James, and it was not long before they found both him and the sleigh, and the lynx choked and beaten to death. James had his wounds dressed, and before many days was sufficiently recovered to return to Muskoka. He had the torn skin of the "painter" dried, and carried it off to his home as a trophy, and they all agreed in saying that if ever he had wished to meet with a desperate adventure he certainly had enjoyed one now. Great was the distress expressed by his young companions, and Mrs. Ashburton was exceedingly glad that her own boy was not yet obliged to run such desperate risks. But Alfred wished he had been there, as he thought that, being two to one, they might have enjoyed the adventure with little harm to any but the "painter."

Summer came at last, and with the first brilliant days a letter arrived having a black border. It was heavy news to the two brothers, and Mr. Talbot left them to their grief for some few days. He was a kindly man and felt for their sorrow. Suddenly, one morning he came in, and said—

"My lads, put up whatever you may want in a valise, and be ready to start with me in an hour's time. We are off for Toronto, to wait there for Rosa and the little one, and bring them back with us. The change will do us good, and you must both try to give her as bright and cheerful a welcome as you possibly can. She will want her spirits to be kept up, you see, and so we must do our best."

Next morning at five o'clock they left in the Rousseau steamer.

The two poor travellers from England arrived at Toronto very shortly, and very tender was the meeting of the long parted brothers and sisters. They mutually thought each other very much grown, but at first they were silent and shed some tears, and it was not till after the first day was over that they began to find out how much each had to say.

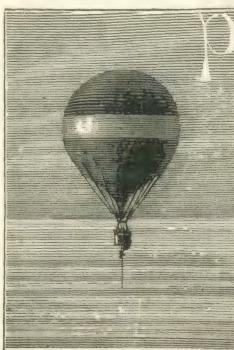
Mr. Talbot told Rosa that she was to be the mistress of his house—an interest to her, and a great source of comfort to all.

Then, as Mr. Talbot wished to give them all as much recreation as possible, he arranged to take them to see the wonderful and far-famed Falls of Niagara before proceeding homewards.

(*To be continued.*)

### HOW TO MAKE TOY BALLOONS.

*By the Author of "The Telephone, and how to Make One." &c.*



PERHAPS there is hardly anything which excites greater interest than a balloon ascent. It has just that element of danger connected with it which somehow or other invests it with a charm which other things of a safer nature can never claim. The balloon ascents which take place yearly—to the number of several hundred in this country alone—will attest their popularity; and the fact that we seldom hear of any accident in connection with them is a very pleasing one.

In a former paper in this Magazine we learnt the reason *why* a balloon rose in the air; in other words, the matter was treated theoretically. The object of the present article is to put that theory into practice by learning how to make a balloon.

I hope that my readers will not jump to the conclusion that I am going to instruct them to make a machine capable of raising them to the clouds, for I intend no such thing. In the first place, their parents might object to losing them; and in the next place, the readers of LITTLE FOLKS would be suddenly very much diminished. My purpose is simply to give a few plain directions which will enable any one to make a small balloon, which will, under favourable conditions, be capable of travelling several miles, but which will be far too small to carry up a *youngster*, unless he be

only as big as my thumb ; and as such small folk are limited to fairy tales, it would be rather difficult to find a passenger.

We have already learnt, in the paper before mentioned, that there are two kinds of balloons—one being filled with heated air, called a “fire-balloon,” and the other with hydrogen, called a “gas-balloon.” We must also remember that both these kinds of balloons rise in the air because their contents are much lighter than the surrounding atmosphere. Heat swells out the air to double or treble its former size, and it immediately begins to rise in the denser air around it. If you will ask some tall friend of yours to lift you up in a sitting-room where the gas has been burning for some time, you will be surprised to find how warm a place the ceiling is, and you will be glad to get down again as quickly as possible. Now if hot air has this tendency to reach the highest place, it is very clear that if we can shut it up in a very light skin it will pull up that skin with it.

It is how to make this skin in the most easy and suitable form that constitutes the art of balloon construction. I shall also show you how to make small gas-balloons, which—except in a few details of manufacture, the reason of which you will quickly understand—are much the same as fire-balloons.

The gas, in its character of lightness, bears the same relation to cold air as does air in a heated state.

We will commence with making a fire-balloon. Let us think over, first of all, the object to be attained. We are at present aware of one simple fact—that is, that heated air will rise. Our endeavour must be to shut up a certain mass of this heated air in some very light envelope, so that that covering will rise too. This will constitute our first balloon. Paper at once suggests itself as being the most suitable material for this envelope (*all* envelopes are made of paper you will say when you read this); and, of course, we must procure the thinnest possible. Five-pound notes would furnish a beautiful material, but would be rather expensive; and, luckily, common silver or tissue paper will answer the purpose admirably.

The best shape for a balloon is that of a sphere—like the earth itself. You know that many things assume this shape naturally, from a drop of rain-water to one of those immense planets which appear like brilliant stars in the sky. It is usual



FIG. 1.

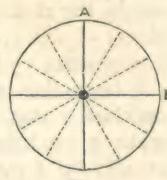


FIG. 2.

to speak of a balloon as being pear-shaped ; but a pear is, after all, merely a round thing with a slight prolongation where the stem is. Look at the accompanying figure (Fig. 1), and you will see how the balloon resembles a pear—because it has a neck attached, through which the gas is admitted. In fire-balloons this neck is greatly widened, in order that there may be no risk of the flame which is used to heat the air in the balloon burning up the machine itself.

Our first business is to make what is called a pattern ; but before we do this we must think over the shape that the pattern should be. With the help of an orange and a sharp knife we shall soon learn more about the construction of a balloon than we could from many pages of description ; and the same operation will teach us of what shape the pattern should be.

Suppose that Fig. 2 represents the top of the orange as we look down upon it, the dark spot in the centre representing the place where the stem once joined it to the branch on which it grew. Now with the knife cut through the rind of the fruit the two lines marked A and B respectively, so that these two cuts will traverse the orange all round. It is clear that if we were now to strip the fruit the rind would fall into four equal parts. But



FIG. 3.

if, instead of doing this, we also cut through the dotted lines, we shall have twelve pieces of rind of equal size. While we are eating the juicy portion of the orange we can observe the shape of these twelve pieces of rind, and also notice that if we fit them roughly together we shall have a very good imitation of a whole orange—indeed, we shall have something after the shape of a balloon too. Can we do better, then, than adopt the shape of one of these pieces of orange-peel to build up a structure which must resemble it so much ?

One such piece of orange is now lying on the table before me. It measures four inches long, and three-quarters of an inch across in the middle. If we double this four inches we shall get eight inches as the upright circumference, or measure round the orange over the top and bottom. And if we multiply the three-quarters of an inch by twelve, in order to take into account all the pieces of peel removed, it will give nine inches as the circumference of the fruit horizontally. So you see the orange is not perfectly round—indeed, we can see that without any measurement whatever. But you know that the measurements I have given are

not intended to prove anything about the orange, but merely to make you understand how easy it is to determine by a simple calculation the proper width for the gores of a balloon of any given size.

The cutting out of a brown paper pattern for these gores need not be a difficult matter, if the directions which I am now about to give are carefully attended to. As both sides of this pattern will correspond in outline, the easiest way to cut it out will be to double the paper throughout its length, and cut the two sides in one operation. A reference to the diagram at Fig. 3, will explain how the right curve can be obtained. The shaded portion represents the doubled brown paper, with its folded edge lowermost. This paper can be tacked on the floor of an uncarpeted room, with the folded edge upon the join between two of the floor boards. At a certain distance

from the paper, according to the size of the balloon, a point will be reached where a nail must be driven into the floor. Over this nail a piece of string must be looped, with a pencil attached to its other end. The nail, in short, will be the centre of a circle of which we only require a very small portion. The pencil will mark this portion, which will constitute the correct curve for our balloon pattern.

The pattern being made (Fig. 4), there will be no difficulty in cutting the gores out of tissue paper. It must be noticed that in fire-balloons they will be cut off at the point marked \* in Fig. 3; but in gas-balloons, where the mouth is not required to be wide or open, they will be prolonged to the full extent of the pattern. For the same reason the fire-balloon will be slightly wider in diameter than the gas-balloon, the former requiring fourteen gores, while the latter will want but twelve.

Of course, the first operation will be to join up the sheets of paper in such a way as to allow of their being cut to the best advantage and without waste. The joins must be made with glue and paste mixed in equal proportions, and used hot. The nature of

the join can be readily understood by taking two sheets of paper, laying them upon the table, and allowing the edge of the lower one to project half an inch beyond the upper one. This edge must be pasted, and neatly bent over the upper sheet. The two sheets can then be set aside, and another pair joined in the same manner until all are finished. These directions refer to the horizontal joins in the paper out of which the gores are to be cut; but the

gores themselves must be joined together in precisely the same manner. They should all be folded down the centre, as was the pattern from which they were cut, and laid one upon the other upon the table, with the folded edge *from* the operator. The first gore he must turn bodily over so that its folded edge will meet the folds of all the others. Then he must unfold the next one, and turn its edge over to within half an inch of the first one. This half inch will be the edge to receive the paste, and must then be pulled over and smoothed down. The same operation must be gone over and over again, until all the gores are firmly united together. The work may then be put away until the paste has thoroughly dried.

Whatever be our care in joining these gores together, we shall find, when the paste is dry enough for us to handle the balloon, that its top represents rather an unfinished structure, because the ends of the gores do not properly come together. This fault is quickly remedied by cutting off all the ragged points, leaving a round orifice in the top of the machine. Of course, it would not do to leave matters in this state, for all the heated air would quickly run out of the balloon, and it would refuse to rise. We must therefore close up this hole by what is called the "crown." This consists of two pieces of paper, round in form, and larger than the hole which they have to cover. One piece is pasted inside, and the other outside, the balloon. The inner one is put into position first,

and before the upper one is placed upon it a crossed piece of thread (see Fig. 6), with a loop attached, should be affixed to it. This crosspiece will strengthen the crown, and the loop, which must emerge through a small hole in the upper



FIG. 4.

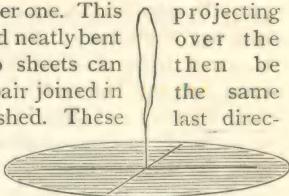


FIG. 6.

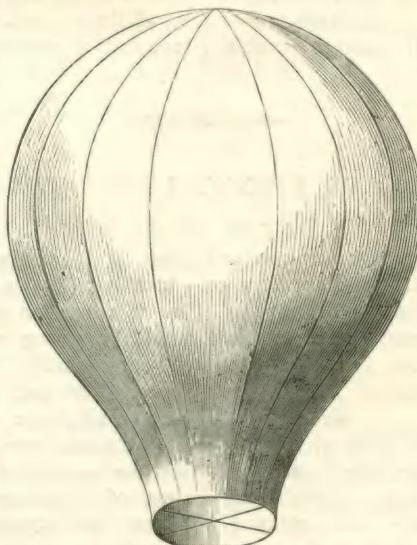


FIG. 5.

paper, will serve as a convenient means of handling the finished balloon.

The mouth, or lower opening of the machine, must be our next care. At the time when fire-balloons were constantly used the heated air was obtained from small bundles of straw burnt in a little furnace below the opening of the balloon. This opening was therefore furnished with a hoop, so as to keep the material of the balloon as far from the fire as possible. Although the furnace in our model balloon will be of a much more simple character, we shall also require a hoop to keep the mouth of the balloon open. This can be of fine wire, or what is better, because lighter, a slip of cane. The bottom edge of the balloon should be neatly pasted over this hoop, and the machine is complete. (See Fig. 5).

When the time comes for the balloon to ascend, we must put two bits of binding wire across the hoop, with a piece of dry sponge as big as a large walnut in the centre. The balloon can be inflated by means of a piece of flaming paper, when some methylated spirits of wine must be poured over the sponge, a light applied to it, and up the machine will go. I need hardly say that a day must be chosen for the operation when there is absolutely no wind, or the balloon will catch fire. We need not be so particular in the case of gas-balloons, for they are quite independent of such a danger. But more care must be taken in the manufacture of the latter, for the least hole will cause the vapour to escape.

I have already pointed out that in cutting the gores of a gas-balloon they must be brought to a point, but we shall still have sufficient orifice left in which to insert an india-rubber pipe from the gas supply. Before, however, the gas is called into requisition the balloon must be made gas proof—that is, all the little pores in the paper must be filled up by applying to the balloon, by means of a piece of flannel, a coating of boiled linseed oil. This coating will take some hours to dry, and while drying the balloon should be hung so that it will not touch anything. I must also caution my readers that any surplus oil will drop from it, so that the operation should be conducted in some outhouse or cellar, where a little grease is of no great moment.

Common house gas can be used to fill the balloon, and this business must be left to older hands, for gas is not a thing to be played with. This gas is much heavier than pure hydrogen, so the latter is much more serviceable for the balloonist. Any manual of chemistry will give directions how it can be made.

I have myself made balloons which I have watched in the sky until they have appeared no larger than minute specks among the clouds. After a balloon is successfully launched it will probably travel for a great many miles, and in the case of a gas-balloon, where no danger exists of its rapid destruction, the probable distance of its travels is of course greatly increased.

T. C. H.

### WHAT JOHNNY LAID DOWN.

*By the Author of "Jack and the Christmas Echoes," &c. &c.*



"E ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." A glory, a radiance, as of an untold joy, lay on the sea, and rioted over the sloping fields and downs, stretching away and away. Oh ! the song which went circling and swelling, echoing up to the very sky itself, from the laughing sea, and the exulting earth, where the clover-bells were chiming, bees humming, larks soaring and singing, and human hearts throbbing out we know not what of aspirations. All spoke of a gathering up, a retaining, a holding, an enjoying, and nothing of a laying down, a resigning of that mysterious treasure called life. "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren ;" life, with its many hopes,

aims, and graspings after some sovereign good, which is to crown and glorify our existence ; to lay it down on such a morning as this, who would be strong enough for such a deed of noble self-surrender ? The inspiration comes to us at times, to do and dare, like the prompting of a greater, a fuller, a more complete life than that we feel we could even lay down, if need were. And such an inspiration came to Johnny Green, a little smut of a chimney-sweep boy, and an orphan. Johnny had struggled through ten years of his allotted seventy, and was even now in appearance, so to speak, a blot on God's fair earth. Ah ! how can we tell who are blots and who are even jewels and gems, as we plod along, every one in his own path, our eyes dazzled with the sunshine of our happy homes ?

But to tell our tale. Johnny Green was not



ON THE BEACH. (See p. 238.)

troubled with many friends; he had but two, Neddy, his master's donkey, and Billy Reed, a little tattered donkey-boy, who helped to whip up and run beside the donkeys which carried all the young misses and masters who came to romp by the sea in the pleasant village of fashionable resort; it was more refreshing and life-giving there than in the stirring towns. So Billy whipped up his donkeys and scuttled along in his rags the livelong day, while his bosom friend, Johnny, did the greater part of his drudgery in the early morning. Billy Reed was a brown-eyed, brown-headed, laughter-loving boy, while Johnny was quiet, sedate, and thoughtful, and not remarkably clever, which is not to be wondered at. Yet the lad possessed a noble soul, a soul which craved, and longed, and stretched up after other than soot, rags, and sin—the *purity, the greatness* of an honest manhood. Thanks to the ragged-school, he was striving for this. But he was only one of numbers; nobody noticed his comings or his goings in that motley ragged-school, in the sea-side village fast growing into a town. And Billy Reed was a scholar there—happy, careless Billy Reed, who took life as he found it, and made the most of it, without thought of laying down it or its pleasures for brethren, friends, or enemies. Ah, well! we are not moulded alike; our souls have not the same promptings. Billy and Johnny were friends—oh, such chums!—in their dirt and their poverty; and now was to be tested which boy's friendship was the truest, whose was the noblest, most unselfish love.

A week ago, a golden something had risen, like a bright star in the horizon of their existence, a something after which Johnny had panted, till his very heart had grown sick. This is how it came about. A lady who loved to take the sweepings of humanity, and sift them for a jewel every time she was in want of a page-boy, walking by the same tumultuous sea, saw Johnny and Neddy idling there. He always brought Neddy down to have a whiff of sea air, and to catch a sight of the romps and doings of his long-eared friends, every time he came himself. Other lads, not revelling in soot, often earned a sixpence or so for steering a boat or running about at the bidding of the pleasure-seekers; but who would employ a chimney-sweep? Nobody. But he loved to watch Billy, here, there, and everywhere, just as well as Neddy did the frolics of those four-legged brothers of his. Well, the grand lady and Johnny the sweep met on the sandy beach.

"You seem to be having a good time of it, my boy, you and your donkey," quoth the lady, smiling down on Johnny, basking in the fair sunshine.

"Yes, 'em," he responded, stretching up and

stroking Neddy fondly, while he gave her a glance from his wistful eyes. His eyes were very wistful and pleading, full of depths upon depths of unspoken thoughts besides.

"Do you like being a chimney-sweep?" was the next question. Like being a sweep! Johnny thought the lady knew very little about sweeps or their lives, to make that inquiry.

"No, 'em; sweeping chimneys ain't anything to like," was his candid avowal.

"Well, no, I suppose not," agreed the lady, smiling. "Would being a page be anything better?"

"What! a page to wear buttons, and to ride in a carriage with a lady?" queried Johnny, a look of awe stealing into his eyes at the mention of such a life.

"Yes, and to learn to be obliging and respectful, and all that will one day make a trusty serving-man."

"I should think it would! it would be a golden life!" replied the little lad, his eyes full of an unspoken craving.

"Then you would like being a page?"

"Oh, shouldn't I! I should!" the child's face was tremulous, and a hot flush of expectation dyed his sooty cheeks.

"And could you leave your present master?" questioned the lady, who had talked to so many waifs in her time, and thought she knew an honest face when she saw one.

"I would; I'd leave anything to get out of this." Johnny spoke earnestly, glancing down at his sooty rags of clothes, and then his eyes lovingly sought the mute old donkey at his elbow. He patted his bony sides in silence, shadows flitting and gathering in his wistful grey eyes. Beautiful eyes they were—in fact, all the beauty he possessed at that time lay in his eyes.

"Poor old Neddy!" he muttered, as if forgetful of the lady's presence.

"Do you love him?" she asked, amused, yet touched, with his apparent affection for the brute.

"Yes, 'em; he's one of my chums," was his shy assertion. At this point Billy Reed went past, with a fair-haired young lady on a donkey. "And that's my other chum—a real good one he is," explained Johnny.

"Indeed!" smiled the lady.

"Yes, 'em, they are all I've got in the world—Neddy here, and Billy yonder."

"Poor boy! Then you've only to leave your present master; you've nobody else to please?"

"No; and I never pleases him," quoth Johnny, surprised that she supposed he did.

"Well, I am in want of a page. Will you come to me?"

"Come to you? Yes, 'em, and think myself the luckiest chap that ever climbed a chimney. And maybe poor old Neddy will get another boy to bring him out to see the sea ; he likes it, he does." Something like a tear twinkled in the little sweep's eyes as he caressed the old animal, which turned to him, as if questioning what all the talk was about.

"Can you come with me to my house, and take a note for your master, and hear what I have to say to you?"

"Yes, 'em; but I'll take Neddy home first, please."

How the boy's heart throbbed, after his visit to the house, which was to be home to him who had never had a home before, as he waited on the beach to tell all to Billy. Would he never have done whipping, driving, and scudding? Ah! there he came, and, with the after-glow making beautiful earth, sea, and sky, like the flush of hope gladdening the lives of the young, the boy sat down and told Billy the story of his good fortune—careless, good-natured Billy, who took life so easily. When it was finished, the latter gave a great sigh.

"I wish it was me," was his remark, which certainly savoured of selfishness, if not of envy.

"I wish it was, in a way," returned Johnny, "but 'tisn't, you know ; and I can't give it up." Give it up—this first boon which had ever come to his poor life!

"Yes, Johnny, give it up. It would make father and mother and all on 'em so proud to see me just like a gentleman, and you haint got nobody to be proud of you. Yes, Johnny, do, cause we are chums." Real tears were in Billy's bright brown eyes. How Billy pleaded in his selfishness, how Johnny listened in his love, and how gloomy and colourless grew the sea, as they talked on long after the rosy lights had died away.

"I'll think on it," were Johnny's parting words to his friend that night ; and then he went back to the sea again to ponder it all over. Should he give it up to Billy, this good fortune, which was making his heart throb so? he questioned within himself, musing of the joy he should be giving his bosom friend and all his ragged family, while he himself had nobody to rejoice or be sorry for him. The sea murmured its strange language, yet it did not help him ; but by-and-by a sweet voice stole upon his ear, soft and low as the summer winds : "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." He had learned the text at the ragged school—when, he could not remember, but he knew whose words they were. His soul thrilled as the sweet voice whispered them. Could he lay down this—it was very like life—could he lay it down for one of the brethren? Billy was like a brother to him. It would make Billy glad, but he would be sorry ; yes, he would. Tears sprang to his eyes as the

thoughts hurried through his mind, dark, troubled thoughts, like the sea in the dying twilight.

He would not decide at once. A week must pass before the golden life could begin for either ; so he put it from him for the night, and the next day, and the next, and the next came and went, with the sweet voice pleading and the heart of the little sweep in a tumult of indecision.

He avoided Billy, and only wept out his perplexity, in his spare moments, with his old friend Neddy. But to-day all must be gathered up or laid down.

It seems a trivial thing to us, surrounded with so many blessings, but to the small sweep-boy this being a page was a glory which was to gild his life to the end, and the giving it up to another, a great thing, a faint shadowing out of Him, the great Life Example. At last he had triumphed—it was laid down. A light beautiful to look upon shone in his eyes, as he waited till Billy should be free to hear what he had to tell him.

"Billy, you may go and be Miss Broughton's page. I don't mind, 'cause 'tis you," were his words when they met.

"Oh, Johnny, you're a brick!" was Billy's thanks, but I do not think he half understood his friend's sacrifice. Perhaps we none of us appreciate the giving up and laying down going on around us daily. Well, away went Johnny with Billy to Miss Broughton's residence, and induced her to accept him as his substitute, puzzling that good lady not a little, by resigning all that was in store for him thus quietly in favour of another. Yes, Johnny was quiet because of what he was giving up, but Neddy knew what tears he shed alone with him that night ; and the next morning, when the dew lay on the grass like tear-drops and a haze hung over the sea, Billy drove by in Miss Broughton's carriage, spick and span and bedecked with buttons, on his way to his lady's real inland home, just as Johnny, Neddy, and their master were sallying forth, in their soot and their grime, to their daily toil. Ah, well! it was laid down. Johnny's heart was brave and strong in his love for Billy and Him gone on before with a greater love.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, as they swept past, and Billy twirled his hand, but dared not respond, while Miss Broughton thought she was not so clever at reading boys as she fancied herself to be.

A year more of soot and wretchedness, brightened with a secret joy for Johnny, and then she knew him better, knew that Johnny's hard life had nourished a noble nature, and she sent him to school and made a scholar of him. In after years he was one of the plodders, mighty in thought, and Billy, grown out of his selfish carelessness, looked up to him as a hero.

## OUR PETS.

## RABBITS AND GUINEA-PIGS: HOW TO KEEP AND TREAT THEM.



HAT boy, what country boy, at least, is there who does not, or who has not at some time of his young life, kept rabbits? These bright-eyed, saucy, graceful pets are general favourites with our little folks. And yet it is a well-known fact that these animals are often badly, not to say

long, thin, and pliant, low set on the head, and hang close to the cheek, with a most graceful curve. In shape of body and head the creature is all that an artist could desire, while the eye is large, round, full, and lovely.

The Angora, if properly taken care of, are most beautiful rabbits, and are exceedingly quiet and affec-



GUINEA-PIGS.

cruelly, treated through ignorance of their nature, habits, and proper feeding. In this short paper I will endeavour, therefore, to put my young friends right in many little matters concerning them. And I strongly advise those boys, or girls either, who have a bit of green lawn in front of their homes to ask permission of their elders to keep one or two rabbits. I like to see all animals as free to run or fly about as a state of domesticity will permit, for if they are allowed their freedom, they not only become more tame and affectionate, but there is ever so much more fun to be got out of them.

Of the many beautiful breeds of rabbits there are few, in my opinion, to beat the lop-ear. He is, or ought to be, a very large rabbit, and in colour the breed is often most charming. The ears are very

tionate. Their greatest charm consists in the length and texture of their woolly coats. When pure white this is very taking indeed, and once seen this rabbit isn't easily forgotten.

The Himalayan rabbit is a great favourite of mine. He is a most shapely little fellow, pure white, except the fore-arms, legs, feet, nose, and ears, which ought to be as black as possible. These rabbits are neat, agile, and daring, yet loving and gentle withal, and most jealous in the care of their young. They are extremely ornamental.

Another graceful and fairy-like wee fellow is the little Dutch rabbit. He is the smallest of the rabbit tribe, and commands himself to our favourable notice for many reasons. He is such a tiny mite, for one thing, and so neat and pretty, that he

seems to hop at once into one's affections with a single bound. He ought to have a white blaze up the face, a white collar around the neck, and the body should be of any self colour, but black is very nice, and tortoiseshell rich and rare.

If the Dutch is the tiniest of rabbits, the Patagonians, as the name would indicate, are the giants of their race. They do not, as you may imagine, come from the far south of America, where they tell us human giants dwell, but usually from France. Large though they be—some specimens weighing as much as fourteen pounds—they are quiet and docile, and seem to be quite pleased and contented with their lot in life.

The Belgian hare is another breed, so called from its resemblance to the common hare; but as the animal is more often bred for table use than kept as a pet, I shall say no more about him.

A very beautiful and taking rabbit is the silver-grey, sometimes called the Riche, and when well treated it is as docile and affectionate as any other rabbit. They need a little more kindness, perhaps, than other breeds, but they never fail to respond to it. One thing in their favour is this—they are hardy, and stand exposure to the weather better than some of the other breeds.

The feeding, breeding, and rearing of all rabbits are very much the same, only the tinier ones must be the most carefully dealt with.

If, then, you mean to go in for a few rabbits, do not make your purchase on any account until you have first prepared their hutch, or home. If you have a little ingenuity and a taste for mechanics, from a large roomy box you can easily construct a very comfortable hutch for your coming pets. As I write, reminiscences of my own early struggles as

a rabbits' architect and builder crowd upon me. I used to be ably assisted in my masonic labours by a favourite school-fellow, who, alas! now fills a warrior's grave. Our buildings consisted of wood and stones and mortar. With the exception that our roofs always evinced an inclination to tumble down, and our walls, much to the *discomfiture* of the furry tenants, to tumble in, I think we got on as well as amateurs could expect.

I see no reason why rabbits' hutches should not be made ornamental as well as useful; but here I shall merely describe what is actually wanted, first, in a living-hutch, and secondly, in a breeding-hutch, where young ones may be bred and reared to a certain age. If, after that, any of my readers want to go in for ornament they must consult their own skill and judgment.

You may make a simple hutch, then, out of any large box—the bigger, remember, the better. It ought to a great extent to be open in front, if not indeed altogether, the open portion to consist of a well-made and well-hinged door of iron or zinc galvanised wire. The hutch should have a bench inside, and this should be filled with bedding, for rabbits dearly love their comforts. A door should open behind big enough to enable you to get your hand and arm in, for the purpose of cleaning it out. A better plan still is to have a double floor in the hutch—the lower to be a kind of zinc-covered drawer; the one above, about two inches higher, to be composed of laths apart, to allow the to pass Both of should perfect

a little way  
droppings  
through it.  
these floors  
pull out so that  
cleanliness—so



OUR RABBITS.

essential if you want your rabbits to look sweet and healthy—may be ensured. The breeding-hutch is somewhat similar in construction so far as floors and door are concerned, but attached to the main compartment, or parlour, is a dark room. This is called the breeding-box, and should be in size about equal to one-third of the whole. It is separated from the larger portion of the hutch by a sliding partition, with a hole in the centre large enough for the mother rabbit to pop out and in at her pleasure. Thus a breeding-hutch is not only a rabbit's parlour, but a parlour and bedroom combined, and the latter should have a wooden doorway opening outwards, independent of the sliding partition.

Rabbit-hutches may be placed either out of doors or in a well-ventilated stable or out-house, but if they are kept in the open air great care must be taken to give protection against wet and high winds. The hutches ought to be some distance from the ground, and have a southern exposure, as rabbits like the sunshine.

Exercise is essential to the well-being of rabbits, and when they once get to know you, you may let them out to scamper about on the grass or in the garden whenever you choose, and very pretty, in my opinion, they look, frolicking about on a well-kept lawn.

The best bedding for rabbits—and they ought to have an abundance of it—is *clean, dry* oaten straw. I *have put* the words “*clean*” and “*dry*” in italics to show their importance.

You cannot be too careful with the ventilation and cleanliness of your hutches, and I earnestly entreat you not to keep rabbits at all, unless you can assure yourself it is your duty to see to their comforts—not one day now and then, but every day. If you try breeding at all you will have double, treble delight; but, mind you, they must on no account be disturbed at the breeding season.

Quietness when the mother has young ones is most essential, but when the young ones are old enough to be let out on the grass (dry) then the fun begins, and it is better than all the doctors' medicine in the world to see them frolic, and to watch all their manœuvres.

During the spring and summer months, when vegetation is nice and juicy, rabbits want but little, if any, water to drink; but I myself always like to let them have a sip now and then, and they nearly always seem to relish a drop of luke-warm milk and water; and this being the case, it is almost cruel, I think, not to let them have it. Too much moist food, however, should be avoided, as well as vegetables that are damp and wet. The best plan is to feed little and often, say three or four times a day, giving fresh food every time. Let them have in the morning a little nice hay, with a little scalded meal, not too wet; at mid-day some carrots, turnips, and green food; and dry food for supper, such as oats, and peas that have been soaked. But you ought to remember that change of diet is essential, so keep varying it every third day at least. Here are some of the things that rabbits are fond of—bran, turnips, carrots, clover, beet-root, mangolds, Indian-meal porridge or barley-meal porridge, well-boiled potatoes and grains. Well, if you cannot keep your rabbits healthy and happy by selecting a scale dietary from that list, you must remember the old saying, and try to learn from experience.

I had almost forgotten my little friends the guinea-pigs. Their hutches are much smaller, but built upon the same principle, and with a raised bed. Their feeding is precisely the same as that of the rabbit, only they like more green food. Give them whatever they care or ask for, and they do not allow themselves to be forgotten. They are even more funny, if less interesting, than rabbits, and if kept clean and sweet they make charming pets.



## WANDERING THOUGHTS.

**W**HEN the sun it peeps in through the window pane

My thoughts they rush out at the door ;  
I turn to my books and my lessons in vain :  
My thoughts, I can find them no more.

Alas ! they have fled to the meadow away,  
The birds may have swallowed them up,

Or else they're concealed in the new-made hay,  
With the daisy and bright buttercup.

Both lessons and books are well in their way,  
But, like medicine, they do not agree  
When taken too long on a fine summer's day,  
When the sun is the doctor for me, for me,  
When the sun is the doctor for me.      W. C.

## TRIMBUCKJEE'S ESCAPE.

**T**HE story of King Richard Coeur-de-Lion's place of imprisonment being discovered by the minstrel Blondel, must be well known to all my young readers; but they may not be aware that a somewhat similar story is told of a prisoner in an old Indian fortress, and whatever doubt may be thrown on the story of the king and the minstrel, the incident I am about to relate undoubtedly occurred.

The town of Sannah, on the island of Salsette, about twenty miles from Bombay, was a noted port in mediæval ages. The fortress by which it is guarded is built on an extensive plain, and is bounded on one side by the river. It lies at a little distance from the town where the natives live and from the quarters of the European officers. The plain is ornamented by avenues of fine trees, and in the cool evenings is a favourite resort of the European residents. In the early mornings the native grooms take out their masters' horses upon it for exercise.

At one time, during the struggle between the English and the Mahrattas, there was imprisoned in the fortress a noted Mahratta chieftain, named Trimbuckjee, Prime Minister to Bajee Rao, the last of the Peishwas.

This man was of low caste, and had formerly held the office of keeper of the king's slippers. In this humble position he performed his duty with great care and diligence, frequently running many miles in the heat of the day that his master, on arriving at a new encampment, might find his favourite slippers ready for him ; and Trimbuckjee's zeal attracted the notice of the Peishwa, who soon promoted him to a higher office. Here he still made himself conspicuous by his skill and energy, and he was gradually raised from one post to another until he became Prime Minister.

But Trimbuckjee was as unscrupulous as he was clever, and the British were thankful when such a dangerous enemy was lodged in a fortress at what

might be considered a safe distance from the master over whom he exercised a very bad influence. Bajee Rao, however, though not prepared to fight for the liberty of his favourite, was determined by some means to effect it, and willing assistants were not wanting.

It was in the early part of the year that Trimbuckjee was taken prisoner, and the hot and rainy seasons passed away without any effort being made for his release ; but in the beginning of the month of September some of the prisoner's friends arrived at Sannah, and the following plan was agreed upon of informing him that if he could contrive to scale the wall, or elude the watch in any way, all arrangements were made for conveying him to a place of safety.

One of the conspirators, a Mahratta, entered the service of an officer of the garrison as *groom*, and this man, according to the usual custom, exercised his master's horse very early in the morning on the plain. He one day, while leading the horse immediately under the wall of that part of the fortress in which Trimbuckjee was known to be imprisoned, sang the following lines :—

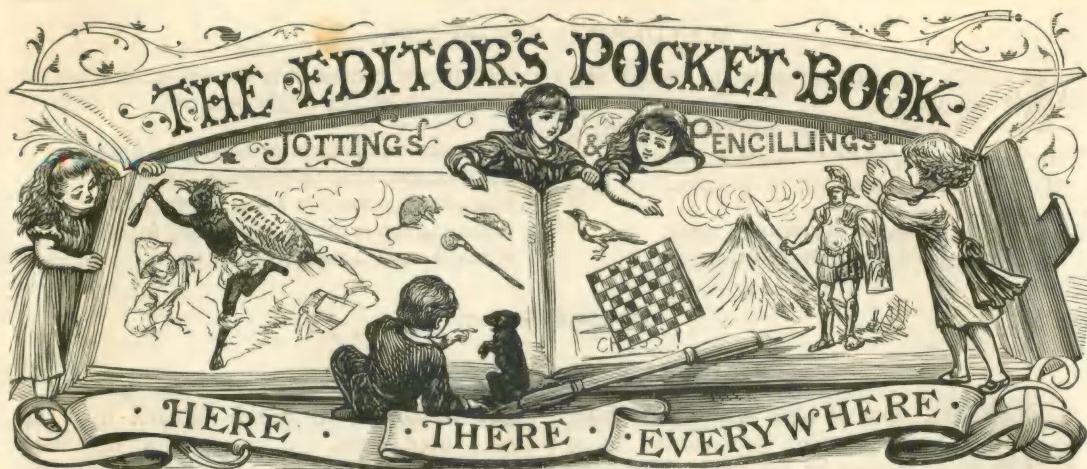
"Fifty-five horses are waiting here,  
And four-and-fifty men,  
When the fifty-fifth shall mount his horse,  
The Deccan \* shall flourish again."

The guard, composed, for greater security, exclusively of Europeans, did not understand the Mahratta song, but the prisoner, aware that some attempt would be made to rescue him, immediately guessed the meaning of the words, and cleverly contriving to escape from his jailors and rejoin his friends, was by them conveyed to a safe hiding-place.

It was not until some years had elapsed that he was again taken prisoner by the English, and was sent to a fort in Bengal, where he died.

F. M. A. CAMPBELL.

\* Deccan, the name of all that part of the country.



### The Early Days of Milton.

The grandfather of the great poet Milton was keeper of the forest of Shotover. He was a zealous Papist, and in consequence of his son, Milton's father, becoming a Protestant, he disinherited him. The son thus turned upon the world to seek his own fortune took up the occupation of a scrivener, and in due time became rich enough to purchase an estate for himself. He was a man of some musical talent, and a few of his compositions are still in existence. He had three children; John, the poet, Christopher, who was a lawyer, and one daughter named Anne.

John Milton was born at the "Spread Eagle," in Bread Street, on the 9th of December, 1608. His father was careful that his education should be well looked after, and his first instructor was Mr. Thomas Jermy, who was afterwards chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburgh. He next was sent to St. Paul's School, from whence, at the age of fifteen, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, as a sizar. About this time he translated into verse the 114th and 136th Psalms, and before he was eighteen appears to have written many of his elegies. His experience of college life was not a happy one; he met with much unkindness there, and is even supposed to be one of the last to receive corporal punishment at the university. He took his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, but did not obtain a Fellowship. From college he retired to his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he employed himself for five years in reading all the Greek and Latin authors he could meet with. Whilst here he wrote the *Masque of Comus*, which was acted by the Earl of Bridgwater's sons and daughter at Ludlow Castle. Beginning to get tired of the country, he travelled abroad, visiting Paris, Florence, Vienna, Rome, Naples, Lucca, Venice,

Geneva, and home again through France, having been absent fifteen months. During this journey he made many friends amongst the learned and the great.

### The Giant Cacti of Arizona.

Arizona is said to be the land of the Giant Cacti. As many as fifteen or twenty different species are to be found there, some growing very tall, others resembling balls lying upon the ground. One species grows to the enormous height of sixty feet, and is six feet in diameter. Others grow to the height of thirty feet, and are from eight inches to two feet in diameter. Some resemble posts, others have limbs; they are crowned with a beautiful flower which late develops to fruit, which the Indians remove with a spiked pole. These cacti have but little root, and seem just to stand upon the sand from which they spring. Within the plant, however, is a tough sort of rod, so strong that even in the fiercest storms the plants are seldom broken or beaten down. The fruit of one kind of cactus is like a cucumber in shape, but is sweet, and full of black seeds; another kind bears a red fruit about the size of a peach.

### The Victoria Cross.

Among the honourable distinctions which are distributed at the end of a campaign none are more highly prized in our country than the award of the Victoria cross. In form it is a Maltese cross; in the centre is the crown of England, surmounted by a lion; on a scroll beneath the crown are the words "for valour;" on the clasp from which the medal hangs are two laurel branches. The ribbon is, for soldiers, red; for sailors, blue. This cross was instituted after the Crimean war, and all who wear it are entitled to a pension of £10. It is only given for distinguished bravery in the field, or great devotion to the country.

**A Fencing Master in New Guinea.**

Our illustration gives an actual portrait of a professor of the art of fencing in New Guinea. He is a gentleman of considerable social standing, headman of the village in which he lives, and very proud of his appearance in general, and of his shield and hat in particular. The hat is a marvellous structure, being made of various coloured palm-leaves, rising in the form of a funnel, and surmounted at the top by a plume of feathers. But the strangest part of his equipment is his carved shield. It is very gracefully made of wood painted black, and covered with a design of white shells. You would be surprised to find that shields in New Guinea are sometimes inlaid with mother-of-pearl! The professor is exceedingly skilful in the use of this weapon of defence, and declares it to be a perfect guard against a sword attack, if properly handled, but of course few people, even in his own country, can rival the professor in the way he covers himself with his shield, while with his cane, in the place of a sword, he shows his proficiency in attack. The brilliant and swift evolutions with which the weapon is twirled in covering the various parts of the body cause the fencing master to be regarded with unfeigned admiration.

**An Exhibition for Children.**

In this age of exhibitions it is gratifying to observe that the claims of children to a share of the public interest in institutions of the kind are beginning to be properly recognised. Of our own annual exhibitions of work contributed by the readers of this Magazine it is of course unnecessary to speak; and this summer, an *exposition*, to use the French term, has been held in Dresden, which



A FENCING MASTER IN NEW GUINEA.

must be considered to be of a very interesting and instructive character. It has comprised a variety of objects in which children may fairly be supposed to take pleasure. The collection of articles was divided into groups, embracing such things as educational apparatus for use in schools, including under this head, not only the *most improved* appliances of modern invention, but also articles used in the schools of by-gone days,

and which possess now only an historical interest. Then there was another group devoted specially to a display of educational books, and books for the young of an entertaining description. Another class was filled with samples of school fittings and gymnastic apparatus. In another section musical instruments of all sorts were displayed; while elsewhere objects illustrating different systems of teaching were duly represented. There was a group set apart for a collection of toys, a group that must have tantalised as much as it diverted all the little folk who visited the exhibition. Not less agreeable to many children must have been that other group which concerned itself with the making of children's furniture,

dress, and the like. The exhibition thus dealt with objects of art, industry, and science, and no better means for amusing as well as instructing the little ones, could possibly be devised.

**The Whistler Duck.**

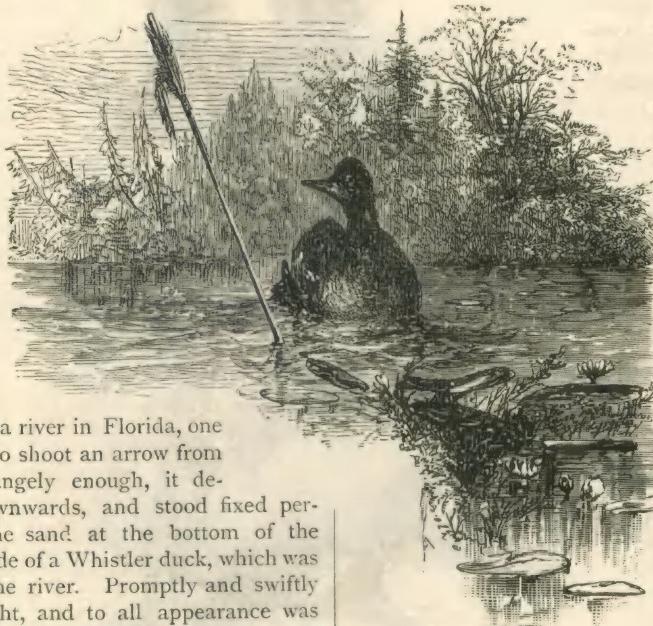
In some of the States of America, also in the lakes of the northern Highlands, and in various other parts of Europe, there is found a curious

species of duck, usually known as the golden-eyed, which has in some localities received the name of the Whistler. It is thus called from the peculiar sound, resembling whistling, which is produced by its small sharp-pointed wings while in the act of flying, a noise which can be heard in calm weather for a considerable distance. So long as these birds remain undisturbed they will float quietly along the surface of the water, but if they be alarmed in any way they will sometimes, it is said, dive down into the water so as to hide themselves, and then swim along underneath with great rapidity, and reappear at a long distance from the spot where they were observed to sink. At other times they will rise from the water and escape by flying in the usual way; and it is said that a singular habit is common to these and to a few other species of ducks in America. In that country the bow and arrow are sometimes used in place of the gun, and it happened that on a certain occasion, when a party of sportsmen were on a river in Florida, one of them happened to shoot an arrow from his bow, and, strangely enough, it descended, point downwards, and stood fixed perpendicularly in the sand at the bottom of the water, just by the side of a Whistler duck, which was calmly sailing on the river. Promptly and swiftly the bird took flight, and to all appearance was soon far away; but judge of the amazement of the sportsmen when within a very little while the Whistler reappeared with a loud "whir" by the side of the arrow, and at once began to swim round and round it, all the while uttering a peculiar piping cry not unlike that of a gosling. Continuing this for some time, the duck was, however, again alarmed by the sportsmen, and once more it escaped; but the bird was not yet satisfied, for within a very little time the Whistler returned direct to the spot, and again its remarkable conduct was resumed; and not until it was at length forcibly compelled to do so did it cease to perform its manœuvres around the arrow. This habit has been observed by the narrator of the incident three or four times in all, and he states that he is

quite unable to offer any explanation in regard to it.

#### A Prairie on Fire.

The great grassy plains, or prairies, of Central America are the home of immense flocks of buffaloes, of troops of wild horses, herds of deer, and great numbers of the animals known as prairie dogs, all of which find plenty of food, and are seldom molested, unless a party of hunters should go forth among them in quest of game, or a few Indians anxious for steeds appear on the scene with their lassoes, and skilfully capture as many horses as they may require. But the greatest danger that threatens them is a prairie fire, which comes rolling so rapidly forward, consuming all before it that the frenzied creatures instinctively seek safety in flight, making for the point where the nearest water or other obstacle to the conflagration may be found. Long before the eye of man can discern the terrible destruction that is coming, birds fly swiftly overhead, and by their shrill cries warn all who are within hearing of the billows of fire beyond. Then comes a breath of scorching air, and a large cloud is seen on the horizon, which ap-



A WHISTLER DUCK DISTURBED.

proaches nearer and nearer with terrible speed, consuming every blade of grass and tuft of brushwood in its course. The snakes glide hissing from before it, there is a stampede of huge buffaloes and maddened horses, trampling one another down in their terror; and when the fire has passed over, the ground is charred and blackened for leagues around. Instances have been known where human beings have flung themselves to the earth, and let the fire sweep over them, escaping with bare life, too often only to perish miserably in the desolated region. But when there is time to clear a large patch or circle of all its vegetation before the fire arrives, its progress may be stayed to some extent.

*"A PRAIRIE ON FIRE" (p. 246).*

AN ALARM IN THE PRAIRIE.



## A Nutting Song.

*Words from the "Little Folks' Painting Book."*  
*With spirit.*

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

VOICE. *f*

PIANO.

I. Oh,..... but the nuts are so brown in the wood,—  
2. Oh,..... but the nuts are so ripe on the tree,—  
3. Oh,..... but the nuts are so high on the bough,—  
4. Oh,..... but the nuts were so brown in the wood—

Out in the wood, the glad au - tumn wood—And the chil - dren have trooped forth in  
Up in the tree, the green ha - zel tree— And bright lit - le eyes smile the  
Up on the bough, the hea - vy-branch'd bough— And short lit - le arms can - not  
Out in the wood, the glad au - tumn wood—And the chil - dren have trooped home in

rol - lick - ing mood, Some clad in tip - pet, and some clad in hood,  
clus - ters to see, And fat lit - le hands clasp the branch -es with glee,  
get them, I trow! "By hook or by crook" they are reach - ing them now,  
qui - et - er mood, Some of them fret - ful and some of them good,

Af - ter the nuts so brown in the wood, Af - ter the nuts so brown.....  
Seek-ing the nuts so ripe on the tree, Seek-ing the nuts so brown.....  
Reach-ing the nuts so high on the bough, Reach-ing the nuts so brown.....  
All of them la - den with nuts from the wood, La - den with nuts so brown.....



### RHYMES OF THE SEASONS.

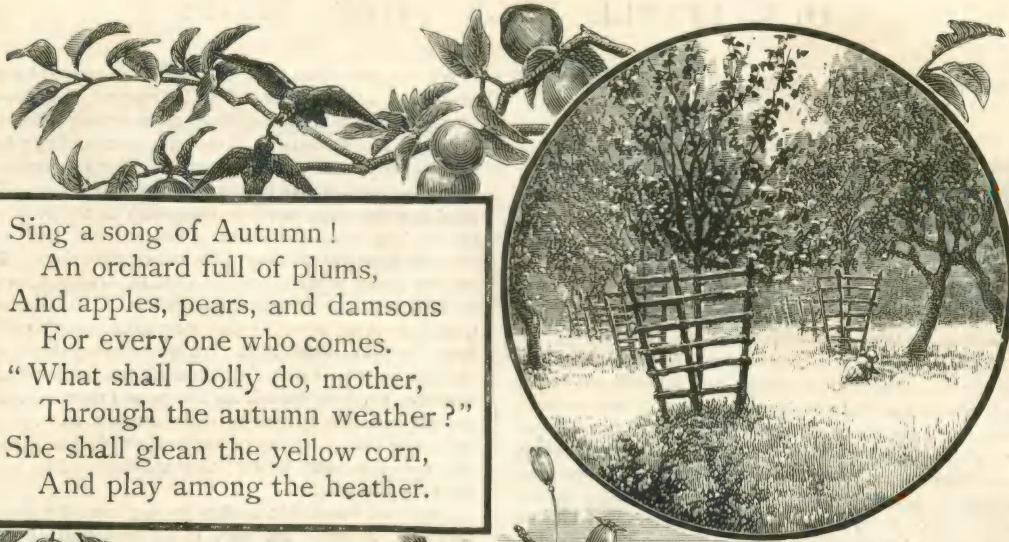
**S**ING a song of Spring-time !  
**D**A ball of cowslips sweet ;  
And primroses and buttercups  
And bluebells at our feet.  
“What shall Dolly do, mother,  
Through the bright spring day ? ”  
She shall hear the thrushes sing,  
And watch the lambs at play.



Job C. Staples



Sing a song of Summer !  
A hive of busy bees ;  
A basket full of strawberries ;  
A nosegay of sweet-peas.  
“What shall Dolly do, mother,  
Through the summer day ? ”  
She shall make long daisy chains,  
And tumble in the hay.



Sing a song of Autumn !  
An orchard full of plums,  
And apples, pears, and damsons  
For every one who comes.  
“What shall Dolly do, mother,  
Through the autumn weather ?”  
She shall glean the yellow corn,  
And play among the heather.



Sing a song of Winter—  
Of frost and ice and snow,  
Of holly boughs and blazing fires,  
Mince-pies and mistletoe.  
“Through the winter days, mother,  
What shall Dolly do ?”  
She shall play at “Blindman’s Buff,”  
And “Hunt the Slipper,” too.

JULIA GODDARD.



## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY  
WANTING WORDS (*page 64*).

## FIRST PRIZE ANSWER.

**T**HIS picture brings us to a scene which is not familiar to the eyes of any of us ; it is far, far away in the regions round the poles, where frost reigns supreme, and has always baffled the unwearied attempts of the brave men who are ever willing to die for the cause of science, in their expeditions to reach the poles. And, as we do not often have an opportunity of seeing these wild animals before us, let us examine them, and learn something about them.

The polar bear is a well-known component of our menageries and zoological gardens, and is found everywhere in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. It is a large animal, measuring some five or six feet in length. It is covered all over with long shaggy hair of a silvery white colour, sometimes tinged with yellow ; as white is almost impervious to heat, the animal warmth is retained, and so the bear is seldom cold. From its colour it is sometimes very difficult to be distinguished from the snow and ice on which it walks. It is very strong in its limbs and jaws, is a fast and untiring runner, and is very sure-footed on the ice, on account of the long silky hair which almost covers the under part of its foot. It is also an excellent diver and swimmer. The well-known story of Nelson's escape from death in a fight with one of these beasts, when but a boy, and armed only with an old musket that would not fire, is truly wonderful, as white bears are very powerful and very savage, especially when infuriated by the pangs of hunger ; they are also very cunning.

Though the polar bear prefers what scant herbage struggles to come to maturity in these inhospitable climes, yet it is generally forced by necessity to eat animal food, seals, and even walruses, falling victims to the appetite of the "Monarch of the North." As frequently happens with powerful tyrants, home has no attractions for him ; though the mother tends her little ones with the greatest care for two long years, the male bear leaves his wife in a few weeks, and never makes acquaintance with his offspring except to eat them. He will not associate with any of his own kind, but wanders forth in solitary life over the endless wilderness, except for the few summer weeks in each year when he visits his wife. Unlike all other members of the same genus, he does not sleep through the winter months, but wanders about in some of the coldest places.

A little way off are a flock of seals, basking in the summer sun. They are about four or five feet long, and are very awkward on land. Their front legs are short and clumsy-looking, but they serve them well in swimming, while their powerful tails, besides helping them to swim, serve as rudders to guide them. They are not particularly strong, and are very timid, but the mothers defend their young with the most undaunted courage. They live together in herds, and though the Arctic regions are their native place, they inhabit the north and west coasts of Scotland, and have sometimes visited the English coasts. They are covered with a valuable fur much prized in this country, consisting of short, dark brown hairs, fine and soft. They feed on fish and seaweed, and their flesh is appreciated even as human food. Certain species are known by the popular names of "sea-lion," "sea-elephant," and "sea-bear."

We now turn from them to their fiercer cousins the walruses, also called "sea-cow" and "morse." They are as long again as the seals, but about the same shape, and have the same limb-formation. Their skin is exceedingly hard, and harpoons and lances sometimes glide harmlessly off them, and even bullets have no effect on their head. The head is exceedingly small in proportion to the body, and the two huge tusks which make it look so fierce, and are its distinguishing feature, seem quite out of place there. They are very strong in body, and are splendid swimmers, as you would expect, as they are amphibious. They use their tusks in a variety of ways—they seem to take the place of our arms ; by using them to climb with they keep them sharp, and this, combined with their strength, makes them deadly weapons. Civilised Europe has also turned them to account, and they are largely used to make artificial teeth, as they are better than the ivory of elephant's tusks, and preserve their whiteness much longer ; they are also used for expensive knife handles.

Fierce and formidable as they appear, man dreads them no longer, as they are very easily frightened by gunpowder, a single flash sending a whole herd beneath the water in an instant. But they are greatly feared by seals and fish, and even the bear does not dare to attack them openly.

Our picture explains itself. The bear has lain hidden in his dark nook, and has pounced upon an unwary, fine large walrus, and has also slain a young one. Not willing to abandon this savoury meal, he has awaited the attack of the mother, for walruses always fight for one another, and now there rages a fierce battle. The walrus is trying to pierce its antagonist with its sharp curved daggers, and the bear is striking the head of the walrus with its powerful paw. But here come two other walruses to the rescue ; it will be a very hard fight for the bear, and he will come off by no means unscathed. The roars of the combatants in this fearful struggle have aroused the timid seals, and soon they will have disappeared into their native element, affrighted by the presence of such furious and powerful enemies. The din of the strife, echoed by the beetling ice-cliffs around, has attracted hither the feathered inhabitants of the heavens. Soon the flanks of the bear will be lacerated by the sharp, deadly tusks ; his garment of spotless white will be marked by deep red lines, the ice will be painted with his life's blood, and the water purpled with the fast-flowing streams. Of no avail are the dying struggles of the conquered monarch, and soon he will be a helpless prey to the vengeful walruses.

JOHN SMITH.

*Wesley House, Charles Street, Cardiff.*

(Nearly 16.)

Certified by Rev. JAMES SMITH.

## SECOND PRIZE ANSWER.

**T**HE picture represents a fight between a polar bear and a walrus. The bear, as is known, lives in cold countries, such as Russia, North America, Siberia, and the Arctic seas. The walrus lives in much the same places, but generally in the latter. It is very useful to man, the fur being the most useful for winter clothing.

The bear being the most powerful, of course wins, but has to fight hard against the former, and may injure itself. The walrus is often hunted for the sake of its oil, its flesh, and its tusks, the latter being used by dentists for artificial teeth.

Walruses are generally found in troops; and if one is wounded its companions rush to the rescue, and attack the enemy with their sharp tusks, which have been known to drive through the bottom of a boat. Their skin is so strong and slippery that it is difficult to drive a harpoon through it, and even a sharp weapon frequently glides off without injuring the animal.

The greatest enemy of the walrus is the polar bear. The walrus is from fifteen to sixteen feet in length, and it yields from twenty to thirty gallons of excellent oil. The tusks are from one to two feet, and yield very good ivory. They are used by this animal for climbing rocks or heaps of ice, and also for digging up the seaweed, on which the animal mostly subsists. It will also eat shrimps and young seals. The most remarkable point in the walrus is the great length of its two upper teeth.

The polar or white bear, called "Nenook" by the Esquimaux, is a formidable antagonist by land or sea, as it dives with great ease, and is able to chase the seal amid the waves. As the seals frequently crawl out of the water upon rocks or fragments of ice, the polar bear is forced to swim after them; but unless they should observe him, he

makes his approaches by a succession of dives, and contrives that the last dive will bring him directly under the unsuspecting seal, who is immediately grasped and killed.

To give this animal a firm footing, as it is constantly running over ice-fields, the soles of its feet are thickly covered with hair.

CHARLES ARBUTHNOT OLDHAM.

(Aged 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ .)

Certified by WILLIAM KING, Principal of Queen's College, Galway.

#### L I S T   O F   H O N O U R .

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour :—JOHN SMITH (15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Wesley House, Charles Street, Cardiff. Second Prize, with Officer's Medal :—CHARLES A. OLDHAM (9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), Glenoir, Galway, Ireland. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—FANNY W. COUPLAND (15), Hemswell, Kirton Lindsey, Lincolnshire; CLARA S. WARREN, (15), Sidney House, Elliston Road, Redland, Bristol; CHARLES LITTLE, (15), 20, Eldon Road, Kensington, W.; FLORENCE N. BONE (14), 5, Norfolk Street, Moss Side, Manchester; CYRIL WANKLYN (14), 8, Colville Square, Bayswater, W.; TEMPLE JOHNSON (15), Rose Hill, Sutton, Surrey; M. MAC IVOR P. JONES-PARRY (8), The Bank House, Dolgelly; ETHEL CONSTANCE EDWARDS (10), Caerleon Vicarage, Monmouthshire; FRANCIS C. R. JOURDAIN (14), Ashburn Vicarage, Derbyshire.*

#### S P E C I A L   H O L I D A Y   C O M P E T I T I O N S .

##### A W A R D   O F   P R I Z E S , &c.

**FIRST COMPETITION**, for the best Short and Original Poem on any Subject, not to exceed fifty lines in length.—UNDER TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.—*Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour :—CAROLINE MAUD BATTERSBY (10), Cromlyn, Rathowen, Co. Westmeath, Ireland; G. G. WALROND (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Springfield, Taplow, Bucks; MURIEL UNA HAIGH (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), The Limes, Upper Walmer, Kent; H. C. K. WYLD (7), 19, Eaton Rise, Ealing; HELEN AGNES DARWALL (10), 49, The Common, Woolwich.*

UNDER SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—*Prize, with Officer's Medal :—ISABELLA MIDDLEMASS (15), 12, Mayfield Terrace, Newington, Edinburgh. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—EVANGELINE HENRIETTA BATTERSBY (16), Cromlyn, Rathowen, Co. Westmeath, Ireland; SELINA MARGARET ATLAY (15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), The Palace, Hereford; ALICE THIRZA BATER (13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Stella House, Dartmouth Park Hill, London, N.; HARRIETTE KENDAL BELL (13), Kells Rectory, Co. Meath, Ireland; EVELYN AUGUSTA ROUSE (12), The Rectory, Woodbridge; GERTRUDE E. PATERSON (13), Moss Hall Lodge, Finchley, N.; ALISON JEANIE LOUISA WALLER (14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) Forest Lodge, North Eltham, Kent; EMILY MARGARET MASON (16), Pickhill Vicarage, Thirsk, Yorkshire; MADGE VERELST (15), Wotton Rectory, Dorking.*

**SECOND COMPETITION**, for the best Pencil or Pen-and-Ink Copies of any Single Page of Illustrations from the "Little Folks' Painting Book."—UNDER TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.—*Prize, with Officer's Medal :—MARY SLOANE (11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Leicester. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—HUGH BLACKMAN (11), Monewden Rectory, Wickham Market; BEATRICE E. PARSONS (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), 3, York Grove, Peckham; FLORENCE HARDY (11), Villa de Wicardenne à Wicarde, Boulogne-sur-Mer; WINIFRED DUNN (10), 87, Sutherland Gardens, St. Peter's Park, London, W.*

UNDER SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—*Prize, with Officer's Medal :—CONSTANCE GERTRUDE COPEMAN (15), Crosby House, Wood Green. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—LOTTIE ABEL (16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), 11, East Combe Villas, St. John's Road, Blackheath; MARIAN BROWNE ASHLIN (16), 3, Slately Road, Cloughton, Birkenhead; MARY M. TEGG (16), Bearwood, Wokingham, Berks; FLORENCE MILNES (15), Park House, Peel Park, Bradford, Yorkshire; KATHERINE MARY NUTTER (15), 42, Regent's Park Road, N.W.; ELIZABETH GODDARD ELLIOTT (16), 45, Fore Street, Taunton; ADA MARY PERRIN (16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Holm Cottage, Corsham, Wilts; FANNY LILIAN REDFORD (14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Platt House, Putney, S.W.*

#### P R I Z E   C O M P E T I T I O N S   F O R   1 8 7 9 .

Competitors are reminded that all work—Painting Books, Rag Dolls, Rag Animals, Single Dolls in Costume, Groups of Dolls, Needlework, Knitting, and Cardboard Toys—must be forwarded, carriage paid, on or before the 15th of October, addressed to the Editor of *LITTLE FOLKS*, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials downward and the finals upward form the names of two poets.

1. A migratory bird.
2. A Latin word for *man*.
3. A carpenter's tool.
4. A part of a ship.
5. A river in France.
6. A vulgar advertisement.
7. An article of diet.
8. A girl's name.
9. A character in Shakespeare.
10. A Hebrew name.

RICHARD GILL.  
(Aged 10.)

Greenbank, Central Hill,  
Upper Norwood.

## CHARADE.

**M**Y whole it is a word  
well known  
In musical notation.  
Transpose my whole, it has,  
you'll own,  
A like signification.  
Reverse my whole, then  
straightway you  
An English public school will  
view.

SIDNEY JAMES BUCHANAN,  
(Aged 14½).  
Potterne Vicarage,  
Devizes, Wilts.

## SCRIPTURAL GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials form a short text.

1. A town in Palestine.
2. A mountain of Palestine.
3. A town in Palestine.
4. A wilderness in Palestine.
5. A town in Palestine.
6. A town in Palestine.
7. A town in Palestine.
8. A river in Palestine.
9. A town in Palestine.
10. A town in Palestine.
11. A town on the coast of Palestine.
12. A mountain of Palestine.
13. A plain in Palestine.
14. A town in Palestine.
15. A town in Palestine.
16. A town in Palestine.
17. A river in Palestine.

Gifford House, St. John's Park,  
Blackheath.

FLORRIE BURNESS.  
(Aged 13½.)



## TRIANGLE PUZZLE.

**T**HE initials make a girl's name; the finals a boy's name. If the letters are properly arranged, the whole will make the shape of a triangle.

- A vowel.  
The past tense of *to do*.  
To bend.  
One of the Barbary states.  
Advice.
- 1, Stanley Road, Bootle,  
near Liverpool.

WM. H. RICHMOND.  
(Aged 14½.)



PICTORIAL PROVERB.

## QUOTATION PUZZLE.

**T**HE first letter of the name of the author of the first quotation, the third letter of the name of the author of the second, the sixth letter of the name of the author of the third, the fifth letter of the name of the author of the fourth, the first letter of the name of the author of the fifth, the sixth letter of the name of the author of the sixth, the third letter of the name of the author of the seventh, will give the name of the author of the last quotation.

1. "I'll could the haughty  
Dacre brook  
His brother warden's sage  
rebuke."
  2. "Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay, my Hector, here, and guard thy Troy."
  3. "Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep.  
Her march is o'er the mountain's waves,  
Her home is on the deep."
  4. "Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;  
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;  
Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave."
  5. "The flinty couch we now must share  
Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
If thy protection hover near."
  6. "Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."
  7. "Like the snow-flake on the river,  
One moment white, then gone for ever.
- "Naught is there under heaven's hollownesse  
That moves more deare compassion of mind,  
When beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse  
Through envie's snares, or fortune's freakes unkind."

M. STELLA RICHARDSON.  
12, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W. (Aged 15.)

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials and finals will give the names of a patriarch and his wife mentioned in the Bible.

1. A king of Persia.
2. David's wife.
3. A command given concerning the Sabbath.
4. One of the chamberlains of King Ahasuerus.
5. Esther's cousin.

MILDRED A. MOORE.  
(Aged 12.)

3, Hertford Street,  
May Fair, London.

ACROSTIC OF BURIED TOWNS.

**T**HE initials of these towns read downwards form the name of a celebrated poet.

1. I purchased a cab at Hampton.
2. Take this directly, or Katie shall fetch the doctor.
3. Yes, sir, I gathered them this morning.
4. The journey seemed almost endless.
5. After that, Ellen, I ceased to feel any pain.

BEATRICE BULLER.

Box Cottage, Twickenham,  
Middlesex.

(Aged 12½.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**NITALS and finals, read downward, will name A country in Africa and the king of the same.

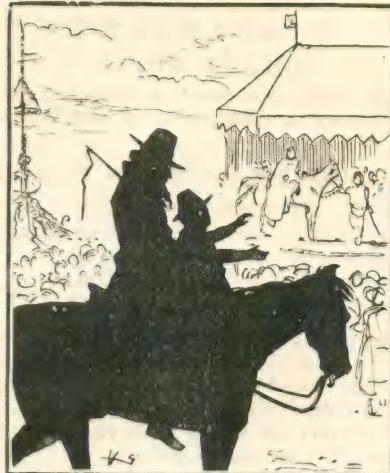
1. A white metal.
2. A blue colour.
3. One skilful in languages.
4. One who decides disputes.
5. A poet.
6. A girl's name.
7. A country north of Europe.
8. A desperate person.

EDITH HEASMAN.  
(Aged 13.)

147, Graham Road, Dalston.



PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.



PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

MENTAL HISTORICAL SCENES.

I.

**T**HE scene is in a tent, after a battle. A man in the tent commands the fallen enemy's servants to prepare a feast, just as they would for their own master. The feast is laid, and the man commands his servants to prepare him a feast, and put it beside the other. His feast is plain and wholesome ; the other is full of dainties and luxuries. He then calls his officers, and points out to them the foolishness of the vanquished monarch, who had thought it worth his while to try to take their small country.

II.

A king and his little daughter are sitting in a room together, when the servant shows in a man carrying in his hand an olive branch as a sign of peace. He asks the king to help him in a revolt in another country, and offers him large sums. At last the little girl, feeling certain that her father was being tempted to do something wrong, exclaimed. "Go away ; father, the stranger will do you harm !" She said it at the right moment ; her father refused, and sent the man away.

CLAIRE DALE.  
(Aged 12.)

BEHEADED FRENCH WORDS.

**M**Y first is a light-giving body ; behead me, and I become an article ; behead me again, and I am part of a negative.

2. I am part of a plant ; behead me, and I am a personal pronoun.
3. My first is a drink ; behead me, and I am part of the verb *Avoir*.
4. My first is a meat ; behead me, and I am one of the elements.
5. My first is a useful and ornamental stone ; behead me, and I am the largest of the vegetable kind.

AMY WILLS.  
(Aged 14.)

Hazelwood, Sneyd Park, near Bristol.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (Pages 188, 189, 190.)

## BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Scrape, crape, rape, ape. 2. Small, mall, all. 3.  
Mouse, ouse, use. 4. Spill, pill, ill. 5. That, hat, at.

## UN ACROSTICHE DOUBLE EN FRANÇAIS.

CHEVILLE.—POTRINE.

- |             |                 |
|-------------|-----------------|
| 1. C e P.   | 5. I nstitue R. |
| 2. H ug O.  | 6. L o I.       |
| 3. E nnu I. | 7. L io N.      |
| 4. V er T.  | 8. E v E.       |

[As many readers will have discovered, there were several errors in this puzzle as printed in some copies of the Magazine, and the following corrections should be made:—*initials* for *initials*; *terminaisons* for *terminations*; *écrivain* for *écrivain*; *une couleur* for *un couleur*; *établir* for *établir*; *une règle* for *un règle*.—ED.]

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NAPOLEON.—ST. HELENA.

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. N emesi S. | 5. L ol L.   |
| 2. A ssis T.  | 6. E yri E.  |
| 3. P atc H.   | 7. O rego N. |
| 4. O us E.    | 8. N yass A. |

## WORD SQUARE.

G	R	A	Y
R	O	S	E
A	S	I	A
Y	E	A	R

## PICTORIAL NURSERY RHYME.

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son."

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

TELEPHONE.—TELEGRAPH.

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. T omni T.  | 5. P an G.   |
| 2. E rmin E.  | 6. H amme R. |
| 3. L aure L.  | 7. O per A.  |
| 4. E spous E. | 8. N ea P.   |
| 9. E poc H.   |              |

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

CYPRUS.—SAHARA.

- |                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. C aithnes S.    | 4. R avenn A.    |
| 2. Y okoham A.     | 5. U lleswate R. |
| 3. P eterboroug H. | 6. S amari A.    |

## OBLONG PUZZLE.

SARDINIA.—CAGLIARI.

- |              |               |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. C alai S. | 5. I ambol I. |
| 2. A meli A. | 6. A ctio N.  |
| 3. G athe R. | 7. R ivol I.  |
| 4. L izar D. | 8. I schi A.  |

## CRYPTOGRAPH.

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven,  
They may rejoice, no wanderer lost—  
A family in heaven.

## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

PARTRIDGE.

Pie. Rat. Trap. Dart. Targe. Pier. Tap. Drag.  
Tar. Tear. Ear. Gate. Tapir. Tie. Tape.

## TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

CHOPIN.—DUSSEK.—HANDEL.

- |                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. C u D wort H. | 4. P eter S fiel D. |
| 2. H U esc A.    | 5. I s E r E.       |
| 3. O mi S sio N. | 6. New Ar K ange L. |

## WORD SQUARES.

I.	II.	III.
E A R S	M A R E	S A F E
A S I A	A L O E	A R I D
R I N G	R O L L	F I R E
S A G E	E E L S	E D E N

## THE DEAF MAN OF PUZZLEDOM.

B ear, P ear, D ear, Cl ear, S ear, Sp ear, F ear,  
Y ear, W ear, N ear, T ear, H ear.

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. P ontus.   | 8. E lihu.     |
| 2. R abah.    | 9. T ahpenes.  |
| 3. A thaliah. | 10. H uz.      |
| 4. I saiah.   | 11. E noch.    |
| 5. S imeon.   | 12. L aban.    |
| 6. E shcol.   | 13. O g.       |
| 7. Y oke.     | 14. R ehoboam. |
| 15. D eborah. |                |

## RIDDLE.

SHROPSHIRE.

Hops, Rose, Sir, Rope, Horse.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

VIRGIL.—HORACE.

- |                   |              |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1. V anis H.      | 4. G enev A. |
| 2. I nternunci O. | 5. I oni C.* |
| 3. R egistra R.   | 6. L ut E.   |

\* "A strengthening medicine" should have been "a Greek dialect."



LINDA asks "If the competitors for the 'Natural History Wanting Words' are allowed to refer to books? 2. Could any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS tell her a pretty pattern for a worked table-napkin ring?"—[1. Yes; but nothing must be copied.—ED.]

MARY THORNTON asks:—"Can two brothers work at the same thing for the Prize Competitions?"—[No.—ED.]

A. C. PAYNE asks for the origin of a clever person being called a blue stocking.—[Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," writes as follows:—"Blue Stocking: A female pedant. In 1400 a society of ladies and gentlemen was formed at Venice, distinguished by the colour of their stockings, and called *de la calza*. It lasted till 1590, when it appeared in Paris, and was the rage among the lady savantes. From France it came to England in 1780, when Mrs. Montague displayed the badge of the Bas-bleu Club at her evening assemblies. Mr. Stillingfleet was a constant attendant of the soirées, and went by the name of Blue Stockings. The last of the clique was Miss Monkton, afterwards Countess of Cork, who died 1840."—ED.]

MARY LORD asks:—"1. May the dolls, &c., for competition be sent in now? if not, when? 2. Will you please say how I can tame robins and sparrows. Great numbers of both kinds of birds come to my home every morning for their breakfast. Sometimes they will let me go near them, but not touch them. They know me when I take them some food. Can any readers of LITTLE FOLKS supply me with information?"—[1. Any time before October 15th, 1879.—ED.]

C. E. B.—[For a "Picture Page Wanting Words" a story should be written, and for a page of "Natural History Wanting Words" a description should be given.—ED.]

PIGNEY DALTON.—[Yes; if you are too old to compete, anything you care to make for the children's hospitals will probably be exhibited.—ED.]

MARION CROWDER.—[In the competition for single dolls they need not be mounted on a stand unless you prefer to do so.—ED.]

AGNES.—[Yes to both of your questions.—ED.]

CROMER.—[The prizes and medals are forwarded shortly after the publication of the prize list.—ED.]

H. C. P.—[Yes; a medal is generally given for any contribution by juvenile readers of the Magazine.—ED.]

L. E. R. asks:—"Is a puzzle disqualified for admission by being corrected in the spelling?"—[It is better that no corrections should be made.—ED.]

SNOWDROP.—[No; a silver medal is not at present given in connection with the puzzle pages of the Magazine.—ED.]

Q. B.—[Yes; all contributions must be certified.—ED.]

Q. B. asks:—"In addition to the articles to be made for hospitals mentioned in the list of Prize Competitions, may slippers and other articles be made?"—[Yes; but not in competition for prizes.—ED.]

M. S. S. & M. D. S.—[No joint contributions can be accepted.—ED.]

A DERBYSHIRE LASSIE.—[I shall be glad to see any short contributions you may send me, and to insert them in the "Little Folks' Own Pages" if possible.—ED.]

CONNIE.—[Yes; in some cases parents may certify work for LITTLE FOLKS.—ED.]

SNOWDROP, GEORGINA BAKER, ESMÉ, AMY, OLD MYRRH, L. SLATER, FRANK H. ROBERTS, NORA, LOTTIE RIX, and FLORENCE M. DAVIES, write in answer to ANNIE'S question that the piece from which her lines are taken is "Nuremberg," and the author of it is Longfellow.

EMILY.—[Yes; if you are under fifteen, you can compete for both prizes.—ED.]

MARY TROW.—[Yes, in some cases.—ED.]

A. E. MOBERLY.—[Yes; the Painting Book may be bound if necessary.—ED.]

SIDNEY A. TONGUE.—[Yes.—ED.]

HARRIETT MCPHERSON.—[Yes, you may send a scrap-book such as you describe, but not for competition.—ED.]

SCATTERBRAINS sends the following:—"Could any little folks tell me how to render—

'I say, Billy, here's a go,  
Forty busses in a row.'  
'Oh, no! Billy, them is trucks,  
See what's in 'em, peas and ducks!'

into Latin, by altering the orthography, so that it reads the same." [One solution is as follows :—

Is ab ille heres ago  
Fortibus es in aro  
O! nobile Themis trux  
As quot sinem pes an dux.]

This, of course, makes the last line read, "Ask what's in 'em. Peas and ducks."—ED.]

SNOWDROP asks:—"Who was the author who died at Longwood, spoken of by Lord Macaulay in his essay on Byron?"

M. DOUGLAS asks:—"Can any one tell me what will make pressed flowers keep their colour? I have tried pressing with hot irons, but that has failed."—R. M. P. asks a similar question.

MITENA asks:—"What is the origin of the 'Woolsack,' on which the Lord Chancellor sits in the House of Lords?"—[In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an Act of Parliament was passed to prevent the exportation of wool, and that this source of our national wealth might be kept constantly in mind, woolsacks were placed in the House of Peers, whereon the judges sat. Hence the Lord Chancellor, who presides in the House of Lords, is said to sit on the woolsack, or to be appointed to the woolsack.—ED.]

SNOWDROP and AMY BUTLER.—[A paper on silkworms will shortly appear in the Magazine.—ED.]

LIZZIE asks:—"Could any one tell me the meaning of the word 'Mizpah'?" I think it is sometimes engraved on lockets." ["The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another."—ED.]

MOGUL, being desirous of making a small wooden black-board, wishes to know what preparation should be used to get a smooth black surface which chalk will not scratch, and from which it can be easily rubbed out.

FANNY would be much obliged to any little folks who would tell her how to make a purse.

JOE and ROB wish to know if any one can tell them how to make cork frames, or any other pretty frames?

B. N. asks if it is possible to teach canaries to sing a tune? If so, they would like to have instructions.

MARY CHAPMAN asks: "Can any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS tell me how to make a net for lawn tennis?"

LAUREL asks: "Could any one tell me if Hamlet was only a fictitious personage; and if not, in what century did he live, and with which of our English kings was he contemporary?"

A. C. P. will be very much obliged if any one can tell her the rest of the poem beginning with "Be good, sweet maid," its author, and where it may be found?

T. E. SWAN writes:—"Would you kindly inform me how to make a magnifying glass. I know how to make the common thin and thick glass, but not the magnifying."

C. C. FAITHFULL asks where the following lines are to be found—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."—[A proverbial expression to be found in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." A very similar sentence occurs in Herbert's *Jacula Prudentum*:—"To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure."—ED.]

R. BENNET writes:—"Can any little folks tell me the continuation of the song—

There was an old man who lived in a wood,  
As you may plainly see.  
He said he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,  
"If you will me allow,  
You shall stay at home to-day,  
While I go guide the plough."

W. H. RICHMOND.—[I shall be glad to see any single short paper you may care to send—it should not exceed a printed column of LITTLE FOLKS in length. Next year prizes will be given for short essays.—ED.]

BIBBIE, MAY TURNER, OLD MYRRH, MISS LADDS, and LOUIE, will all be glad to hear from CHARLIE WILSON "how he got a child into a school at Clifton" by means of old postage stamps. GRACIE, LOUIE, GINGILOVO, and FOURPENNY, and WM. ARTHUR will also be glad to know whether old stamps are of any real use.' A LADY AND

TWO LITTLE SCOTCH READERS ask ANNA VON MIELECKA of what use are old post cards, &c.—[See paragraph on subject of used postage stamps in "The Editor's Pocket-Book" for September.—ED.]

GERTRUDE E. PATERSON, M. T. D., AUGUSTA M., MAY DORLING, AMY STALLARD, &c., write, in answer to CORALIE PLATUOVA'S question, that Monsieur Xavier Boniface Saintine was the author of "Picciola;" and that the celebrated prisoner was Charles Veramont, Comte de Charney.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP writes:—"Is it allowable to have the dolls' under-linen washed before it is sent up? 2. Must the dolls be grouped before they are sent, and how can dolls

be made to stand up? 3. Is advice allowed respecting matters of taste in making up the dresses?—1. Yes. 2. Yes. It is better to group the dolls, which should be kept upright by means of stands, or other supports. 3. No.—ED.]

OLD MYRRH.—[A good book on the subject is "Familiar Wild Flowers," published in sixpenny monthly parts by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.—ED.]

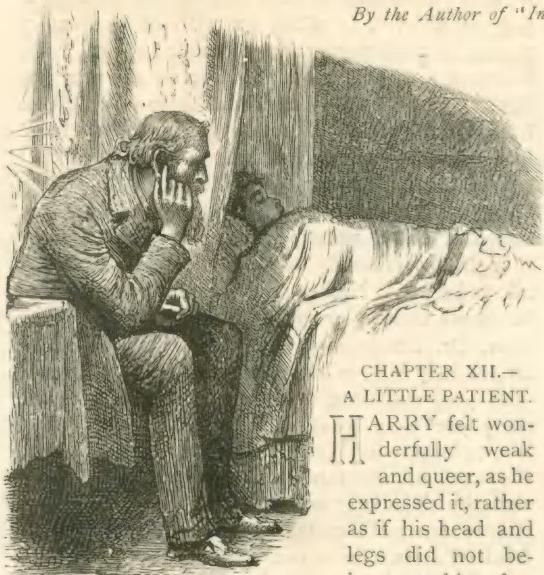
J. W. W. STEPHENS.—[In the Pictorial Puzzle, on page 125, Merioneth is made up of the concluding syllable of hammer, io, net, and the initial h of hand.—ED.]

#### REGULATIONS FOR PICTURE STORY WANTING WORDS.

*A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour will be given for the best short and original story describing this Picture. A smaller Book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best story relatively to the age of the Competitor; so that no reader is too young to try for this second Prize. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years, and their letters must be certified by Ministers or Teachers, and forwarded to the Editor by the 10th of October next (the 15th of October for Competitors residing abroad).*

## ROSES FROM THORNS; OR, THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

By the Author of "Into the View," &amp;c. &amp;c.

CHAPTER XII.—  
A LITTLE PATIENT.

HARRY felt wonderfully weak and queer, as he expressed it, rather as if his head and legs did not belong to him, but

he was in no pain, and rather amused by the stately progress they made.

His cousin did not open his lips, and his eyebrows were drawn together with an expression of suffering. He had not noticed the gradual change that others had seen in Harry; all at once a sudden terror had come upon him. He saw, too late, and bitterly regretted, that the delicate, sensitive lad had been, if not actually neglected, at least without the care and comforts he had needed. If only this illness passed off, Mr. Ratcliffe determined that no mother should watch a sickly child more devotedly and tenderly than he, crabbed old man as he was, would watch the boy he had grown to love every day more entirely. *If it passed; but a terrible dread oppressed his heart that perhaps the frail strength might have been tried too far ever to recover itself, and he might have to face the new anguish of seeing his child die.* He had borne so much, so very much, in his life, which seemed so long and dreary to look back upon, but *this* would be the worst of all. The misery of the thought made him writhe, and utter a smothered groan.

"Are you ill too, cousin?" Harry said, affectionately; "have you got some pains?"

"Yes, Harry, a little—but nothing to hurt, my boy, nothing to hurt. Here we are! You must go to bed; eh, doctor?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Brown, heartily, "bed is

quite the best place for him. Is there no one in the house, sir? no woman?"

"No, no woman—I don't want one," the old man replied, half testily, half uneasily. "If Mrs. Osborne were at home—but she is not. I can do all that is required."

"Well, sir, you will let me help you, and when the boy is comfortable we can have a chat. I think he will have to stay awhile in bed."

Mr. Ratcliffe did not answer, but his eyes searched the doctor's face as if to read his thoughts.

Harry was put to bed—in his cousin's bed, in spite of his remonstrances. The doctor administered something, examined him thoroughly, and then, as he seemed sleepy, the two men left the room.

"Well, well, what do you think of him?" the Hermit said, impatiently, as they entered the parlour. "Conceal nothing, sir, but tell me your opinion quickly."

"Well, my good sir, that is just what is difficult to do. The boy is in a very weak state, and, I think, has symptoms of some fever, but it is impossible to say more to-day. I am only sure of one thing—he will need great care, and he must be kept quiet for a considerable time. I was noticing only the other day how poorly he looked. You, probably, have noticed it also."

The old man shook his head.

"No, no, I noticed nothing. I have been much to blame."

The words came out against his will; proud and reserved as he was, it was almost an unheard-of confession for him to make to a stranger.

"Well, well, not intentionally, I am sure," Dr. Brown said, soothingly. "But now about a nurse, my dear sir?"

"I shall have none," he answered briefly and sternly. "I shall nurse the child."

"But it will be beyond your strength."

"Sir, it will not. No one shall be with him but me."

"But you cannot manage alone in the house."

Mr. Ratcliffe paused a moment, and then he said, reluctantly—

"Then send me some one to do the work downstairs—it is a pity Mrs. Osborne is away—some one trustworthy, and who will leave me alone. Will you undertake this?"

"Certainly, since you insist on doing the nursing

yourself. But I should not be surprised if the boy were ill some weeks. It is a case about which you cannot predict."

"And the end of it? Do you think he will get well?"

The words were jerked out hoarsely and almost fiercely; there was something terrible in the old man's face.

"That is impossible for me to say now. I promise you, Mr. Ratcliffe, that I will tell you all I think when I am able to form any judgment."

"Thank you, sir. I wish it."

"And one thing is absolutely necessary," continued the doctor—"you *must* be quiet, soothing, and cheerful, if you undertake to nurse the boy."

"Cheerful!" Mr. Ratcliffe repeated, with a strange smile; "that will not be easy, but I will do my best, I promise you, and, at any rate, I know how to conceal what I am feeling; I have had plenty of practice."

"It is quite necessary both for doctors and nurses. Well, I will leave you now, sir, and send some one in whom you can trust. I will call again this evening, if you like."

"Certainly, certainly, I should be glad for you to do so," Mr. Ratcliffe said, eagerly, his dislike of doctors giving way to his intense anxiety for Harry. "Do your best for my lad, no matter what it costs. *Miser* as I am supposed to be, every farthing I possess I would give gladly in exchange for his life. And you think this illness has been coming on for some time?"

"I fancy so. The boy must have been delicate to begin with, and perhaps required a little more coddling than he has got. It has been a trying winter, and possibly the school-work was rather too much for him."

"Ay!" muttered the Hermit, "hard work at school, and hard living, loneliness, and discomfort at home. But he never complained—my little lad!"

The doctor left the house, feeling greatly concerned for the trouble he left there; and Mr. Ratcliffe returned to Harry.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

DR. BROWN did the commission entrusted to him very judiciously, and sent in a decent elderly widow, who quietly took possession of the kitchen and lower part of the Manor House, leaving the master of it free to devote every hour of the day to his boy. And Harry got worse, so much worse that the doctor looked very grave, and the old man dared not dwell upon the dreadful thought that this one bright thing in his lonely life was perhaps to be taken from him as, one by one, his early hopes and joys had all been taken long ago.

Mrs. Osborne was a great friend of Mrs. Brown, the doctor's wife, and she received from her one day, about a week after Harry was taken ill, a long letter of news of Axborough and the neighbourhood, a great part of which was taken up with an account of the sad state of things at the Manor House. "My husband says it is most pitiful to see the poor old Hermit now that the little fellow is so very ill," the letter said. "He will not be persuaded to leave him, nor to let any one share his nursing. I offered to do all I could, but he will not have any strangers. No one goes inside the room but my husband. The woman whom he sent to help, though she is really a very nice person, is not allowed there. Night and day he keeps watch, and he seems to look greyer and more haggard every hour, Dr. Brown says. He would, I think, have let *you* help him, as he has always made a difference with you, and once or twice he has said he was sorry you were away. But nothing will induce him to leave poor Harry. The boy wanders a good deal at times, and fancies himself at school; sometimes he sings very sweetly. He very often begins the first notes of the anthem they were singing in St. Michael's when he was taken ill—"I will arise"—and then breaks off. He has a fiddle which he was learning to play, and he always will have this beside him on the bed, constantly touches it as if it were alive, and sometimes tries to play upon it. Dr. Brown does not give up hope; it is a lingering sort of low fever, he says. The worst of it is he needs such good nursing, and though the poor old man is wonderfully tender and devoted, still one cannot think he is the person to attend to a sick child. I know you are interested in the poor boy, and will wish to hear all particulars—indeed, every one seems interested in him now. He certainly is a good, lovable little fellow."

Mrs. Osborne's soft brown eyes ran over with tears as she read this letter, and her heart ached both for Harry and for his guardian. She sat awhile thinking, and then she got up suddenly.

"Dolly!" she called, and Dolly came running in from the next room. "You won't mind staying on here for a short time without me, dear?" her mother said. "Mrs. Longley was kind enough to ask you, you know, and you can see Frank sometimes. I mean to go home to-morrow."

"Oh, mother, what a pity! Why?" Dolly said, discontentedly.

"Because you don't want me half as much as a poor sick child that I mean to go and help to nurse. I'm sure you won't complain, Dolly, when I tell you; my little girl is too kind-hearted. Poor Harry Maurice is very ill, and I think I might be of some good to him, and to Mr. Ratcliffe too,

perhaps. At any rate, I don't feel as if I should like to keep away if there is a chance of my being of any use."

"Is Harry *very* ill, then, mother?" Dolly asked in awe-struck tones. "Poor Harry! What is the matter with him?"

"I hardly know, darling; but Mrs. Brown speaks as if he were very ill indeed. And the poor child seems so desolate—no mother, no father, no one to care for him but that curious old cousin of his. I *must* go to Clayton, Dolly."

And she made her preparations at once, in her warm-hearted, impetuous way—the way Dolly had caught from her mother. To think that any one was in trouble to whom she might be of use was a call upon Mrs. Osborne that she never could resist.

The day fixed for her return to Clayton was a very anxious one at the Manor House. Harry had passed a terribly restless, feverish night, turning about incessantly, moaning, and at times crying out with an impatience and wildness very unlike his usual gentle, patient way. The old man felt almost worn out as the chilly spring morning dawned. He had scarcely rested for half an hour, and his strength and courage seemed giving way together. It went to his heart like a knife to listen to his boy, and to be unable to soothe or quiet him. For thirty years he had been shut out from every one, and had done his best also to shut out all thoughts of the sufferings of other people; and now he was forced to see and to share them, and, worst of all, to see them in one who had little by little made his way to his half-frozen heart, and won a love that had been given to no one else for more than a quarter of a century.

Dr. Brown came early, as usual, and seemed puzzled to know what to say. He would not pronounce any decided opinion, only that the boy was *very* ill; and he advised Mr. Ratcliffe to have another doctor over from W—— to see him. Anything and everything suggested was at once caught at by the old man now. He cared for nothing but to give Harry every possible chance. While he was talking with him down-stairs, and had allowed Mrs. Ellis to sit with the sick boy for a short time, Mr. Henderson, the head-master of the grammar-school came to inquire. As Mr. Ratcliffe met him face to face at the door he could not help speaking to him without being rude. Mr. Henderson showed kindness and anxiety.

"I am so grieved, Mr. Ratcliffe, to have bad accounts of my pupil. I only heard how ill he was yesterday, and I felt I must come myself to ask after him. Is he any better at all to-day?"

The Hermit shook his head—at that moment he could not speak.

Dr. Brown answered for him: "No, I am sorry to say we have not a good report to give this morning, but I hope before long to see an improvement. He is one of the best and most patient of invalids, and I am sure has the most devoted nurse."

"I am glad of that," Mr. Henderson said. "Some one from Axborough, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I nurse the boy myself," Mr. Ratcliffe said, shortly. "As Dr. Brown says, he gives no trouble."

"That I can quite believe," the schoolmaster replied, with emphasis, "from my knowledge of Harry at school; I am sure a better little fellow could not be. It is quite a pleasure to teach him; and the progress he has made has astonished us all. If anything, I should say he was a little too good—too gentle, at least, and easily put upon. I fear he has had rather a hard time of it with his school-fellows sometimes; we have a mixed lot, you know, and some are very rough. We masters cannot interfere much, or try to set things right that go on in play-time, without doing more harm than good; so I was obliged, though very sorry to do so, to leave Harry to fight his own battles, which were sometimes, I fear, rather too much for him. I should advise, if I might presume, that he should be kept away from school for a long while when he gets well—till he is quite strong. There is no fear of such an intelligent boy, so eager to learn, being backward in the long-run, but he is not up to school life, I am afraid."

"I will take your advice, sir," Mr. Ratcliffe said in a low voice, "when—if he gets well. So he has suffered a great deal, you think, at school? I sent him there with a view of doing him good."

"Oh, of course! Well, I hope he was not altogether unhappy with us; but the teasing, which is nothing to robust, healthy lads, was a good deal, I am afraid, to Harry. He was too timid and too gentle to hold his own. I will not detain you, Mr. Ratcliffe. I wished particularly to hear something of the boy, and I wished to tell you how he is missed by all of us at school—not only by the masters—that is no wonder, for Harry is, as I said, the best pupil possible—but by the boys even. In spite of their roughness and apparent want of feeling, you would be surprised to see how much they all think of him. But he is a lad of whom one can't help growing fond."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Henderson, for what you have said of my child," the old man answered gratefully and with unusual gentleness of manner. "He is all you say, but what besides only *I* know. I thank you for your good wishes but—just now I dare not look forward!"



"MRS. OSBORNE SAW HIM SETTLED IN THE GREAT OLD-FASHIONED ARM-CHAIR" (p. 263).

Mr. Henderson felt much moved by his manner, and held out his hand in silence. Mr. Ratcliffe had not touched any one's hand in friendly greeting for a long, long time, but he allowed the cordial clasp which meant all the sympathy the schoolmaster could not express. "Good-bye, sir," was all he said; "I shall hope to hear better tidings. If Harry is well enough give him my love, and tell him how we miss our best scholar."

The master and the doctor then walked off together, while Mr. Ratcliffe returned to his watch by Harry's bedside.

"That is not the sort of man people fancied him to be," Mr. Henderson said as they returned to Axborough. "He seems a real gentleman, and, moreover, to have a great deal of feeling and affection for that poor little fellow. It is a strange sort of life for a man to lead!"

"Yes, indeed; no wonder he grew so rusty and unsociable; but Harry has been changing his whole character, I fancy. No, there is no doubt but that the old man is exceedingly fond of the boy. I never saw more intense affection between any of such different ages. He will not leave him, does everything for him like a woman. But there ought to be some one else there. Hullo! Who is that in

the station fly? Surely it can be no one but Mrs. Osborne! Excuse me, Mr. Henderson, I must stop and speak to her. I should not be in the least surprised if she is come to help us up at the Manor House. There was never a kinder soul in this world."

Mr. Henderson went on his way, while Dr. Brown ran excitedly to speak to the lady inside the carriage, who was indeed Mrs. Osborne, just arrived from the sea-side.

"The very person I wanted to see!" he cried, as he shook hands with her very heartily. "My dear Mrs. Osborne, I *hope* you have come home partly on that poor child's account."

"Harry you mean?" Mrs. Osborne answered. "Yes, I own I did. I don't know whether Mr. Ratcliffe will let me help him, but I mean to ask. I was so sorry to hear of it. Do tell me, Dr. Brown, have you given up hope?"

"No, no. But I own there seem more grounds for fear than hope. I am glad you are come! We all think of you directly there is any trouble or sickness, you know."

Mrs. Osborne coloured a little. "You will make me conceited, doctor. Well, I must not stop now. I shall see you again soon."

## CHAPTER XIV.—THINGS IMPROVE.

AFTER the doctor and the schoolmaster had left him the owner of the Manor House returned into the solitary parlour and sat down for a moment to rest before he went to take up his place by Harry's

moved by the schoolmaster's kind words and expressions about his boy. It was a pleasure even now, in the midst of all this pain, to know that Harry was so well spoken of. How proud he might be of the lad in time if—if only this life, that was so



"HARRY'S COUSIN CAME TO BID HIM GOOD-BYE" (p. 264).

bedside. Mr. Henderson's words had made a deep impression upon him; he began to see how little he had understood the management of a delicate boy, and his self-reproaches were more severe than any one else's criticisms could have been.

He could not have believed, a year ago, that he should have cared like this for any one in the world, nor that the sympathy of others could have mattered to him, but it was certain that he had been much

very precious now to his lonely heart, might be spared!

The hours of the day dragged on in a weary, monotonous way, but towards afternoon Mr. Ratcliffe received another visit, which was more welcome to him than anything else could have been just then.

The woman who was doing the kitchen work for him came up-stairs, and knocking softly, called him

from beside Harry's bed. The boy was in a sort of uncomfortable doze, and his old cousin was sitting by the window, trying to fix his attention on one of his favourite books, but in vain, for all his thoughts were fixed on Harry.

"What is it, Mrs. Ellis?" he asked, irritably. "The child should not be disturbed."

"I'm sure I should be sorry to do that, sir," the good woman said, in her stolid way, "but I was obliged to come and tell you, for there is a lady—Mrs. Osborne—down-stairs; and I thought you'd wish to see her."

"Mrs. Osborne!" the old man cried, with a sudden change of countenance, and a sensation of the greatest relief rushing to his heart. "But it is impossible; she is away from home."

"Perhaps you'll go and see, sir," the woman answered, in the imperturbable tone which all Mr. Ratcliffe's irritability never altered. "I'll stay with Master Harry."

Mr. Ratcliffe hastened down almost as quickly as if he were young again, and found that Mrs. Ellis was right after all.

Mrs. Osborne came forward with a warmth and kindness that made their way straight to his heart.

"I could not help coming to see if I could be of use," she said, as she took the cold thin hand, "as soon as I heard how very ill poor dear Harry was. I hope you do not think me meddling or intrusive?"

"You!" he said, in a faltering voice, "you are everything best and kindest! But I don't deserve help of you. I have been shamefully ungrateful and rude to you, Mrs. Osborne."

"Oh, no, no! do not say so. I am sure I never thought it. But can I help you? for indeed that is just what I have come home for."

"I dare not ask too much, yet you tempt me to take advantage of your goodness."

"Please, do let me; there is nothing I want more than to be of use to you and Harry."

"Will you stay, then, and nurse him? I know I am asking more than I have any right to do, and what I would ask of no one else in the world. I said at first that no one should do anything for the boy but me, but I see I am a useless, stupid old fellow, and he wants better care than mine. You see how all my theories have broken down!"

The old man smiled as he spoke, but such a sad, wistful smile that it brought tears into Mrs. Osborne's eyes.

"Of course I will stay," she said, "but you must not give up your share. Harry would miss you dreadfully."

"My poor little lad!" Mr. Ratcliffe fairly cried

as he spoke; he had forgotten his pride and reserve for the time. "You are too kind! But don't let us waste time talking. I accept your offer with more gratitude than I can put into words. Harry saved my life, which was worth nothing; if *his* can be saved, I shall almost be glad to live!"

"God grant it!" Mrs. Osborne said, fervently.

The old man bent his head. "Amen. He has dealt hardly, or it seemed so, with me, but I will try and trust that all may be well."

And they went up to Harry's room. Mrs. Osborne had taken off her wraps, and went in quietly, as if she were living there, in her neat, soft dress, with her pleasant face and manner, and the whole place seemed to look like home directly and the forlornness vanished. Harry was still uncomfortably asleep, she put everything straight without noise, with touches that seemed magical, opened the window wide and let in the sweet, fresh spring air. It was wonderful the change her being there seemed to make at once. Harry opened his eyes after awhile and looked about vaguely; his mind was wandering, and he was not sure of anything he saw for some time.

"Is Cousin Ratcliffe here?" he asked, turning his head from one side to the other.

"Yes, my dear," the old man said in a gentle, tremulous voice, coming forward.

"And some one else, who is it? A lady?"

"Don't you know me, Harry?" Mrs. Osborne said in her cheerful tones, softly putting a cool, smooth hand on his forehead.

"Is it really Mrs. Osborne?" he asked, quite eagerly, with a sudden brightness in the blue eyes that seemed to have grown much too large for his face. "Oh, how glad I am!"

"Yes, it is Mrs. Osborne, come to help to nurse you and make you quite well, I hope. Cousin Ratcliffe would have been worn out in time."

"Where is he? you can't think how kind he has been. Is he in the room?"

No, the old man had slipped away, he could not help the sudden pang of jealousy which Harry's words had given him. He did not hear what followed them, but he did try and rejoice that Mrs. Osborne had come, since Harry was glad, but it was hard for him, for he had grown selfishly absorbed in his own life.

Mrs. Osborne came out to him presently and said, "Harry is asking for you. He is quite bright now. I really do not think you need feel so very hopeless about him. I have a sort of presentiment all will be well."

"God bless you for saying so! But does the boy really want me?"

"Of course he does," Mrs. Osborne answered,

smiling. "You did not suppose Harry would not miss you, surely?"

Mr. Ratcliffe rewarded her kindness by a grateful look, his jealousy vanished, and he went back to Harry, feeling already happier than he could have believed possible.

"Do you think you are better for your sleep, my laddie?" he said, stooping over him. "I fancy you look a little bit brighter."

"Oh yes, I think I am better," Harry answered, but this did not mean much, for he always declared himself better whenever he was asked, if he was at all conscious of what he said. "Aren't you glad, cousin, that Mrs. Osborne is here?"

"Yes, Harry, very glad," the old man said, with just a little effort to get out the words. "It is very, very kind of her to come."

"Oh, she is always kind. And now you will be able to rest a little."

"It does not matter about me, Harry. I can do without rest as long as you want me."

"I *want* you, of course," Harry said, affectionately, "but I don't want you to be ill too."

The old man stooped lower down, Harry put his arms round his neck, and they kissed each other. This was the first kiss that Miles Ratcliffe had ever given the boy, much as he loved him, and Harry remembered that it was.

Everything seemed to go on better at the Manor House now that the good genius of Mrs. Osborne had taken possession of it. The doctor from W—and Dr. Brown agreed that Harry had a very good chance of recovery, but that it would be a tedious illness, and he would be weak for a long while. Mrs. Osborne told Mr. Ratcliffe their opinion, and she was also commissioned to warn him of the great care that Harry would need for the future.

"Tell me what ought to be done, and I will try and do it," he said, quite humbly.

"Will you let me speak openly, and say all that I think?" she asked, feeling a little nervous, and dreading to bring on his former irritation.

"That is what I wish you to do, madam," he answered, gravely and courteously.

"I think that a tender-spirited, sensitive, rather frail little fellow like your Harry"—she went on quickly, for she was anxious to seize the happy moment—"must have a brighter sort of atmosphere about him, more young companions, less brain work, more exercise and enjoyment, and in time he will grow to be a boy like other healthy boys of his age. He has had a very unhappy childhood, I imagine, and it has all told upon him, and he has not had a chance of getting strong. I know how much you care for him, so I am quite sure you will do all you can."

"Yes, I do care for him. But the question is, how am I to remedy all the evils which I see there have been? I have got into my own way, and it has been so long the same I hardly see my way to altering, but what I can do I will. I know it has been a very dismal home for a boy, and I forgot how dismal because he brightened it so much *to me*. But tell me just what you think can be done, and I will try and carry out all you say."

Mrs. Osborne was delighted to find him in so gentle and docile a mood. She had longed for months for this chance which his softened, grateful state of mind gave her now, and she told him honestly whatever was in her thoughts with regard to Harry's future. They talked together for an hour, and only on this one subject.

#### CHAPTER XV.—GOING TO THE SEA.

HARRY was able to leave his bed about a fortnight after Mrs. Osborne had come to nurse him, and to be carried into another room. The shutters had been all opened, and the sun and air had warmed and freshened it. A great bunch of wild flowers, hawthorn and blue hyacinths and marsh marigolds, stood on the table and delighted the small invalid with their bright faces. Everything seemed cheerful, and Harry could hardly believe in the change. Mrs. Osborne saw him settled in the great old-fashioned arm-chair which his cousin had dragged in for him, gave him some soup which her own clever hands had made, and then she went out to see about things at the cottage.

When Mr. Ratcliffe came in to keep his boy company, there was another wonderful change for Harry to see, and that was in his cousin's face. The fretful, mournful expression was gone, and even the Clayton children would not have run away from him now in terror if they had looked straight at him.

"You look more like yourself now, Harry," he said, watching the boy, with a smile in his eyes as well as on his lips. "You must make haste, though, and pick up a little flesh. I wonder you aren't ashamed of such a skinny arm as this," and he touched it as tenderly as if it were fine china. "You must eat and drink as much as you can swallow."

"I wonder when I shall be able to go back to school."

"Oh, don't talk about school!" Mr. Ratcliffe interrupted, quite sharply. "It will be months and months before I let you; and what does it matter?"

"But I shall forget everything."

"So much the better. I want you to learn new things, Harry."

"New things!"

"Yes, quite different from all you have learnt since you came—at least, different from all at school or in this house. You have had one good teacher, but only one."

"Who was that?" Harry asked, wonderingly.  
"Mr. Elliot?"

"No, my lad; little Dolly Osborne."

Harry laughed. "Oh, you mean I must learn to play?"

"Yes, that will be your next lesson for a long while to come. Next week or the one after that I am going to send you away, Harry, as soon as you are said to be strong enough."

"Send me away! Where to, Cousin Ratcliffe?"

"You need not look so much alarmed," his cousin said, smiling. "Are you afraid I want to get rid of you altogether, or do anything very dreadful with you? What do you say to going to St. Clement's with Mrs. Osborne? I don't think you have ever seen the sea."

St. Clement's was the sea-side place where Frank's school was, and where Dolly was still staying. The Hermit had persuaded Mrs. Osborne to return thither for a few weeks, and had promised to pay all the necessary expenses. He did not mind dipping deep into his funds in the bank for Harry's sake.

Harry sat upright, with a glowing face and shining eyes. "Oh, cousin! am I to go to the sea? Oh, how splendid! But," he added, with a slight change of tone, "why can't *you* come too? I wish you would."

"No, my laddie. I don't care for travelling about, and besides, I shall be very busy getting straight while you are away."

"Getting straight! Aren't you straight now?"

The old man smiled again an odd, amused smile. "No, not at all. You do not think an illness like yours does not unsettle one a bit? Yes, I shall find plenty to do, and I want you to go away and forget all about me and the old Manor House, and everything here completely, and to play about and enjoy yourself as much as ever you can."

Harry said in his old-fashioned way, "I don't want to forget *you*. I shall think about you every day, cousin, and how very, very good you have been to me."

"Good!" the old man repeated, with a trembling voice. "My poor child, I have been very cruel to you."

"Oh no, no, no!" Harry cried, earnestly, with all his loving, grateful heart in his voice, "indeed, indeed you have not! I shall miss you very much, and be so glad to see you again, cousin."

The old man put his hand over his eyes and was quite still for a moment; then he got up and spoke in a matter-of-fact, brisk manner.

"Well, well. I must go and see about your clothes, Harry. I expect you will want a good many things while you are away, and I must get Mrs. Osborne to do what is necessary for you."

And he left Harry to his own thoughts, which were happy enough. He was getting well, strength was slowly coming back with the sweet spring of the year, his cousin was wonderfully good and indulgent, and—happiest thought of all—he was going to the *sea* with his dear, kind Mrs. Osborne. Pleasure and hope are capital doctors, and Harry astonished every one by his progress. Dr. Brown gave him leave to go one bright May morning, and everything was ready for the great event.

The Hermit—we must not call him by this name much longer, however—yielded to Harry's entreaties to go with them to Axborough station and see them off; so the house was left in charge of Mrs. Ellis, and the fly took Mr. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Osborne, and Harry to the station.

One of the grammar-school boys who happened to be near the station, and caught sight of Harry, ran in to speak to him. He was one who sang with him in the choir and had always been friendly.

"Hullo, Maurice! Glad to see you out. Where are you off to?"

"To St. Clement's, with Mrs. Osborne," Harry said, proudly. "Oh, I'm getting all right, thank you, Briggs. I hope I shall be able to come back to the choir when I get home. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, old fellow! I hope you will get on all right," and Briggs gave Harry's frail hand a grip that made him redden with pain, though he was grateful for the kind intention.

Mr. Ratcliffe was quite in a fuss to get Harry comfortably settled on the cushions of the first-class carriage. The bell rang, and Harry's cousin came to bid him good-bye.

"God bless you, my laddie!" he said, tenderly. "Mind I expect to see you home quite strong and well. That is all you have to do. Good-bye, Mrs. Osborne. I trust him to you, and I thank you for your kindness from the depths of my heart."

"Good-bye, Cousin Ratcliffe," Harry said, rather wistfully; "I wish you were coming too."

The words were very sweet to the old man, for he could not doubt their sincerity.

"Silly boy!" he answered, gently. "You won't want a cross old fellow like me. You must learn to play with children; you have had too much moping already. Now you are off! Write if you feel inclined, but don't stay indoors to do it."

(To be concluded.)



THE CAT AND THE FOXES. (See p. 256.)

## FOUR LITTLE FOXES.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

**T**HE pet of our sailors at the north pole,  
There lived a big cat as black as a coal ;  
And every day, in a lordly dish,  
They served him a meal of meat or of fish ;  
And every day, with appetite keen,  
He gobbled it up, and licked the plate clean.

Well, the sailors one day, going out for a stroll,  
Found four little creatures alive in a hole.  
When they got them on board they saw they were  
foxes,  
And they gave them their quarters in baskets and  
boxes.  
And day after day, with looks of appeal,

They watched the black cat intent on his meal ;  
And much they desired his victuals to share,  
But Tom, with rude gestures, bid them beware.  
So the four little foxes determined to meet,  
And somehow secure the much coveted treat.

Next day the four foxes met without fail ;  
Three mustered in front, one made for Tom's tail,  
And gave it a tug ; then the little back-biter  
Took to his heels, and, being younger and lighter,  
Contrived to escape. But while Tom was pursuing  
The three little foxes were up and were doing ;  
They seized on the plate, and snatched it away,  
And Tom lost his meal—at least, for that day.

## THE AMUSEMENTS OF HINDOO CHILDREN.



**T**HE long hot day has come to an end. In an Indian bungalow the doors are opened, and the bearer proceeds to spread a carpet, and place chairs upon the *chabutra*, an erection of bricks and mortar, about three feet high, built out in the centre of the compound, so that the inhabitants of the bungalow may sit and "eat the air," according to the common Indian phrase, without any anxious thoughts about snakes. The mem-sahib (as the lady of the house is called) and the children are not going for their usual drive; the monsoon is coming rapidly up country, and the heavy clouds which are rolling up from the eastward to-night render it prudent to remain at home. There are many groans from the children, for their evening drive is what they look forward to during the whole of the long hot day, and ayahs and bearers are not in the very best of humours, when suddenly a monotonous but welcome sound is heard at the gateway. Ecstatic shouts of "Bunderwallah, bunderwallah, hai!" ("Here is the monkey-man!") come from children and ayahs alike, and the mem-sahib, though weary enough of the oft-repeated performance, has not the heart to send him away; and presently the bunderwallah, with his two monkeys and his curious little drum, appears. A space is cleared for them, and after the monkey-man has made a profound salaam to the lady and the children the performance begins.

Small dark faces have been peeping round the corner of the bungalow meanwhile, and whenever proceedings have fairly commenced a crowd of small children appear as if by magic, drawn by the music, irresistible to them, of the monkey-drum. Behind them, at a little distance, scorning to appear among the baba-log (children), and yet unwilling to miss any of the fun, are three boys, of eleven or twelve, belonging respectively to the bearer, the bhistic (water-carrier), and one of the syces (grooms). The bearer's boy is at a mission-school; he hopes to be a chuprassi (messenger), and is devoting more time to his education than is usual in order to learn to read and write English well, and so obtain high wages. The bhistic's boy has no such ambition; he will follow his father's calling, and, as it is, helps him considerably. The syce's boy, the eldest of a large family, is working for himself already; he is said to be a very sharp boy, and gets three rupees (6s.) a month for driving bullocks, &c.

The bunderwallah has meanwhile arrayed the two monkeys in some quaint jackets and hats, which give them a very grotesque appearance, and then he begins to chant in a peculiar tone, beating his drum all the time, "Nauchu bunder, nauchu bunder!" ("Dance, monkeys, dance!") He goes on always in the same tone, and keeping time with his drum. "You are a good monkey! You are a bad monkey! Make a salaam to the mem-sahib! Why are you angry? Dance, monkeys, dance! Now you are a messenger, dance, dance! Now you are a soldier, dance, dance," &c. &c. All this

world, and sweetmeats—"metai," as they call them—are dear to the hearts of Hindoo children; strange sticky compounds, though they are, of sugar, ghee (clarified butter), and almonds.

A number of curious and pretty sweetmeats are made specially for the Dassèrah, of all shapes and forms, such as elephants, tigers, lamys, fruits, &c.

After this festival is over, the girls do not play with dolls for about three months. During the cold season, which now comes on, they have some lively games. "Lapac dandà" and "girli dandà" are played with sticks and balls; and in the bright sunny winter afternoons groups of children may be seen on the maidàn, or any open space near the native city, playing at these or at "Kubaddi," which is not unlike prisoner's base, and "gèri," which is very much the same as the game English boys call "cat."

During the great Mohammedan festival of the Mohurrum the boys have a game called "pata," which consists of fencing and mock combats with wooden swords. On the great day of the Mohurrum, when the air is throbbing with the noise of drums, and dense crowds of people are hurrying to and fro, the children are in the greatest state of delight and excitement, rushing about and watching the processions from the various Mohammedan quarters.

In spring the Hindoo Holi festival takes place, and for about a week all is confusion in the streets of the native cities; a crimson powder is thrown about, staining the clothes of every one who is unfortunate enough to come near it, and the Lord of Misrule holds sway everywhere.

As the hot weather comes on, and the evenings lengthen, kites become all the rage. All over the maidàn or open plain groups of children and big boys are lolling about, and half-a-dozen kites are floating softly in the still warm air, rising gently and almost imperceptibly till they are mere specks in the sky. Suddenly some change occurs in the upper air currents; the kites begin to descend rapidly, the strings are wound up, and all is hurry-scurry among the youngsters. Soon there is a shock of dismay, for one of the kites has stuck in a tree in the Colonel Sahib's garden, and great would be his indignation if any of the motley crew were to venture into his grounds. There is nothing for it but to wait patiently till the friendly darkness descends, and then they will creep through a hole in the dodonia hedge and release their treasure. All are not so fortunate, however; and lost kites are "treasure trove."

Somewhere about this time of the year the boys play with marbles, and the girls with what in Scotland are called "chuckie-stones."

When the intense burning heat of May and June has given place to the clouded skies and more moderate temperature of the rainy season, *swings* may be seen on every convenient tree, and loud are the shouts of merriment as one after another take their turn. For some reason unknown, swinging is considered to be an amusement more especially for girls; but the boys seem to be equally fond of it. During the rainy season, also, the boys play with a species of top, and a curious little wooden plaything, called a "chakai." It is a little wheel, or rather two wheels joined together; a piece of fine twine is tied round the centre, and the chakai is thrown out the full length of the string, and pulled in again so dexterously that the string twines tightly round the centre part between the wheels.

The little ones are, like children in this country, very fond of imitating the pursuits of their elders. Sometimes they pretend to be shepherds leading their flocks of sheep and goats; sometimes they represent a string of Cabul merchants, with their camels loaded with dried fruits; and again they are pilgrims to some far-off shrine, with their *lotas* (brass vessels) of Ganges water upon their shoulders. Then, too, beneath some large tree in the compound, or under the palm-trees by the well, may be seen a house, with a miniature fireplace of mud and wonderful arrangements of broken crockery.

Hindoo children have not so many nursery rhymes as English children, but they have many songs in praise of their false gods, and they have also songs for the different seasons. One very sweet and plaintive air sung by the women and children during the rainy season has been set to Christian words, and is sung as a hymn by the native Christians.

Every one who has ever been in India knows the little song of "Tali Bajao," which the ayahs sing alike to their own little ones and to their pale-faced nurslings,

"Clap your hands, clap your hands,  
Cook the bread for father.  
Clap your hands, clap your hands."

And so it goes on for half-a-dozen verses, and is sung to a very brisk lively air.

Another nursery rhyme, not so well known, is the one commencing

"Age, age, judge collector,  
Pichi hai captān."  
["First come the judge, and collector,  
Afterwards the captain."]

The air of this is very pretty, and sung in the soft monotonous tones of the native women, has a wonderfully soothing effect upon a restless child.

When the day's work is over for the older people, and the day's play for the children, young and old

sit upon the ground, round the blazing fire of sticks and leaves, watching the preparation of the evening meal, and talking or telling stories, of which, in conclusion, the following is a specimen.

Once upon a time there lived a certain bourria ma (old woman); she had left her only son at home with her relatives many years before, when she went to service. He was a little boy when she left him, but now he was a middle-aged man, and was jemadar, or head servant, to a rajah. She had long wished to go and see him, and give him her blessing before she died, and at last her master and mistress consented, on condition that she would promise to come back again in six months. Now the great Beabàn jungle lay between the place in which she resided and the rajah's territory where her son was, and many of the neighbours said to her, "do not go away alone through the great jungle, for never will you return alive ;" but the old woman had set her heart upon it, and nothing would turn her aside.

So she set off, and journeyed along for some time unmolested, till at last she met a fox.

"Where are you going ?" he said.

"I am going to see my son," she replied. "He is jemadar to a great rajah, and I have not seen him since he was a little boy."

"You will never see him again," said the fox, "for I am going to make a meal of you."

"You would be very foolish," said the cunning old woman, "for, as you see, I am very thin—nothing but bones, in fact—but while I stay with my son I will get plenty of ghee (clarified butter) and rice, and perhaps sweetmeats, and I shall be

very fat when I come back again ; and I must come back, for I promised my sahib (master) to be back in six months' time." So she got away from the fox, but soon after she met a jackal, and the same thing happened ; and then she met a wolf, and he eyed her so hungrily that she trembled and thought he would certainly devour her, *bones* and all, but when he heard of the ghee, he licked his lips and let her go. After going some distance she met a tiger, and he growled and looked so fierce that she began to wish she had never set out on her journey, but he, too, allowed her to escape; and now she was quite near the edge of the jungle, and thought all danger was over, when a tremendous roar seemed to shake the very ground she stood on, and a huge lion bounded out from the long grass where he had been hidden. The poor old woman was so prostrated with terror that she sank down upon the ground, but she knew

her story so well by this time that she stammered through it almost unconsciously.

"Very well," said the lion, "you are just a heap of bones, but at the end of six months I will be here watching for you."

After all these adventures the old woman was very happy when she arrived at her son's house, and she found him even better off than she expected. He received her with the greatest kindness, gave her ghee, and rice, and kid's flesh, and as many sweetmeats as she could eat. Then he gave her two new suits of clothes, and a silver necklace, and four silver bracelets. Never was there a happier old woman than she, and she got so fat nobody could have supposed her to be the same



THE GAME OF "PATA." (See p. 268).

person. But, alas ! the six months passed quickly away, and one day her son found her in tears and asked her the reason. "Ah!" she replied, "death awaits me in the jungle;" and she told her son all her story. Now at the rajah's court there lived a very wise pundit; so the son took a present in his hand, and asked him what was to be done. The pundit gave him a large mutka (earthenware pitcher), which he said possessed the gift of going along of itself, and told him to put his mother inside and close it up, and tell her to sing all the time. The son went home quite happy, he packed his mother into the mutka (though it was a very tight fit), and gave her a little jar of ghee and some sweetmeats to eat on the way, and then he closed the lid, and the bourria began to sing, and off rolled the mutka. Very soon after entering the jungle she heard a roar, which made her tremble like the leaves on the trees when a "tofan" (dust storm) is rolling up, and presently the lion said, "Where are you going, oh Mutka? and have you seen a bourria ma coming this way?"

Now the bourria began to sing very quickly:

"Whence comes the bourria? and whence come you?  
Go on, Mr. Mutka, to Timbuctoo."

And away rolled the mutka so quickly that the lion was soon left far behind, and returned to his

occupation of watching for the bourria who was to come back so very fat.

The mutka journeyed on rapidly, and passed in turn the tiger, the wolf, and the jackal. Each of these asked where the bourria was, and each got the same answer—

"Whence comes the bourria? and whence come you?  
Go on, Mr. Mutka, to Timbuctoo."

Last of all came the fox, and he asked the same question and received the same reply as the others. Now the fox is the most cunning of all animals, and he thought it was an odd thing that this big round mutka should be going away to Timbuctoo, and he had regretful thoughts of the bourria who was to be so fat, and somehow he thought the two had something to do with each other, so he ran up behind the mutka and gave it a great push, and over it went, breaking into a dozen pieces as it upset, and out rolled the bourria. She had the jar of ghee in her hand, and, cunning bourria that she was, she threw a handful of ghee right into the fox's eyes just as he was going to spring upon her, which blinded him so effectually that she got time to escape.

So she cheated all the wild beasts in the great Beabàn jungle, and got home at the very time she promised to come.

### CLEVER FRANK.

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS.

*By the Author of "Brave Little Heart," "Little Hinges, &c."*



SAY, Frank, aren't you coming home now? we shall be dreadfully late for dinner."

"In a minute, Geoff. One more round; here goes."

"Papa and mamma are going to have dinner early to-day. They'll be angry if we're late."

"Never mind about that. I can always get myself out of scrapes."

"I know that," replied Geoff, impatiently handling his skates; "but I'm not so clever as you, Frank, so come along."

"I must go," cried Geoff, after waiting five minutes longer, and he turned resolutely away from the pond. In a few minutes Frank caught him up, and they ran along together.

"Dinner is served," said Mary, the housemaid, as she opened the door.

Geoff flung off his coat and ran up-stairs to wash his hands. Frank burst excitedly into the dining-room. "Papa," he cried, not heeding his father's frowning face, "I have found out where Nep has hidden her puppies. As I came home from school, what should I see but Madam Nep trotting across the fields by Ashleigh Farm. I followed her, and what do you think? There, in Farmer Ashleigh's stables, in an old hamper, she has two such pretty little pups; but it was a long time before I found her out, for the sly old thing, when she saw me, kept on trotting off in every direction but the right, and I had to hide and keep out of sight. She thinks you shan't drown either of them this time."

Frank's father laughed. He was evidently pleased at the discovery. "So that's how you came to be so late," he said. "But you shouldn't come to dinner in that rumpled condition."

"I thought I should be keeping you waiting," Frank replied, apologetically. His father seemed pleased at his thoughtfulness.

Geoffrey entered presently, neatly combed and washed. "How is it you cannot be home in proper time, sir?" his father asked, sternly.

"I waited for Frank," Geoff replied.

"A very lame excuse," his father answered. "It was not your affair; you should have come home. Next time you are late, you can dine in your bedroom."

Geoffrey glanced across the table at Frank, who was looking perfectly happy and contented. He was at a loss to understand it, and thought how unjustly he, the elder of the two, was treated.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon were out when the boys returned from school in the afternoon. This was too good an opportunity of pleasing himself for Frank to let slip. He rushed straight into the kitchen, and, in defiance of all rules, demanded something to eat, with sundry directions to Jane the cook that it should be of a description worth having, and be forthcoming immediately.

"Come, cookie," he said, coaxingly, in reply to her refusal; "I'm awfully hungry. Give me a piece of cake."

"I can't, Master Frank," Jane resolutely replied.

"Yes you can. There's one in the larder; you know there is," he returned.

"But how did you know it?" cried cook.

She had made and baked it during the afternoon, while Frank was at school. Good reason had the young monkey to know it, as I must explain to you. Frank was generally acknowledged to be a wonderfully clever boy, and his parents fondly hoped that he would startle the world with his cleverness some fine day. He had converted all the line-posts into signal-posts, with arms that pulled up and down, and served as signals to various companions in the neighbourhood. He had arranged a lantern with red, green, and plain glass to pull over and show different lights. The white light signified "I am out." It was always shown in these winter evenings if Frank went out after school. Green meant "I can't get out;" red, "Come and go out with me." His father was charmed with the boy's ingenuity, and suffered the line-posts to be turned from their real use without a word. Thus encouraged, Frank tried his hand at other ingenuities, and soon earned for himself the title of "Clever Frank."

The larder being awkwardly built with two windows, which caused too great a draught, both being of perforated zinc, Mrs. Dixon asked Frank to nail a piece of board over one. This Frank did very cleverly, too cleverly in fact, for he made a groove in the casement, so that the wood would slip up and down quite easily. He had first taken care to knock some nails in all round the board,

breaking them off with the pincers on the other side, so as not to interfere with the sliding action, and yet to preserve the appearance of being nailed on to the casement. As Frank had found it necessary to remove the perforated zinc, it will be easily seen that he had secured for himself a means of inspecting the larder, and reaching such of its contents as were within reach.

"Never mind about that," said Frank, in reply to cook's question; "just give me a piece of cake."

"I will not, Master Frank. What would your mamma say if I were to cut a new cake without her permission?"

"Nothing," said Frank, stubbornly. "Give me a piece."

By way of reply cook locked the larder door, put the key in her pocket, and went up-stairs to dress. Frank chuckled to himself, and ran out into the garden.

Looking round to see that no one was near, he went into a shed at the end of the garden, which he used as his own special workshop. It had a bench, all sorts of tools, and a little fireplace in it, and here Frank spent many delightful hours. From an old box in the corner he drew out a queer conglomeration of rope, and ran down the garden to the larder window. When this odd jumbling of rope was fixed on to two nails which apparently grew out of the wall for the purpose, and shaken out, there, behold, was a rough but useful rope-ladder. In two seconds Frank was hanging on to the casement, had slipped up the board, taken out the *whole* cake, and rushed back to his workshop with his prize in his arms. Cutting off a good-sized piece to eat now, he went and removed some straw out of an old battered hamper. Lodged very snugly at the bottom was a large biscuit-tin. Frank took off the lid and put in the cake.

Quite unsuspecting of evil, cook calmly proceeded with her various duties until it was time to prepare tea. Imagine her horror on going to the larder and finding the cake gone bodily. "The young monkey," she muttered, in angry bewilderment. "How did he manage it? The door was locked, and the key safe in my pocket."

As soon as her mistress returned, Jane requested to speak with her, and having related the strange occurrence, declared her firm conviction that Frank was at the bottom of it, adding that she must leave if something were not done.

Mrs. Dixon was troubled and perplexed. This was one of various strange occurrences which had been very frequent lately, and as the cook was a new servant, she hardly knew whether to believe that she was herself innocent of these *thefts*. The

former cook had allowed young Frank unlimited license in helping himself, against his mother's express orders. And one of the rules she had laid down when Jane came was that the boys were not to have anything to eat between meal-times beyond bread-and-butter. Could Frank indeed be guilty of these mean tricks? But then the larder door was locked the whole time, so Jane declared. Mrs. Dixon felt bound to consult her husband on the matter, for she could make nothing of it herself.

"It's absurd," said Mr. Dixon. "Because Frank is an unusually clever lad, he gets credited with all sorts of monkey's tricks. The girl must be an impudent thief, who concocts the most stupid stories to get out of her own blunders. Let her go."

"I don't know what to think," Mrs. Dixon returned. "She seems so concerned about it."

"I know Frank is full of tricks," her husband remarked, decisively; "but he is not mean, spiteful, and dishonest."

"No, no," Mrs. Dixon replied, inclining to her husband's view. "And yet," she added, after a moment's thought, "Jane said she must leave unless the matter could be cleared up. That doesn't look as if she were dishonest."

Mr. Dixon sent for Frank. "Frank," he said, sternly, "have you been to the larder and stolen a cake this afternoon?"

"I have never been inside the kitchen since cook locked the door," Frank replied, lightly, and without the least hesitation.

"You asked, and indeed worried, cook to give you some cake."

"Yes, I did ask for some," he replied, as if he were very much ashamed of it.

"There, you see," said Mr. Dixon to his wife. "You could tell that was the truth."

Nothing further was discovered about the matter, and for a day or two it was suffered to drop, till a fresh disaster occurred.

A fowl had been cooked for the late dinner, and as only a small portion of it had been eaten, Mrs. Dixon gave orders that it should be reserved for the next day. Jane and Mary were both in the kitchen, and busy preparing the boys' tea. Hearing a loud mewing in the larder, Jane flew to the door and opened it, expecting to see the cat run

out. No cat was there, but the fowl was gone; and Jane turning round in dismay saw, what she had not noticed before, the cat sitting quietly purring before the fire.

Here was a dilemma. Dinner to serve in less than an hour and the principal dish gone, nobody knew where. "They shan't have cause to think me a thief," said Jane, resolutely. So giving Mary some money out of her own pocket, she bade her run as fast as she could to the poultre'r's and fetch a pair of pigeons, or any small bird that she could cook in the time. "Now," said she, "they'll know I'm honest, and I'll leave to-morrow."

The story soon reached Mrs. Dixon's ears, and she, being fully persuaded that there was something more in it than appeared on the surface, requested Jane to stay while she thoroughly investigated the matter. This Jane promised to do.

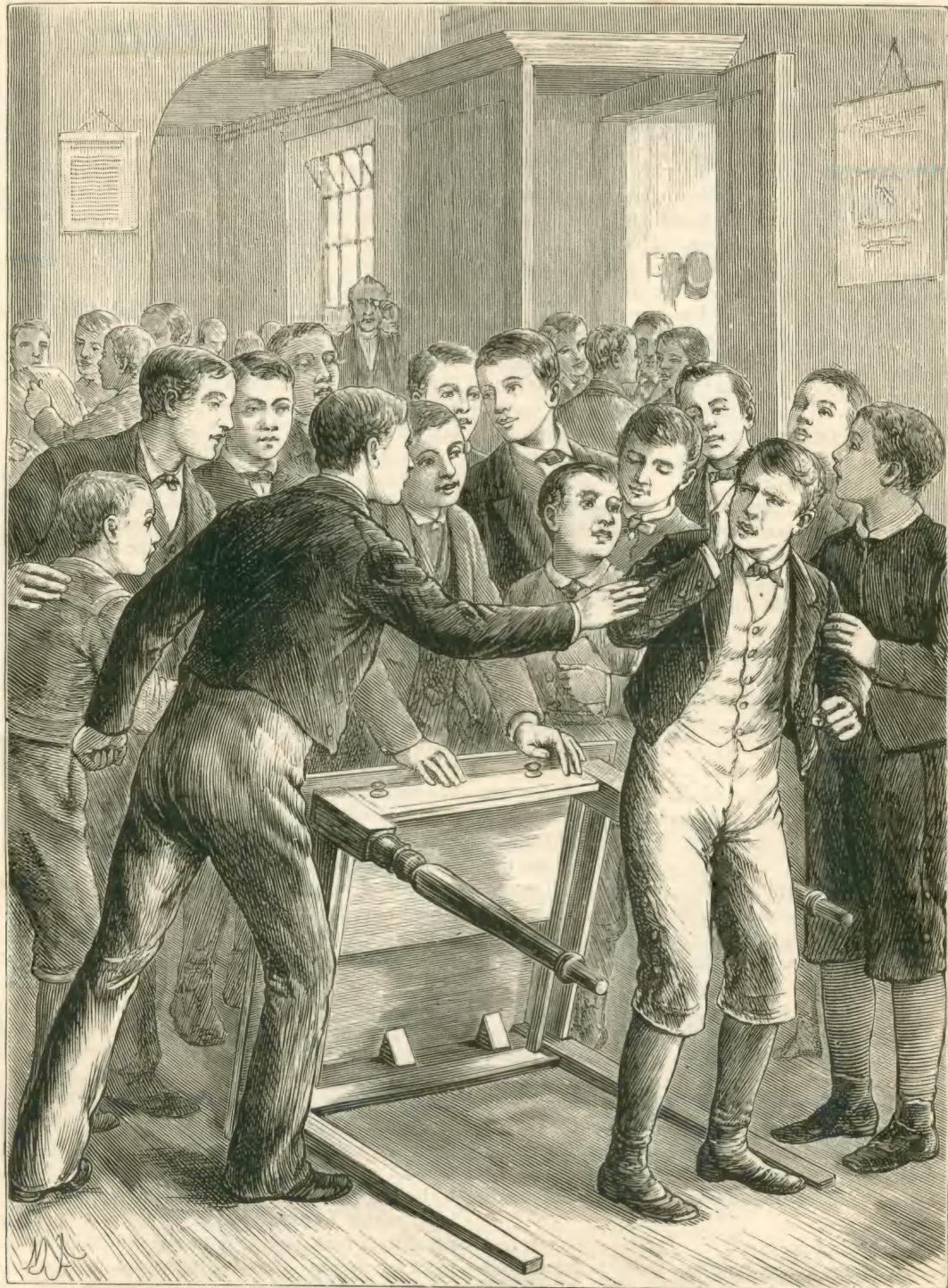
It is not very surprising that in all the proofs Mrs. Dixon devised to test Jane's honesty she found the girl perfectly trustworthy; but that did not clear up the mystery of the larder, which was not fully solved for many years. It was not until Jane came, and refused to give him his own way, that Frank had expended his ingenuity in playing tricks. He was so delighted with his success that he went on from one thing to another, never stopping to consider that meanness, dishonesty, and casting suspicion on innocent people, although ever so clever, were not achievements of which to be proud.

It is not my purpose to tell you one-half the things Frank did, for they were undoubtedly clever in a way, and might, I fear, tempt some of my young friends to emulate them. I dare say some boys would think this larder trick extremely clever, and like to do something equally ingenious. Well, if you think lying, deceit, and robbery clever, then Frank was certainly so; but I hope my readers will remember, when they are meditating a piece of fun, that any trick which needs such qualities as these to carry it out will either bring them to speedy disgrace, or lead eventually to the ruin which befell Frank.

Frank's tricks had begun, but they did not end, at home. He was, unfortunately, but a lazy dunce



"'I MUST GO,' CRIED GEOFF" (p. 270).



THE "ACCIDENT" IN THE SCHOOLROOM. (See p. 274.)

at lessons, and never would take the trouble to learn properly. It was not that he lacked the ability, for he was endowed by nature with more than ordinary intelligence, and could expend plenty of thought, patience, and ingenuity upon anything which pleased his fancy, whether it were constructing models, inventing new-fashioned traps and other clever articles, or playing his pranks. Now, though he would not learn, he was not averse to taking a prize, and he made up his mind that he would get one somehow. His first idea was that he would set to work with a will at examination time, and carry all before him, for he had unbounded confidence in his own powers. But when he came to see how much ground there was to go over, his distaste for study soon returned, and he grew weary of the task he had undertaken. He had, however, told everybody that he was pretty sure of at least one prize, and he was determined to get one himself somehow or another, or that no one else should have one.

During the examination he worked apparently very hard. The boys sat at the desks, each some distance apart, with their papers before them, no one being allowed to move or speak from the time he entered the room until he had delivered up his papers to the master, who was present to see that the rules were observed. Each boy's work was then locked up in a drawer in the master's table, to remain there until the examination was ended, when the papers were examined, and marks awarded, by a committee of gentlemen appointed for the purpose.

On the last morning of the examination, when almost all the papers had been deposited and the boys were about to leave, Frank accidentally stumbled, and fell with all his weight against the master's table, turning it over with a crash on to the floor. Every one laughed at Frank's rueful countenance, at which Frank affected to be very angry, the more so as he had bruised his eye pretty considerably.

There was great consternation among the boys that afternoon. When the drawer was unlocked to put in the last papers what a sight displayed itself! The drawer was full of ink, the pile of sheets saturated and stuck together. The destruction was complete, the writing on the majority of the papers being entirely obscured. On searching, it was discovered that an uncorked jar of ink had been placed at the back of the drawer by some unknown person.

Who could have done it? The master alone had access to the place, and he knew perfectly well that he had never kept ink there. The boys were questioned in solemn assembly, but each one denied

all knowledge of the business. Dr. Evans, the headmaster, then came and spoke to them; but as he could find no clue, he announced that the boys of those forms which had occupied this room during the examination must be considered out of the competition for prizes. He regretted very much that the conduct of one boy, in refusing to acknowledge that he had placed the ink in Mr. Oldham's private drawer, should entail a punishment on so many, as otherwise a prize might have been awarded for general marks, obtained during the term, to those whose papers had been destroyed; but now that could not be.

Frank chuckled to himself, and kept his own counsel. Not even Geoff suspected his loud regrets at being so sold to be feigned ones; whether Mr. Oldham did so or not it is difficult to say. At any rate, "clever Frank" had so cunningly guarded himself that he was never absolutely found out.

You have seen how Frank's "clever" tricks had led him into all kinds of deceit, cunning, and injustice. He had no intention of being so wicked; and if any one had openly called him deceitful he would have indignantly denied the charge, and have considered himself basely slandered. He looked upon all his monkey tricks as *clever fun*, but they had long got beyond that.

Frank went on playing his pranks, seldom or never being found out, upon which he prided himself very much. It would have been a good thing if he had, for then he might have grown up a better man. I have only room to tell you one more incident of his boyhood, and then I must say in a few words what became of him.

Mr. Dixon had a great passion for gardening, and he kept for the purpose a set of tools, in which he took great pride, locking them up in the tool-house, and never suffering any one to touch them without his express permission. Geoffrey was also fond of gardening, and on half-holidays he was often busy with his father in the kitchen or flower garden.

Now, on one particular afternoon, Frank, on coming home from school, took it into his head that *he* would like to do some gardening. But all the implements were, as usual, locked up in the shed. Do you suppose Frank was to be thwarted by such a thing as this? Oh dear, no! He cast about for some way of getting in; and at last he found that the door, which was quite a rough one, had a large loose knot in the wood just below the lock, which fastened inside. With considerable dexterity Frank managed to slip the little round piece of wood out, and with *the aid of a screwdriver* to push back the latch. Then he took out what tools he wanted, and set to work.

The kitchen-garden was separated from the house and its immediate grounds by an oak paling, there being a gateway between the two, so that Frank was quite out of sight of everybody, unless any one came where he was. But Geoff was busy indoors, and so Frank worked away unnoticed. At length he heard a loud knock at the hall door, which he suspected to be his father's, and, fearing lest he should be caught and questioned, he hastily threw the tools on to the wooden roof of his workshop, which was easy to reach, there being a large tree close against it, and ran off in search of some companion to go for a walk with him.

Now Mr. Dixon had come home early on purpose to get to his favourite pastime, and very soon he went out to the garden. What was his astonishment at finding some of the tools he required missing. Back he went to the house in a great rage. Geoff was sprawling on the dining-room sofa with a book—a fact which in itself annoyed his father, for he disliked any sign of indolence, especially in a boy.

"You have been to my tools," said Mr. Dixon, angrily, "and left them lying about somewhere. Come and find them directly!"

"No, father, I have not. I have never touched them," said Geoff, in astonishment.

"Nonsense! Don't tell me any such stories!" exclaimed his father. "Who else but you could have touched them? And, pray, where did you find a key to fit the lock?"

"I didn't have any key. I've never been near the tool-house," stammered Geoff, who was a timid boy, and always greatly in awe of his father in his stern moments; for Mr. Dixon was extremely severe upon any fault that he discovered or suspected in his boys.

"Where is Frank?" Mr. Dixon asked.

"I don't know," returned Geoff. "I haven't seen him since we came home from school."

A few inquiries elicited the fact that no one had seen Frank since he went out immediately on his return from school; so Mr. Dixon decided that he had been away somewhere all the time, and that Geoff must be the delinquent.

"Now if you don't tell me what you have done with those tools, and how you got at them, I shall order you up to your room till you see fit to answer," he said, in a voice whose severity made Geoff quake. "I won't have such mean duplicity." What would Mr. Dixon have thought of his bright, clever Frank, if he had known all his "mean duplicity."

Of course Geoff did not own to any knowledge of the missing tools, so he was accordingly sent up to his room, while Mr. Dixon searched unavailingly.

When tea-time came, in walked Frank, hot and tired with running. He threw himself down with an air of fatigue.

"Where have you been this afternoon?" asked his father.

"Oh, having a jolly game at 'Hare and Hounds,' and 'Indian Trail,'" answered Frank. "I led them so far on the trail that I had to run all the way home as hard as I could go."

Frank had established his case in his father's eyes, and he felt more sure than ever that Geoff was, in deed and truth, the offender.

"Where's Geoff?" asked Frank of his father and mother, who generally took a cup of tea with the boys previous to their own dinner.

"In his bedroom," answered Mr. Dixon, with a frown. Mrs. Dixon looked disturbed, and Frank guessed pretty well what was the matter.

"What's the matter with Geoff?" he asked, looking from one parent to another for an explanation.

"Matter enough," replied his father. "He has taken my tools out of the house and lost them. I will not have my tools touched. And if either of you boys ever dare to do so, you shall be punished!"

Frank looked the picture of injured innocence. "Can't he remember where he put them?" he asked, presently.

"He declares he has never touched them," Mr. Dixon replied, "though no one else could have done so. How he unlocked the door I can't imagine. Have either of you boys got a key that fits that lock?"

"I haven't," replied Frank, emphatically.

You will scarcely believe that Frank allowed his brother to be suspected and punished without saying a word to clear him. But he did. Geoff was kept in his room all the long summer evening, being allowed neither tea nor supper, while Frank was out and about amusing himself. Very early the next morning Frank slipped down to the tool-house and replaced the tools in the same manner as he had taken them away. As Mr. Dixon did not go into the garden before he started in the morning, Geoff was still kept a prisoner and without food, his father having again commanded him to tell the truth, Geoff persisting that he had done so.

In the evening, when Mr. Dixon went to the shed, imagine his astonishment to see the tools back in their places. He could scarcely believe that he had not overlooked them yesterday, but they were in so prominent a position that that was impossible. Then he declared that Geoff had put them back, and could scarcely be persuaded to believe Mrs. Dixon and the servants that Geoff

had never quitted his room. Of course poor Geoff was released, but not before he had begun to feel very bitter towards his father for his unjust imprisonment.

**N**ow I must hurry on to the end of my story. Frank went on in the course he had begun as a small boy for years successfully. Everybody was proud of his cleverness and ingenuity, and he displayed so many signs of mechanical genius that his father still fondly hoped to see him a great man. Probably he might have done so, had it not been that Frank's career came to a sudden termination at its very outset.

When quite a young man, he was convicted of a very ingenious and extensive piece of swindling, which was pronounced to be a felony, and bright, "clever Frank" was sentenced to penal servitude for many years. He had outwitted himself at last.

As for Geoff, he got on what the world might call only fairly well. He had always been a plodding, industrious, conscientious sort of boy, with no

wonderful talents, but with good ordinary abilities. He made no shine in the world, except among his own kindred, where he shone in an act of self-denying kindness that earned him their warmest gratitude. When Frank's term of imprisonment had expired, Geoffrey gave up all his bright prospects in his native country in order to accompany his younger brother to a land where he might begin life over again. His parents, now grown old, were so unhappy about Frank, that Geoff had resolved, whatever the sacrifice might be, always to keep near him, and endeavour to uphold his resolution to act uprightly and honestly; and I am only too glad to be able to tell you that the brothers have been in America ten years, and that no fresh disaster has happened so far. Frank's cleverness is likely to be useful to both of them, now that he has learned to separate it from meanness, dishonesty, and trickery, which are worthy the cleverness of a monkey, but not of a human being.

### WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY.



"**M**Y dear, just listen to the noise those children are making," said Longwhiskers, an old mouse, to his wife Brighteyes, as a sound of scurrying to and fro and squeaking awoke them up from a nap that they had been enjoying in a cosy nest in the wall of an old stable.

"Yes," replied Brighteyes, "how they are enjoying themselves; I suppose they do enjoy

themselves more when they have no one looking after them. You remember that you were telling them yourself the other day that 'When the cat's away the mice will play.'"

"I hope," returned Longwhiskers, getting up, "that you don't mean to compare either yourself or me to a cat; but I must go and put a stop to this noise—there is no need whatever that all the cats in the neighbourhood should know where we are living," and he was just going out of the nest when three little mice rushed in, calling out, "Mother, the cat's gone away; may we go into the loft to play?"

Brighteyes looked at her husband, who inquired, "How do you know the cat has gone?"

"We saw her go down the loft ladder and out of the stable," answered Brownie, Nimble, and Squeakie all together.

"That may be," said their father, "but she might soon come back again. I must explain to you to-morrow what I meant by mice playing when the cat is away. Meanwhile, I think you had better not go into the loft to-day, but stay and play in the wall until your mother or I can take you out, for I feel nearly sure that the cat has a family of young children somewhere there, and if she has, she will not stay away from them for any length of time; and mind you play quietly too, for if the cat should hear you, she will keep watch at the mouth of the hole, and then you will not be able to go out at all."



"THE FROG PRESENTED HIS COMPANIONS TO HER" (p. 279).

The news that their father suspected that there was a family of little cats in the loft greatly excited the young mice, and they earnestly begged him to let them go only a very little way out of the wall, to see if they could spy them anywhere, but their father was firm in his refusal to all their entreaties, and they left the nest in a much soberer manner than they had bounced into it.

For some time they played together very quietly, till at last Squeakie, who was very fond of singing and making a noise, suddenly stopped. "This is very stupid," said he, "what a pity it is that we can't go out of the wall!"

"Yes," sighed Brownie, "I should so much have liked to have seen a little cat, but we must wait now till we are bigger and older."

"And won't the little cat grow bigger and older too?" cried Nimble. "I'll tell you what it is, we were only told not to go out of the wall; nothing was said about peeping out of it, so I shall go down to the end, and look out into the loft and try if I can see anything of these little cats."

As there could be no harm in doing this, Brownie and Squeakie readily agreed to accompany their brother, and they all went down to the mouth of the hole.

On arriving there, they saw a number of young mice playing on the loft floor, but no signs of cats, either little or big, and after watching them for

a short time, Squeakie said, "What fun they are having. I wonder if they have seen the little cats; could you not run out and ask one of them, Nimble?"

"No," said Brownie, "call one of them here; we must not go out, you know," and the three began to call to the nearest mice to come to them, but they were too busily engaged in their game to pay any attention to their calls, and after a time Nimble, getting impatient, slipped out of the hole, and saying, "I will be back at once," ran up to one of the mice in the loft, spoke with him for a moment, and was quickly back again. "He says he never heard anything about the little cats," reported Nimble, "but he will ask the others; we must wait."

Accordingly they waited till they saw the mouse that Nimble had spoken to go to several of the others and talk with them; and then all the mice assembled together and held a consultation, after which they all separated and cautiously advanced towards some hay that lay at the further end of the loft, on reaching which Nimble and his companions lost sight of them. But soon a great squeaking was heard, and they saw them all reappear, and run together to one corner of the hay, when, joining hands, they began dancing backwards and forwards, singing—

"Stable cat, stable cat, what a wee little cat for a stable cat!"

On seeing and hearing this, our three little mice could contain themselves no longer, but forgetting all about their father's orders not to go into the loft, they ran out, and hastened to have a look at the wee cat, and had just joined the others, and could see a small blind kitten lying in its nest, when, with a bound, the old cat sprang in amongst the dancers, who fled in all directions. Fortunately for Brownie and her brothers they escaped the cat's clutches, and took refuge in a hole close at hand, and here, terrified and panting, they rested until somewhat recovered from their shock. Then then began to look around them to see where they were. "How I wish we were at home," said Brownie, mournfully. "Let us go at once."

"That is very fine," said Squeakie; "but how are we to get there? We can't go back into the loft again; and who knows where this hole leads to?"

"I don't, for one," replied Nimble; "but never mind, it will be all the better fun exploring. Come along, don't be afraid, Brownie, the cat can't touch us here; we shall no doubt meet somebody to tell us the way, and there is something that smells very good not far off." And away he started along the passage, followed by Brownie and Squeakie.

After going for some little distance they arrived at what seemed to them to be a large storeroom, nearly filled with provisions; there were oats, one or two potatoes, a bone with a little meat on it, a piece of cheese, and sundry other things.

"How jolly," cried Nimble and Squeakie; "we shall not starve, at any rate; help yourself, Brownie." But Brownie held back.

"They are not ours," said she; "may we take them?"

"Hold hard, Squeakie," cried Nimble, as the former was about to attack the cheese, "perhaps it is stealing. I wonder if there is anybody about that would give us some. Sing, you are fond of hearing your own voice."

Squeakie sung with all his might, when a gruff voice, not far from them, immediately answered—

"Oh, you rascals! you thieves; in my larder again, eh!" and a large rat came running into the storeroom, showing his teeth, and looking so fierce, that the little mice, now only thinking of safety, fled for their lives along the continuation of the passage by which they had come, pursued by the old rat, calling out, "Catch them!" and "Stop thieves!" as loud as he could.

Hurriedly they scampered along, till, turning sharp round a corner, they ran out into a yard, the old rat still at their heels, and so bent upon catching them that he forgot his usual caution, which cost him his life; for a terrier which happened to be near, disdaining mice as too small fry

when rats were there, flew upon him and soon dispatched him.

But of this the little mice knew nothing. The scuffle behind them only increased their alarm, and they raced across the yard at the top of their speed towards a gate, having passed through which they escaped into some high grass, where they hid, breathless and exhausted, Nimble having received a sharp peck from a hen on his way, which had quite lamed him, and Squeakie having been frightened completely out of the remainder of his wits by the loud quacking of some ducks as he passed close by them. It rained hard, half drowning the poor wanderers as they huddled together and felt thoroughly miserable.

"How I wish I had not sung so loud," whispered Squeakie, "perhaps that rat would never have come."

"How I wish I had never seen a big cat," said Nimble, "I should then never have wanted to see a little one."

"How I wish we had done what father told us, and not gone into the loft," said Brownie.

"So do I," echoed both Nimble and Squeakie. "And now," continued Nimble, "we can't go back, for even if we crossed the yard safely, I don't think we could find the hole again."

"And if we did," added Squeakie, in a doleful voice, "we might find the old rat in it; so we are lost quite." And the poor mice crept closer to each other and began to cry.

"Hullo! what's all this noise about?" cried a frog, as he jumped over the grass and alighted near them, causing them a terrible start. "What's the matter?"

"We have left home without leave, and been chased by a rat, and now we are lost," answered Brownie.

"Ah! that's bad," said the frog. "I once knew a rat myself—he lived at our pond—and a very surly fellow he was too; wouldn't join in our concerts, and we had to keep out of his way. But don't give up so; come home with me to the pond, you will soon be merry again there."

"What is the pond?" asked Squeakie.

"The pond," replied the frog, "oh, it's a nice piece of water; you can jump in, dive to the bottom, have a nice swim, and refresh yourself, and then we will sit round the edge and enjoy ourselves."

"I am much obliged, but I would rather not," said Squeakie, slowly. "I don't think I could be any wetter, and I don't feel refreshed a bit."

"But," interrupted Nimble, "perhaps you could tell us where we might find another mouse; we have a great many relations, and we might learn our way home then."

"Well," said the frog, after thinking a little, "I do know of a mouse, and one that does not live far from here too; but she is not like you at all, she has such a long nose—perhaps she may be a relation, though. But I can tell you her house is very small; she can't take you all in; you had much better come home with me."

But the mice greatly preferring to see one of their own kind, the good-natured frog set off down the field with them, hopping slowly on account of Nimble's lameness, and they soon arrived at a small hole in the ground, near which the frog stamped several times with his foot, and they immediately heard some one cry, "Coming, coming," and a little creature, like a very small mouse, less even than themselves, but with a very long snout or nose, made her appearance. The frog, addressing her as Mrs. Shrew, presented his companions to her, at the same time telling her of their misfortunes and hoping that they might be related, or that she might be able to put them in their right way for home.

"Dear me, dear me!" said Mrs. Shrew, "what troubles you have had, my dears, and sorry I am to say that I am no relation of yours; our families and ways of living are quite different. I am only a poor little shrew mouse, and although my larder is pretty full at present, there is nothing in it that you would care to eat, only a few young insects and such like. Now if it were only you, Mr. Frog, that would be different, and I would gladly bring them out, but as it is I think my young friends had better come with me; I met with a very chatty body the other day, one of their family, and she asked me to call on her; she lives in a cornstack close by, and if she is at home, no doubt she will be able to set them all right."

The frog quite approved of this proceeding, and after bidding them all "good-bye," he hopped away in capital spirits, leaving them to continue their journey with Mrs. Shrew, who soon brought them to the corn-stack, and stopped before an opening in it. "Here is the place," said she, "up here, first turning to the right, and knock, that is what she told me."

Brownie pushed on in front, and soon came to a turning.

"This must be the place," thought she, and with a beating heart she knocked.

"Come in," answered a hearty voice, and Brownie went forward into a comfortable room, in which sat a fat, merry-looking mouse, who, as soon as she saw her, jumped up, exclaiming :

"Bless me! why, Brownie, how did *you* get here? Where are Nimble and Squeakie?" and catching her in her arms, she began kissing her, only to let her go again, crying, "Phaugh! how wet the child is! Have you been rolling yourself in a puddle, or what have you been doing?"

Brownie was so bewildered that she could not speak; until the mouse, asking her if she had forgotten her Aunt Sleekskin, who had left their home when they were quite young, to go and live in the country, she remembered herself, and told her aunt that Nimble and Squeakie were outside with Mrs. Shrew, on hearing which, Aunt Sleekskin hustled out and soon returned with the two brothers, having thanked Mrs. Shrew, who would not come in, for her kindness to them.

After Brownie and her brothers had rubbed themselves tolerably dry, and eaten some corn their aunt brought them, they told her all their adventures.

"Hum!" said she, a pretty scrape you have got into—that comes of not doing what you are bid; but it is no business of mine to give you a lecture about that; you will doubtless have plenty of it when you get home, where it is my business to take you as soon as it is dark enough to cross over the stable wall in safety. I dare say you know now as well as any of us that the best way to play when the cat's away is to have some one keeping a sharp look-out, that while the play is going on the cat may not come and join in the game."

When evening set in, the little mice went home with Aunt Sleekskin, who on bringing them in to their father and mother, said, "Here are *three* small culprits, who have been learning lessons in disobedience, and playing with cats, which will do



"PURSUED BY THE OLD RAT" (p. 278).

them more good than all the talking you could give them in a week, and in my opinion the best thing you can do, is to send them to bed to think over it, and I can tell you all about where they have been."

This plan was adopted; the three children gladly crept off to bed, whilst Aunt Sleekskin sat down and

had a chat with their parents, during which she must have explained matters satisfactorily, for in the morning they escaped with a slight scolding; and their father evidently thought he had no need to explain to them the way to understand "When the cat's away the mice will play," for he never did so.

### SOME LITTLE-KNOWN BRITISH BIRDS.



Alice and her little brother Jem were spending their summer holidays with their Uncle Tom in the Northamptonshire village of which and of many hamlets round he was the well-known and trusted doctor. But Dr. Munro, though indefatigable in ministering to sick folk, always had both thoughts and eyes at liberty to watch the ways of the little birds that flew about the fields and moorlands.

While the little girl and boy were with him they were often squeezed into his gig when he went on his rounds, and on such occasions learned to know by sight many of his feathered friends. One day Dr. Munro showed Alice a merlin or stone falcon hovering overhead. She would have taken it for a blackbird had not her uncle pointed out its different manner of flight, and bade her notice that its breast was of a reddish yellow, with dark-brown spots, its throat white, and its back more of a bluish-grey than an actual black. He told her, too, that though sometimes seen in England it was far more common in Scotland, described its love of standing about in stony places, uttering its harsh scream, and interested her by his account of how the falconers in ancient days used to tame merlins, and train them to catch wood pigeons and partridges for their masters. No sooner was this first bird out of sight than Uncle Tom espied on the branch of a crab-tree in the hedge a couple of cirl buntings, with two of their children only lately fledged.

"Look at them well, my little maid," said the doctor, "for they are not to be seen every day. There are plenty of them in the south of France and Italy, as well as in Algeria, but the only part of England they seem to care about is the Midland counties. You may always know them by their olive green heads with the black streaks, and the patches of lemon colour on their cheeks and over their bright eyes."

In the surgery there was a case of stuffed phalaropes, with long slender, fragile-looking bills, not unlike sand-pipers, but poised over a piece of

looking-glass, which intimated that they were in the habit of spending most of their time in or on the water. These pretty, graceful creatures the kind uncle told them he had caught on the eastern coast after a heavy gale, when large numbers of them were driven ashore. They were all covered with grey feathers which he said were their winter coats, but he had one or two specimens in summer garb of black, white, and yellow plumage above, and chestnut colour underneath.

One day Dr. Munro set Jem before him on his black horse, and cantered with him through the village, and down a lane where there was a thorn hedge, on which were impaled a number of beetles and other insects, some of them quite dried up by the sun, and others still alive and quivering. In a few minutes they saw a small bird about seven and a half inches long from beak to tail pounce down apparently with his head against a twig, and a moment after observed that he had stuck another live beetle on a large thorn.

"That is the red-backed shrike, or butcher-bird," said Uncle Tom; "and he has just shown you how he stocks his larder. He may not be hungry just now, but his victim cannot get away, and he will come back and eat him by-and-by. He doesn't despise a young frog, when he can get it, nor a newly-hatched nestling; and I have heard of his pouncing on a little mouse."

But perhaps the greatest curiosities Jem and Alice saw were Mr. Ruff and his wife, Mrs. Reeve—quaint, handsome birds, of which there used to be great numbers in the fens before they were drained. Only the gentleman had a ruff round his neck, and Dr. Munro said he did not wear it except in the breeding-season.

On the very last day before the little folks went back three greenshanks alighted in a flat meadow, and would not, perhaps, have been noticed, had it not been for their green legs. They were soon up and off again, being birds of passage; and Uncle Tom said they were most likely on their way from Scotland, where a few of them rear their young every year, and fly south again.



C. Staples

CIRL BUNTINGS.  
BUTCHER BIRDS.  
RUFFS.

MERLIN.  
PHALAROPES.  
GREENSHANKS.

## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVE.

"For thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep."



N one of the painted chambers of the vast palace of the King of Babylon, a number of young boys were gathered together. You could tell by their finely-marked faces and quick dark eyes, as well as by their foreign dress and uncovered hair, that they were of a different race

from the Babylonian noble who was walking about amongst them, and talking with them. We can imagine *him* dressed, like the Chaldeans of those days whose pictures have been preserved for us, in a long fringed and sleeveless robe, wearing a leathern girdle, and having his hair bound in a broad band or fillet.

But the boys still kept the Jewish dress which they were wearing when, a short time before, they had been carried from the homes of their fathers in far off Jerusalem, and brought as hostages and captives to Babylon. Every one of the youths was either a prince or the son of a noble ; but only the best and finest-looking amongst them were counted worthy to be even servants to the great king ; and it was in order that these might be chosen out for training, that all the boys had that day been sent for to the palace. One of the most trusted of the courtiers, a noble named Ashpenaz, had been bidden to make the choice ; and he passed up and down the room amongst the boys, looking into their faces, noting their bearing and gestures, questioning them, and at last separating from the rest those whom he preferred.

We do not know how many these were ; but we are sure, at least, that amongst them stood one little group of four boys, all of them belonging to the royal tribe of Judah, and their names were Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah. Most likely they had all been friends at home ; they were nearly of the same age—perhaps about thirteen or fourteen years old—for that was the time at which it was usual to begin the special training of such as were to be honoured by being placed near the king's person.

All four were healthy, well-made boys, with fair frank faces ; but Daniel had about him a special

grace and charm which won the love of those who were with him.

God had given him great gifts ; he had been well taught, and his ready mind and quick comprehension made every one think that, in the years to come, he would win for himself a high place in the royal favour. But Ashpenaz and the Babylonian priests who were his teachers did not know what was the hidden power which formed both his face and his life, and made both so pure and lovely. They never thought how, from his far off home into that heathen city the captive child had brought with him the knowledge of the true God. No doubt Daniel had already begun the practice which in his old age he refused to change ; but his Chaldean masters did not know how, alone in his chamber, at morning, noon, and night, the exiled boy knelt, with his face towards Jerusalem, and thus prayed and gave thanks before his God. They did not hear when, very likely, he and his three companions sang together, to a plaintive Hebrew melody, the song which their fellow-exiles chanted as they sat by the waters of Babylon—

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning ;  
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ;  
If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Ashpenaz did not know the meaning of the light in the boy's eyes, or the happy smile on his lips ; and perhaps he wondered why *he*, who had trained so many for the king's service, cared for this one as he had never done for any before, and was surprised at the favour and tender love which he felt towards him.

And now all the chosen youths had entered on their three years of training. Their Jewish dresses were taken from them, they were clothed in the white or dyed Babylonian tunics, and their hair was bound in a broad fillet, like that of their masters ; they had "coats, and hose, and hats," as the dress of that day is described in the Bible. Their very names, too, were changed, to show that now they were servants of the king, and must do his bidding. Daniel was called Belteshazzar, after Bel, the idol of the land, whose vast temple, towering 600 feet

above the city, looked down on all the wide gardens and meeting waters of Babylon the Great.

Daniel could not help either the change of name or the foreign dress—we cannot suppose that he liked them, for he continued to call his friends by the names they had borne in Jerusalem ; but still he submitted quietly to what his teachers wished. He would do all that he was bidden, so long as it was not against the law of his God. But he had quite made up his mind that there he would stop ; he would not worship idols, nor do them service in any way. This purpose was strong in his heart, and soon the time came to test it.

The custom was that all the boys chosen for training should live in the palace ; and that every day dainty meats and rich wines should be sent them from the table of the king himself. Now Daniel had been taught to read and to understand the books of Moses, in which the law of God was written ; and he knew that much of the food sent to them from the royal table was of a kind quite forbidden to a Jew. He knew beside that every dish which was brought to them had first been offered in sacrifice to Bel, and to the other idols of the land, and God had commanded His people never to eat what had been dedicated to an idol.

Daniel did not begin to think how he could escape from obeying this plain command, though, if he had wished to do so, he might easily have made himself think that it was quite impossible for him to keep it. This law of Moses had been given to a free people ; whereas he was not only a captive, but very young, and in the power of teachers many of whom were priests of Bel. He might have said that he could not resist now, but when he grew to be a man he would keep the law ; but a boy who prayed three times a day was not likely to cheat his conscience with such thoughts as these. Prayer not only lightens our eyes to see our duties plain before us, but it brings down God's own sunshine to clear away all mist ; and in this fair light Daniel saw that it was his business simply to keep the law, and leave all the rest to God.

When he had settled this in his mind, he went to talk the matter over with his three friends. Perhaps they were not quite so brave as he was ; it may be that if he had not spoken to them, and reminded them of what God had said, they would not have dared to resist the king's command. But where Daniel led the way they were quite ready to follow ; and in years to come these three boys grew strong enough to suffer boldly for God even when Daniel was not by their side. But now they looked to him to settle what they should do ; and Daniel decided that he would speak first, not to Melzar, their own special tutor and master, but to

the prince Ashpenaz, both because he had so much more power, and because of the favour he had hitherto shown him.

Ashpenaz listened kindly enough, but he looked troubled as he answered that all the food throughout the palace was offered to Bel, and that, if they refused this, they would have to live on green vegetables brought from the gardens, or on corn before it was bruised or ground. "And even if you are willing to do this," said Ashpenaz, "you will grow pale and thin on such fare, and by-and-by, when the king sends for you, he will notice that you do not look so well as your companions, and he will very likely order my head to be cut off."

Very sadly Daniel went out from the chamber of the prince. Now he might surely have persuaded himself that he had done all he could, but instead of giving way he determined to make another effort, and speak to their tutor Melzar. He told him what Ashpenaz had said, and begged that Melzar would let them live for ten days on vegetables and corn, and drink only pure water, and then at the end of this set time see whether they were indeed weaker and less fair than those who ate the king's meat. Daniel's gentle pleading won Melzar to grant their request. It could not have been an easy thing for strong, growing lads thus, day after day, to turn from hot rich meats and costly wines, and content themselves with such fare as a slave might eat. There was no one to encourage them, for it seems almost certain that their companions would laugh at and tease the poor boys whose example condemned their own doings. And it was not only a hard task to resist their own wishes for the pleasant food, and perhaps the scorn of their fellows, but it needed strong faith to believe that God would make the pulse so to nourish them that they should not lose either strength or comeliness.

But courage and faith grow by prayer ; and the boys persevered steadily through all the ten days. Then Melzar made all the Jewish youths stand before him, and as he looked at their faces, he saw that the strongest, and healthiest, and fairest among them were Daniel and his three friends. Then their prayer was granted, and day by day through three long years the boys thus kept themselves pure in God's sight from the degrading idol-worship of Babylon. There was much gluttony and drunkenness at the continual feasts held in the palace, and perhaps Daniel and his fellows hardly knew how, by their simple obedience to what they had been taught, they were saving themselves from the tainting evil and sin in the midst of which they lived. They followed the one clue that leads safely, though they did not see all the dangers

amidst which they walked ; they did their duty for one day, and God through each day led His children on to a high and noble manhood, and to great deeds to be accomplished for His people.

Daniel and his fellows had entered. They were only boys as yet—boys at school we might call them, for they were busy with their lessons ; and their prayers, and their simple life helped them in



LOOKING TOWARD JERUSALEM. (See p. 286.)

It is just the same now ; boys and girls cannot tell what God has for them to do in the future ; they only know that the way to all high enterprise and noble work is by the path of daily obedience and self-denial for Christ's sake. That is the highway for all of us, and this was the road on which

their work, so that when at last they were taken before Nebuchadnezzar the king, he found that not only did they know more than any of the other Jewish youths, but that they were wiser than the learned priests and great men who had been their teachers in the past years.

And the reason was this : God Himself had taught them. The priests of Bel could show them how, by watching the stars, they fancied that they could tell the meaning of dreams, but Daniel knew that the God who calleth the stars by their names, He it is who revealeth secrets and giveth wisdom to the wise.

Often, so we may well believe, while the boy was kneeling alone before his open window, he turned away in his heart from the idol-worship, and the foolish cunning, and the false wisdom which was taught him, just as he turned from the meat which would defile him, and all his heart went out to God. Then there came to him, in faint whispers, in broken lights, in thoughts which as yet he could not understand, the dawning of that wonderful gift of prophecy which God bestowed upon him. He could see what others did not see ; wonders were plain to him which the seers could not interpret, God gave him "understanding in all visions and dreams."

There was a sudden terror and confusion through the "golden city" and in the vast palace of Nebuchadnezzar. The tread of armed men rang on the pavements, and cries of pain and alarm filled the chambers. Daniel was sitting in his own room, either in the palace or near at hand, when the curtain was lifted, and a fierce-looking man, who was closely followed by some of the king's own guard, stood before him. There was no need to ask his name. Daniel knew his terrible face ; it was Arioch the executioner, the man who was the messenger of the king's anger.

Very likely the axe which he held was already covered with blood, and now, lifting it again, Arioch told Daniel that the king had doomed to death every wise man throughout the city. Daniel had lived three years in Babylon, and he knew well enough that there was no law which could defend from these sudden and cruel bursts of passion ; and yet he was not afraid, for, nearer to him than Arioch and the fierce eyes of the soldiers, he had the presence and the guard of the living God.

The calm of his sweet steadfastness had power even over the heart of a man who had seen and done so many terrible deeds, and Arioch stayed his hand, and answered when Daniel said, "Why is the decree so hasty from the king ?"

It was a strange story that he told. Nebuchadnezzar had chosen to test the power of his Chaldean soothsayers by bidding them tell him what it was that he had dreamed the night before as he lay upon his bed. With one voice the wise men made reply that they could tell the meaning of a dream, but not what the vision itself had been.

The king, in fierce anger, called them all impostors ; and though Daniel and his fellows had not been summoned to tell the dream, yet they were not thought too young to be included in the sudden decree, which was to sweep away teachers and learners alike from the schools of Babylon.

And this was the very moment for which the boy's daily life had been, though he knew it not, all along fitting him. He needed that burning love for his country which would make him count any danger light by which he could save his fellow captives ; and this had grown and deepened in his heart by every one of those long lingering looks toward Jerusalem. He needed calmness and courage ; he had won them both by a life of prayer. He must be self-restrained ; and he had learned control through daily, patient self-denial. He must be able to win favour from others ; and "when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Daniel was not content to use his influence just to save his own life. From all we are told of the favour in which he was held, and from Arioch's evident good-will towards him, this would not have been a difficult matter ; but his heart was set on delivering not only his own friends, not only those of his own race, but every one of the Chaldean teachers in Babylon. He knew that the wisdom which they had taught him was not true wisdom, but he was full of pity for their mistakes, and he longed to save the old men from this terrible and sudden death. Arioch was glad to grant a little delay—he did not wish to lift his hand against the lad ; and he gave Daniel leave to go into the presence of Nebuchadnezzar.

The angry frown still rested on the king's brow as Daniel bent before him, but he listened while the youth promised, in clear confident tones, that he would stand the test which had been offered, would tell the king what his dream had been. For that one night Arioch was bidden to delay, and Daniel went, with solemn thoughts in his heart, to his own house. There he and his three friends shut themselves in. They did not look out on the stars, nor trust to any mysterious secrets which they had been taught, but as the evening fell over Babylon it found the four kneeling together in earnest and trusting prayer.

Night came, and each one calmly lay down to rest. Daniel did not know that he might not be roused by the summons of Arioch, for no one could count on the changing moods of the powerful violent king. But yet the boy slept quietly, and in those silent peaceful hours God whispered the secret dream, with its mysterious meaning, into his heart.

He woke. We might have thought that he would have been so earnest to save his own life and the lives of his friends that his first thought would have been to hurry into the presence of the king, and reveal what had been shown to him. But Daniel knew that there was a greater King to whom his homage was due first of all—the God who had listened to his prayer, who had spoken to him in the visions of the night.

The boy who always began his day with prayer, would only find in the thrill of danger and the new joy of deliverance fresh reasons for pouring out his heart to God. There, before the window, was the place at which he always knelt—there, just where the sun was now rising, lay the unseen towers of far-off, beloved Jerusalem, and where so well could Daniel give thanks to the God “with whom the light dwelleth.” And even as he prayed the vision became clearer and clearer before him, and he knew that “the dream was certain, and the interpretation thereof sure.”

Now he was ready to go before Nebuchadnezzar. Daniel had sought Arioch first, lest, even while he was before the king, the guard might have gone forth to slay his fellows, and it was Arioch himself who ushered the lad into the chamber, crying out hastily that the secret thing was known.

The bright walls and pillars around were covered with figures of the idols of Babylon, and it needed a brave heart for a boy standing amongst them to say out fearlessly, to king and court, that there was but one God that revealeth secrets, and that His dwelling-place was heaven.

But Nebuchadnezzar's brow grew smoother as Daniel spoke; there was one at least of his wise men whom he could trust, for this boy was describing the very vision which had troubled him in his bed, and which none of the Chaldean soothsayers had been able to tell. He could believe now in the in-

terpretation, for it came from the same lips which had told the dream.

Thus Daniel was saved, and with him his three friends, his fellow exiles, and all the wise men of Babylon. This was his reward—dearer far than all the gifts which the king gave him, dearer than the honour of being ruler of Babylon, or of being made the prince of all the Chaldeans there. But these honours brought him one great delight; now that he was in such high favour, and that Nebuchadnezzar would grant him all that he asked, he thought at once of his three friends, and begged that they might be appointed governors under him.

The four were no longer children now. With this new dignity begins the manhood of Daniel and of his friends, a manhood full of deep interest for all who will read its story. But its joys and its troubles, its surprises and temptations, its manifold deliverances and crowning honour only repeat and enforce the lesson of the boyhood. And the key to the exile's noble life is “looking toward Jerusalem.” That is, you know, faithfulness not only to his country, but, above all, faithfulness to his God. When the Israelite in exile looked towards the east, they thought not chiefly of the crumbling walls of their dear city, but of the Temple of God. It was the Holy Place where God dwelt that they remembered.

And our Jerusalem is above. When we kneel at our prayers we should look towards that dear city, and think how bright, how pure it is, and that we belong to it; “our citizenship is in heaven.” And that thought will help to make childhood holy, and girlhood simple and brave, and boyhood pure and gentle; and the high thought will be with us through all the work of our lives, until of us it may be said at last, as it was said when Daniel ended his long course, “he rested and stood in his lot at the end of the days.”

#### B I B L E   E X E R C I S E S.

##### XXIX.

*“Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually.”—  
2 KINGS iv. 9.*

How ought we to treat God's people?—Acts xi.; Gal. iii.

Give examples of others who, like the Shunamite, showed kindness to God's servants.—Josh. ii.; 2 Sam. xvii.; 1 Kings xviii.; Acts ix., xvi.

Were those who did so sometimes rewarded in this life?—Josh. vi.; 2 Kings iv., viii.

Is any reward promised them in the next life?—Matt. x., xxv.; Heb. vi.

##### XXX.

*“And Jehoiada made a covenant between the Lord and the king and the people, that they should be the Lord's people.”—2 KINGS xi. 17.*

Was Jehoiada following in the steps of other counsellors?—Deuteronomy xxx.; Joshua xxiv.; 1 Sam. xii.

What was the consequence when these good counsellors died?—Judges ii., viii.; 1 Sam. xxviii.; 2 Kings xii.

Did God continue to send good counsellors?—Jer. vii.; Ezek. iii., xxxiii.

## BY LAND AND SEA; OR, THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

## CHAPTER XV.—NIAGARA AND FORT ERIE.



T was a glorious day, almost too hot for any one to be out, "unless," as foreigners say, "it be a dog or an Englishman." But provided with large sunshades, the Talbots set out, crossing the end of Lake Ontario by steamer to the town of Niagara ; thence they passed on to Lewiston, where

they landed and took the train for the Suspension Bridge, got out, and walked along the American side of the river banks to the pretty little town of Manchester.

The Americans have cut down all the lovely trees and shrubs which grew down to the river's side, but on the Canadian shore, opposite, there is a beautiful walk lined with trees.

On reaching Manchester, they walked at once to the Rapids, where the river roars, and swirls, and foams along, and the wind blows roughly past the spectator as he stands to gaze at the mighty flood.

"We must go across to Goat Island," said Mr. Talbot. "Here is the bridge. The walk through the woods towards the Terapin Rock will be pleasant and shady."

Over they went, and on till the great cataract was again in view. A long, rickety, narrow wooden bridge led from the island to the tower, which used to stand on the very last rock rising out of the water above the falls. A warning notice was posted up to prevent any one from ascending the tower, as it had become dangerous a few years ago, and since then has been removed.

"We may walk out to the rock ; but go quietly, for the old bridge seems very dilapidated," said Mr. Talbot.

He was right, for it swayed and creaked as they trod. From rock to rock, it was stretched across the very brink almost of the falls.

The young people were delighted, it was so grand a sight, though not so wonderful as it appears when facing it. After resting for a short time, they

returned to Goat Island, which is well wooded, and soon after they crossed the river by the second suspension bridge to the Canadian side, where they saw the magnificent waterfall in its fullest perfection.

James and Henry, dressed in waterproof costumes, were taken down by a guide to walk underneath the falls ; and during their absence the rest of the party visited the shop full of Indian curiosities, canoes, and all kinds of souvenirs of the place.

Many and terrible are the stories told of accidents that have happened year after year over this stupendous cataract ; but I do not like to tell my readers of catastrophes so very shocking. It is rarely indeed that any one who is carried over the falls is ever found again below them. The river bed from thence to the lake has never yet been fathomed, and it seems to be a tremendous fissure in the earth.

From Toronto the Talbots made a second charming excursion across the extreme point of Lake Erie to the memorable spot where the battles of 1812 and 1813 were fought between the British and the Americans. The walls of Fort Erie, which was destroyed by shells, are many of them still standing, and relics are still being turned up in the neighbouring fields by the plough, consisting of such things as matchlocks, shot, shell, and uniform buttons.

It was while scaling the walls that the gallant Major James Irwin was shot while leading the "Forlorn Hope" at the storming of the fort. Henry made a sketch of the scene, which formed a picturesque subject, the fine town of Buffalo, on the opposite side of the water, being just visible.

Next day our travellers made a long journey home, which to the girls seemed rather a rough sort of abode, but as they all felt so glad to be together once more such a circumstance weighed but little with them.

"Now that the house has a mistress it will soon improve, won't it, boys?" said Mr. Talbot, in a cheerful way, as he led Rosa to the threshold of her new home, where her Icelandic maid, Ingomar, was waiting, all smiles, to receive her.

As they entered her good uncle kissed Rosa on her forehead, took Dolly up in his arms, and carried her into their little primitive-looking drawing-room.

"Indeed, dear uncle, you need not call this a rough place. I see how much care you have taken

to make it pretty and comfortable, and I am sure I feel most grateful."

That evening Mr. Ashburton and Alfred walked over to see the new arrivals, for the two houses were built *within* half a mile of each other, and the respective farm-lands joined. Alfred was now a fine lad of nearly sixteen, and had begun to be very useful to his father. He and the Talbots continued to be great friends, and he was glad that their sisters had come out to make the home more happy. To Ethel the arrival of Rosa was indeed delightful; till now she had been the only girl in the two families, for the baby, mentioned during the voyage, was a boy, now about five years old, and was looking forward to making acquaintance with Dolly, who was by this time between six and seven. Rosa came between James and Henry, and was now nearly eighteen.

All the lads were anxious to show her the live stock, and Alfred said he should present his racoon to Dolly, which was quite tame, and would take roots and nuts from her hand.

"What kind of a creature is it?" inquired she.

"It is a pretty grey animal, with very thick, long fur, a bushy, striped tail, and rather a sharp nose, has fine eyes, and stands up on its hind legs when it feeds itself, which it does by holding its food in its paws."

"And how big is it?" inquired Dolly, feeling rather afraid of her new toy.

"It is about the size of a small fox. Georgie has another pet for you, called a 'chipmunk,' also a Canadian animal, something like a small guinea-pig, with a black stripe down its back. It is of a grey colour and is a pretty little creature. I dare say Henry will bring you over to our house early, and then you can see and take them back with you, if we can get any one to carry the racoon. You can take the chipmunk in its little box yourself," said Alfred.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—PURSUED BY WOLVES.

TIME passed on. The dry, hot days of summer gave place at last to autumn, and the foliage of the trees turned colour, and looked, at a distance, as if covered with flowers of every hue. Winter had beauties and interests of its own likewise, and some of them peculiar to Canada. The sleigh was a delightful resource, the bells on the harness made so cheerful a tinkling, and when the sun shone out all looked intensely bright, and the terrible cold did not deter the young people from setting out for a good long drive whenever they had leisure to do so.

One night Mr. Ashburton, Alfred, and Ethel had been spending the evening at the Talbot's. The distance was only about half a mile between the two houses, and they had a lantern, dark on one side, as the way was rough and the night very dark. Presently there was a sound of trotting after them, as if dogs were making their way over the crisp, dry leaves. Mr. Ashburton heard it, and flashed round the lantern, both to see, and to startle the followers. He rightly guessed what they were—a pack of wolves.

They all drew back at the glare of light, and Alfred and Ethel saw the bright glitter of their eyes, the latter seizing her father's arm, and Alfred crossing round to the opposite side to protect his sister.

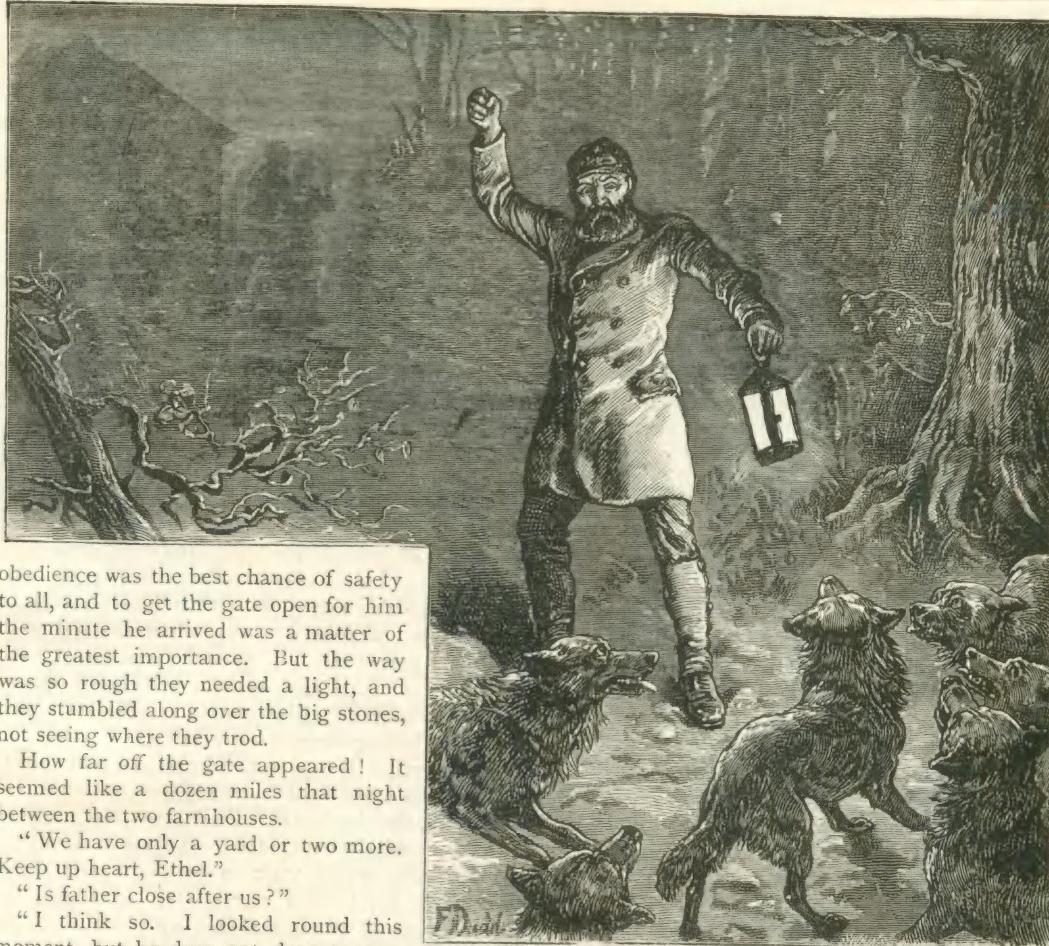
"Father! what shall we do?" she cried.

"Alfred, step on quickly before me with Ethel, while I walk behind to keep them back. Flashing the light in their eyes may frighten them off till we reach the yard gate."

And now there were angry growls, and when the dark side of the lantern was turned towards them they advanced faster, stopping short for a moment when flashed back in their eyes. How Ethel's heart beat. Neither of the young people liked leaving their father behind, but in all cases of danger implicit



SLEIGHING IN CANADA.



obedience was the best chance of safety to all, and to get the gate open for him the minute he arrived was a matter of the greatest importance. But the way was so rough they needed a light, and they stumbled along over the big stones, not seeing where they trod.

How far off the gate appeared ! It seemed like a dozen miles that night between the two farmhouses.

"We have only a yard or two more. Keep up heart, Ethel."

"Is father close after us ?"

"I think so. I looked round this moment, but he does not dare to run as fast as we do, or the wolves would not stop for the lantern. Here we are at last!"

The next moment the gate was open, and in they dashed, holding it ajar for their father. They did not dare to call him, and waited breathlessly. Ethel trembling with anxiety, both straining their eyes into the darkness to see the occasional flash of the light when turned away from the hungry beasts.

Fortunately, wolves are timid animals, and huntsmen, when they lie down to sleep at night, keep them off by lighting large fires in a circle round themselves.

"The light is coming quite close now," said Ethel, under her breath.

"I have a big fencing-stick here, in case one of them should chance to get in," replied her brother.

"Here he comes ! here he comes ! The light is close to the gate ! But I hear the quick patter of feet coming nearer and nearer ! Why, they're close on his heels !" exclaimed Ethel.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE WOLVES.

With a sudden rush Mr. Ashburton plunged headlong in through the gate, and not seeing his way, fell prostrate. At the same moment out went the lamp. But Alfred was standing behind the open leaf of the gate which he held, and needed no light for slamming it to.

All was safe now. The next moment bang up against the gate came the barking, howling, hungry pack. The palings and gate were high, on purpose to keep out such visitors.

No one had been hurt, though Mr. Ashburton was bruised by his fall. And my readers may imagine how happy the family party was when safely collected round the big black stove that night.

"Well, Alfred, if you like adventures I do not," said Ethel. "I do not think I shall ever spend an evening out again till summer time."

"I confess I did not like it myself," said Alfred.

"Why, how is that? I thought you were so brave, and considered danger so amusing?"

"I do not like such adventures when I have ladies under my care," said Alfred, grandly, and drawing himself up; and a tall, fine lad he certainly was, very nearly his father's height already. "Nor do I like them," he continued, "when I have no arms nor even a stick in my hand, nor a tree within reach, nor even a ray of light, so that I can at least see my enemies."

"You are right, my boy," said Mr. Ashburton; "it is no sign of cowardice to object to a risk of life under such circumstances. The wolves had become so accustomed to the light, and so satisfied that it did them no harm, that they had begun to gain on me fast, and I feared it was all over with me, so I gave up flashing the light as I neared the gate, and ran for my life. Go to bed now, Ethel, my lass, and do not dream the chase all over again."

"Why, I think I hear them now," said Alfred, going to the hall door. "Yes I do. I should like to have a shot at them."

"So you may, my boy, and scare them away, or they will keep your mother and sister awake. Here, take my double-barrelled gun; it is loaded."

Alfred was out at the yard gate in two minutes, and one of the farm men brought some steps.

Into the middle of the pack he fired, for they had returned to the gate, sniffing at the spot where their enemies had disappeared. What a yelp from the pack followed! One or two howled their last, but though the rest started away at first, they soon crept stealthily back, to devour their dead and dying companions. Alfred re-loaded the gun, killed some more, and in an hour's time not a straggler was left; and then the ladies were relieved of the unpleasant idea that through some hole or gap these ill-favoured visitors might chance to find an entrance.

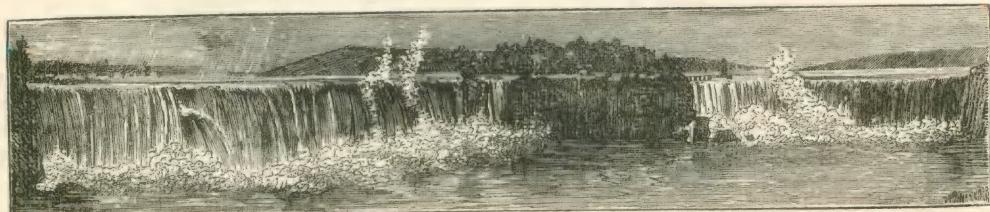
The winter was long, as usual, but there was always much to be done at home, and time never

seemed to hang heavily. Canadian settlers are busy, and cheery hospitable people, and sometimes travelling missionaries arrived, and spent some days in the house of the Talbots or Ashburtons.

A couple or three years have now passed over, and you must imagine them all much older-looking, and the younger lads able to undertake the business of men. I said in a former chapter that Mrs. Ashburton did not like Alfred to go on dangerous expeditions, but the time was come for the young settler to be of greater use to his father, and he was nothing loth to undertake any commission and travel any distance, even in the winter. At home there was a great variety of work for the younger lads to do. For instance, in the month of March the sugar-making took place; not from sugar-canies, as in the southern states of America, but sugar from the maple-tree, the national tree of Canada, as the oak has always been that of old England. To extract sugar from the maple, the settlers bore holes in the trunk, and drive a pointed cedar tube, or a tin one, into them, the bark being raised smoothly from it with a hatchet. Tubs are then placed under the tubes, which are covered and kept from the sun; when the sap has all run out they boil it for some hours, and by-and-by they procure molasses, a kind of thin treacle, and after a further boiling the sugar comes.

The stretching, tanning, and preparing of useful fur-skins is often done by young lads. The white wolf skin, the skunk, the beaver, and racoon skins are very useful in so cold a country as Canada in winter. As to the work in the farm-yard, there was never any lack of exercise for our friends, as the sawing, and splitting of wood with an axe was an endless business. They also had a good lathe, with which they turned legs and other portions of tables and chairs, and they soon became handy in manufacturing furniture, as they had good workshops attached to both houses. So time never hung heavily on such busy hands.

*(To be concluded.)*



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT SKELETON LEAVES.

**J**HERE are so many necessary instructions to be given concerning these, that I feel obliged to divide them into four parts ; therefore give me your whole attention, please, and we will dive into the subject at once without any preliminary conversation about it. Our first thought shall be what leaves to choose ; our second, when to collect them ; our third, how to obtain skeletons of them ; our last, where to place them when ready for exhibition.

I. You must know that the leaves of certain trees are very refractory, and refuse to put off their coats, and this conduct is not the only piece of ill-nature on their part, for if put with leaves which are good-natured in this respect, they prevent *them* from doffing their garments of green. I warn you, therefore, against leaves of oak, chestnut, walnut, elm, and hazel, and I will explain why they are in bad repute. The leaves of these trees possess a vegetable acid, known as tannin, and the presence of tannin prevents decomposition, and therefore these leaves will not become airy fairy skeletons, and if any of them are put with other kinds they prevent them from doing what we wish.

The list of those which may be chosen is sufficiently lengthy to satisfy the most greedy collector—the sycamore, lime, maple, poplars (white and black), tulip, plane, and pear-trees, magnolia and india-rubber plant, the holly, with its companion evergreens, ivy and box—leaves from all these will repay our trouble.

We need not content ourselves with leaves only ; we must gather seed-vessels, for these are an immense improvement to the phantom bouquet. Those of the campanula and corn-poppy, mallow and medicago, henbane and honesty, together with the more sturdy thorn-apple, will afford a pretty variety. Then there are ferns, which will form another addition. Make choice of light specimens, such as maiden hair, beech, and oak ferns, and do not take hart's tongue.

II. About the end of June leaves are in their prime, and this is their proper state for our purpose. Take living leaves off the branches, and not those you find on the ground, and mind you select the older leaves; the younger ones, you know, are at the tips of the branches. You will have to wait until later for ferns, for they must have their seeds on their backs before being gathered. Look carefully over all the specimens, and select those which have perfect forms and are free from blemish. It is well to have several of each kind, because misfortune is sure to happen to

some during the process of altering their appearance.

III. How to obtain skeletons of the leaves is an important consideration. Well, the object of the process is to get rid of the fleshy tissues and vegetable matter which fill up the interstices between the nerves and veins, and thus to bring to view the whole of the delicate tracery concealed by the coats of green.

Find an earthenware vessel with a large wide mouth, put the leaves in it, fill it with rain-water, place it in a warm sunny corner, and there let it stay while the desired work of maceration goes on, slowly, silently, but surely. Now and then as you pass by give the mass a gentle stir with a mop handle, that being wooden and round. Different leaves take different periods of time ; thick ones, like those of the indiarubber plant, are months in becoming skeletons, while more delicate leaves are ready in a few days ; keep watch, therefore, and when you see a leaf which appears to be ready, slip a piece of cardboard underneath it and transport it into a basin of cold water, shake it gently to and fro, when much of the green matter will float away, let it have another clean bath, and you will then see whether the network is as clear as it ought to be. Thick leaves want a little more help, and when they are in the bath you must dab them gently with a soft tooth-brush.

All the perfect leaves must now be bleached. Put a table-spoonful of solution of chloride of lime and a quart of water into a wide-necked bottle ; place the leaves carefully in it, and remove each leaf when it becomes white : this transformation generally takes place in a few hours. Do not forget them, for long immersion makes them sadly brittle.

I must not omit to mention that ferns are not to be skeletonised, they are only to be bleached ; their delicacy at all times will exercise your patience, but be determined to succeed. I think you will manage all your specimens better if you take hold of them with forceps, instead of with fingers merely. When brought out of the bleaching bottle they must be put into a bath of tepid water, in order to be freed from all chloride, and they should then be dried ; the sun will do this better than a fire, but if there is no sun we must employ a fire. It must not be a very hot one, however, or our lovely specimens will curl and shrivel. We now put them between sheets of clean white blotting-paper, and having settled them comfortably, we put them under books, and there let them remain until we are ready for them, for, sad to say, they shrink if exposed to the air.

IV. We have now come to our last consideration —what to do with our beautiful skeletons. Unless they are intended to form a collection in a book, they ought to be readily seen and admired, and as they are very frail and delicate they should be protected from harm under glass.

There are three ways in which you can arrange a group of these leaves. You can make a basket or trellis-work of red coral, and tie the leaves to it with red silk, and over this a glass shade can stand. You can cover a flat piece of wood with dark-coloured velvet, and on this arrange tiny specimens keeping them in place by a drop of gum ;

a deep frame and a glass must be provided for this picture group, and plenty of space allowed between the glass and the leaves. A third plan is to get a good-sized bung cork, to swathe this in cotton-wool, and having made the padding even, and yet sloping, to cover the cushion with dark velvet. Holes—some tiny and some a little larger—are then to be made in the cushion by two bradawl, into which the stems of the leaves are put, and held there by a drop of gum. When this bouquet is arranged the tall specimens should be placed in the centre, and the cushion should be often turned round, to ensure a good shape for the group.

E.C.

### RÉNÉE.



ONE by one the church clocks of Rouen had struck six, and the nest of small dark streets behind the Rue Jeanne d'Arc woke up into light and life. On the fourth floor of one of the oldest and narrowest houses a little girl had opened a window half covered by long trails of Virginia creeper, and trimmed and watered a scarlet geranium that stood on the sill. She stood for a moment

listening to the clatter of the sabots in the street below, the noise of the market-carts as they rattled over the large round stones, and the shrill voices of the passers-by. Then she looked once more round the little room, spread a piece of bright coloured cretonne over her bed, carefully dusted the table and chair which stood by the window, and went down the dark staircase to the floor beneath. She had scarcely reached the landing place, when a door opened softly, and an old grey-haired woman came out.

"Not now; not now, Renée," she said, in a low voice; "thy mother has been sleeping for the last hour. Thou shalt go in and see her when she wakes."

The little girl looked up in sudden terror.

"Madame Rueil," she said, in a whisper, "is my mother worse?"

"No, not worse," said Madame Rueil, "but she has not slept all night, and she has been telling me that it is thy birthday." Madame Rueil sat down in Renée's room; her grey hair was smoothed back under her cap, and her small pale face looked worn and troubled as the light fell upon it. She

drew Renée towards her. "My poor child," she said, "Hadst thou forgotten that it is thy birthday? Thou art eleven to-day. Oh! if thou wert but older! If I were to die, Renée, what would become of thy mother? She is not strong enough to work for herself and for thee, and thou art too young to earn bread."

"Cannot I work as my mother works?" asked Renée, anxiously. "Cannot I make caps like those that she makes?"

"Thou art too young to sit at needlework all day long, and sometimes into the night besides. If thou wert older thou couldst go to England and teach, as thy mother did."

"But, Madame Rueil," said Renée, the tears springing to her eyes, "how could I leave her? If I were to go away—hundreds of miles away—it would break her heart."

"Her heart is breaking because she cannot work for thee any longer," said Madame Rueil. "She does not like to take the little food that I can give her, and if I die she will no longer have a shelter."

"My mother has taught me to draw and to do needlework," said Renée; "and I have read, oh, so many books of history! Why cannot I teach?"

Madame Rueil got up from her chair with a deep sigh, and went towards the door. "Thou art too young," she said; and she left the room as sadly as she had entered it.

For three years Madame Rueil had exercised the most self-denying charity and kindness towards Madame Barentin and her little daughter. Madame Barentin in her youth had lived in English families as a governess. She had married an artist, who died suddenly, leaving her with her child dependent on her own exertions. During several years she managed by extreme care and industry to support herself in London by giving lessons; but after a



RENÉE AND MADAME RUEIL. (*See p. 295.*)

time her health failed, and in the hope that by returning to her native air she might regain her strength she found her way back to Rouen. Her father and mother had died before she first went to England, and the only remaining member of her family, Madame Rueil, was, like herself, poor and a widow. Madame Rueil, however, did much for her even in these days in the way of sympathy and kindness; and Madame Barentin was glad to become the tenant of the little room over Madame Rueil's in which Renée was now standing. At first all went well. Madame Barentin found some pupils and as much needlework as she could do; and she had the happiness of seeing her child growing strong and healthy. So long as she was able to work they lived in some degree of comfort. Then a terrible change came. She could only exert herself after long intervals of rest, and both mother and child became almost altogether dependent on Madame Rueil.

Poor little Renée! Life had become dark to her. She knew that it was Madame Rueil's money that was paid for bread, for coffee, for the oil in the lamp, for the wood in the stove, for the vegetables for the soup, which, alas! was not eaten every day. She knew with a kind of instinct that when her mother asked her to give away her canary bird to a playfellow it was because the seed it lived upon was something that cost money; and she was glad to think that her geranium needed only water. What *could* she do? Suddenly a hot flush came into her cheeks, and her eyes felt like burning fire. Why should she not go about herself and ask for work? Not for needlework, but for something—anything—she could do.

One after another the church clocks again struck the hour, and this time it was eleven. Renée had had her cup of coffee and a piece of bread. She had helped her mother to dress, and had read to her as she lay on a little couch in Madame Rueil's room, where she slept now lest she should disturb her child's sleep by her restlessness. Madame Rueil was busy in the kitchen; and now that all the small household duties had been performed, Renée put on her little black fichu, that she might take home some of her mother's work to a street leading out of the lower end of the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, close by the quay. Here, then, was an opportunity which made her heart beat so quickly that she could hardly put on the old pair of silk gloves which were reserved for Sundays. She scarcely heard the hard words of the woman at the shop, who scolded because the work had not been sent sooner, and then she walked breathlessly down to the quay. Her mother's happiest days were associated with England. It was at the hotels

on the quay that the English lived, and it was here that she would ask for work.

Half-a-dozen travellers were standing at the door of one of the hotels, and a great pile of luggage was heaped up in the hall. Renée stole in unnoticed, and stood for several minutes doubtful whom to address or what to say. Suddenly the hall-porter turned round, and, observing the small shabby figure, asked her roughly what she wanted. She felt her lips open and close again, and in a panic of fear looked up in his face. He repeated his question, shouting to her as if she were deaf; and this time her answer came—

"I want work!"

"Work!" he said, scornfully. "Go away! If I find you here again it will be the worse for you!"

She hurried out on to the quay, hot tears in her eyes, and a strange feeling in her heart which was not disappointment; for what had she expected?

On that busy quay everybody had something to do. It was high water. Vessels with bright green and red masts were unloading. The great cranes were swinging round and round. It was like a hive of bees where every one had his work. Why should she be the only one without any? She walked on quickly, crossing the end of the Rue Jeanne d'Arc. Farther on the quay she knew there was another hotel for the English. This time it was a woman with a kind face who came forward when she spoke, and looked at her with a pitying smile, when she said, for the second time, that she wanted work.

"What can you do?" she asked.

"I could teach a little," she said, "although I am small. My mother used to teach. And I could take care of children younger than myself."

The kind-faced woman turned to some one in an inner room, and said, "This little girl would have been the very person the English lady wanted last year to play with her children. But such an opportunity seldom happens here," she said, turning again to Renée. "If you were at Dieppe, where so many English families stay during the bathing season, you might very likely hear of some one who would have you for a time."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" said Renée, eagerly.

Madame Barentin was too ill to notice the excitement which made Renée's eyes so bright and gave so deep a colour to her cheeks. For the first time in her life, Renée had a secret from her mother. She dared not speak of all the confused hopes that had taken possession of her mind. She knew Madame Rueil would come up to her room before she went to sleep. She would tell all to Madame Rueil.

One by one the bright stars came out in the little

patch of sky between the chimney-pots which Renée had watched so often. There was but a faint glimmer of light when Madame Rueil came up as usual to bid her good night. But Renée was not in her bed. She was standing by the window, with her story on her lips—the story that was to decide her life.

Madame Rueil listened to the pleading voice, but it roused no feeling of hopefulness within her. "Dieppe is forty miles from Rouen," she said; "it is full of strangers, hurrying backwards and forwards. They would never stop to notice thee. Think of it no more. Thou art too young."

"Oh, Madame Rueil!" cried Renée, "let me go? I could walk all the way in a week. Kind people will give me bread as I go through the villages, and perhaps they will let me sleep sometimes in their cottages; and I would beg, for my mother's sake I would beg by the road rather than not reach Dieppe."

There was a long silence.

"Listen, Renée," said Madame Rueil; "in this wide world I have but eight francs—eight francs, which must feed us all for nearly a week, and I know not where to look for more. The railway to Dieppe would take it nearly all. I would help thee if I could. Thou seest that it is not possible."

"Oh, let me go, Madame Rueil!" cried Renée, falling at the old woman's feet and clasping her knees. "Something tells me I shall find work; something tells me my mother will be well and happy again if I can but get there."

Again there was a long silence.

"Thou shalt have the money, Renée," said Madame Rueil, at last. "God will help us."

The quaint old streets were bright in the early sunshine the next morning when Madame Rueil walked to the station with Renée and paid for her railway ticket. They spoke but little by the way. During the long hours of the night Madame Rueil had repented of her promise to Renée, and reproached herself for letting her go alone, and without her mother's knowledge, on such a hazardous journey.

"Auffay!" "Longueville!" "St. Aubyn!"

The train, which was in fact a very slow one, seemed to Renée to rush along faster and faster as it got nearer Dieppe, and she felt bewildered when it reached the station; but she had made up her mind to find her way as quickly as possible to the great hotels, and to go from one to another as she had done at Rouen.

It was well that the hotels were near, for she saw nothing distinctly, and she felt as if her strength would hardly take her there. A good-natured looking waiter was standing at the entrance of one of them, and to him she addressed herself,

trying to keep her voice from trembling, and framing her question as her experience had taught her the day before in Rouen. "Were there any English ladies in the hotel who wanted a little girl to speak French with their children?"

The man looked doubtfully at the little figure, shabbier still from the dusty journey. Something in her voice and speech interested him, and he asked her some questions about her home.

"An English family were staying here last week," he said, "and asked us to recommend somebody; they have taken a house a mile out of the town, and perhaps they are engaged now. But there they all are!" he said, pointing to a group of fair-haired children who were passing at the moment with their mother and their nurses. "Wait here a minute, and I will speak to them."

Renée watched him as he followed them. She saw that the children turned hastily and looked at her while he spoke; that the mother was coming towards her with a smiling face; and then her poor pent-up heart burst into a cry, and she knew nothing more of what was passing till she found herself in the hall of the hotel with some one holding a glass of water to her lips.

"Tell me where you come from," said a kind voice, when she had drunk the water and could sit up. "Tell me about your father and mother."

"My father is dead," she said; "my mother is very ill—too ill to work. I have come from Rouen because I was told I might be able to earn money for her here. My name is Renée Barentin."

"Barentin!" said the lady, in great surprise. "Was your mother in England some years ago? Was her name, too, Renée?"

"Yes!" said poor Renée, wistfully; "and we have only one friend in the whole world."

That afternoon Renée went back to Rouen, but she did not go alone. The mother of the little fair-haired children went with her. She had been one of Madame Barentin's pupils, and had often grieved that she had lost sight of the governess to whom she had been strongly attached. She was anxious to do everything in her power to restore Madame Barentin to health and to relieve her from the anxiety that overwhelmed her. She had the invalid removed, in Madame Rueil's care, to a cheerful lodging in Dieppe, and took Renée into her own family. At the end of the autumn Madame Barentin was sufficiently recovered to return with her kind friend and her children to England, where she again found employment in teaching, and lived in comfort. But every year the mother and daughter spend their well-earned holiday in Rouen, where Madame Rueil still lives to rejoice in their happiness.

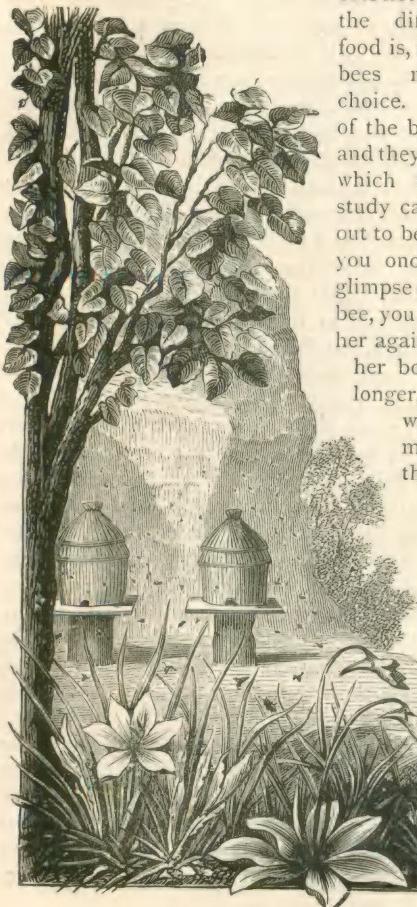
## A CHAT ABOUT BEES.



VEN little folks who live in London know what a beehive looks like. Nearly every one has passed by some pretty cottages when taking a drive, even only some miles out of London, and noticed a row of straw beehives on a bench, and the bees buzzing busily about, always either going in or coming out. These are the bees that

belong to the class of worker-bees. There are three classes of bees in each hive—the workers, the drones, and the queen-bee, who is a class all to herself, and first class, too! She is the important person, and lays all the eggs; she is unlike all the other bees; she is differently fed from the others, and it is this difference in food which makes the difference in her.

It is not known what the difference in food is, nor how the bees make their choice. This is one of the bees' secrets, and they have many, which the closest study can only find out to be secrets. If you once caught a glimpse of the queen bee, you would know her again easily, for her body is much longer, and her wings are much shorter than those of the others. But it is not



easy to catch sight of her—her majesty is of a very modest and retiring disposition indeed, and likes to hide in a quiet corner of the hive. Bees are rather close folk. They are not to be called sly, for they are very open and candid in their ways, and do not mind being looked at, or even handled, if a person knows how to do it; still they are difficult to understand, and though people who know how can get to the bottom of a hive easily enough, they have not managed to find out all about the bees yet.

Bees, however, not only do not mind being looked at, they even take kindly to being helped, and make use of the things men have invented, in a way more wonderful than the inventions themselves, wonderful

as these inventions are. We will tell you about these inventions later on.



DRONE.

One secret of the bees, which no one has ever found out yet, is, how bees of one hive know if a stranger bee has come into their domain. They always do know, and never fail to turn the stranger out—indeed, they usually kill him. This seems rather hard, but it is not so really, for the bees are much too clever to mistake another hive for their own, so if they do go into a strange hive, it can only be for the purpose of stealing the honey, and the bees to whom it belongs are quite right to guard it. It is thought bees know each other from strangers by the smell, and people think so because it is found that if the whole of the bees in a hive are sprinkled with peppermint-water, or something else that has a strong

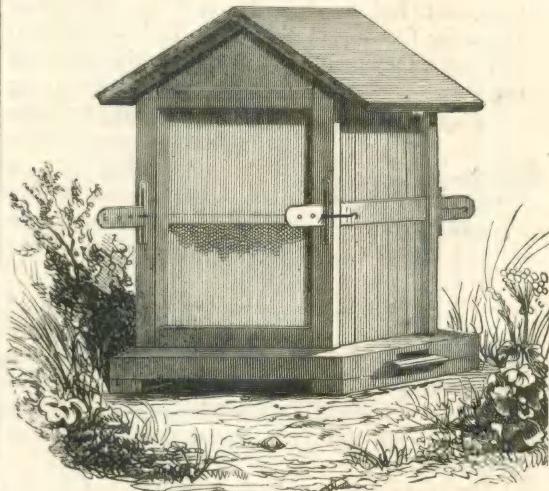


smell, and does not hurt the bees, they do not discover a strange bee if he should make his way in, because of the smell of peppermint in the hive. If you look into a hive you will often see bees dragging another bee along, like a policeman taking up a naughty boy. These are either strange bees, or at some seasons of the year they are the drones—that is, the big lazy bees who never do any work all the year. They attend upon the queen-bee, and eat the honey, and that they are allowed to do, until the queen-bee has laid all her eggs and does not want them any longer, when they are killed and their dead bodies flung out of the hive by the worker-bees.

The queen-bee lays all the eggs that are to turn into queen-bee, worker-bees, or drones, according to the food given them by the worker-bees. The queen drops an egg into each cell, and if there are not as many cells as there are eggs, she drops two, and sometimes three into one cell. But the worker-bees do not allow more than one egg to remain in a cell. They immediately set about making more cells until there are enough, a cell for each egg. As soon as the egg is hatched, the young one feeds itself with the honey in the brood-comb, and the worker-bees seal up the cell and leave it until the young one is strong enough to bite its way out. Then they feed it directly, and help it until it is very soon strong enough to go and get honey to feed itself. Directly it is strong enough, out it goes, and without wanting any teaching, flies to the nearest flower that has some sweet honey, loads itself, and comes back to the hive without losing its way, just like any old bee of the hive who has done the work for years. When there are so many bees as to make it impossible for them all to stay in the same hive, the old ones make the young turn out, especially if there should happen to be two queens in one hive. This turning-out of the bees, as you know, is called swarming, and it used to be rather dangerous work for the passers-by if the bees happened to take it into their heads to swarm upon them. A lady told us a funny story about this happening to her father, who was a clergyman in the country. He was riding along to see a sick person, and, as he was very hot, he took off his hat, not knowing or thinking anything about bees, but most likely of his next Sunday's sermon. He was quite bald, and very likely the bees thought his head would be a nice cool resting-place for them to soothe their tempers upon; anyhow, they swarmed on the vicar's bald head, and stayed there until the villagers, wondering to see their vicar with a sudden head of hair, ran up and

enticed them away in the fashion usual at that time by making a dreadful noise with frying-pans and pots. The clergyman had been clever enough to keep quite still, and so was not stung.

People used to be so afraid of these accidents



MODERN BEEHIVE.

happening, for sometimes the bees stung fearfully, that they had a very cruel way of smothering the bees with brimstone, and then turning them out of the hive and taking the honey. This was foolish as well as cruel, because it killed the bees and spoiled the honey-comb. It was not done out of cruelty; no better way was known. Afterwards a way was found by which the bees were to be only stupefied, but now bees are driven from one hive into another quite quietly, without any danger to themselves or the people doing it, and without anything being done to the bees to prevent them stinging; unless they are very excited, when the bee-driver takes a little instrument in his hand he calls a smoker, which he fills with burning tobacco, the smell and smoke of which quiets them.

The only secret in driving the bees seems to be not to be frightened of them, and to be gentle with them. Of course it would not do to go and give the hive a kick, and say, "Come out of that, will you; we want your honey!" The bees would come out, no doubt, and make your acquaintance in a way that would not incline you to eat any honey for a long time to come. The bee-masters, as they are called, who keep bees and have found out so much about them, when they want to empty an old-fashioned straw hive, gently turn it upside down in a bucket or other available



QUEEN-BEE.

receptacle, and then carefully place another hive on the top of it ; they then proceed to softly pat the full hive until the bees slowly flutter out and into the empty one. They do not attempt to sting ; indeed, it is said they are so gorged with honey as to feel unable to do anything so energetic. Upon the first tap at the hive, which warns them of danger, they rush at the honey in the cells and eat until they can only just fly. As soon as he

can, the bee-master finds the queen bee and puts her into the new hive, then there is sure to be no more trouble with the bees, for they follow into the hive as fast as they can go.

When this new way of driving the bees was shown

at the exhibition of bees in the Horticultural Gardens, the queen-bee was put into a little box of perforated zinc, and handed round for the people to look at before she was put into her new palace.

The hives are now made of wood, and in the shape of a dog-kennel or plaything cottage, the top being like a sloping roof. There are no windows, and only one door, and that is a slit along the bottom ; but then the top of the hive lifts off like a lid, so that the bee-master can easily see what state the combs are in, and even move them about without disturbing the bees. It is for this reason, also, that the combs are put in wooden frames, which fit along the hive, and can be taken out and put in again just as the owner pleases. One invention is to save the owners trouble, not the bees. This is the machine called a honey-extractor, by which the honey is got out without injuring the combs. One of these machines was invented by a working lad, who died without ever knowing it was of use. Some few improvements were made in it by one of the gentlemen belonging to an association of bee-keepers, and they persuaded the father to let them exhibit it, and after



WORKING BEE.

some trouble he consented. On visiting the exhibition the father found his dead boy's invention had gained the first prize.

Another invention saves the bees five weeks' work. Sheets of wax are spread upon plaster of Paris moulds, which stamp the mark of the cells upon the sheet without making a hole through them. The sheets are put into the frames, and then into the hives, and the bees cleverly draw out the wax into cells of the usual depth. Perhaps you will like to know how it is known how much wax to put into each sheet, so as to make a comb out of each. It has been found that as much as will stick to the mould and take the proper shape is enough to make cells of the proper size. Each comb has a double row of cells, the bees working each side of the comb, and each cell having only one opening instead of going right through the comb.

Bees, of course, have their favourite flowers, and as if they know they are meant to be the poor man's friend, their favourite flowers are the simplest, and often wild ones. Some honeycomb we saw lately was remarkable for the whiteness of its wax, and we were told it was probably late honey, and made from white clover and the flowers of the lime-trees. Heather honey is said to have the finest taste, and you all know what a wild thing the purple heather is, growing thickly all over the Scottish and English moorlands. Bees easily find themselves the flowers for their honey, and when they cannot find flowers, they supply themselves with something instead. There were some bees kept in Regent Street, where you would certainly think they would have starved, but it was found they went out regularly and made honey as usual. No one could think where they got it from, until at last it was found out that they were in the habit of going into a sweet-shop kept by a poor woman, and stealing her sweets ! Such robbers were the bees that they prevented her from making any money by her little shop, and the bee-owners had to give up keeping them.





## THE LEGEND OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

T was a summer evening over the mountains, and the little villages that nestled around them were wrapped in slumber. The linden tops swayed very gently, but the pines were quiet, and all nature seemed asleep. Only the stars above twinkled brightly, and the silver moon turned her face toward the deep black forest. All was so still; the flowers and the birds were asleep. No, not all the birds; for the nightingale in the lonely forest sang so clearly, so sadly, that the flowers and the birds heard her in their dreams, though they could not understand the meaning of her mournful song, even when they were awake, for the nightingale was a stranger to them.

But the moon, who was looking down through the thick shadows of the pines, saw the lonely bird, and listened to its song. And as the nightingale saw the moon, she raised her plaintive voice sweeter and clearer, and then it fell lower and softer, until the tender notes trembled like the strings of an Æolian harp. And this is the story in plain prose that the nightingale told to the listening moon:—

"It is a long, long time ago since I left my golden home in India, that beautiful southern land where it is always summer, where my mother rocked me to and fro in the leaves of the proud cocoa palm, and where I flew backward and forward in the broad shade of the banana-trees. There I had beautiful brilliant plumage, and the nightingales were the prettiest birds, as well as the sweetest singers, in the land. And we lived a joyous, careless life, until a swallow came from his home in a far-off country. He had flown to us from the cold northern winter, and he told us wonderful stories of his land, its mild sun, its beautiful summer over valley and mountain, of the lordly oak forests with their cool shadows and silver streams. He said that we would be honoured above all birds for our pretty feathers and sweet voices. And we, full of vanity and discontent, were anxious to go to this strange land, and said we would follow the swallow to the north, and leave our sweet home. It was a beautiful morning, and the land was purple and red and gold as we started on our journey, and all the birds came

to bid us farewell. The swallow said that the winter was over and the warm spring had come, and so we flew away with him over sea and river, mountain and valley, and he led us the way.

"At last we reached this land; and oh, how we have regretted it ever since! In a very short time our feathers grew pale and grey; and once, as I happened to see myself in a brook, I was frightened to find that my pretty feathers were all faded out. We were broken-hearted and home-sick for our dear home that we had changed for this strange land through our vanity and discontent. We did not know the way back, and the swallow had flown away. The other birds were not friendly to us; and even could we have gone back, the birds at home would not have believed that we were nightingales, we were so changed.

"Many times, when we flew southward away from the winter, our feathers grew a little brighter in the sunlight, and we thought of our dear India, and were happy for a while, but it did not last long, for the colours vanished again. Many of my comrades died, and those who are left hide themselves in the woods, sad wanderers from home." She sang softer and softer, and there were sighs and tears in her voice, when she ceased her song.

The friendly moon had listened quietly, and felt very sorry for the poor bird, so she beckoned down to her, and said, "I pity you, poor nightingale, and think that I can help you. Fly up here to me, and then you can see the sun in his splendour and light; his golden rays shine brighter than in your home, and you will soon win your coloured feathers again."

Then the nightingale, full of longing for the good pale moon and the golden sun, spread her wings, and with a burst of joyous song flew upward and upward, higher and higher towards the moon, with all the strength of her little wings. But alas! it was so, so far. She could not reach the moon, and the moon could not help her, and at last the wings drooped and sank lower and lower, nearer and nearer to the earth, until she fell on some green moss that lay by the roadside and was dead! And there two little children found her, and dropped their tears upon her pale feathers, and took her up very tenderly, and buried her in their little garden. My dear readers, do you find any little *moral* hidden away under the wings of this nightingale?

JULIA DOUGLAS FAY.



## THE SWING.

**L**OOK at Gracie on the swing ;  
Will she never tire ?  
How she's laughing as she goes  
Higher still, and higher !

To and fro, to and fro,  
See the little maiden go.  
Johnnie never stops ;  
Higher still she goes, and higher,  
Till she sees the village spire  
Over the tree tops.

Gracie has her dolly too  
With her on the swing ;  
Johnnie tied her safely there  
With a piece of string.

To and fro, to and fro,  
Both the little maidens go.  
Johnnie never stops ;  
Higher still they go, and higher,  
Till they see the village spire  
Over the tree tops.

## THE STORY OF BHIMA.

*From the Mahabharata,\* by FREDERICKA MACDONALD, Author of "The Iliad of the East," &c.*



HIMA was the second son of Rajah Pandu. He was famous for his prodigious strength, his love of fun and mischief, and his tremendous appetite. He was always fighting the battles of the weak ; and so their oppressors hated him. And, most of all, Duryodhana, his cousin, hated him, for Duryodhana was a tyrant ; and as he was the eldest son of the present Rajah, he thought his cousins and his brothers ought always to obey him.

But now I must tell you how Bhima came by his extraordinary strength. Many years before his birth, when his mother, Kunti, was a young, shy maiden in her father's palace, a beggar came one day to claim the hospitality of the Rajah Kunti-bodja. He was dressed in a ragged coat of skins, his beard was long, and his hair uncombed and shaggy ; he was so thin the bones seemed coming through his skin, and his bare feet were cut and bleeding from thorns and stones. But though he appeared so rough and poor the servants of the Rajah treated him with the greatest possible respect. Nay, Kunti-bodja himself, when he heard of his arrival, hurried out to greet him, and offered him water to wash his feet, and the basket of eight gifts, which are the emblems of

the good wishes with which a noble Hindoo welcomes an honoured guest.

No wonder Kunti-bodja was more eager to pay honour to this barefooted stranger than to any rival Rajah bristling with jewels—to have excited his displeasure would have had the most terrible consequences. He was one of those world-famous hermits, who, on the wild sides of the mountains, or in the deep forests, endured years of fasting and hard penances, to obtain from the gods supernatural powers. And most of these renowned hermits, instead of learning compassion and meekness from solitude, like Rajah Pandu, or the gentle poet Valmiki, became morose and irritable. They used their power for evil instead of good—hurling forth cruel threats against all who offended them. But Kunti-bodja was resolved his formidable guest should have no grounds of complaint. He gave him royal apartments, and rich raiment, and ordered his own daughter, the Princess Kunti, to cook his food, and wait upon him. And Kunti, though secretly frightened by the stern and ragged Brahman, did not show any sign either of terror or dislike : she made delicious curries, and sweet-meats, and rice-cakes for him ; and though he never gave her any thanks, but often enough grumbled and scolded her, she was always patient and attentive, and eager to serve him ; until at last, when the Brahman was about to take his departure, he called her to him, and said—

" Maiden, I am content with you ; you have

\* An account of the *Mahabharata* was given on page 88 of this volume. It is, I think, unnecessary for me to tell my readers that neither this nor any other of the stories in that old Hindoo book are true, any more than are the fairy tales of our own land. The false gods and their gifts and powers, the serpents and spirits, all are inventions ; but some good lesson is generally to be found concealed in the imagery. We in our happy Christian lands may be thankful that we do not live in the midst of such false superstitions as could alone give rise to these stories. We ought, too, to praise the one true God, that according as He sees fit, the Gospel message is being carried throughout our vast Indian empire ; and that our mission work there and in other lands is doing so much to remove from the minds of the heathen their belief in the false gods whom they have worshipped so long.—ED.



IN THE SWING. (See p. 300.)

served me well. And now, hear your reward : you will become the wife of a noble Rajah, and the mother of heroic sons ; and at the birth of your sons, call upon which of the gods you will, and he shall bestow upon your infant qualities like his own."

And so, when Yudhisthira, her eldest son, was born, Kunti, remembering the Brahman's promise, called upon Yama, the god of Death; and the god bestowed upon her son the qualities of compassion, and resignation, and scorn of earthly pleasures. But for her second son, Bhima, it was Marut, the god of the strong wild winds, whom she claimed as a patron ; and thus Bhima was fearless, and impetuous, and rough, and yet generous, as are the healthful winds. And for her third son, Arjuna, Kunti begged the favour of Indra, the bright god of the sky, whose arrows are the glancing sunbeams, and whose dart the forked-lightning. So Arjuna soon became famous as an archer ; and he was loving also, and warm-hearted and kind. And for the twins, Nakaula and Saha-deva, who were Pandu's youngest sons, Kunti begged the protection of the two Aswins, the morning and evening stars ; and these brothers were distinguished for beauty, and star-like placidity, and innocence.

Now the sons of Rajah Dritarashtra, and Duryodhana especially, were jealous of the noble qualities of their young cousins. After the death of Rajah Pandu, Dritarashtra became Rajah ; but he was just and generous ; he took his dead brother's children into his own palace, and named *Yudhisthira* as his heir. Outwardly he made no difference between the young Pandavas and his own sons ; they were lodged in the same palace, and had the same Guru, or master, to teach them the Vedas, or sacred books, and all manly exercises —such as riding, wrestling, and archery. But both in their lessons and their sports the sons of Pandu excelled and proved themselves the superiors of their cousins. And this was bitter to Dritarashtra, who was a loving father, although he could not blind himself to the fact that Duryodhana, his eldest born, had faults which would draw down sorrow upon all his family. But rumours and prophecies said that it was the sons of Pandu who would punish the wicked Duryodhana, after a terrible war in which all the sons of Dritarashtra must perish. So then the blind Rajah pondered over these things, until his heart too grew dark, and full of threatening shadows ; he heard the boys shouting at their games, and loudest always was the triumphant laugh of Bhima. And therefore *Dritarashtra* grew secretly to hate his nephews ; but most of all he hated Bhima.

At length Duryodhana determined upon a plan for getting rid of Bhima.

It was in the delicious season of rains which follows the fierce and cruel heat of early summer. Then the fresh wild winds blow joyously upon the parched and dusty earth, and down rushes the generous rain, whilst thunder-clouds dash themselves together overhead. The trees, which stood sered, and brown, and still in the dead hot air, under the aching blue sky, now toss their branches about in delight, and grow green once more, and break forth into glorious blossoms for very joy, because once again cool grass is springing at their feet, and covering their naked roots that the dry brown earth had shrunk away from, and left open to the cruel sun. Now the earth is brown no longer, she has a soft bright robe of flowers and grass ; the time of the singing of birds has come, and the time of the humming of insects also. The rivers that were only little threads of water a short while since are now swollen floods fed by mountain torrents ; and the queen of all rivers, the beautiful Ganges, rushes down to the poor parched earth, fading and starved from drought. And Duryodhana, who had a beautiful garden upon the banks of the river, ordered magnificent silken tents to be erected there, and a noble feast to be prepared ; and then he invited his five cousins to come with his own brothers, to disarm suspicion.

And so the Pandavas and their cousins spent a joyous time in their beautiful garden ; and they ran races, and had wrestling matches, and played many games. And throughout the day Duryodhana kept close to Bhima, and praised all he did, and declared that he was the noblest amongst all the descendants of their great ancestor Bharata. And after a time, when the young princes were weary of their sports, they all sat down together on a hillock overlooking the river, and told stories, whilst the servants made sherbet and refreshing drinks for them. And Yudisthira told the story of the obedient disciple, Upamaniyu, whose Guru (master) ordered him, in return for his instructions in the Vedas, to keep his cows for him. And Yudisthira related how the good disciple obeyed without a murmur ; and how when he returned to his Guru in the evening, the holy Brahman said—

" How is this, Upamaniyu ? You have been all day taking care of my cows, and yet you do not appear faint or hungry ? "

Then Upamaniyu, answered, " The pious passers-by, knowing I was your disciple, gave me alms."

At that the Guru appeared very angry. " Those alms belonged to me, Upamaniyu," he said ; " in future you must not keep them."

" True, holy man," replied Upamaniyu, and the next day brought his guru the alms he had received.

"But, nevertheless, Upamaniyu," said the Guru, "you appear sufficiently well fed."

"Yes," he answered; "one pious soul, when he heard I was to take the alms given me to you, gave me a second gift for myself."

"You should not have accepted it," said the Brahman; "to make the virtuous give alms twice over is unfair."

"True, holy man," replied Upamaniyu; and obeyed his Guru without further discussion. Only, the following day, fainting with hunger, he ventured upon taking some of the milk of his Guru's cows.

"But that was not honest," said the master; "the cows belong to me, and consequently the milk also is my property."

"True," replied the meek disciple.

So then, Upamaniyu forbidden to keep the alms of the pious, or to accept gifts for himself, or to drink any of the cow's milk, suffered cruel pangs of hunger; and in his distress he devoured a poisonous and bitter plant, which so affected him that he became blind. And, groping about for his way he fell into a deep well. Then the Brahman thought, "Surely Upamaniyu has wearied in well-doing, and has fled." So he went forth into the fields, and called aloud, "Upamaniyu, my son, where art thou?" Then Upamaniyu, from the deep well, answered, meekly, "Here, holy man!" Then his Guru asked, "How came you to fall into this well?" And Upamaniyu answered, "I was faint with hunger, and ate a poisonous plant, and then I became blind, and this accident befell me." Then his Guru said, "I am content, my son, Upamaniyu. Now call upon the two Aswins and they will help you." Then Upamaniyu from the deep well sang the beautiful hymn to the two Aswins, the lords of the stars, which is written in the Rig Veda.

And the Aswins heard the blind man's hymn, and came to him in the deep well.

"We are content," they said. "Now eat this cake, and thou shalt once more see clearly."

But Upamaniyu said: "No doubt, O stars, you have never deceived any suppliant, but I may not eat this cake, I must take it to my Guru."

Then the Aswins praised his generous piety, and said, "We are content with thy devotion to thy Guru. His teeth are of iron, but thine shall be of gold. And now we will give thee back thy sight."

And when Upamaniyu told his Guru all the Aswins had said the holy man rejoiced with his excellent disciple and greatly commended him.

And when Yudisthira had finished his story all the young princes praised Upamaniyu greatly.

And then Duryodhana said he could tell a story of Takshaka, the king of serpents.

And as he spoke all the princes started, for

suddenly down fell Bhima on the grass at Duryodhana's feet. But Duryodhana laughed.

"This good Bhima," he said, "has fallen asleep over our stories. Let us now steal away quietly; when he awakes it will be a merry jest against him that he was left here alone."

Then the young Pandavas, who had no suspicion of treachery, and who saw that Bhima was indeed in a heavy sleep, exchanged smiles with each other, and stole away noiselessly to the silken tents which Duryodhana had prepared, and there they feasted merrily, expecting Bhima's return in a few hours. But Duryodhana, who had put a deadly poison into Bhima's sherbet, stole back to him in the quiet twilight, and dragging his cousin's body to the brink of the river, flung him into the swollen Ganges. Then he hurried back to the tents, full of triumph.

Down sank Bhima through the waters, dragging down lilies and weeds with him, and his mighty body came crashing through the roof of the water palace, where the nagas, or water-snakes, were asleep. Very angrily they awoke, and darting upon Bhima, began to bite him with their venomous fangs. But instead of working him harm, the serpents' poison counteracted the poison given him by Duryodhana; so Bhima opened his eyes, and stretched his limbs, and shook off the nagas from him as though they had been dead leaves. Then the nagas rushed trembling to their king, Vasuki, and told him all that had befallen them.

"This young prince," they said, "fell down amongst us in a deep sleep, and bound hand and foot. We thought he would prove an easy prey, but no sooner had we bitten him than he recovered his great strength, and would have destroyed us all had we not fled."

Then Vasuki said: "It is always well to make a friend of one who is too powerful to prove an agreeable enemy."

Then the courteous king of water-snakes respectfully approached Bhima, carrying a huge goblet filled with a miraculous draught, having the strength in it of a thousand serpents. Bhima having learned its excellent qualities, and that it would deaden the effect of all poisons that might be administered to him, emptied the goblet at one draught, and eight times requested to have it filled again. Then Vasuki ordered a splendid couch to be prepared for Bhima, and there he slept for many days.

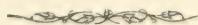
Now when the nagas saw that Bhima was awaking, their terror redoubled. They said: "Before he had drank the miraculous beverage of Vasuki he was proof against our venom, and could crush us like ants by the hundred: what now will be his vigour?" So they surrounded Bhima, laden with rich gifts, and they said, respectfully, "O hero

with the long arms, thy brethren are mourning thy loss, deign to relieve their cruel anxiety, by returning to them!"

And then they raised Bhima swiftly through the waters, and placed him on the flowery bank upon which he had fallen asleep.

Then Bhima, resplendent with the strings of jewels the nagas had flung around his neck, and proud in the gift of new strength he had received,

went home to his mother Kunti, who sat in her palace mourning for him as one dead. And Bhima saluted his mother reverently, and kissed his younger brothers. But to Yudisthira alone he told the story of Duryodhana's treachery. Then Yudisthira charged his brother to keep silent. "Henceforth," he said, "the sons of Kunti must be more united than ever, and always upon their guard."



### SIGNALS ON SEA AND LAND.

*By the Author of "The Telephone, and how to Make One," &c.*



THINK that we can say without fear of contradiction, that we can talk. The mere fact of asserting this information will at once prove to the most disbelieving mind that we are speaking the truth. Some there are, though, who have never had the power of speech, and who probably never will have it: I allude to those poor people who are deaf and dumb, and who are therefore shut out almost entirely from communion with us. I dare say that most of you will think that these afflicted ones cannot speak because their mouths are not properly made, or because there is some defect in their lips or tongues. But this is not the case. They are dumb simply because they are deaf, and therefore could not hear the sounds of the words and letters which you and I learnt long ago, and which go to make up what is called speech.

A great many plans have been tried to help these poor deaf and dumb folk to understand each other, and to make their wants known. The most common mode is, as you most probably know, a kind of alphabet of signs, made by various movements and different positions of the fingers and thumbs. Another more recent method, which has been brought to great perfection and practised with great success by Mr. Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is taught by watching the movements of the lips in ordinary speech. By this plan people who are dumb can understand language by their eye-sight. However, whatever plan be adopted, you will understand that they are dependent upon signs, not sounds.

Now, occasionally, people who have all their senses perfect are placed in such circumstances that intercourse by speech is impossible. For instance, they may be separated by such distances

that sounds cannot be heard. "Oh," you will say, "in those cases they could have a telegraph, or that telephone that you have just been writing about." But both these instruments require wires to connect them, and people are now and then so placed that wires could not possibly be used. Thus two ships may be passing each other with half a dozen miles of ocean between them; or part of an army may be shut up in some fort, surrounded by an enemy, and yet within a few miles of their comrades. How are these to communicate. It is the object of this article to tell you how this can be easily done, and how it has recently been accomplished in Zululand.

First, I must explain to you that for many years a system of talking by signals has been in use on board ship. Certain combinations of differently coloured flags meaning certain sentences. A kind of dictionary of these words in colour is kept for reference, and this book is called a code. Thus an admiral on board his flag-ship can telegraph his directions to all the ships composing the squadron by running up different flags to the masthead. Thus a blue flag above a yellow one may appear. Then the captains of the other vessels refer to the code, and see immediately that this combination means "move forward," or perhaps "retire," and they act accordingly. You have all, no doubt, heard of that celebrated signal given by brave Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty," which was communicated to the fleet in the way that I have just explained. But since those days a far more expeditious and simple mode of communication has been adopted, which is applicable to both land and water—by night as by day—and even in weather when everything is hidden in fog. It was this system that was adopted, as I have already stated, in Zululand. First, we will consider the peculiar conditions under which its use became necessary, and indeed of vital importance to our brave troops.

In the invasion of an enemy's country it often becomes necessary to push forward small bodies of troops, in order that they may form entrenched camps at different distances. These camps form points of connection—like the links of a chain—so that supplies of ammunition and food can be easily carried from one to the other: just like the system which often prevails at fires in country places, where men form a chain and hand buckets of water from one to the other. Well, Colonel Pearson pushed forward in this manner thirty-five miles into the heart of Zululand to a place called Ekowe, where he formed an entrenched camp. But his object in journeying to this place was entirely frustrated, for the Zulus appeared in such numbers, that they were able to cut all his communications in the rear. So poor Colonel Pearson found himself and his brave little army shut up, as it were, in a trap, and there he remained—surrounded on all sides by Zulus—for two whole months. It is needless to say that his comrades did not let him remain to starve at Ekowe. An army of release under Lord Chelmsford came as soon as possible to his rescue. But an army, with its enormous number of waggons carrying supplies, moves but slowly in such a rough country as that. And so it came to pass that Lord Chelmsford was in sight of Ekowe a great many days before he actually reached it. Here, then, the great advantage of being able to communicate by signals became apparent, and I will now tell you how it was done.

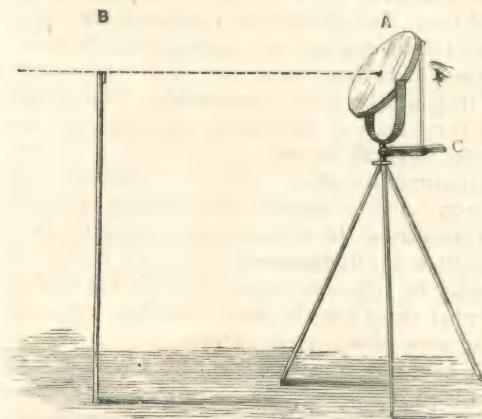


FIG. 1.

The next time the sun shines into your room—and during the autumn and winter months you may perhaps have to wait a considerable time for that event—take a small looking-glass, and hold it up-turned towards the sky near the window-sill, so that the sunlight falls upon its surface. If you hold it *at* the proper angle, you will find that a

bright spot of light is reflected from it on to the ceiling. By gently moving the mirror, this spot can be made to travel to nearly every part of the room.

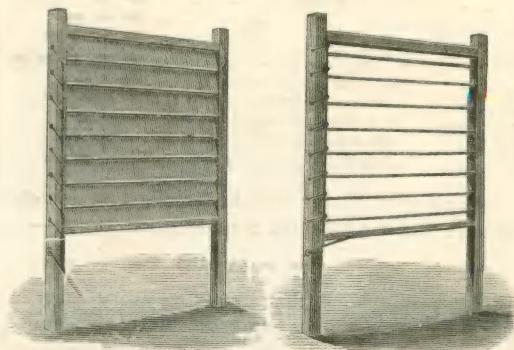


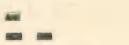
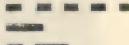
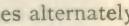
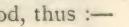
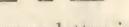
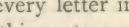
FIG. 2.

In that experiment lies the germ of an instrument called the Heliograph—that instrument which told Lord Chelmsford how the little garrison were getting on at Ekowe, and comforted the prisoners with the assurance that their period of captivity was nearly over.

Well, then, this heliograph, or sun-writer, as we may translate the word, consists of little more than a round mirror (A in Fig. 1.) so mounted that it can easily be turned in every direction. It has a small hole in the centre through which the operator can focus the sun's rays on any desired spot. This work is further helped by a stick (B) planted in the ground a few yards in front of the mirror. Upon this stick a little rod slides up and down, so that it can be adjusted to any required height. Suppose now that a signal is to be sent to a fort on a hill ten miles away: the mirror is first roughly adjusted to the position, so that flashes can be sent towards the fort; but in order to make all sure, the stick with the sliding-rod is placed in front, so that when the observer is looking through the hole at the back of the mirror, this sliding piece just comes in a line with his view of the fort. It therefore acts much in the same manner as that little notch of metal which projects above a gun-barrel, called the sight—it enables the operator to *sight* the object, and to fire his sun-flashes across the country with a true aim, and exactly in the direction of the observers.

But supposing that he has sighted the object, he can do nothing without some method of giving these flashes a meaning, although he might amuse himself at his friends' expense by flashing his signals into their faces, and making them wonder what it all meant. An alphabet composed of short and long flashes is contrived to meet all

requirements, and here it is in its simple form, an alphabet not of letters, but of numerals.

1	is signified by a short flash, thus :	... . . . .	
2	" 2 " flashes	... . . . .	
3	" 3 " "	... . . . .	
4	" 4 " "	... . . . .	
5	" 5 " "	... . . . .	
6	one long flash...	... . . . .	
7	a short and a long ..	... . . . .	
8	the reverse, a long and a short ..	... . . . .	
9	2 short flashes followed by a long ..	... . . . .	
0	a long flash followed by 2 short...	... . . . .	

A succession of long and short flashes alternately signifies that the message is understood, thus :—



Now it is evident that by giving every letter in the alphabet a number, expressed by this system of shorts and longs, any word could be transmitted, but this would be a most tedious business. A plan has therefore been adopted for reducing both the trouble and time occupied in flashing a message. This plan is founded on the knowledge that there must be certain sentences which in practice are constantly required. I will quote one or two of these sentences as they appear in the code, and then you will readily understand the simplicity of the system—

The enemy is advancing—1480.

The enemy is retreating—1481.

The enemy's cavalry is numerous—1477.

Suppose now we take the second sentence quoted, "The enemy is retreating ;" instead of spelling through all the words we can transmit the message by the number placed against it in the code-book—1481, or to reduce it to flashes, as would have to be done in practice, it would appear thus—



Having sighted our mirror, so that it appears like a brilliant star to those who hold the fort on the distant hill, we will now try and make this message plain to them. This can be done in two ways, either by obstructing the light by placing a card before the mirror, or by the much neater plan of moving the mirror itself between each flash.

If you refer once more to A, Fig. 1, you will see that a little rod is fastened to the top of the mirror at the back, and that this rod is connected with a little lever like a piano key (c). By a finger pressed upon this key the operator is able to instantly alter the angle of the mirror to a small extent, so that its beams will no longer be seen at the distant fort. A spring to bring back the mirror to its proper position, and a screw to prevent it going too far (both of which I have omitted from the drawing

for the sake of simplicity) complete the arrangements of the instrument.

It is obvious that we can no more command the sun to shine just when we want it to do so, than could Canute keep back the advancing tide from his toes, as prophesied by his flattering courtiers. So in dull weather we must contrive some method not dependent upon such a fickle source for the exercise of our alphabet of longs and shorts. Fig. 2 will give you a rough idea of how this is brought about. The drawings represent one and the same instrument in two different positions. A framework of wood or iron is fitted with shutters very much resembling those employed for Venetian blinds. You well know that if you pull the cord on the left-hand side of such a blind you can cause the laths of which it is composed to assume almost any position. You can darken the room by making the edge of each lath approach its fellow, or you can let in a flood of light by placing each lath edgeways. Precisely the same action can be obtained with this frame of shutters, only instead of being moved by a cord, as in a Venetian blind, they are moved by a rod fastened to each, and communicating with a handle below.

Now suppose that such an apparatus, several feet square, be planted on a hill-top, so that its outline to an observer at some distance is seen plainly against the sky. It is obvious that when the shutters are closed its general effect will be that of a black square, like a diminutive church tower. But directly the shutters are opened by the action of the handle the sky will appear through them, and their thin edges will present such narrow lines that they will be barely perceptible. Thus, then, by a careful use of the handle and the code the operator can still, in spite of the sulkiness of King Sol, transmit his observations to his friends at a distance. At one moment these friends will see what appears to be a black patch above the hill, presently it has disappeared, to reappear again in a second. By reference to the code they will quickly see what these signals mean, and they will soon devise some plan to reply to them.

We have now considered how the sun's light can be utilised for speech, and how that speech can still be carried on by the alphabet of shorts and longs when the sun is obscured by clouds. We will now look to the means adopted for carrying on communication when the sun has sunk below the horizon, and when the country is wrapped in darkness.

You will readily guess that a bull's-eye lantern will furnish for short distances all that could be desired, and the naval pattern lamp consists of little more than an oil lamp furnished with a screen

by which its light can be shut off for long or short intervals, as may be necessary for the purposes of the alphabet. But it is obvious that there are many occasions when such a source of illumination would fall lamentably short of what was wanted. For instance, a blinking light placed near a town where many lamps were in use would never be noticed. It would be like one glowworm among a thousand ; its absence or presence would not be remarked. For such situations, therefore, we want a light of such a brilliant character that there will be no mistake about it.

You will at once, perhaps, recommend the electric light. But the electric light cannot be had without a great deal of trouble and apparatus—such as would be quite out of the question in many situations where a signal is suddenly required. On our ships of war—where apparatus for its production is already in use, the electric light can of course be used with the greatest possible advantage, but for an army in the field, or on a hilly country, we can obtain flashes of great intensity by much more simple means.

Once more we will look at a little experiment. Make a paper tube by rolling a half-sheet of writing-paper round a pencil, and securing the free edge with gum or paste. Now introduce a little finely-powdered resin into this tube—about as much as will cover your thumb-nail—and urge it by your breath through the flame of a candle. A flash caused by the sudden explosion of the finely divided particles of resin will immediately take place, and will surprise you both by its suddenness and its intensity. (I may tell you that this simple plan has been resorted to for years past for the production of artificial lightning at dioramas, and exhibitions of a similar nature.) Now here we have a simple, cheap, and effective mode of producing flashes with apparatus that might be enclosed within a bandbox, and in it lies the germ of a newly-invented lamp for flashing signals, which I will now describe.

Most of you know that a spirit lamp gives hardly any light ; a pale blue flame is all that you can see, and you cannot even see that in bright daylight. Now in the lamp which I am going to describe to you a spirit flame forms the nucleus of the light. There is no mechanical shutter, or contrivance of the kind, for the inventor knew well that there was no need to shut off so feeble a light. But how are the flashes produced ? Well, pointing towards the spirit flame are three little bent tubes,



FIG. 3.

which proceed from a reservoir in the body of the lamp. These tubes are devoted to exactly the same purpose as the paper tube in the experiment already described. The reservoir with which they are connected is filled with a highly inflammable powder, and an india-rubber tube passing to the mouth, or to a pair of bellows, does the rest. The powder is composed of resin, lycopodium, and the metal magnesium, and the flashes obtained from it seem almost to rival the electric light itself in their brilliancy. Here then is our alphabet of short and long flashes, interpreted by a series of short and long puffs from the observer's lungs.

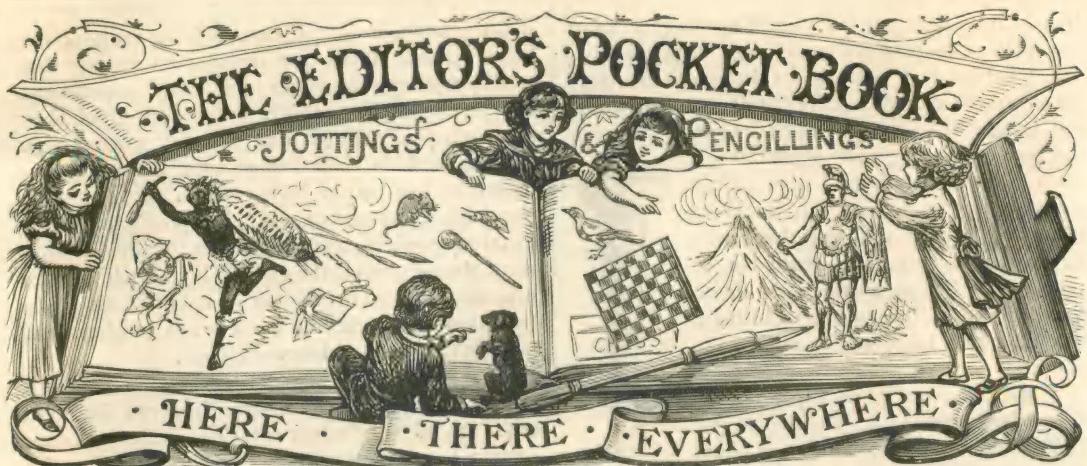
"But," you will say, "these appliances, this mirror for sunlight and these lanterns for night time, are all very clever; but what is to be done when a heavy fog occurs?" The difficulty in this case is not half so great as you suppose. One night, a year or two back, I was on a steamer in the middle of the English Channel on a very foggy night, and there was one sound which appeared like a distant moan of distress, occurring at regular intervals, which particularly attracted my attention. I inquired what it was, and was informed that it was a fog-horn, blown by steam, at a distant headland, miles and miles away, and which in thick weather did duty for the light usually displayed there. If you look into a penny trumpet you will see a tiny slip of brass, the vibrations of which as you blow into the mouthpiece give that rasping sound so well-known to you. The fog-horn is but a greatly magnified penny trumpet, with a slip of brass, or *reed*, as it is called, about twelve inches long, and as thick as your little finger. Of course no human lungs would be capable of influencing such an instrument, so air pumped by steam power furnishes it with breath.

Such a horn, on a smaller scale, and blown by the lungs, or by a bellows (see Figs. 3, 4), according to the distance of the corresponding operators, furnishes their means of communication ; and according to the impulse given to the supply of wind, are the sounds reduced to that system of shorts and longs, which enables speech to be carried on in a dense fog.

Here, then, we end our account of how signals may always be made, whether on sea or land, on dull or clear days, by night, or even in a fog T. C. H.



FIG. 4.



#### New Prize Competitions.

Another Painting Book—"The LITTLE FOLKS Black and White Painting Book"—is in preparation for the Christmas competitions, and will be ready by the end of November. Full particulars of this book and of the various regulations for the competition will be found in "HAPPY DAYS: the LITTLE FOLKS Annual for 1880," and in the January number of the Magazine.

#### An Ancient Firework.

Those of our young readers who on the fifth of November rejoice in squibs, rockets, Roman candles, and Catherine wheels, may be interested to know that long before gunpowder was known among Europeans it had been discovered and was in use amongst the Arabians; and an Egyptian writer, who lived in the thirteenth century, gives an account of one form in which it appeared, which puts us much in mind of the "serpents" so-called of modern days, that hiss and explode, to the great delight of the juvenile beholders. He says that "bodies in the form of scorpions bound round and filled with nitrous powder glide along making a gentle noise; then exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn."

#### The Salute of 101 Guns.

IT has been usual on certain great occasions for a salute of 101 guns to be fired, and the custom arose, according to tradition, in this way. On the triumphant return of one of the Emperors Maximilian to Germany, after a successful campaign, a grand reception was offered to the monarch by the town of Augsburg, and 100 rounds of cannon were directed to be fired on the occasion. The officer on service, not feeling quite certain as to the exact number discharged, caused an extra round to be added; while the town of Nuremburg, anxious to

show itself equally loyal, immediately ordered a like salute; and so it was that the custom became established.

#### Something about the Sparrow-Hawk.

Among the feathered tribes, as well as among the smaller animals of the fields, the sparrow-hawk, in common with the larger members of the hawk family, can hardly expect to have many friends, and as its entire existence is one of "might against right," it must indeed find itself at constant enmity with them. Keen of sight, and, considering its size, powerful in strength, this bird devotes the hours from morn till eve, and frequently during the night, to preying on smaller birds, such as pigeons, thrushes, blackbirds, sparrows, as well as many others; and not content with these, is frequently known to visit the fields, and attack partridges, and such animals as leverets, young rabbits, field mice, and others. In pursuit of its prey it appears to have a quickness of perception which is very striking, and as it sweeps along, just above the ground—sometimes in such a rapid, zigzag manner that it is almost impossible to follow it with the eye—it will, even when nearly at full speed, readily discern any object that is favourably situated for being seized; and this it will dart down upon, snatch up, and carry off in an instant. When the bird makes its appearance in the hedges and fields its effect is much the same as if a thunderstorm had darkened the heavens; for the other birds at once cease their joyous warblings, and in place of them peculiar chirrups of warning are heard among them, and these notes of alarm having been given to one another, they hurry away, if they can, to quiet corners, and there either remain silent and trembling, or else gather together in noisy conclave, as though they were holding a

council of war to attack their enemy. We are told that the smaller birds will rarely venture to resist the attacks of sparrow-hawks, though cases have been known in which, when a missel-thrush's nest has been plundered by it, the two parent birds have bravely fought in defence of their little ones. The result has, however, generally been that one of the two has fallen a victim. Occasionally, too, when sparrows and other birds have been in flocks together, and a hawk has made its appearance, they have summoned up courage to follow it in considerable numbers, uttering loud cries, and threatening, as it were, to inflict summary punishment upon their enemy; but it has been observed that they have only been thus brave when the hawk has been laden with prey, and that if the latter has but just turned round upon them the "pursuers" have flown away in dismay, and scattered to the four winds. Nevertheless, instances are on record in which this marauder has met with more than its match, and one case in particular is known, in which a hawk, belonging to a species found in certain parts of America, mistook

the true character of its prey, and brought disaster upon itself. Gliding along one day, in search of plunder, this bird was seen to make a sudden dart to the ground, and in its claws, as it ascended to a considerable height, was seen to be no other than a large moccasin, or adder, which it had seized. Whether it had taken hold of the serpent in the wrong part of its body, or whether the latter had wriggled its head from the hawk's claws, and so contrived to get it free to defend itself, is uncertain; but be this as it might, a most

remarkable scene soon presented itself, for when in mid-air the adder itself was seen to attack the hawk, and the latter, suddenly closing its wings, fell heavily to the ground, lifeless, the serpent (which also died from the attacks of the hawk's talons) having bitten it fatally in the neck. As an instance of the audacity of this bird it is said that on one occasion, some years ago, when about a mile from

the coast, a lark alighted in the rigging of a steamboat, hotly pursued by a sparrow-hawk; and not only did the latter attack it while in this situation, by darting at it, and pulling out most of the feathers of its tail, but when the lark escaped thence, and flew to the deck, the hawk actually followed it, and in the midst of the passengers, where it had taken refuge, chased the poor little songster until in fright it again took wing across the sea, and was thus overtaken, and carried off in triumph.

#### "Aunt Sally."

All my readers are of course familiar with this game, in which a wooden head is mounted on a pole, and the fun of which is, to stand at a stated distance, and with a short

club to break the pipe stuck in its mouth; and some of you have perhaps now and then wondered what could be the origin of its name. It is this. The word *aunt* was in former days not used to express merely what it does now, but was a name that was applied to any old woman; the wooden figure was therefore called Aunt, and came to be known as "Aunt Sally" through being used in conjunction with the latter word, the general meaning of which is "a darting or shooting."



A BATTLE IN THE AIR.



## An Orchard Song.

Words by G. BENNETT.

Music by DR. J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

I. O the ap - ples fresh and ro - sy, Sway-ing down - ward all the  
 2. Pluck a - way, then, we're not stint - ed, Such a rare des - ret we'll  
 3. Now we've done our gar - den du - ties, Sis - ter Lu - cy, let us

PIANO.

boughs; Smell-ing sweet as a - ny po - sy, That in field or gar - den  
 spread; Ga - ther those the sun has tint - ed, Rus - set brown and streaked with  
 go; What a bas - ket full of beau - ties, Ev - ry one is quite a

grows. Tho' they're not so rich and jui - cy As the peach-es on the  
 red. You may peep, dear lit - tle lin - net, Twitt'ring on the top-most  
 show. Ap - ples round and sound we're sing - ing, Cher - ry checked, and ripe, and

wall ; For our par - ty, sis - ter Lu - cy, We can take e - noug for  
 spray, We shall leave you in a min - ure, Then you'll peck and feast a -  
 sweet ; See what dain - ties we are bring - ing For our gar - den par - ty's

all, Lu - cy, Lu - cy, sis - ter Lu - cy, We can take e - noug for  
 - way, Lin - net, lin - net, lit - tle lin - net, You can peck and feast a -  
 treat : Ap - ples, ap - ples, fresh and ro - sy, Cher - ry-cheeked, and ripe, and

all.....  
 - way.....  
 sweet !.....

PED. \* PED. \*

## POPPY'S PARROT.

**H**ER name, I must tell you, was not really "Poppy." It was Erminia; but all her little playmates called her "Poppy," because she had such a round, rosy, good-humoured face, that they said she resembled that brilliant flower of the field.

Now, Poppy's grandmamma had given her a most beautiful grey parrot, a fine, noble, dashing fellow, with a scarlet crest the colour of a soldier's jacket. And you may be sure, little folks, that Poppy was fond enough of that parrot! He could say—ah! what could he *not* say? But of course the bird did not understand the meaning of the sentences he had been taught. One sentence that Poppy had taken great pains to teach *Polly* was, "I'm very pretty! Oh! I'm *very, very* pretty indeed!"

Poppy had also a kind mamma, who, on her birthday, allowed her little girl to invite a party of young friends to tea. There was plenty of cake, you may be sure, for mamma and grandmamma were once children themselves, and they knew that little boys and girls like sweet things.

It happened that amongst Poppy's little guests there was a small lady of seven years old, who was particularly proud of her long golden curls, and of her nice clean white muslin frock and blue sash. This vain little girl kept saying to all her companions, "What do you think of my new frock? Isn't it pretty?"

So at last Poppy and the rest of her young friends got quite vexed with little Miss Conceit. Then presently, when Miss Vanity had asked, for the twentieth time, "What do you think of my frock? Isn't my sash pretty?" Poppy called out, "Polly, what do *you* think? Pretty Polly!"

And the parrot screamed out, "Oh, I'm very, *very* pretty indeed!"

Then all the little girls, except the little girl with the blue sash, burst out laughing. But just at that moment Poppy's mamma happened to open the door to see how her little visitors were getting on, and she said, "My dear children, what is all this about?"

The twenty little tongues—Poppy's the loudest of all—began to relate how the poor little girl in the white frock was vain of her long golden curls and of her blue sash, and how the parrot had reproved her for her fault.

"But," said mamma, gravely, "*Polly does not understand the meaning of what he says.*"

The little girls had not thought of *that*.

"And," said mamma, taking the poor little weeping heroine of the blue sash on her lap, "remember this, dear children—It is wrong and foolish to be conceited, and to think oneself better than one's fellows; but it is *far worse* to take pleasure in condemning another for faults that we perhaps have ourselves."



A TRUE MOURNER. (*See p. 316.*)

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

ANSWERS TO PICTURE STORY  
WANTING WORDS (*page 128*).

## FIRST PRIZE STORY.

"**M**AMMA, may we go down on the beach, it is such a lovely afternoon?" cried Robert and Clara Clifford, bursting into the sitting-room where their mother was busily packing various things together.

"Yes, my dears; but you must take the little ones with you, as nurse is helping me to pack for my journey to London, to meet your Uncle Richard, who is to return from his Australian voyage to-morrow, and is coming to stay with us."

"Oh, mamma, how jolly!" cried Robert. "We have long wanted to see him, and have been so disappointed that I can hardly realise that he is coming at last."

"Well, you will not be disappointed this time," answered Mrs. Clifford; "but I have not time to talk longer. I leave you and Clara in charge of the house while I am away, and I hope you will be very good and careful, and not worry nurse."

The children were hurrying out of the room at these last words, when Mrs. Clifford called them back, and strictly charged them to take care of the children, and not leave them for a single moment that afternoon; then, giving them each a kiss, she dismissed them, and Robert and Clara ran away to get their hats, and tell nurse to dress the little ones, which was soon done, and they hurried towards the beach.

"What a pity, having to take care of the children all the afternoon," were the first words of Robert to Clara. "It would be such a splendid time to get that seaweed, because it is low tide."

"Yes," answered Clara; "it would be nice; but we cannot disobey mamma. It is a pity, though, for there is Jack Marston coming along the beach with his two brothers; he will be disappointed too, for he promised to go with us."

Jack Marston was a big, red-faced boy, who was always getting people into scrapes, and Mrs. Clifford did not like her children to associate with him, for he had not been brought up well.

"I say, Robert," were his first words, "are you ready? You promised to come over to the rocks and get that seaweed this afternoon."

"I did not exactly promise, Jack: I said if mamma would let me I would; but she has received a letter unexpectedly calling her away, and as nurse is busy helping her to pack, I have to stay with the children."

"Oh, never mind the children! Leave them with Willy and Fred; they can't come to any harm with them."

"But it would be disobeying mamma, when we promised to take care of them," said Clara.

"I don't think mamma would be angry, especially now they have Willy and Fred with them," answered Robert.

"Tell them not to go further than these stones," chimed in Jack; "they cannot possibly come to harm here, and if we do not make haste the tide will be up, and we shall not be able to go at all."

So, stilling their consciences with the thought that they would be all right, they listened to Jack's persuasions, and bidding the children good-bye, they set off along the beach.

The point where the seaweed grew was far more difficult to reach than they imagined, and when at last they gained the rock where the luxuriant weed flourished, their clothes were torn, and covered with slime.

The only one, however, who seemed to mind this was Clara, who had only that afternoon donned a clean dress, and who seemed to fear a scolding from nurse; but Robert and Jack comforted her with the idea that it would wash, and then, setting to, they picked as much seaweed as they could conveniently carry, and began to retrace their steps; but, in spite of their haste, the town clock struck five as they reached the place where they had left the children, and to their great dismay they were no longer there. Silent and conscience-stricken they all stood looking at each other, until Jack, with his loud voice, broke the spell by saying, "Why, they have gone home, of course. I shall be off too, as I want my tea; good-bye," and away he went.

"Jack, Jack," Clara and Robert cried with one voice, "they cannot have gone home, I am sure; do stay and help us to look for them." But he only ran the faster, and was soon out of sight.

Just at that moment a strong wind had sprung up, and with it came the mingled sounds of merry voices, and looking down the beach they saw the children playing and laughing near a large sand castle which was almost surrounded by water.

Robert put his two hands to his mouth, and shouted to them with all his might, upon which the children turned round, and, perceiving their peril, uttered loud shrieks for help.

"Robert, what shall we do?" said Clara, as the cries became louder and louder. "They will be drowned, and we shall not be able to save them. Oh, that we had never left them!"

Just at that moment who should come along the beach but old Simon, the fisherman, with his boat and nets ready for fishing.

Robert shouted at the very top of his voice to him, but he was a long way off, and could not hear them, so after many useless signs to attract his attention, they set off running along the beach towards him, and in breathless haste told him of the children's danger. The old man soon comprehended it, and at once set off down the beach dragging his heavy boat after him, and in two or three minutes after he was in it, and pulling his hardest.

But the matter was more difficult than he had imagined, and it was not without great difficulty that he at last managed to rescue the children, and row them to the shore.

None of them was much the worse for the wetting, except little Archie, who, much to the children's horror, did not speak nor move. Robert took him in his arms, and telling the other children to follow him they walked home in silence and sadness.

When they reached the gate they met nurse, who, feeling anxious at their long absence, had come out to look for them.

"Oh, Master Robert," were her first words, "what have you been doing?"

Robert, with many sobs, tried to explain, but nurse cut him short by taking Archie from his trembling arms, and carrying him into the house, where, after wrapping her burden in hot blankets, she despatched John the gardener after

Mrs. Clifford, who only ten minutes before had left the house, bidding him call on his way at the doctor's, and tell him to come at once.

Mrs. Clifford had just reached the station. She immediately telegraphed to her brother to say that she could not be there, and then stepping into her carriage, she drove swiftly home.

Nurse met her at the door, and explained the whole story in a few minutes. Then Mrs. Clifford, not stopping to see the children, went immediately to her little son's room and found the doctor with him. He told her that the child was still in danger, and even with the greatest care his recovery would probably take some time; and so it proved, for Archie remained weak for many a long day. And when their Uncle Richard did come, seeing how weak Archie was, he thought a change would do him good, and took him for a voyage, which had been long promised to Robert; and I believe the lesson which Robert and Clara had learned was never in after life forgotten.

KATIE ELEANOR LAWRENCE.

Clyffard House, Caeran,  
Newport, Mon.

Certified by BENJ. LAWRENCE.

SECOND PRIZE STORY.

**T**HREE once lived a gentleman named Mr. Davidson. He had eight children—Dick, Bob, Harry, Tom, Mary, Jane, Nelly, and Fanny. They all lived by the sea-side, in a neat little villa. It was a very fine day at the time my story begins, and so they all, after dinner, went down to the shore. They all began to make a sand castle. "Let us make it very big," said Tom—he was twin brother to Fanny. "Yes, and let us cover it with oyster-shells," said Dick, "and dig a moat all round it." "Yes, and we'll bring water from the sea in Fanny's pail." "And let us get a crab to put in the moat," said Harry; "there are lots over there—I'll go and fetch one;" so off he went to get a crab. "Oh, Jane, look here; I've found such a lovely anemone," he said. "Oh, it is a beauty!" said Jane, when she came up. "Have you found a crab?" "No, not yet. Oh, here's one in the sand; Fanny, bring your pail." "Oh, is it a large one?" said she, when she came up. "Now, Fanny, run with it to Dick. I see a log over there; come, Jane, and let us sail it." They went to get it, but it had floated out of their reach. "Oh, Jane," said Harry, after a minute, "look at that starfish! look, what a funny thing it is." So they began to talk about it. They talked for about ten minutes, when Jane looked up. "Harry!" she exclaimed. Harry looked up, and saw that they were surrounded, and the sea was nearly round the sand on which the rest of the

children were. They were on a long bit of sand jutting out into the sea; the water had nearly reached across at the lower end. Harry shouted with all his might. Dick, who was putting on the oyster-shells, looked up. In a moment he saw the water: it had just met at the other side. They ran as hard as they could, and just wet their feet a little. They had come a little out of the town, about a mile, and there was no one to be seen all along the shore. "You stay here and mind the others, Bob," said Dick; "or perhaps you had better follow me slowly." He ran very fast, but still the tide was coming nearer and nearer to the two frightened children; and before Dick had got half-way home the last bit of dry sand went away, and with it the last tinge of colour out of Jane's face. The tide came higher and higher, and between them and the shore the water was very deep. At last, when the water was up to Harry's waist their own retriever, Jack, came bouncing on to the sand. He stood still for a minute and looked round; then he saw them, and dashed into the water to get them. Jane had fainted, and Harry was holding her up. At last the dog reached them. He took hold of Jane by the clothes, and Harry held by the collar. Then Jack struck out, and they soon reached the shore. Harry's clothes were very wet, but he was quite sensible, but Jane was not. At that moment their father, followed by some other men, came running up. They took them home, and sent for a doctor for Jane. The doctor came, and said that Jane was very ill; but I need only say that she was ill for a long time, but she did get better; and Jack had a new collar given to him for saving the two children.

DAVID M. ANDERSON

Bourhouse, Dunbar, N.B.

(Aged 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ .)

Certified by the Rev. CHAS. P. INCLEDON, M.A.

LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize, with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks" Legion of Honour:*—KATIE E. LAWRENCE (13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Clyffard House, Caeran, Newport, Monmouthshire. *Second Prize, with Officer's Medal:*—DAVID M. ANDERSON (11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), Bourhouse, Dunbar, N.B. *Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal:*—MATILDA COSTERTON (14), 46, Lavender Grove, Dalston; ETHEL F. PRITCHARD (15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), 15, Whitchurch Villas, Richmond, Surrey; ALICE M. LLOYD (15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), The Broad Gate, Ludlow; NELLIE M'CULLAGH (15), Norwood Grove, Liverpool; EDITH MARY SIDEBOOTHAM (9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), Richmond Terrace, Stockport Road, Timperley; C. MAUDE BATTERSBY (10), Cromlyn, Rathowen, Ireland; HENRY D. HANKS (9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), Cross Bank, Prees, Salop; FANNY D. BOSTOCK (11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), The Radfords, Stone, Staffordshire



## AN AFFECTIONATE DOG.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

**A**M sending you a tale about the sagacity and affection of a dog. My grandpapa had a dog named Tatler. He was a Scotch terrier, born on the premises. He was a wonderful dog for rats, and would stand by a rat-hole for a whole day, and seldom left it till he caught the rat. He was never allowed to come into the house, and was kept in the yard. It was thought he had no affection in him. It was his custom every morning to sit under a tree near the garden-path, waiting for grandpapa, who used to take the bones to him for his breakfast. He hardly ever left the yard, not even to go to the village with any one; sometimes he would follow Douglas, the man whose cottage he lived in, a hundred yards, then he would turn back, and nothing would induce him to go further. When the hearse and coaches came for grandpapa's funeral Tatler seemed as if he knew all about it; he followed the hearse up the drive, and waited patiently until the coffin was brought out, then he walked slowly under the hearse, as though he were chief mourner. He lay under the bier all the time the coffin was in the church, then he walked slowly along with the bearers to the cemetery. He got as near the grave as he could; some man looking on kicked him away, and he gave a most fearful cry. When the mourners left the cemetery the men found Tatler was missing. One man went back to look for him; he found the poor dog close to the grave, with great tears running down his face. The man tried all he could to send him away, but the dog would not stir, so the man was obliged to carry him away. The dog was never known to go up in the village again. Every one petted him for his affection and love for his good master.

Tatler died at the age of ten years, and a little grave was made for him in the garden where he used to sit and watch for his master years before.

LILIAN ROBINSON.

(Aged 11.)

Waterbeach, near Cambridge.

## GOING HOME.

**A**TINY bed, and on it lay  
A lovely little maid,  
Who, though she knew that death drew near,  
Was not the least afraid.

The setting sun lit up the room,  
And all seemed bright around;  
But in a mother's heart there slept  
An anguish deep, profound.

That mother sat beside the bed,  
And held her darling's hand  
While list'ning to the words she spake  
Of the bright glorious land.

" Mother dearest, I am dying  
(What people here call so);  
I should call it *living*, mother,  
In a *happier* world, you know.

" So you must not cry and sorrow  
When this poor body's gone,  
For I hope to be in heaven  
Before to-morrow's dawn.

" Just think how bright and beautiful  
It all will look to me;  
I wish you could come too, mother,  
And then we both could see.

" So dry your tears, dear mother mine,  
'Tis but a little while!  
I want to see your own sweet face  
With its accustomed smile.

" Please say good-bye to father dear;  
Tell him that I've gone home  
To be with God and Jesus,  
Waiting for him to come.

" I wish I could have seen his face  
And heard his voice once more;"  
And as she spoke her father crossed  
The threshold of the door.

Oh, what a happy meeting then—  
The father and his child!  
He kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,  
And lovingly she smiled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just as the sun went down that eve  
God sent His messenger  
To fetch His little jewel home,  
And now he stood by her.

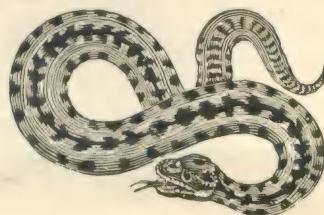
He took her gently in his arms,  
And bore her o'er the flood,  
Until he reached the pearly gates,  
And gave her back to God.

IDA G. SAVILE.  
(Aged 15.)

## A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

**A**AM going to tell about a snake, which I hope you will like. One day we saw a snake—a black magpie had it in its beak. We went up, and it flew away; a boy that was with me went too. The snake was curling round his leg. I called out to him; he was very much frightened. We began throwing stones at it, and at last we killed it. It was a wet rainy day, or else he would have been savage, and bitten us.

THOMAS BROOK WOOD.  
*Lake Fowler, Yorke's Peninsula, South Australia.*

## OUR PUZZLE PAGES.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE

**F**HE central letters read downwards and across will give the names of two countries.

- A vowel.
- A number.
- A tenet.
- Belonging to England.
- A kind of marble.
- A trial.
- Acting contrary to orders.
- Against monarchy.
- A consonant.

- Two countries.
- Thoughtlessly.
- Exemption from error.
- Able to recruit life.
- Extraordinary.
- A place for education.
- To rub out.
- A conjunction.

*Malabar House, near Truro.*

EVA RICH PERCY  
(Aged 14.)

## GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**T**HE initials read downwards will form a town in France, and the finals the river it stands on.

1. A town in Scotland.
2. A department in France.
3. A town in Italy.
4. A lake in Russia.
5. A river in England.

EVELINE DORSET.

(Aged 12.)

*Sefton House, Hampton Road, Redland.*

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**F**HE initials show a great painter; the finals his birth-place.

1. A town in Malta.
2. A river in France.
3. A town in England.
4. A town in Essex.
5. A town in France.
6. A town in Denmark.
7. A deceitful way of catching.

*12, Ashfield, Bradford, Yorks.*

J. E. TUKE.  
(Aged 12.)

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

**F**TO form close intrigues.  
A small bottle.

Indian corn.

A sapling.

A monster with many heads slain by Hercules.

HELEN KATHLEEN SHEIM.

*3, Union Street, Bath.*

(Aged 13½.)

## CRYPTOGRAPH.

"**K**EDL boe Kjmm, xfou vq uif ijmm  
Up gfudi b qbjm pg xbefs,  
Kbdl gfmn epxo, boe cspif ijt dspxo,  
Boe Kjmm dbnf uvncmjoh bgufs."

MARY ELIZABETH COLLYER-BRISTOW.  
*Teddington Place, near Croydon.*

(Aged 15.)

## GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL ENIGMA.

**S**F read from top left-hand corner to bottom right-hand corner; and from bottom left-hand corner to top right-hand corner, this puzzle will disclose two celebrated cotton manufacturing towns in Great Britain.

A sea-port town of Cornwall.

A city on the border of Gloucestershire.

An unimportant town of Northern Italy.

A province of Ireland.

A cape of Northern Africa.

A manufacturing town of France.

A Norwegian river.

EVA BRACKENBURY BRACKENBURY.

*Shouldham Thorpe, Downham, Norfolk.* (Aged 13½.)

## SQUARE WORDS.

I.

**T**O speak.

A continent.

A catalogue.

A girl's name.

II.

A vehicle.

An open surface.

To cut down.

A material for strings.

CHARLES LANG.

(Aged 7½.)

*38, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale.*

## WORD SQUARE.

**A**TREE which affords shelter to travellers in hot countries.

A sort of precious wood, used in the East for perfume.

A little boy, accused of shooting cruel darts.

To encounter.

PHILIPPA J. BENSON.

(Aged 12½.)

*Lutwyche Hall, Much Wenlock,  
Shropshire.*

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

**T**HE central letters read downwards and across form the name of what we all are.

A consonant.

A metal.

A country in Africa.

A country seat in France.

A Saxon king.

The name of those who have to guess this puzzle.

An English bird.

A month of the year.

A fruit.

To make a thing last as long as possible.

A consonant.

CONSTANCE DOUGLAS.

(Aged 11½.)

*Vicarage Cottage, Bray.*

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

**F**HE initials give the name of a flower, and the finals the month in which it appears.

1. Something that makes you sneeze.
2. A part of the face.
3. A prince of Midian.
4. The birthplace of one of our kings.
5. A town in Germany.
6. A gulf in the Baltic Sea.
7. A name of a month.
8. A boy's name.

Rose Place, Gower Street,  
Birmingham.

LOTTIE ALLEN.  
(Aged 9.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. (*Pages 252 and 253.*)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SHAKSPEARE.—LONGFELLOW.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. S wallo W. | 6. P uff F.    |
| 2. H om O.    | 7. E gg G.     |
| 3. A w L.     | 8. A n N.      |
| 4. K ee L.    | 9. R ome O.    |
| 5. S ein E.   | 10. E mmune L. |

## CHARADE.

Note, Tone, Eton.

## SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

"Blessed are the meek."

- |                |                    |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. B ethlehem. | 9. R amoth-gilead. |
| 2. L ibanus.   | 10. E glon.        |
| 3. E lim.      | 11. T yre.         |
| 4. S hur.      | 12. H ermon.       |
| 5. S amaria.   | 13. E sdraelon.    |
| 6. E ndor.     | 14. M arah.        |
| 7. D amascus.  | 15. E kron.        |
| 8. A bana.     | 16. E mmaus.       |
| 17. K ishon.   |                    |

## TRIANGLE PUZZLE.

EDITH.—EDWIN.

E  
D I D.  
I M B O W.  
T R I P O L I.  
H O R T A T I O N.

## PICTORIAL PROVERB.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."

## QUOTATION PUZZLE.

SPENSER.

1. S cott.
2. Po P e.
3. Campb E l.
4. Byro N.
5. S cott.
6. Shirl E y.
7. Bu R ns.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

**F**HE initial letters of the following transposed towns form the name of one of the United States of America.

1. A rival soap.
2. Rug behind.
3. Her hot ram.
4. Men gain rent.
5. Burn lodge.
6. Lest we can.
7. Let rain come.

ADA M. WOODMAN.  
(Aged 13.)

Ormesby St. Margaret,  
Gt. Yarmouth.



MARION.—[Senders of puzzles must be under 16 years of age.—ED.]

Pussy.—[Handwriting is not taken into consideration in the Picture Page competitions. Medals or prizes are usually awarded for verses inserted in "Our Little Folks' Own Pages."—ED.]

EDITH S.—[All anecdotes should be true, and should not exceed two or three hundred words in length.—ED.]

PHILLIS B.—[Yes, you can still send puzzles if you like, or enter for any of the prize competitions.—ED.]

ETTY.—[Full regulations for the picture stories are printed at the foot of the page every month.—ED.]

CARRIE T.—[Yes, any one may answer questions in LITTLE FOLKS, and, if under 16 years of age, they may send stories to the Magazine.—ED.]

POPPIE.—[If you should gain a prize it would be forwarded to you.—ED.]

POLLY F.—[1. In about three months. 2. Questions, &c., may be sent in at any time. 3. Yes.—ED.]

SCARLET RUNNER ; ZINGARA ; FRANCES R. ; MARION ; TINKER ; MAUD D. ; E. S. ; LILLIESLEAF ; ELSIE B. ; EVELYN B. ; MARIE C. W. ; SIR SYDNEY SMITH ; EUGENIE ; E. S. ; and CARRIE B. send answers to CORALIE PLATUOVA'S question.—[The answer was published on page 256.—ED.]

EDITH ; A. S. ; ARTHUR P. ; E. B. ; K. H. ; A. H. G. ; A. M. G. ; LUCY F. L. ; C. F. ; E. W. ; A. H. ; and F. R. write, in answer to M. W.'s question, that the paper should be sent to any paper mills, where they would buy it of her to make into new paper. EDITH ; MAGGIE R. ; JACK-O'-NINE-TAILS ; W. P. ; CATHERINE W. ; and F. R. say that the paper, if torn up small, makes very comfortable pillows.

E. B. writes in answer to M. W. :—"The paper would be gladly accepted by the Hospital for Women and Children, 4, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W. Other addresses will be given if wished where waste paper is also received and sold to help the same hospital."

The Rev. J. M. H. DU PONTET-DE-LA-HARPE wishes to acknowledge the receipt of 500 old postage stamps from MARY.

X. Y. Z. L. asks :—"Can any one tell me how to make an electric bell? I have looked into several books upon electricity and magnetism, but have not found the subject fully described."

JACK-O'-NINE-TAILS.—[Yes.—ED.]

MARY would be much obliged to any little folk who would give her full directions for making a fern album.

EDITH BIDDULPH would be very glad if any of the little folks could tell her what age Tamerlane was when he died.

JESSIE asks if any little folks can tell her how to make a magic lantern, also a camera obscura; and she would also

like to know the probable cost of each.—[An account of "How to make a Camera Obscura" was published in Vol. VIII. of LITTLE FOLKS, p. 276, and some account of Magic Lanterns will be included in the next volume of the Magazine.—ED.]

MARIÓN asks if any one could tell her the name of the author of "Palissy, the Huguenot Potter."—["Palissy the Potter," published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., is written by Professor Henry Morley.—ED.]

In answer to P. B.'s inquiry in the September number of LITTLE FOLKS, DORA BEERBOHM writes to say that the quotation is the first verse of two stanzas, written by Mrs. Butler (Frances Anne Kemble) in a collection of her poems published some years ago in America.

N. PITMAN suggests the following ornamental use of old postage stamps :—"Soak the stamps in water to remove the paper at the back, and, when dry, gum them on sheets of white paper, keeping the different colours separate. To ornament boxes, screens, or make scrap-book covers, form patterns of the blue and violet and green stamps, and fill the ground with the red, which are most abundant. Before pasting the stamps on paper, cut the green to match the red in size, and for smaller ones draw squares on the paper by lines at equal distances, of the size of red stamps, and gum the smaller ones in the centres. They can be cut out as wanted for use, and the little white margin will produce a variety in the pattern. Finally, varnish the stamp work in the same manner you would a screen."

EDIE writes :—"A simple and useful toilet tidy is made as follows, the only materials required being perforated cardboard, narrow ribbon, and sewing silk :—Cut a piece of the cardboard six and a half inches long and three and a half broad, then bind with the ribbon; this is for the back. Next cut another piece six inches long and three broad, for the front; it should have 'Toilet Tidy' marked on in silk. Then sew the ends of this to the lower part of the back. It is now finished with the exception of the bottom. I find the best way to do this is to stand the part already done on the cardboard, mark round with a pencil, cut out, bind with ribbon, and sew on. Now add some ribbon fastened on to the top with two little bows, so as to leave a loop to hang it up by, and the tidy is finished, unless you wish to ornament it in any way."

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER writes :—"I have four rabbits. I should be very much obliged to any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS who would supply me with instructions how to make a nice hutch for them, and also what to feed them on?"—[For a paper on the feeding and rearing of rabbits, and on the construction of rabbit-hutches, refer to page 240 of this volume.—ED.]

SOMERSAL.—[Full particulars of many new competitions for 1880 will be published in the January number of LITTLE FOLKS.—ED.]

## SCRIPTURE HISTORY WANTING WORDS.



A Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour will be given for the best short and original account of this picture. A smaller book and Officer's Medal will be given in addition for the best description relatively to the age of the Competitor, so that no Competitor is too young to try for this prize. To avoid any possibility of mistake, and for the guidance of new Competitors, the full regulations are once more given:—

1. Each account must be limited to 750 words in length.
2. All Competitors must be under the age of 16 years.
3. All stories must be certified as strictly original by Ministers or Teachers.
4. Books may on no account be copied from; though they may, if necessary, be consulted for information.
5. All stories from Competitors residing in Great Britain and Ireland must reach the Editor on or before the 10th of November, 1879; in the case of stories sent from the English Colonies or from foreign countries, an extension of time to the 15th of November will be allowed.
6. In addition to the Two Prizes and Officer's Medals, some of the most deserving Competitors (usually seven or eight every month) will be included in a special List of Honour, and will be awarded Member's Medals of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour.

## ROSES FROM THORNS; OR, THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

*By the Author of "Into the View," &c. &c.*

## CHAPTER XVI.—A NEW WORLD.



it he sat down and gave himself up to the pleasure of watching the beauties of the country as they flew past, and to the prospect at the end of the journey, which was best of all. He was very tired, however, before they reached St. Clement's—so tired that he could hardly hold up his heavy head or smile a languid welcome to Frank and Dolly, who were both at the station to meet them.

Harry roused himself with a great effort to greet his friends, but though he tried to smile and talk with some animation, the aching feeling of intense fatigue would come over him, and the smile died from his lips, and tears came instead—tears that had no cause but that sense of overpowering weakness and weariness. He was so altered, such a mere shadow of his former self—that had never been robust-looking or rosy—that Frank and Dolly were quite startled. They were a complete contrast to Harry, browned by sea air and sun like gipsies, bright-eyed, eager, and in every movement showing health and vigour. Mrs. Osborne felt quite saddened when she glanced from them to her large-eyed, bony little patient, whose thin trembling hand was almost transparent.

"Well, Maurice, how are you?" Frank said, in a friendly but awkward manner, for boys are always awkward in the presence of illness. "You look very pale. Glad to see you."

Dolly said nothing; she stared solemnly with an expression of great pity at her former play-fellow, and for the first time realised what it meant to be very ill.

The next morning, however, Harry woke feeling

stronger and brighter, and eager to get up at once and "see the sea." This desire filled his whole soul; he had seen nothing last night.

But Mrs. Osborne was too wise a nurse to let him begin by doing too much. She made him lie still till eleven o'clock, though it was a beautiful sunny day and every one was going out. Harry could not help feeling a little cross—it would perhaps have been strange if he had never felt so, during these days of tedious getting better—but he struggled not to show it to his kind friend. Dolly came in with a present for him, which partly consoled him for being kept in; it was a small yacht, which she had bought with a cherished two-shilling piece—very smart looking, but not satisfactory to a sailor's eye. Harry, however, was delighted, and in a greater fidget than ever to get out. When he was dressed, and had eaten his lunch, Dolly appeared again with her hat on, and throwing open the door with a pompous air, exclaimed, "Mr. Harry Maurice's carriage—and donkey—stop the way!"

And Mr. Harry Maurice found a donkey-chair waiting at the door. Frank was at school, but Mrs. Osborne and Dolly were ready to go with him to the beach. The bright sun and the white dazzling street blinded Harry at first, and he shut his eyes for a moment; when he opened them he drew a long, happy, sighing breath. "Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" he murmured. The picture in his mind of the dark tree-surrounded garden and the dreary shuttered house that he called home faded away, and before him he saw a great shining plain of calm blue waters, a stretch of reddish-yellow sands, tall cliffs white and grey, fringed with gay flowers and green grass, brown rocks on which the little waves danced and broke into white foam, distant sails gaily scudding along, happy children shouting and paddling in the sea—everything brilliant, beautiful, and full of sunshine.

Harry's hand clasped Mrs. Osborne's; she bent over him with her kind smile. "Well, dear, is it as lovely as you expected?"

"Oh, too lovely! It seems like a dream."

There was, however, nothing at all "dream-like" about Dolly Osborne. She was a regular merry, hearty child, and it was just as well for Harry that she was so, and that he had her for his companion, for he was not strong enough to bear having his feelings worked upon; and the glory of the sea and sky had almost been too much for him. Dolly brought him back to common-place. His chair was taken down on to the beach, and he was

allowed to get out and sit on a little rock near the water's edge, while Dolly hastily tore off her shoes and stockings and kilted up her skirts to sail his boat for him. In she plunged, nearly up to her knees, and the yacht was launched ; it wobbled, took a short turn, and fell on its side in a contemptible manner. Dolly got rather red, took it up, shook it severely, and put it down again ; it immediately capsized a second time, and Dolly lost her temper. "What a shame !" she said, half inclined to cry ; "and I spent two shillings on the nasty thing ! It won't keep up."

"Try a stone," suggested Harry, watching with great interest, but half amused at her wrath.

The stone did not succeed ; the wretched little craft refused to keep erect, or do anything but fall over on one side with a flop. An old sailor stood by, and watched Dolly's efforts with a grin on his hard-cut, good-natured face.

"Here, missy, hand her over," he said at last. "She's rigged in about as unseamanlike a form as you could see. Mayhap I could set her right for you."

"Who's *she* ?" Dolly asked, staring.

"Why, the boat, of course," Harry cried, with a laugh. He had read plenty about ships and sailors, and was not puzzled. The old man sat down, and "overhauled" the little boat, as he called it, and snorted over it very contemptuously. He made it sail at last, and the whole morning slipped away in agreeable talk between the children and the boatman. He was fond of "young un's," as he said, and was attracted by Harry's delicate look and Dolly's frank brown eyes and merry laugh. Dolly was of an inquiring mind, and she poured out floods of questions about the sea and nautical affairs to their new friend. Old Beecham, the sailor, was not learned, but he was very amusing. He answered Dolly's questions about high and low tides according to his own lights, and made Harry, who had learned something about them, smile ; but Dolly believed him entirely. He also taught her to say the points of the compass, or, rather, tried to teach her ; but Dolly stuck in the "Nor nor' wests," and could not master them, try as she would.

"The compass is a very ancient invention," the old man told them, nodding his head sagely. "I've heard as how it was used by Jewly Zeeser when he came first to this 'ere country, and 'ow if he hadn't *had a compass*, he'd never 'ave known there was such a land."

"Did you know that, Harry ?" Dolly asked, looking quite impressed. "I wonder if Julius Cæsar was the first to use a compass ?"

Harry felt inclined to laugh at this new reading

of history, but he thought it would not be polite, so he changed the subject.

"Have you ever been in a shipwreck ?"

The old man nodded. "Yes, sir, when I was mate aboard the *Betsy*. We got in a squall off the Cornish coast, and the boat went down by night. Me and another man was all night drifting about, clinging to some spar, and in the morning a fishing-smack picked us up. But the skipper and six others were drowned."

"Drowned !" Dolly repeated, sadly, with her eyes fixed on the old man's weather-beaten face. "It must be dreadful to be drowned."

"Ay, bad enough ! but we sailors have to face it, missy, and it's the Lord's will. Many and many a drowned man lies there awaiting the last call. But the Lord has spared me."

His words had brought a sudden chill on the children's spirits. Harry's thoughtful eyes were fixed on the laughing, sparkling blue waters, and he was thinking of all that might lie hidden under them. Dolly came close to him and whispered, "Perhaps there are mermaids living in lovely green caves under there who take care of the poor men, and make them happy." Then she said aloud, "Did you ever see a mermaid ?"

Beecham was never at a loss for an answer ; nothing was too wonderful for him to believe. "Not myself, I haven't, missy, but I knows them as have. A friend of mine he saw one once sitting on a rock far out at sea, and combing her long hair. Afore he could fix her with his glass, however, she were gone. But it brings ill luck to see 'em."

The fancy of the mermaids restored Dolly's cheerfulness, and when Mrs. Osborne came to fetch them to dinner the children and old Beecham were fast friends. Soon after this he took them out for a row, and they met him every day.

His simple, credulous nature had a great deal in common with theirs, and his sea stories and wonderful tales of adventure were full of deep interest for them. His friendship helped to make that happy time still happier.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—THE END OF THE HOLIDAY.

ONE afternoon Harry and Dolly went to visit the old boatman and take tea in his little whitewashed cottage, which nestled snugly under the cliff in a little nook of the shore. Beecham's granddaughter, a good-natured, red-cheeked girl, kept house for him ; all his children were either dead or scattered, and Bessie was his only companion. The children thought the little neat cottage enchanting, for it was overflowing with curiosities brought from all parts of the world by his sailor sons—carving from China,

sandal-wood boxes from India, shells from the "Ingies," as the old man called it, beads, and numberless other objects of interest. They were much fascinated by a tiny model of a man-of-war, the work of Beecham's eldest son, who was drowned when he was twenty-five. Dolly was seized with an irresistible longing to have this treasure for her own ; she could not let it out of her hands, and looked beseechingly at its possessor with very expressive eyes.

"Little miss would like to have it for her own," Bessie said, smiling—a rather unfortunate remark, for this was a treasure to the old man also, as the memento of his lost boy. Dolly did not deny that she wanted it, and the old sailor stood hesitating between his reluctance to part with the little ship and his desire to please his guest. Harry nudged Dolly anxiously, and whispered to her to put it down. He read the old man's feelings in his face with that quickness which the study of other people had given him. But Dolly had her perverse and selfish fits, with all her naturally sweet nature, and she felt as if she could not give up the thing she coveted.

"Missy can have it, if she likes," Beecham said, with an effort.

Harry wondered how Dolly could take it after this ; he felt hurt and angry with his little friend, and as soon as he got outside he burst out, "How *could* you, Dolly ? Beecham was fond of that thing ; his son made it who is drowned. It was very wrong of you !"

Harry had never spoken angrily to her before. She looked at him with a scarlet face and trembling lip for a moment, and then broke into passionate tears. Her own conscience had pricked her before, for she knew that her mother disliked the habit which some children have of looking out for presents, and she was angry with herself as well as with Harry.

"You unkind, horrid boy, to scold me !" she sobbed out. "I hate the ship—and I hate you !"

And Miss Dolly, in a regular passion, threw down the poor little man-of-war. Harry picked it up with a very pale face. Anger made Dolly red and Harry white.

"I shall take it back," he said, in a suppressed voice ; "you will only break it, and it cost a great deal of trouble to make."

"You have no right to interfere—it was given to *me*."

"Because you made it plain enough that you wanted it."

"I don't want it now ; I hate it. You are a nasty, unkind boy, Harry !"

"Shall I take it back ?"

"I don't care what you do," and Dolly sat down on a rock to have a good cry. Harry did not

wait to answer her, he was vexed and angry with her ; he took the little ship and ran quickly back to the cottage.

"Here, Beecham," he said, pausing, and putting the model into the boatman's hands ; "it is not right to take it. Dolly's mother would not like it. We had rather you had it back."

"Well, I never !" Beecham said, looking up from his netting in surprise. "Did you guess I valued the thing ? I'm sorry to disappoint the little lady. Isn't there anything else she'd fancy ?"

"No, no, please not. Good-bye," and Harry ran away.

When he saw Dolly sitting disconsolate, with her usually bright face smeared with tears, and her mouth drawn down at the corners, his anger vanished, and he wanted to comfort her. He sat down by her and put an arm round her.

"Come, Dolly, don't sulk."

Dolly edged away, and would not respond.

"Make friends again," said Harry persuasively. Dolly stood on her dignity, and answered nothing. All the while she knew Harry was right, and found it difficult to resist him. "Well, if you will be cross you must," he said, getting up and walking on ; "it isn't my fault."

"Oh, no, you're Harry Goodchild, of course !" muttered Dolly, determined to have her ill humour out. "I don't want to be friends."

So Harry walked on, whistling, with his hands in his pockets and his chin in the air, trying to pretend not to care ; and Dolly strolled after him in the sulks. It was their first quarrel. Dolly had fancied she could do just as she liked with the usually gentle lad, and had struck against the firmer side of his character, and Dolly's strong will and resolute temper did not like resistance. But she felt forlorn and unhappy, for she had a loving heart, and Harry and she had been so happy together since he came. Harry was determined to make no more advances ; he did not look round till they got close to the parade and there were people to notice them. He saw that Dolly was crying, and she looked now more unhappy than cross. He went back to her, and held out his hand. "Want to make friends now, Dolly ?" he asked, with a return of his former kind smile.

Dolly laid her cheek against the sleeve of his jacket by way of reply. Harry did not want more ; he put his arm round her shoulders and gave her a friendly squeeze. Then they walked home together in silence, and the quarrel was over.

Harry gained health and strength fast in the fresh sea breeze of St. Clement's. He had nothing to do but to enjoy himself and to play all day, and he was as happy as the day was long. They had



"THE OLD MAN SAT DOWN AND 'OVERHAULED' THE LITTLE BOAT" (p. 322).

quite an affecting parting with Beecham, and each gave him some keepsake "to remember them by" when they bade him good-bye, with many hopes of coming to see him again some day. Mrs. Osborne was satisfied when the month was over that Harry was strong enough now to return to Axborough, and the happy holiday time had come to an end.

"I shall take you home quite a different-looking Harry," she said to him a few days before they were to leave St. Clement's. "I really believe you look better than you did before you were ill."

"I never felt so well in all my life," Harry said, with emphasis. "I shall never forget St. Clement's, not if I live to be a hundred!"

"Are you very sorry the time has almost come to an end?"

"Rather—for some things," he answered, hesitating a little, "but I do want to see Cousin Ratcliffe again, and my fiddle."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—CHANGES AT THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

WHEN the train which took Mrs. Osborne, Dolly, and Harry back to Axborough stopped at that station, Harry was a little bit disappointed and surprised to find his cousin was not there; but Mrs. Osborne did not seem to be either one or the other. She smiled serenely at his fallen looks.

"It will be all right, my dear. Your cousin

wished to welcome you at the Manor House instead, I think. We are to leave you there as we pass, you know, but I shall call and see you to-morrow. Mr. Ratcliffe does not mean to shut us out any more. Jump in, children, it will be almost dark when we get home."

The train did not arrive at Axborough till past eight, and, though it was June now, it was almost twilight before they reached the Manor House.

"Here we are!" cried Harry, popping out his head at the turn of the road, but he drew it in again to call out, in great surprise, "Oh, Mrs. Osborne, do look out! What *has* happened?"

Mrs. Osborne obeyed him, laughing. "I don't see anything much, except that some trees are cut down. I thought the Manor House must be spirited away at least!"

"But all the shutters are open—and the windows are clean—and—I do believe they are painted! It looks quite different."

"Rather more cheerful, certainly. Do you remember, Harry, when we came away you could not see a bit of the house, except the chimneys, from here."

The fly stopped at the garden gate. There was no doubt about the paint here—the gate was green, and no longer a rusty brown. As Harry tumbled out he saw that his cousin was standing by the open gate. And Cousin Ratcliffe looked as much altered as the Manor House.

Harry gasped, "Why, cousin!"

"Well, my boy? I am glad to see you, Harry. What is the matter, lad?"

"Why, you have had your hair cut!"

The old man looked rather confused. "Well," he said, half testily, but with a lurking smile of amusement, "anything else?"

"And you have a new coat on!"

"Now, suppose we get you and your traps inside before we discuss my appearance any more? Mrs. Ellis, come and help me in with these."

Harry was more surprised than ever as calm, orderly Mrs. Ellis came forward to greet him and get in his box, while Mr. Ratcliffe spoke to Mrs. Osborne. So she still stayed on, and looked quite at home too.

"Are you *living* here, Mrs. Ellis?" he asked, in great perplexity, following her to the house.

"Yes, Master Harry. Mr. Ratcliffe has engaged me for a time leastways, to see how we get on."

Harry felt as if he were dreaming. The open hall door, which was bright with a new coat of paint, let him see the interior of the house, and that looked as much changed as the outside. He turned round for an explanation to his cousin, who came up.

"You will stare the eyes out of your head soon," the latter said, drawing him gently in. "Has anything so very wonderful happened?"

"I don't know," Harry answered, vaguely, "but it all looks so different, and so—so nice."

"Well, that is all right. I wanted it to look nice to greet you, my laddie. But come into the parlour, and see if there are any changes there."

The only changes here were that Mrs. Ellis had cleaned and scrubbed the old furniture till it shone like the best French polish, and had put up clean white curtains at the windows, which were no longer cloudy with dust and darkened by shrubs and branches of trees. A bunch of monthly roses and lilies of the valley was on the table, and the garden was quite neat and pleasant now to look out upon. Harry's beloved violin lay upon the

piano; and the piano had been not only tuned, but restored to some sort of harmony. A cheerful-looking tea-supper was ready on the whitest of cloths. Harry's face beamed all over.

"Do you think it is improved?" his cousin asked. "Not quite so gloomy as when you came first, eh? Now let us go up-stairs and see if any good fairy has been at work in your room."

The good fairy here—which was nothing more nor less than the strong absorbing love which the old man bore to his boy—had done wonders. In place of the dull, hideous drab wall-paper there was a pretty red-and-white; a green iron bedstead had taken the place of the mattress on the floor; there

were white blinds at the window, and a white cover on the table, as well as a new piece of carpet, and a neat little set of book-shelves full of Harry's favourite story-books. There was nothing that was either expensive or luxurious, of course, but instead of a dull, depressing little prison, it looked like the room of a well-cared-for child; and to Harry, unused to having things either pretty or comfortable, it all seemed like a palace.

"Oh, cousin, how good you are! How splendid it is!"

Mr. Ratcliffe smiled, well pleased. "Not exactly splendid, Harry, but I am heartily glad you like it. Now take off your hat, and wash those very grubby hands, and come down to tea, and after tea I will hear all your adventures and tell you mine. You do St. Clement's air credit, my child; you seem hardly the same little boy that I saw off a month ago."

Harry secretly returned the compliment; he thought his cousin as much changed as he could be himself. "No one would laugh at him now," he thought, "he looks like other people almost."

After tea, when Mrs. Ellis had cleared away—what a wonderful thing it seemed to Harry to be waited upon, and see a woman in the Manor House doing the work that he and his cousin had shared between them—the old man took his



"BEHIND HER MARCHED FRANK AND HARRY" (p. 327).

usual arm-chair and Harry his wooden stool, and they looked at each other for a good while in silence, but with pleasure in the long mutual gaze.

"I am glad to have you back, Harry!" Mr. Ratcliffe said at last, drawing a deep breath. "Not so long ago I gave up all hopes of ever having you sitting opposite me again like this. I am glad, my child."

"And so am I. I was afraid you might miss me, cousin."

"Oh, I was too busy to do that, you conceited little fellow. I had plenty to do to get the house ready for the young master! And you approve of the change in it? That is not the only change, Harry, that you are going to see. When you were ill, my laddie, so ill that I thought you would die, and when I knew that it was to a great extent my fault that you were so, I made a vow, as strong and stronger than that first one which made a 'Hermit' of me. I promised myself that if God were pleased to spare this one little life, which was so precious to me who had nothing else in the whole world, it should be always in future a very different one. I said I would sacrifice my patient, loving little lad no more to my whims and caprices, but for his sake I would not shun the world as I had done, but try to make it for him a happier place than I had found it. That I would not be jealous of his caring for others as well as for me, but trust him to give me the love and gratitude I would try and deserve. That he should learn to be a happy boy instead of a thoughtful little man, old before his time; that the learning he should get should be not all of one kind, but that he might learn to *play* as well as to work; and I resolved to change this dreary old den of mine into a house where sunshine should get in, and where he should not dwindle and get pale like a plant in a cellar. And when you were given back to me, I determined to set to work at once, and carry out all my resolutions, before I had time to repent of one of them, for I was half afraid of myself. I made Mrs. Osborne my confidante, and she promised to take you to the sea, and keep you till I had time to get ready for you to begin a fresh life here. The day you left, I ordered in painters, and carpenters, and a gardener to put the wilderness a little straight. How they all stared and wondered, you can fancy. I believe they thought it was only a new form of the 'Hermit's' madness, but I made up my mind I would neither notice nor care. I had not the most comfortable time in the world, for I was driven from room to room, and the noise, as well as the smell of paint and varnish, very nearly did for me, but I just got ready in time. Now, Harry, I hope you begin to understand what

changes I intend to make in our way of living. When you are *quite* strong again, but not an hour sooner, you shall go back to school for a while. After a year or so you will want a better education than Axborough can give you, and whether I live or die you shall have it. But you must not trouble yourself about learning till you are strong and well, and can jump and run about like your little friend Dolly. Your holiday times you must spend out of doors, and you shall make as many friends as you like. If ever I seem crusty or disagreeable about them or anything else you must not mind me; it will pass off; and whatever I say or seem, you must be quite sure that I love you, Harry, and desire above all things to see you happy. What I owe you, child, you can never know. You saved my life, but that was nothing compared to making that life almost happy and peaceful again after all I have gone through. You have given me something to love, something to care for, something to hope. And in return for all this, Harry, I mean to try and make you happy, and to be all that a broken-down old man like me can be to you. We may have some happy days together, my child."

Something very sweet, pathetic, and tender was in Harry's cousin's face and voice as he spoke. Harry drew his stool close to his side and put his hand upon his knee. His heart was too full to speak, but Mr. Ratcliffe knew all he meant to say. He put his arm about his shoulder; they were very still and very happy in the silent room. The old man was the first to break the silence by saying, in a playful voice,

"The people round about will have a great deal less to talk of, Harry, when they all find out, as they must in time, that the Manor House is not haunted, and that the Clayton Hermit has grown to be pretty much like the rest of the world. It is to be hoped that something else will turn up, or they will be very much worse off for gossip than they used. But we won't trouble about our neighbours any more, except those at the cottage, and the old house shall be a happy home to you after all, my boy!"

#### CHAPTER XIX.—ANOTHER CHRISTMAS DAY.

You have seen Harry Maurice now and then with rather sad surroundings; before we part with him, I should like you to see him once more with happy ones, and show you how Cousin Ratcliffe kept his second vow.

The Christmas after Harry's illness was the happiest he had ever known in all the eleven years of his life. He had been more than a year in the Old Manor House, and it was now a

home indeed. This Christmas Day Mr. Ratcliffe intended for the first time to entertain some friends, and Harry was the proud messenger to the cottage to invite Mrs. Osborne, Frank, and Dolly to dinner at five o'clock. The preparations were in quite a grand style. Mrs. Osborne sent in the plum pudding and mince pies, for no one could make them so well as Sarah and she, and Mrs. Ellis managed the rest of the feast.

Mr. Ratcliffe went to church in the morning, and heard his boy sing the treble solo in his sweet voice, which to-day had a new ring of gladness in it. After church, Mr. Elliot, Harry's music-master, the old bachelor who had taken so great a fancy to his promising pupil, came back with them to dinner.

Mr. Ratcliffe liked Mr. Elliot; they suited each other very well, and enjoyed talking about the music of their old days together. Mr. Ratcliffe was wonderfully agreeable; he put off his dry, sarcastic manner and his cold reserve together, and was a courteous and attentive host. The peevish lines in his face seemed to have passed away, and he looked like a gentleman of the old school, polite, kind, and refined, if a little strange still. The three children played hide-and-seek about the old house in the twilight, and made it ring to their shouts and laughter. In the evening, while the elders sat and talked, the young ones disappeared after Harry had whispered something into his cousin's ear. After awhile the door was thrown open, and some one in a giggling voice announced "Lady Dorothy," and a curious, pretty little figure strutted in.

Mr. Ratcliffe had given them leave to rummage out an old oak-chest in the lumber-room, and out of its contents Miss Dolly had dressed herself up in clothes of the time of her great-great-grandmother. A long train swept behind her, her satin petticoat

was held up by a mitten hand, and a high-heeled satin shoe made its appearance under it; on her head was perched a large limp silk hat of faded yellow, with a long plume hanging from it, and she flourished an enormous painted fan. The round childish face pursed up into pretended gravity, and the merry bright dark eyes, made a pretty picture from under the shadow of the flapping hat, and the older faces brightened as they looked at the little maid. Behind her marched Frank and Harry in old-fashioned silk coats and waistcoats and knee-breeches, with great lace cravats; they held a candle each, the better to show the grandeur of the procession.

They declined to speak in their proper selves, but immediately began to spout and act a charade which had cost them a great deal of learning, and Harry's brain some work.

This brought the festivities of the evening to a close, and with hearty "good nights" and good wishes, the Osbornes and Mr. Elliot departed.

"Has it been a happy day, Harry?" the old man asked, as he put out the candles preparatory to going to bed.

"Jolly!" was the hearty reply; the answer showed that Harry had learnt to be a regular school-boy, and it made his cousin smile.

He looked up at the scroll which Mrs. Osborne had painted to help to decorate the room.

"Peace and good will," he murmured gently, and the smile lingered on his wrinkled face. "I am glad you have had a happy Christmas, boy," he said, patting Harry's shoulder as he spoke, "for it is all your doing, all your doing. Good-night my lad, good-night." And as Harry left, the room his cousin said half aloud in a musing undertone.

"A little child shall lead them;" the wilderness has blossomed like a rose; God bless the boy that has blessed a cheerless hearth!"

THE END.



## A WINTER SONG.

**S**ING a song of the white, white snow,  
Sing a song of the frost and cold ;  
What care we if the north wind blow,  
Moaning, and groaning, and bending low  
The boughs of the yew-tree old ?

Winter has joys that no summer day  
Can give with its sunshine bright ;  
Snowballing, sliding, or skating away,  
Whilst from fairy cloudland full many a fay  
Sly powders our coats with white.

Oh ! the horses and sleighs that go,  
Whilst the sleigh-bells merrily ring,  
In the countries where long the winter snow  
Lies hard on the ground and makes, as we know,  
A pavement fit for a king !

And oh, the sledge made by Tom and me,  
To be drawn by a team of boys !  
No better sledge in the world need be ;  
And if we're upset, oh what care we ?  
'Tis but part of our winter joys.

J. G.



## ROYAL PRISONERS.

LOUIS XVII. OF FRANCE.



pitate the crimes of his kingly ancestors.

He was born in the magnificent palace of Versailles on the 27th of March, 1785, and on the same day received in baptism the names of Louis Charles.

It was at Versailles that the first four years of his life were passed, the only happy ones the poor boy was destined to know. Here he daily grew in health and beauty; his blue eyes sparkled with excitement, his fair cheeks flushed with pleasure, as he played with his sister in the garden, or toiled, hoe in hand, at his own little beds of flowers, which he carefully tended, and of which he made a bouquet to present each morning to his mother.

The queen's love for her son was great; love that surrounded him with all those little tokens of affection which a mother's heart alone can devise, but at the same time she carefully watched the development of his character.

When he was four years and a few months old,

she writes of him as being quick and violent in temper, full of spirits, too thoughtless to learn, yet good humoured, affectionate, possessed of a good heart, and loving his sister. He was accustomed to place great confidence in his mother, and when he had done wrong to go at once to her and confess it. She would reprove him gently, always appearing more grieved and hurt than angry.

But while the youthful Louis was growing in years and spending his days happily, troubles were beginning to gather which were soon destined to overwhelm the whole royal family. The population of France were in a restless and discontented state, but more so in Paris than in any other part of the country. To years of cruel oppression had succeeded bad harvests, and now so great was the scarcity of food that bread was sold at a price too high for the poorer people to purchase, and many died with hunger. Murmurs and complaints were everywhere heard; men grew desperate; gaunt, half-starved persons would be daily seen gazing fiercely at those who seemed to possess bread and money in abundance; as the wealthy nobles rolled through the streets in their carriages, many a half-muttered threat was heard and many a clenched hand was raised in the air as if calling down vengeance.

At last the people broke out into open insurrection. One day, from every court and alley in Paris, streamed forth thousands of raggedly clad men and women, armed with all kinds of weapons, mad with hunger and eager for revenge; shouting, singing, dancing, uttering fierce threats, they made their way to the great state prison called the Bastille; this they besieged and took and utterly destroyed, killing the governor and soldiers who had dared



SLEIGHING. (See p. 328.)

to fire upon them. Not satisfied with this, and unreasonably thinking that it was the king and queen who caused all their misery, they soon after determined to go to Versailles and bring them to Paris.

The king had been warned of the coming danger, and anxious for the safety of his wife and children, earnestly entreated her to take a carriage and convey them away to some distant but secure asylum. Her most devoted friends added their voices to that of the king, but she boldly replied, "Nothing shall induce me, in such an extremity, to be separated from my husband. I know that they seek my life. But I am a daughter of Maria Theresa, and have learned not to fear death." From the windows they soon saw the disorderly multitude, heard their savage cries and frantic shouts. Through every avenue the mob streamed towards the palace in the twilight of that October evening. The rain began to fall heavily; the people tore down trees and made huge bonfires, on which they roasted horses, and round which they prepared to spend the night; guns were continually fired, and some of the queen's guards were killed.

The commander of the national guard, La Fayette, had assured the royal family that they need be under no apprehension of an attack, as he had posted men at every entrance. Towards morning, worn out with excitement and fatigue, they went to their separate chambers; but scarcely had the queen laid her head upon the pillow before she was startled by a tumult on the stairs, the clashing of swords, the firing of guns, and the shouts of the mob making their way to her room. Two faithful guards stationed at her door had only time to shout, "Fly! fly for your life!" ere they were cut down by the assailants. Springing from her bed, the queen rushed to the door leading to the king's apartments; to her dismay she found it locked. She knocked, and cried loudly for help; it was speedily opened, and she had just time to slip through and re-lock it before the mob burst into her room.

King and queen and children passed the remaining hours of darkness in a state of dreadful suspense. Everywhere they heard shrieks and cries, the tumult of fight and exultant shouts; every moment they expected the armed rabble to break in upon them. When morning dawned there was a universal shout "The queen! the queen!" She must present herself to the multitude who hated her with such fierce hatred. Taking her children by the hand, she immediately stepped out on the balcony. "Away with the children! away with the children!" cried the people. The queen led them back, and returning, stood calmly before the

infuriated thousands, with her arms folded and her eyes raised to heaven. Muskets had been loaded to kill her, but at the sight of so much heroism not one was raised. For a moment there was silence, then the temper of the fickle multitude changed, and the air was rent with cries of "*Vive la reine!* *Vive la reine!*"

Then followed the dreadful ride to Paris, during which the royal family must have endured the most acute agonies. Yelling men and women, armed with every kind of weapon, dirty, ragged, using language such as never before fell upon royal ears, surrounded the carriage all the weary seven hours the journey occupied. Night was closing over the city when the captives entered the Tuilleries.

In the morning the Dauphin was early aroused by sounds of firing in the streets; frightened, he threw his arms round his mother's neck, saying, "O mother! mother! is to-day yesterday again?" The poor queen could only clasp him to her bosom, and by gentle words and caresses try to still his fears. When his father entered the room, the boy said to him, "Dear father, why are your people, who formerly loved you so well, now all of a sudden so angry with you? and what have you done to irritate them so much?"

"I wished, my dear child," replied the king, "to render the people still happier than they were. I wanted money to pay the expenses occasioned by wars, and I asked the Parliament for money, as my predecessors have always done. Magistrates composing the parliament opposed it, and said the *people* alone had a right to consent to it. I assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune, or talents, at Versailles; that is what is called the *States General*. When they were assembled, they required concessions of me which I could not make either with due respect to myself, or with justice to you, who will be my successor. Wicked men inducing the people to rise, have occasioned the excesses of the last few days. The *people* must not be blamed for them."

The royal boy did not like the Tuilleries after the splendours of Versailles. It had not been put in order, and the ancient tapestries and furniture were all worm-eaten. "Everything here is ugly," he said to his mother.

"My son," replied the queen, "Louis XIV. was content to lodge here."

Like it or not, this for some time was to be his residence. He was given a corner of the garden in which to work as he had previously done at his more sumptuous home. He tended his little plot of ground with care, but he constantly regretted

the garden he had left. "They will not be my own flowers that I planted and watered," he said ; "I shall never love any flowers so well as those."

The education of the poor boy was not neglected during the time he resided at this palace. He was also made captain of a regiment of boys who had been enrolled into a corps, and many a pleasant hour was spent by him in exercising his little soldiers. It is also said that during this time of comparative freedom his mother trained him to acts of pity and kindness, made him feel for the sufferings and sorrows of others, and for this purpose took him to hospitals and asylums, encouraging him to save his pocket-money to relieve the distressed.

The aspect of affairs grew worse, and the hatred of the people towards royalty more intense. Even an act of apparent friendliness was intended as an insult. One day a deputation from the conquerors of the Bastille arrived at the Tuileries, demanding an interview with the king and his family. When admitted, they presented to the Dauphin a box of dominoes ingeniously made from one of the stones of the terrible state prison ; on the lid of the box the following words were engraved :—

"These stones, from the walls which enclosed the innocent victims of arbitrary power, have been converted into a toy, to be presented to you, monseigneur, as an homage of the people's love, and to teach you the extent of their power."

In August, 1792, the violence of the people increased ; they threatened to storm the Tuileries and massacre the royal family in the very palace itself. The fidelity of guards could not be trusted ; the Swiss alone were faithful to their duty. For refuge the king and queen, with their children, fled to the Legislative Assembly, the members of which ordered them to be conveyed to the Temple, a very old, gloomy structure, with narrow staircases leading to two towers, the windows of which were guarded with iron bars, the rooms in them being low, with thick oaken doors either studded with large-headed nails or lined with iron. The garden surrounding this building was one mass of tangled vegetation, and encompassed by high brick walls. In the rooms of the smallest tower, scantily and miserably furnished, the prisoners were confined ; all their personal attendants dismissed ; rough, coarse men, as guards, were present at their meals ; they could scarcely command any privacy whatever. Even the noonday walk allowed them in the garden was used as a time for outrage. The jailor who unlocked the several doors would brush roughly against them and puff his tobacco-smoke in their faces ; and on the walls they passed were written cruel threats.

Even here, in this gloomy abode, the king continued to teach his son. Retiring to bed every night, the boy knelt at his mother's knee to say the following prayer which she had taught him :— " Almighty God, who created and redeemed me, I love you ! Preserve the days of my father and family. Protect us against our enemies. Give my mother, my aunt, my sister the strength they need to support their troubles."

Sadder days were yet in store for this unfortunate family. The king was beheaded. The queen was still consoled by the presence of her son, but even this consolation was snatched away. An order came for the boy to be separately imprisoned. It was ten o'clock at night, Louis was asleep on his bed, while the queen and her sister were sitting close to him mending their clothes. Suddenly the clashing of bolts and locks was heard ; six men entered and abruptly announced their errand. The agony and grief of the poor mother was intense. The boy awoke nearly frantic with terror ; throwing himself into his mother's arms, he shrieked out, "O mother ! mother ! mother ! do not abandon me to those men ! They will kill me as they did papa !"

Clasping him to her bosom, the queen, with prayers and tears, entreated that her son might not be taken away. Deaf to her supplications, the men threatened to call the guard, and have the child forcibly torn from her, if she did not yield him peaceably. Finding no mercy was to be expected, the mother and aunt proceeded slowly to dress him, at the same time whispering to him some parting words.

The heart-broken boy was dragged away, and thrust into the cell where his father had spent the last night on earth ; there he threw himself down on the floor, and for two days would neither eat nor drink, his one incessant cry being "Mother, mother !" The queen never had another interview with her son. One day, while walking on the platform of the tower, she looked through a crack in the board, and saw her little boy flying with terror from his cruel jailor, who was pursuing him with dreadful threats of punishment. This was the last time she ever saw her son.

The jailors appointed to guard the child were Simon the shoemaker and his wife—a coarse, cruel, savage, and drunken couple, from whom no tenderness was to be expected. They were ordered *not to kill* the lad, but *to get rid of him*. And well they did their brutal work. The heart is moved with horror while the eye reads of the sufferings of the poor prisoner. Simon generally called him by such names as "viper," "toad," or "wolf-cub ;" inhumanly beat him with whatever instrument he

had in his hand ; indeed, blows were the daily portion of the innocent little creature. His tormentor made the son of a king wait upon him while he had his meals, and taught him to sing revolutionary songs. His wife cut off his long curls, and dressed him in the republican fashion of the day. "The child is a very dear and charming child," said the woman ; "he cleans and blackens my shoes, and brings me my foot-warmer when I get up."

Simon disliked prayer, and had forbidden the little fellow to pray. One night he detected him kneeling in his bed with his hands joined. It was in the middle of January and dreadfully cold ; the man seized a pitcher of water and poured its contents all over his captive, saying, "I'll teach you to get up in the night and pray"—then he struck him on the head with the heel of his shoe, and made him lie in his wet bed all night.

This cruel treatment dulled the hitherto bright mind of the youthful king—for now that his father was dead the royalists called him Louis XVII. But although almost a wreck, bodily and mentally, he was yet capable of feeling gratitude for every word or act of kindness. One day his heartless jailor seized him by the hair and threatened to dash his head against the wall ; the surgeon who was present interfered to save the child. The next day he offered him two pears, which had been given him the previous evening, as an expression of his gratitude.

When Simon and his wife were removed from the guardianship of the "little Capet," as he was called, he was confined in an inner room in almost complete solitude, with nothing to amuse him and no one to talk to ; his food and drink were passed to him through an iron grating in the door ; no fire or light was allowed. For a little time he tried to keep both himself and his cell clean, but strength and courage alike failed ; he gave himself up to silence and despair. For one whole year his clothes were not changed, and they grew almost to his body. His bed was not made for six months ; day after day he lay there in silence, only wishing to die.

When a man named Laurent was appointed the boy's keeper, he was conducted to his cell by a municipal who shouted through the bars, "Capet, Capet." The child would not answer. When the door was forced open he shuddered, but otherwise lay quite still. Yesterday's food stood there untouched. They bent over him ; and when one asked why he had not eaten it, he faintly replied,

"Because I want to die." His condition was made somewhat better after this. His dress was changed, and his person and cell were kept clean.

When two men, Lasne and Gomin, were appointed his keepers in place of Laurent, they appear to have treated him with unvarying kindness ; they would sing to him, play the violin, and tell him stories. But nothing seemed to waken up the torpid faculties of the child, and it was three weeks before a word could be extracted from him ; then, as Lasne was telling him a story of the army which seemed to recall to his mind his own regiment of boys, he whispered, "Did you see me with my sword ?"

Permission was given for the young king to walk occasionally on the roof of the tower. He was obliged to be supported by his keeper at these times, and his great delight was to watch the sparrows, his birds, he called them, come and drink out of the hollows of the worn stones. But the sufferings of the poor boy had been too severe for any radical change for the better to take place.

In the year 1795 the Committee of General Safety were informed of the dangerous illness of their captive, but no notice was taken for several months, when they were again informed that "there was danger of death." A physician was then sent, but his services came too late. On the morning of the 8th of June the keepers dreaded finding him dead in his room. He lay very quiet ; bending over him, Gomin said—

"I hope you are not in pain just now ?"

"Oh, yes, I still suffer, but much less ! the music is so beautiful !"

"Where do you hear it ?" asked the man, surprised.

"Up there. Listen ! listen !" and the dying prince pointed eagerly upwards ; suddenly he exclaimed, with a flush of joy, "Through all the voices I hear my mother's."

Just then Lasne came into the room to relieve the other keeper. The young king looked at him for a time, and then said, "Do you think my sister heard the music ?" Then, as he looked towards the window, a happy exclamation broke from his lips ; a moment after he said to Lasne, "I have something to tell you."

Those were his last words ; as the keeper bent down to hear what he had to say, the child's head fell upon his breast, and a moment after he was dead.



## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

**P**OOR little "Look-before-you-Leap;" it was very hard that he should have such a name, but, as he said himself, it was not his fault: the right thoughts were so slow they would always let the wrong thoughts get first, and then when the thing was done they would come into his head.

Little "Look-before-you-Leap's" real name was Firefly. He was the eldest of a family of three young squirrels, and the most merry, good-hearted, good-natured little squirrel that could be found in the forest where he lived, always ready and eager to please others; and it was this that got him into so many scrapes.

On a beautiful autumn afternoon, a very long time ago, he and his brother Brush-tail and his sister Tiny were playing, chasing each other amongst the branches of a fine old tree, situated on the borders of a forest. Their father and mother were looking at them, pleased with the activity and nimbleness of their movements; and the game was at its height when Firefly, hard pressed to escape from Brush-tail, leaped from one branch to another which was a great distance off, but which was unfortunately dead and rotten, and it breaking as he touched it, he fell heavily to the ground, where he lay, unable to breathe from the shock. Here he was soon joined by the others, who felt him all over, and finding no bones were broken, waited patiently until he was sufficiently recovered to be taken home, when they helped him, and made him a soft bed to lie upon, and after a short time he was well enough

to be left to the care of his brother and sister, but before his mother and father went away, the former said to him, "Now, Firefly, how often am I to tell you to look before you leap? You know I am always having to do so, and I am quite tired of it; so I now warn you that if I have to speak to you about it three times more within the next month I shall call you 'Look-before-you-Leap,' and then perhaps you will think more of what I say to you; and, remember, all the other animals will know you by this name, so you may think how you will like it."

When his father had gone, Firefly looked up. "I did look at the branch," said he.

"But it's not that way of looking," said Tiny. "I heard father tell mother the other day that he wished you would look a little further, and think before acting."

"I couldn't have leaped further if I had looked," replied Firefly. "And I didn't think the bough was rotten till I nearly touched it."

"What a pity you did not think so earlier!" said Tiny.

"Yes, so it is; but then, you see, the right thoughts always will let the wrong thoughts come first, and I can't help it," urged Firefly; and the conversation ended.

Next day their father took Firefly and Brush-tail with him for an excursion into the wood, leaving his wife and Tiny at home. The two young squirrels were greatly delighted at going out to explore with their father, and Firefly determined to make some amends for his conduct on the previous day; and after a time, arriving at some nut-trees, he and



"BRUSHTAIL LOOKED UP" (p. 334).

his father climbed them, while Brushtail remained below to collect such nuts as they should bite off and let fall to the ground from the branches. In his search, Firefly found at the top of one of the trees a bunch of five or six nuts growing together, and he at once thought how pleased Brushtail would be to get them, and how surprised he would be; so he gnawed away at the stem till he had only one more bite to give to release the branch, when, glancing down, and seeing Brushtail just under the tree, "Brushtail, look up!" said he, and gave the last bite. Brushtail looked up, and immediately gave a sharp cry of pain; the bunch of nuts had fallen and struck him in the eye. His father and Firefly, on hearing the cry, rushed to him, and found him rubbing his eye, which was much swollen and evidently very painful. His father asked him how it had happened. Brushtail couldn't tell; but Firefly confessed that he had wished to surprise and please his brother, and seeing him under the tree, he had called to him to look up just before he had bitten off the bunch of nuts, but he had not intended that it should hit him.

Firefly's father turned to him, and said, "Have I again so soon to tell you 'to look before you leap'?"

"But I wasn't leaping," cried Firefly.

"That does not matter," returned his father. "Look before you leap" means that you are not to be careless, but are to think before you act. You have now lost the first chance of keeping your own name, and you had better take your brother home, and let his mother attend to him; I must go on my exploring expedition alone."

That evening, on his return, the old squirrel reported that he had found so few nuts and acorns in his day's ramble that he had determined to remove their quarters to another place across the river that ran close by them. But next day Brushtail's eye was found to be so sore and inflamed that it was thought better to put off their journey, and Firefly and his father and mother occupied themselves in getting pieces of dry bark, which they could use as boats, and taking them to the river-bank to be ready for them when they should be able to leave for the other side.

In the morning Brushtail was pronounced fit to travel, and all the squirrels proceeded to the river. It was not very broad, and at the part where they were it was deep, so that the current ran quietly and smoothly, and with a fair wind there was little danger in crossing. The wind was fair that morning, although there was a little more of it than the squirrels cared to have, and they at once began to make ready to cross. As the little ones had already been taught to go on the water, their

parents had no need to teach them again, and they were soon afloat on their journey, closely followed by Brushtail. Just as Firefly had launched his boat and was setting out, he was surprised to see Tiny come up to him.

"Flyie," said she, "will you let me come with you in your boat? I'll make myself very small."

Firefly looked at her boat and then at his own; the latter was certainly larger, but then he was bigger than she was. He was by no means certain that it would carry them both, and was afraid of anything happening to Tiny, whom he loved dearly. Tiny noticed his hesitation, and begged more earnestly.

"Oh! Flyie, do let me come with you. I am so frightened when I am alone on the water, and I will make myself so very small." Firefly again looked at his boat; there was no time to search for or to make a larger one, and Tiny *was* very little; so hesitating no longer, he said, "Well, come along, Tiny; we will both make ourselves as small as we can. Get on." Tiny stepped on the piece of bark, and they both set out.

Their boat sank level with the water, but while they were in the shelter of the bank that mattered nothing, and they sailed bravely on.

"Flyie, you won't tell them that I was frightened, will you?" said Tiny. "No, certainly not," replied Firefly; "they won't ask. There's nothing to be frightened about; when you have crossed the river once or twice you will be quite accustomed to it and not frightened at all; but sit firm now, and hold your tail up." Firefly, however, was rather uneasy himself; they were nearing the place where they would feel the full force of the wind, and the water was quite rough. Tiny sat firm, and they soon sailed into the rough water, when the waves began to wash over their boat, making them very uncomfortable; and not only this, but the water getting into the bark, it sank deeper, and becoming heavier in the water, their progress was very slow, whilst as the little squirrels' fur got wetter and wetter they grew heavier, and weighed down the boat more and more. Firefly looked anxiously at the other side, where the others had already landed and were watching his coming, and at last, when he was about ten yards from them, feeling that his boat was sinking under the weight, he made up his mind to try and swim to land, and leave the boat to bring Tiny in alone; but how was he to manage so as not to alarm her?

"Tiny," said he, "you won't be frightened to be by yourself for this little distance, I'm sure. See father and mother look as if they were getting impatient. I'll jump in and swim to them, and you'll come along on the boat, and we'll have a race."

"But you can't swim, can you?" inquired Tiny. Firefly was not quite sure whether he could or not—he had never tried, but it would never do to tell Tiny so; so pretending to be very brave, he answered, "What, not swim; a great big squirrel like me! Just look at me, and you will see; but mind you sit firm, and hold up your tail as high as you can." And crying "Good-bye, Tiny," he sprang from the boat towards the shore with all his might.

Down he sank in the water, and on coming up to the surface again and beginning to swim towards land, great was his surprise to see his father in the river swimming towards him, and still greater was his astonishment when his father, on coming up to him, swam past him, merely saying "Keep your head up!" But he had no time to think about that then; his aim was to get to shore as soon as he could, and he struggled on till he reached it, when he crept out of the water and a little way up the bank, and on turning round to look for his sister, he saw his father nearing the side, swimming and half pushing, half carrying, what appeared to be the body of little Tiny towards a place where his mother and Brushtail were waiting to receive them. When he had last sprung from the boat, he had given it such a push that he had pushed it completely from under Tiny, who had sunk in the water. He hurried down to the water's edge, and helped to carry Tiny up the bank, where they laid her down in the sunshine, and then sat down near her.

For some time they were silent; at last the father said, "Firefly, how came you and Tiny to be on the same boat?" Firefly held down his head and answered nothing; he had promised Tiny that he would not tell that she was frightened, and what could he say? But, fortunately for him, his father continued, "And what made you jump off it?"

"It was sinking under our weight," replied Firefly, "and I thought if I could swim in, it would bear Tiny, and she could sail in."

"That was quite right," said his father; "but why did you give such a spring? You upset the boat, and might have drowned your sister."

"Then Tiny is not drowned; I'm so glad, father," replied Firefly. "I didn't think I should upset the boat, and I jumped to get as near to the shore as I could; it looked such a long way off, and I didn't know that I could swim."

"Ah," replied his father, "Tiny is not drowned, she fainted through fright as I was bringing her ashore, but you might have drowned her; and don't you think it was careless of you to spring off the boat as you did? Would it not have been better to

have thought a little more of your sister, and of how to leave the boat?"

"Yes, I ought to have been more careful. I have lost another chance for my name, but indeed I did not intend to upset Tiny."

"In that I agree with you," said his father, "and you certainly do deserve to lose your chance for your name; but see, Tiny is opening her eyes. Come, we had better go and find her a place to rest in. I know of a hole in an old oak-tree near here, and if no one has occupied it, we can soon make her a snug nest in it."

Accordingly he, Firefly, and Brushtail went a little way into the forest, and found the oak, and the hole unoccupied, and setting to work they soon cleaned it out and made it comfortable, lining it with dry grass and leaves, when, returning to the river-bank, they found Tiny sufficiently recovered, under her mother's care, to come and take possession of the nest they had prepared for her; and after she had arrived there safely, and her parents had made her as snug and cosy as they could, she was left alone with Firefly, who needed a rest after his swim, whilst they went out into the forest to look for provisions.

When they were gone, Firefly turned to Tiny. "I am very sorry indeed that I upset you into the water, Tiny," said he.

"But you didn't," replied Tiny. "I didn't sit firm, as you told me, in the boat, and it slipped from under me. But why did you jump out, Flyie?"

"The boat was sinking, and would not bear us both."

"Oh, good Flyie! so you left to save me," cried Tiny. "Did you ever swim before?"

"No, Tiny," replied Firefly.

"Did you tell father you left to save me?"

"No, Tiny, that would be boasting!"

"But you told him why we were both in the same boat. I am sure he asked."

"Yes, he did ask, but he did not wait for an answer."

"Then he does not know anything about it. How pleased he will be."

"But, Tiny, it was very careless of me to jump off the boat in the way I did; I very nearly drowned you," said Firefly.

"No, it wasn't careless; but oh, Flyie!" cried Tiny, springing up, "you haven't lost another chance for your name? Father hasn't scolded you?"

"He didn't take it away, I took it away myself, and he agreed with me."

"But he didn't know that I had made you let me come in your boat because I was frightened, and that you jumped from it to save me. He couldn't, or he wouldn't have agreed with you, I'm sure; but

I will tell him all, Flyie, and then you shan't lose your chance. Just think, you have only one chance left now, and it must last for a whole month."

After some time the two old squirrels returned, and Firefly hearing them coming went out of the nest. As soon as Tiny saw that her father and mother had settled themselves, she went up to the former, and throwing her arms round his neck, "Father," said she, "do you know why Flyie and I were in the same boat?"

"No," answered her father. "By the way, I did ask him, and I don't remember that he told me. How did you two come to be risking your lives in that way?"

"I was frightened to come alone, and I begged Flyie so hard to let me come with him that I made him let me, and I am sure he did not like to do so, because he hesitated so long, and when he found that the boat was sinking he jumped into the water that I might be saved, and he didn't know that he could swim; and that wasn't careless, that was brave; and you won't take away his chance for his name, will you, father?"

"It was very brave, and I am very glad to hear it; but he jumped from the boat in a very careless manner, and might have drowned you; he took away his chance himself, and he deserved to lose it, so I agreed with him."

"But you can give it back to him."

"But, Tiny, I told him that if I had to speak to him about being careless three times within a month he should lose his name; and if I say I will do a thing and then don't do it, should I be doing right?"

"No, father, but then he has only one chance left to last nearly a whole month, and it is so long, and it is my fault too."

"Well, it does seem a long time. Shall we say a week, then? that will leave him only four days to take care of himself."

"Four days; it's a very long time," sighed Tiny.

"Well, then, make it two, little one. Surely he can

remember and be careful for two days. I can't let him off altogether."

The next morning the old squirrels left their home early, saying that they were going to make a long excursion into the forest, to see what prospects there were for the collection of their winter stores, and they took Firefly with them, as they thought by so doing there would be less chance of his getting into scrapes, and after a long ramble they returned late in the afternoon, tired and disappointed. It had been a bad year for nuts and acorns, and they foresaw that they would have to work hard to gather enough to last them through the winter. As it was very warm, the father and mother did not care to go into the nest, but went up into the tree, nearly to the end of one of its long branches, and there made themselves comfortable in the shade of its leaves, whilst Firefly climbed up to the top of the tree to have a look round the neighbourhood.

When he arrived there he was greatly surprised to find the top of the tree covered with acorns. At first he could think of nothing but how delighted his parents would be; they would not have to work so hard for their stores now. How nice it would be to tell them when they were in the nest

that night! What would they say? and whilst he was indulging in these thoughts, he chanced to look up, and saw a flock of crows come and alight on an oak-tree not far off, and immediately begin to strip off the acorns and eat them as fast as they could. In a moment all his pleasant thoughts had vanished. What was he to do? if the crows came to his tree all the acorns would be lost, and his father and mother would have to work so hard; they must know about the matter at once, and as he could just see them below him on the branch, he called to them as loud as he could, but could get no answer, so it was plain he must go down to them; it was only three leaps, and he could be back again immediately to keep off the crows. He called once more—no answer; and looking up and seeing more crows coming, he sprang down towards their



"THEY WERE SOON AFLOAT ON THEIR JOURNEY" (p. 334).



"FIREFLY LOOKED ANXIOUSLY AT THE OTHER SIDE" (p. 334).

branch, leap, leap! Only one leap more, and he lit on their branch, and to his horror saw his father and mother disappear off the end of it towards the ground. They had been asleep, and the shock when he had lit on the branch had shaken them off it.

Firefly hastened down to them. "Oh, father!" cried he, "I did not mean to shake you off the branch, but there are such quantities of acorns up at the top of the tree, and the crows—"

"Is that you again, Firefly?" interrupted his father. "Go to the nest; at present I have to look after your mother."

Poor Firefly went slowly to the nest, where he had not been long before his parents came in, and his father asked him what he had to say.

"There are such quantities of acorns up at the top of the tree," said Firefly; "and when I found them I was thinking how nice it was, and that you would not have to work so hard, when a great flock of crows came to a tree close by, and began eating the acorns there so fast, and I feared they would come and eat ours too, so I called to you several times, but you did not answer, and then I leaped down to you, and indeed I did not think I should shake you off the branch."

"But, Firefly, would it not have been just as easy to run down the trunk of the tree and along the branch? and then it couldn't shake."

"Yes," replied Firefly, "but I didn't think of that. The right thoughts *will* come so slow that the wrong thoughts always get first."

"But the right thoughts do come sometimes," said his father.

"Yes, after the thing is done."

"Then don't you think if you waited a short time for them, they would come, and help you from acting on the wrong thoughts?"

"That thought never came before, and it must be one of the right thoughts because it came so late."

"Well, then," said his father, "now that it has come take care of it and keep it, perhaps it may make the right thoughts come faster; but I must call you 'Look-before-you-Leap' now. As soon as I see the right thoughts begin to come first, and that you are more careful, nothing will give me greater pleasure than to call you Firefly again."

"I'll try," said Firefly, and went to his corner of the nest, where Tiny and Brushtail quickly joined him, doing their best to comfort him; and whether he soon got his own name back again or not is not known, but the other animals must have managed to hear of the matter, for even in the present day there are many little people who are not squirrels, and who have heard the warning "Look before you leap" addressed to them.

## WHAT IS WATER?

A LITTLE PAPER FOR LITTLE THINKERS.

**N**EARLY a hundred years ago a gentleman named Cavendish was much puzzled to find out what became of some gas which he put into a bottle and set light to. "What a very simple man he must have been!" some will say. "Why, every one knows that when gas is lighted it burns away, and of course no one can expect to find it again." But Mr. Cavendish was not quite so foolish as you may think. He knew that when the bottle was filled with air the gas (or air) in it could not be lighted, and therefore he could not understand why other gases, or mixtures of gases, should behave so differently. Besides this, on putting a light to the mouth of the bottle there was a sharp report, as if a small pistol had been fired. Why was that?

So he set to work, and having made a quantity of each of the two noisy gases, tried to bottle them up so tightly that they could not get away. Still they disappeared each time, just as before. Soon afterwards he noticed that the inside of the bottle was wet, and thought that this might have had something to do with it; so he took extra care next time, and dried the bottle thoroughly, but to his astonishment he found the inside covered with dew after lighting the gas. His first thought, of course, was that the mixture of gases must have been wet, so he tried each gas separately, but the bottle remained perfectly dry; and on letting out some of the first gas and putting in some of the other, no dew was formed, but immediately after lighting the gases the bottle became wet inside. The bottle was dry and the gases were dry; where did the moisture come from, and where did the gases go to? I suppose it is not very difficult to see that the gases must have been turned into moisture, or dew; and on trying the moisture in the bottle Mr. Cavendish found out that it had no smell, no taste, no colour, and when cooled became solid, just like ice—in fact, it *was* ice, and the moisture was water made by burning the mixture of the two gases in the bottle.

The next question is, What were the gases? One is called oxygen, and it had been discovered by Dr. Priestley seven years previously. It is quite colourless, and without smell or taste; but you can always distinguish it from common air, because if you light a wooden match, and blow it *out again* so as to leave the end red-hot, and push the glowing end into a bottle full of oxygen, the match will light up again; and if you take it out, and

blow out the flame again, this may be repeated many times. The other gas is named hydrogen, and is also colourless, tasteless, and without smell; but if you put a lighted match to the mouth of a bottle full of hydrogen the gas will burn quietly, something like that which is burnt at night instead of candles or lamps. If, however, you take two pints of hydrogen gas and one pint of oxygen, and mix them, and then put a lighted match to the mouth of the bottle, there will be (as Mr. Cavendish found) a loud bang, and if the bottle be not very strong it will be blown to pieces.

So water can be made by *lighting* a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, and therefore chemists say it is made up of these two gases. It is not enough to mix the two: they must be set on fire before they will form water. If all the water in the sea had been made in this way, the noise of the explosion would have astonished, and probably deafened, the "man in the moon."

Having now told you what water is made of, I will say something about its properties and uses. Although colourless when seen in a glass, it is of a most lovely blue colour in clear lakes and pools; and at the sea-shore, the blue of the water and the yellow of the sand together make the beautiful green which every one admires so much. When, however, we go far out to sea, and there is no yellow sand near, the sea changes in its tint; and indeed sailors speak of getting into blue water, which means, generally, being far out of sight of land.

Rain-water is (next to the distilled water which the chemist uses to make up his cough mixtures and black draughts) the purest which we can obtain, and in Wales and countries where the rocks are of slate or granite the spring-water is almost as sweet and pure. But in most parts—for instance, all round London and Brighton—the rain after falling, and while sinking through the ground, dissolves salt and chalk and other substances through which it passes, and becomes of a very slightly bitter taste. Being accustomed to it we do not notice it, but as soon as we go to Wales or Scotland we think the water there tastes sweet. This slightly bitter water gradually trickles into the springs which supply rivers, and at last flows into the sea. The heat of the sun warms the sea, and steam rises from it. Sometimes you can see this at the sea-side, especially on a rather hazy day in the *early morning*. The sea will give off clouds of steam like a pot of boiling water on a fire, but of course the water is not *hot*, only warm.

This steam rises into the air and forms clouds, which become rain again when they get into cold parts of the air, but the salt and chalk and other substances do not rise with the steam, and consequently the sea is always getting saltier ; and when you are told that a little river like the Thames carries down every day a thousand tons of salt into the sea, you will wonder that in the course of the thousands of years in which the Thames, as well as far larger rivers, has been doing this the sea has not become far saltier than it is. Also, what becomes of the chalk ? The Thames alone carries down quite three thousand tons every twenty-four hours, and yet the sea contains very little. You have all seen coral in beautiful red or white twigs and branches. Coral is composed almost entirely of chalk, and is made by very small, jelly-like animals, which live in the sea on the branches of the coral. In fact, coral is their house, and they make it from the chalk which is dissolved in sea-water. This prevents the sea-water getting full of chalk, but as no animals make their homes of salt, the sea is getting fuller of it every year.

You will now be able to understand how they obtain fresh water on board ship. The sea-water is boiled, and the steam rises from it, leaving the salt behind. The steam is passed through a cold pipe, and a small rain of fresh water is formed in the pipe, just as the clouds which are made from the steam rising from the sea become rain when they get cold. You will also see why the laundress prefers to use rain-water for washing, for chemists have proved that chalk destroys soap, and as rain-water contains no chalk, there will be no waste of soap when it is used.

In the East, where rain only falls at one time of the year, water is collected in the rainy season in large cisterns, and in some places water is so scarce that none can be used for washing, there being only just enough to drink. These are the places where that horrible disease, the plague, arises, for as water is the great cleanser and purifier of nature, it is impossible for streets or houses or people to be clean without plenty of it. This brings us to speak of water-works, which supply most of the towns of England with plenty of good clear water. You have all seen the pump used in country houses to raise the water from the well ; the pump at water-works is very similar, only much larger, and instead of being worked by the arm of the servant, it is moved up and down by a steam-engine, and the water is thus pumped into the cistern of each house.

Now, however good and pure water may be at first, it becomes nasty and undrinkable if kept for some time, either in a glass or jug or in a pond. This only takes place when it becomes stagnant, *i.e.*,

when none is going in or coming out, for every one knows that the water in a river remains quite good. The most wonderful thing, however, in connection with stagnant water is this : it becomes (especially in hot weather) full of the strangest animals and plants. To see these properly a microscope is necessary. If you take a single drop of stagnant water, and look at it carefully under the microscope, you will probably find two or three little animals like shrimps swimming about ; little lumps of jelly in rapid motion ; others on long stalks, and looking like water-lilies ; while others, again, are shaped like slugs, but appear to have a sort of wheel near their mouth, which is always turning round and round. All these, without exception, will be seen to be feeding. Whenever you look at them, day or night, they are always eating or swimming about on the look-out for food. They never rest, and are exceedingly savage, attacking and eating one another ; and it is so difficult to kill them, that if you take a pair of scissors and cut one in half, you will find that a new head will grow on the tail and a new tail on the head of the one that was cut in two. So there will be two little animals, or animalcules, instead of one. Many of these tiny creatures have been fully described in the series of papers—“What Archie saw through the Microscope.”

Have you ever thought how it is that fish and other animals are able to live in the water ? You know very well that if a dog is kept under water for only two or three minutes it will die, and yet fish live in the water all their lives, and if brought out into the air they soon die.

Here is another puzzle, quite as difficult to find out as the one which occupied Mr. Cavendish. Suppose we were to put a dog, or say a little boy, in a glass room, quite tight, so that no fresh air can get in. In a very short time he would die. Or, again, if we put a fish in some water, and keep the air away from the water, the fish would very soon turn on its side and die. This proves that fresh air is necessary both for boys and fish. It would be of no use to give the boy or the fish plenty of food ; they must both have fresh air. But you will ask, How does the fish get fresh air ? In this way. Water dissolves air just as it dissolves sugar or salt, and the fish breathes the air which is dissolved in the water. If you boil water all the air comes out of it, and even when this water has become cold fish could not live in it, because all the air has been driven out of it. Fish can no more live without air than you or I can ; and the only difference is, that men and land-animals can breathe pure air, but fishes and other water-animals can only breathe air dissolved in water, pure air being too strong for them by itself. C. W. F.



"He strayed and he gambolled, king of all,  
Till the leaves of the oak began to fall,  
Till the reddening sunshine seemed to burn,  
Amongst the stubble and withering fern."

### THE BLACK RABBIT OF HILGATE.

**W**HERE stately pine and fir closed round  
A level space of garden ground,  
When the wind was up and the sky was  
grey,

A game all alone he loved to play ;  
For of temper strange and fierce was he,  
And none of his race he cared to see.  
Out of the wood he madly rushed,  
And the dew from the slumbering daisies  
brushed.

The raven sat in her elm to look,  
And the blinking owl in his ivied nook  
Peered out to see him swiftly pass,  
Like a shadow, over the darkened grass,  
And as free as one who bore a charm,  
For never could shot or courser harm  
The great black rabbit of Hilgate.

Forsaken was each mossy glade,  
Where once his long-eared comrades strayed ;  
The cruel gun had laid them low  
Where the blossoms fall and the violets grow.  
Swiftest of all to leap and run,  
The sportsmen deemed him a daring one,  
And little they thought that he had a place  
For the dangerous hour which none might  
trace ;

Nor to the weak did he make it known,  
But hid in it, safe and snug, alone ;  
And a salad he ate, as he lay at rest.  
"To think of oneself is always best!"  
Said the great black rabbit of Hilgate.

The forest was his with its song and flower,  
And whispering sound of wind and shower ;  
No moments had he of grief or pain  
For those who would never come back again.

When the pines at morn were crowned with gold,  
The glades were too solemn and grand and cold ;  
To the dewy garden off he went,  
And he looked around in calm content  
On juicy root and on fragrant bunch,  
And thought there'd be more for himself to munch.  
So he lived through summer so warm and sweet,  
Each day with its maddening sport complete ;  
He strayed and he gambolled, king of all,  
Till the leaves of the oak began to fall,  
Till the reddening sunshine seemed to burn  
Amongst the stubble and withering fern—  
As kindled late, a lamp appears,  
Sometimes to light the selfish years.  
One night, by a strange new grief oppressed,  
He could not lie in his burrow at rest,  
So he went abroad, and dreamily crossed  
The moss-grown stretches, white with frost.  
But his forest failed to comfort him :  
The fir-trees stood too black and grim ;  
And a fox came down the pathway wide,  
And seemed to be looking on either side  
For the lonely rabbit of Hilgate.

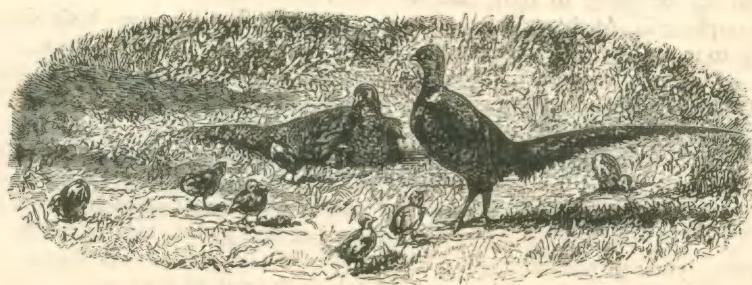
Vague gleams around him seemed to rise  
Of shadowy ears and wild soft eyes !  
Vague sense of touches that he knew  
Of furry paws, yet furless too ;  
Familiar glances, ever kind,  
But seeking still some love to find.  
He wandered far through the forest ground,  
And at break of day the sportsmen found :  
The sportsmen with their faces set  
Towards a glade, where lingered yet  
Some stranger rabbits free from dread.  
“They shall not die !” the wanderer said,  
“For I'll fetch them to my hiding place.”  
And he darted off in fleetest race  
Than ever, with terrible danger nigh,

He had run for his life in days gone by—  
The daring rabbit of Hilgate.

The forest rang with croak and screech,  
The squirrels flew up to the top of the beech ;  
The fungus, spread like a table grey,  
At the swish of his tail all crumbled away ;  
He whirled through the grasses chill and wet ;  
Hurrah ! he'll baffle the sportsmen yet—  
The great black rabbit of Hilgate.

And they came, at last, in anxious flight,  
Ten pretty creatures, brown and white ;  
Too scared to look at the unknown space,  
They scampered on to the hiding place.  
The wood was alive with twittering talk,  
From the timid dove to the sparrow-hawk ;  
The blackbirds asked in sheer surprise,  
“Have we really our beaks and our glittering eyes ?  
Is the world upside down ? Did you see how he  
came,  
Tenderly, slowly, with one that was lame ?”  
The lordly rabbit of Hilgate !

The hour was gained, the panic was o'er ;  
He gave them his home for evermore,  
Then over the ground he dashed again—  
Perchance some weak ones might remain.  
He leapt and he dashed, and he slackened not  
Till he came to the peaceful grass-grown spot ;  
He sought around, but he found not one.  
The rowan berries glowed in the sun,  
He never had felt so blithe and well—  
A whizzing shot, and there he fell !  
All straight he lay on a mossy bed ;  
Some tears were dropped upon his head—  
The frosted pearls, they were set free  
By the kind warm sun from the rowan-tree ;  
As bright as tears from human eyes  
They fall on him as all quiet he lies,  
The wildest rabbit of Hilgate.



## GOLD, FRANKINCENSE, AND MYRRH;

OR, A LIFE'S LONG CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

## CHAPTER I.

**A**LL the rivers run into the sea ; yet the sea is not full," were the mother's last words, dying at the old farmhouse, in the springtide.

What did mother mean ? it was a mystery to the five small sorrow-stricken children—this saying of the wise man. The words floated around them as something hard to be understood, as they drifted along with the days, weeks, and months, which would not stay, if the very leading star of their young lives had set.

Now, the afternoon sunshine of a winter's day was glistening around the old house, with its many gables, lighting it up with a glow and a warmth of colouring, although the air was crisp and cold.

"I'm going to have a merry Kistmas soon," piped a silvery voice, half chanting the words, all along the passage. This was Dot, the youngest of the children living.

"I'm going to have a merry Kistmas soon," caroled the little voice. The parlour door opened, and in tripped the small maiden herself, a dainty, fair-haired daisy of a child, whose age could scarcely have been six years, dressed in a white pinafore, and a frock which spoke of her loss. There sat Winnie, the eldest of the flock, a slight girl, with a fair face, and hair which rippled down on her shoulders in waves of gold. She was here in the cold, fireless room, painting little devices and winter scenes, which she called Christmas cards. Her mother had been a governess before her marriage, and brought many a sweet fancy and graceful art with her to the prosaic farmhouse. She had taught her daughter painting, and certainly the child had a talent that way ; witness the work she was engaged in, and the rapt look on her eager young face. Sunny dreams, too, she indulged in, of going to Italy, and of revelling and triumphing in art there ; then of returning some day, to make a fortune for them all.

"Winnie, I'm going to have a merry Kistmas soon," sang the silvery voice once more, and the child clasped her arms round her sister with a great hug, very much to the disfigurement of a certain robin, to which she was giving the last finishing touches on the card, intended especially for her father.

"Oh ! get away, you silly child," were the words which told her annoyance ; "see what you've done," and she held up her spoiled work in reproach to the little one.

"Oh, I didn't mean to do that, Winnie ; but isn't the bird funny ? Give it me, Winnie, will you?" she pleaded.

"No, you are a tiresome child, and I don't want you here ; run and find Fred and George, I'm busy." The child turned silently away, and went out with reluctant step, shutting the door not at all like her brisk little self.

But in the hall, where the afternoon sunshine was streaking the floor with red, stood Fred and George, skates in hand. The little lady brightened up at sight of them.

"Take me with you," she pleaded, springing to George's side, and hanging on his arm.

"You ! Why, the frost would nip your nose off !" was George's spoken opinion.

"No, it wouldn't ! My nose is as tight on as yours," protested Dot, feeling her saucy little turned-up nose as she spoke.

"That may be ; but she can't go, can she, Fred ?"

Fred and George were twins, and always sailed in the same boat, so Fred's reply was—

"No ; we don't want any little chits of girls."

"I'm not a little chit of a girl, I'm ever so big," replied indignant Dot, stretching herself up to her full height. "I could skate."

"Where would you get any skates ?" questioned George, who was adjusting something wrong in his, and Fred waited for him.

"I could wear Fred's."

"Whew ! hear her ! Fancy your little trotters in that," and Fred held up his skates, with all the superiority of a boy of eight over a girl of six.

"My foot is as big as yours was once," asserted Dot in reply ; at which both boys laughed.

"Well, I suppose it is, silly," said Fred, disdainfully. "Come along, George." With that they both sprung out at the door, and Dot followed them with quivering lip.

"I'm not silly ; you are—both of you ; boys always are silly," she called after them, in her little shrill voice. The brothers turned, and laughed at her—such a quaint figure, standing in the sunlight.

"Oh dear, nobody wants me !" sighed the child, stepping inside the door. "But I know what I'll do—I'll go out by myself ; I know the way to the pond." With that she went and arrayed herself in her hat and jacket, nobody seeing her to say her nay ; then away over the frozen road she tripped, taking the way to the pond.

"Well, little Dot !" She started in amazement, and hung down her head, for there was a tall,

dark young gentleman standing straight before her. "Well, Miss Dot, where are you bound for?" said her questioner, smiling down at the mite.

"I'm going to the pond to see them skate."

"And who do you mean by *them*?"

"Fred and George, they are my brothers, and they wouldn't take me," explained Dot.

"They thought you would be nipped up with the cold, no doubt."

"Yes, so they said; but that isn't it," and the little fair head gave a knowing shake. "'Tis because I'm a girl—*'a chit of a girl'* they called me!"

"Ah! very impolite of them; but then brothers do not go in for politeness, do they?"

"No," responded Dot, "but I'm going to have a merry Kistmas as well as they," and the curly head gave a decisive nod this time.

"Suppose you were to turn back, and walk with me?"

"Well, I don't mind," responded the little lady.

"Now, about this merry Christmas. I suppose you know who I am?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Who am I?"

"Mr. Harley, at the Hall."

"Ah! I see you are a clever little maid. How would you like to keep your merry Christmas with me?"

"I don't know. Would you like me to?" The shy blue eyes scanned his face to see if he were in earnest.

"Yes, I *should* like you to."

"The boys and Winnie would want me at home."

"I must have the whole batch of you; the more the merrier, you know."

"Was I rude to think of them?" asked the sensitive child, her face crimsoning as the thought came.

"No, dear." He took her in his arms and kissed her, then setting her down, bade her run home as the sun was down, promising to call at the farm on the morrow, with the merry Christmas invitation, standing to watch the dainty little figure till it was lost in the grey tint of evening.

The moon was up when she reached the gate, and there stood Fred and George.

"Guess whom I've seen, then," was her greeting.

"The man in the moon," responded George, dryly.

"'Tisn't; somebody better than that. Mr. Harley, at the Hall; and we're all to keep merry Kistmas with him."

"Merry Christmas!" ejaculated George, and thought he had not heard aright.

## CHAPTER II.

A POURING wet morning; there would be no skating to-day, and this was Christmas Eve. The Sandon family sat at breakfast, Mr. Sandon and his five children. Tom, whose acquaintance we have not yet made, sat by his father; they were very like, that father and his eldest son.

"Tom, did you tell John to give that mash to the cow last night?" asked the elder of the younger.

"No, father," a flush mounted to the boy's brow, but he did not flinch.

"And why not?" a grieved look was on the father's face, that was all.

"I forgot it, father."

"And what made you forget it? I told you to take the message at once."

"I was reading 'Captain Cook's Voyage round the World,' and it went out of my head."

"Well, your forgetfulness has cost me dear; the cow is dead."

Mr. Sandon uttered no reproof. Perhaps Tom needed none; he ate his breakfast in silence, a lump coming into his throat at times, and threatening to choke him. His heart was set on becoming a sailor, as his sister's was on being an artist; they both lived in a sort of selfish day-dream of their own. Would the reason for their mother choosing those words for her last admonition ever dawn upon them, those words of the wise man, so hard to be understood? Would they ever learn to know that our sympathy, love, forgetfulness of self, must flow on and on, like little streams—which make glad and beautify the earth—on and on to the great eternity, ever finding room for more loving self-surrender to be garnered and stored, not to be cast away; that day by day, and every day, we may not live for ourselves, but for others? If Tom had lived but one short ten minutes for his father, in giving that simple order, this loss would not have come to him, and the loss of a cow was no trifle to Mr. Sandon, for he was not rich. If Winnie were less self-pleasing, the house would not be in the constant disorder it was now, and Dot would not so often wander, like a lonely little waif, through the house. But the hour for their awakening would come in time.

"Father, may Tom cut some holly in the plantation?" Winnie ventured to ask, as her father went out from his morning meal.

"You may please yourselves, children, as you generally do;" and with this reproach the door closed upon them.

Thus the day began under a cloud, as it were. Winnie went listlessly away to her *household* duties, her heart, so to speak, in dreamland.

Oh! what a refreshing rill would her young life have been, with her mother's last words and her mother's own meaning as her life-motto, in that household without a heart at its centre, throbbing through the day with loving kindness for them all. True, they had faithful Susan, but her hands were full; other than servant's fingers must weave the thread of gold into a household. Presently Tom came in with a load of evergreens dripping with rain, and dashed them down in the hall, but moodily betook himself to his snugger on the stairs, and the companionship of Captain Cook, instead of pleasantly helping to twine them into wreaths for the rooms; and Winnie, remembering her unfinished cards, went for just a peep at them, which lasted the whole morning, while the evergreens lay in an untidy heap in the hall, kicked hither and thither by hasty passers to and fro. The twins and Dot got up a bear hunt in the dining-room, the clamour of which awoke the very echoes of the old house; but what mattered it, they were happy, poor children! and not a thought of the future troubled them.

"Oh! here is Mr. Harley come to invite me to my merry Kistmas!" screamed Dot, above the hubbub of sounds, catching a glimpse of a horseman alighting at the gate; and, by the time he reached the front door, she was there to let him in.

"I saw you coming," she lisped, holding out her rosy hand to him, as he sprang in out of the drenching rain.

"Ah! 'tis pleasant to be watched for," was his cheery reply, stroking her head with his whip.

"You musn't go in there, please, because there are bears in there," she remarked, mysteriously, nodding at the door which shut in the scene of the bear hunt; "but I'll take you in here," and threading her way through the holly and ivy sprays, she opened the parlour door, and ushered him into the room, where sat Winnie dreaming.

"Winnie, I've brought Mr. Harley to see you," said the quaint little creature, taking her friend by the hand and leading him to her sister, her small figure quivering with importance.

"And so this is sister Winnie;" the young man smiled, and held out his hand to the young lady, who flushed, but tried to look dignified, as became the mistress of the house.

"You must pardon my intrusion, Miss Winnie, but this young lady led me in here, as the only safe place from the bears," he added, comically.

"Bears!" Winnie looked puzzled.

"You know, Winnie; we are playing at bears in the next room."

Winnie remembered hearing a noise, and she rose to offer Mr. Harley a seat.

"No, thanks. I want you all to come up and keep Christmas with me to-morrow evening; will you ask your father to let you come?" This was his errand, and he told it.

"Yes, thank you very much, sir, and I think my father will let us come. But how?" Winnie faltered.

"Little Dot can tell you the how and the why better than I can. I shall be

glad to have you all there; it is a gloomy place for me now;" a shadow swept over his face. Winnie remembered that old Mr. Harley had died about the time her mother had left them. She held out her hand in mute sympathy; if his home was as comfortless as was theirs, with his one dear one gone, why—a lump came into her throat so that she could not speak, but the young gentleman understood her.

"Thanks, then you will come?" he murmured. He wrung her hand, and would have kissed Dot, but she held out her hand with a shy grace instead. Then he went out, Winnie going on before him, blushing scarlet at the untidy state of the hall.

"'Tis holly here, and holly there,  
And holly, holly everywhere,"

was their visitor's remark. "This wants twining."



"TOM CAME IN WITH A LOAD OF EVERGREENS."



"'WINNIE, I'VE BROUGHT MR. HARLEY TO SEE YOU,' SAID THE QUAINt LITTLE CREATURE" (p. 344).

The front door shut upon him, and Dot ran child-like, to wave a good-bye from the window to the kind young gentleman who had invited them to his house.

The rain still fell, and twilight was stealing on. "Winnie, let me help you?" Winnie was busy in the hall, busy, as she always was, when the day was waning instead of being ready to enjoy the light, and the warmth, and the peace of Christmas-tide. Father would be in directly, but there was no tea on the table, no lights in the dim sitting-room; the wreaths were not up yet, and she was cross and weary. That pleasing herself over her painting was the secret of all this confusion; Susan was grumbling in the kitchen, and calling out that it was tea-time; Tom was shouting for a book, which she had not the time to find for him; her father would be angry to find this mess of green still lying about; and here was Dot, with her twining arms and her caresses, hindering her in her work.

"Go away, Dot, into the dining-room, and don't tease." She gave the child a push; she intended no unkindness, but she was often petulant with her, the wee thing. She crept away along the passage.

"Yes I will, I'll put it up," she said to herself, and carried away a wreath for the fire-place, her sister not saying her nay. She had no thought

but for getting this untidy mess out of sight. There came a lull, as before a storm, and then a shriek arose, a shrill scream as of a child in dire need; it was from Dot in the dining-room. Susan was there, Winnie was there, Tom sprang down the stairs, and was there, but the small thing ran hither and thither, and would not let them catch her. She was burning, blazing; the flames seemed to clamour for her. At last they held her, a small singed daisy, silent, as silent as death. She still held the fatal wreath in her hand, which was never put into its place. They carried her up-stairs, and the doctor came. Oh! the agony of having her burns dressed, the pain of which she must bear herself, her weak sensitive self, and no other. At last she was easier, wrapped in cotton wool.

"This comes of pleasing yourselves," were Mr. Sandon's words to Winnie and Tom, as they wept on the landing; "you've cost me a cow and wellnigh a child by your selfish carelessness," and the children could not answer him a word.

### CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS bells ringing, sunshine breaking over the earth, the very air thrilling with Christmas joy, the world itself seemed awaking to new hope, new

desires, a nobler life, for very gladness, and only poor little Dot lay apart from all, wrapped in cotton wool, moaning in her unrest and feverish delirium. Her flower-like face was untouched, only her pretty hair had been singed, but the shock and the pain had brought on feverish unconsciousness ; and though the doctor saw no signs of great danger, a gloom was upon the farmhouse, and all spoke in a sad, hushed voice, as if some one were dead. Mr. Sandon sat by his child, and the young ones went to church ; many tears did Winnie shed while there, thinking of Dot at home in pain and in gloom. Then there was that visit to Mr. Harley's. Would he have heard what had happened ? Would he expect them ? She put the thought from her, as so selfish. Oh, it was hard for Dot ! so mused Tom, looking out on the fair beauty of Christmas Day, and thought sadly, as had Winnie, of their father's words last night. They were true too ; the boy bowed his head on his hands, and wept.

There rolled up to the gate the hall carriage. Winnie's heart gave a great leap—ought they to go ? She dreaded to ask her father, and yet she must.

" Father," she said, with bowed head, " here is the carriage from the Hall—ought we to go ? " They were standing by Dot's bedside.

" Yes, child, it would be ungrateful not to go, unless we feared more for our babe ; " he spoke so gently, that he well nigh broke her heart.

What good resolutions she made, amid many tears, as she put on her neat black dress, with white ruffles at neck and wrists, and brushed out her shining hair. And now she must say good-bye to her father and Dot for a while.

" Father, you don't think it selfish of me to go ? " she sobbed, as he kissed her.

" No, my dear, not selfish now ; " he stroked her hair, his poor little motherless girl, with so much to learn.

" Oh Dot, it seems selfish to go and leave you behind," she whispered, in an agony of tears, kissing her ; but the child only moaned, and turned away, muttering something about " Merry Kistmas soon—" —her poor little spirit was wandering in gloom.

It seemed like a dream to them all, to be driving along in Mr. Harley's carriage, and more like a dream when they stood in the hall of the old mansion, amid the many-tinted lights of the coloured windows.

" Where is my little friend ? " asked Mr. Harley, as he welcomed them, glancing over them, as if he expected to see her hiding amongst them. Then Winnie had to tell her tale with bent head and flushing cheeks, not sparing herself in speaking

of her want of watchfulness over her motherless little sister.

" Poor Dot ! " sighed Mr. Harley at the end, and led the way to the library.

" Now will you take off your wraps here, or will you be a fine lady, and let me hand you over to Mrs. Prynne ? " he asked of Winnie.

" Oh, let me take off my things here, please," she said, shyly.

" So I thought ; and now if you are ready, we will go in to dinner." He took her hand and led her away, the boys following in their wake, and there they were in the old dining-room, amid the sheen of silver and glass, and all those quaint old portraits on the walls, watching, as it seemed, with curious eyes. Mr. Harley was a thoughtful host, so it was not all mazy bewilderment, but a pleasant peep into fairy-land. But when it was all over, and their kind friend led them into the drawing-room, one glitter of light and beauty, the children seemed not themselves at all, but enchanted folk in an enchanted region.

Their young host led them here and there, rejoicing in their enjoyment, and when Winnie looked sad and sighed, he sighed " Poor Dot ! " in sympathy with her.

The room contained many choice old paintings, and one especially attracted the little girl's attention, as she wandered about, revelling in all ; it was that of the ancient magi offering their gifts. It was a rare work of art, making one's heart thrill to mark the rapt look of adoration and joy on the offerers' faces. Winnie folded her hands, and gazed in silent awe. Mr. Harley came up behind her.

" A real Christmas picture, little Winnie," he said, resting a hand on each of her shoulders.

" I should like to do as they are doing," the child's fair face quivering with emotion.

" Yes ; and, my child, it may be done by us in our days."

" How ? I have no gold, no frankincense, or myrrh ; " she spoke low, her eyes still scanning the picture.

" By giving our choicest and best." She did not reply.

" What do you love best, little Winnie ? "

" Painting ; I almost adore it ; I spend hours over it."

Her words were framing his reply.

" That is the gold of your life ; lay down an hour now and then of your precious painting time at the feet of your Saviour, to be used for those who need it, and they are—whom ? " He spoke gently, not trying to see her face.

" Dot, and all of them at home."

" And then tender thoughts, noble aspirations

and hopes, they are like the breath of sweet frankincense ; lay them down to be made more holy, a sweet perfume to circle in and out among the lives of those you love. The myrrh which was once used in embalming the dead, our myrrh shall be loving memories, embalming us in the hearts of those whom we have helped, comforted, and blessed ; we will lay down our myrrh also, saying, with humble joy—‘Jesus, Thy people have loved us.’ We can thus make our Christmas offering all our life long ; nobler, more acceptable to our Saviour, it may be, than that of the wise men, because He who once walked here with us, knows how hard it is to be done. Our *choicest, our dearest, best,* laid down for His sake ; this can be done, little Winnie.” The boys had come up and been listening ; as for Winnie, her tears were now flowing fast. He let her cry for some time, then asked, when she was growing calm again—

“ Shall we have some music ? ” She turned her April face to him as a silent reply.

And they did have some music—putting back the folding-doors between the drawing-room and that where the organ stood—Christmas anthems, carols, and childish pieces ; and before they were aware, it was time to drive home again in the carriage.

“ I think I know what made mother choose that last text for us,” said Winnie to Tom, as they drove along.

“ And so do I,” replied Tom. “ Pour out your love like the rush of a river,” as I read somewhere the other day.”

“ Yes, a Christmas offering of a lifetime.”

And by the remembrance of that Christmas time, with its joys and sorrows, the brother and sister learnt to pour out the gold, the frankincense, and the myrrh of their simple lives, though not without faults and failings.



#### THE DANCE OF THE SNOW.

**F**ALLING, falling, softly falling,  
Folding all the world in white,  
With a silence quite appalling—  
Snowflakes delicately light !

Airy light things,  
Fairy white things.

Falling, falling, softly falling,  
Silent snowflakes weird and white,  
Falling, falling,  
Through the night !

Stealing, stealing, slowly stealing  
Into every tiny chink ;  
Feeling, feeling, faintly feeling  
Pitying tenderness, I think—

How they wink now ;  
See, they sink now !

Stealing, stealing, slowly stealing  
Into ev’ry tiny chink ;  
See the flutt’ring  
Snowflakes wink !

Weaving, weaving, ever weaving  
Garments from a fleecy cloud ;  
Hurrying, scurrying, and still leaving  
Heaven behind them, how they crowd !

Cold winds crowd them,  
Mists enshroud them,  
Still they’re weaving, ever weaving  
Warm white raiment like a cloud—

Weaving summer’s  
Glist’ning shroud.

With an angel pity making  
Mufflers for the cold bare world ;  
While the trees are shivering, shaking,  
Naked branches quivering, breaking,  
Miles of snowflakes are unfurled ;

Winds are hurling  
Snowflakes whirling  
Into mufflers for the world ;  
Weaving with a mystic making  
White robes for the wintry world.

A. MATHESON.

## THE OCEAN QUEEN.

## A HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

**W**E present our young friends and those older persons who seek to provide entertainment for them at this festive season—the merry ending of one year and the happy beginning of another—with a novelty for which we can find no fitter designation than “Entertainment.” It, in fact, presents a series of tableaux; and we claim for it the advantage of combining for the one object of innocent and



JACK AND JILL.

rational amusement young children with older and graver persons. The OCEAN QUEEN may be an elder sister, setting an example of dignified bearing and effective elocution; the MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES, an elder brother, correctly attired in evening dress, with a wand of office in his hand; the HERALD, the father or uncle, in appropriate costume. Then come the LITTLE ACTORS, with their banners carried over the shoulder, and with dresses reminding all who see them of the pictures in the first books which gave them pleasure. A more modest place is found for the little boys and girls who act as CHORUS, repeating the last words that have fallen from the heroes and heroines of the nursery.

This our Introduction will prepare the reader for the explanations as to scenery, characters, and order of procedure, which we now offer.

**Scenery, &c.**—The smaller of two rooms communicating by folding doors, or one end of a larger room, is supposed to be set aside as a stage, and fitted with a curtain or drop-scene. When the curtain is drawn on the drop-scene raised, the *Royal Arms*, consisting of Britannia with trident and shield, personated by a young lady, and Lion and Unicorn, grotesquely represented by living persons, or painted on canvas, are revealed. They should occupy, if possible, a raised platform; and the constituent parts should be easily separated from each other. The seats of the audience to be so arranged that a central avenue may be quickly cleared for the final procession.

**Characters.**—**1. MEN AND WOMEN:** *Britannia*, the

*Ocean Queen*, a young lady of good address and distinct elocution. *Master of the Ceremonies*, a young gentleman in full evening costume, with large rosette and wand. *Herald*, a gentleman, in the nearest approach that can be made to true heraldic attire, in any case gorgeously dressed. A competent performer presides at the piano. **2. CHILDREN:** *Children* of various ages, dressed as the *characters* in well-illustrated children’s books, and carrying banners, with pictures or suitable inscriptions. *Chorus* of little boys and girls, three or four on each side.

*List of Juvenile Characters.*

- |                          |                                       |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Jack and Jill,        | 6. Little Boy Blue.                   |
| 2. The Little Busy Bee,  | 7. The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. |
| 3. Little Jack Horner.   | 8. Humpty-Dumpty.                     |
| 4. Mary, quite contrary. | 9. Tom, the Piper’s Son.              |
| 5. Little Bo-Peep.       | 10. The Queen of Hearts.              |

The pianist is supposed to play a short overture, consisting of well-known nursery rhymes, before the rising of the curtain.

**ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS.**—After the opening speech of the Ocean Queen, the Herald is introduced to the audience by the Master of the Ceremonies. They stand one on each side. Herald says that he is ready to present the juvenile characters, who, when brought forward, make a low bow, and address the Queen in a short speech in rhyme, setting forth who they are—what characters they personate. The Ocean Queen then makes to them severally an appropriate address, and the Herald follows with a few words, as commanded, at the same time giving a present suitable to their characters.



LITTLE JACK HORNER.

After each speech of the Ocean Queen a few bars of “Rule Britannia” are played; and after every juvenile speech a *refrain* of the last line or lines is spoken by the Chorus, or, in the absence of a Chorus, by the Master of the Ceremonies. The little actors withdraw with their faces to the Queen,

making lowly obeisances. Each new character is ushered in by a few bars of an appropriate nursery rhyme.

At the close of the performance the Lion and Unicorn detach themselves, and the Ocean Queen descends to the floor. A procession is now formed, headed by the Master



LITTLE BO-PEEP.

of the Ceremonies and the Herald, the juvenile actors on either side supporting the train of the Queen, which is to be of right royal length. "Rule Britannia" is played, and the procession, as it moves slowly through a lane left by the audience, is supposed to receive the Queen (bowing graciously as she moves along) with hearty applause.

The royal arms, the Ocean Queen, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Herald, and the Pianist cannot be dispensed with, but the following alterations and substitutions may be made if desired :—

1. The *juvenile actors* may be 6, 8, or 10 in number.
2. The *chorus* may consist of 6, 8, 10, or 12; but it may also be dispensed with, the *refrains* being repeated by the Master of the Ceremonies.
3. The *costumes* of the juvenile actors may be those of the best children's books; or they may be any kind of fancy, or tasteful dresses, the banners being made to indicate the characters by appropriate inscriptions, drawings, or prints.
4. The *banners* might be dispensed with, in which case the costumes must be characteristic.
5. When the number of children that can be got to take part in the performance is limited, one boy or girl may personate several characters, making needful changes of dress.

As much latitude as possible is intended to be given to the taste and invention of those who are engaged in "getting up" this entertainment.

(The *Ocean Queen* speaks)—

I am monarch of all I survey,  
And more, if the truth must be told;  
I rule over realms far away,  
Rich in jewels, and silver, and gold.  
This trident to me Neptune gave,  
And dubbed me the Queen of the sea;  
**So to plough** and to govern the wave  
Come easy and natural to me.

(*Solo and Chorus.*) Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,

And Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

(*Master of the Ceremonies*—standing on Queen's left, *Herald* on right—speaks)—

Behold the Herald of the Ocean Queen;  
Gorgeous in dress, in countenance serene.

(*Herald*, addressing audience, speaks :—

I am the Herald of the Ocean Queen;  
I bear her message, what I say I mean.  
She has no end of children great and small,  
And with a mother's love she loves them all.  
She sends a gracious message to this meeting,  
To every boy and girl a special greeting.  
For a short hour or so, this [New Year's] Day—[or

*Christmas or whatever the day may be,*]

Her Majesty will hear what all have got to say.  
Come, then, to me, there's nothing to prevent you;  
Don't be afraid; I'm ready to present you.

(*Chorus.*) Don't be afraid! he's ready to present you.

(*Jack and Jill* come forward—Jack with a bandage round his head, Jill with her frock torn—a pail borne between them, and over Jack's shoulder a banner representing the tumble, as in the story-books. *Herald* presents them.

We're clumsy Jack and naughty Jill,  
We played upon the heather;  
Instead of going up the hill  
Our pail with water for to fill,  
We tumbled down together.

(*Chorus.*) They tumbled down together,  
They tumbled down together.



THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

*Ocean Queen.* Good people all, both great and small,  
Give heed to what I say,  
If you'd avoid an awkward fall,  
Don't mingle work and play.

(*Music*: "Rule Britannia," &c. &c., as before.)

*Herald.* The Queen commiserates your sorry plight,  
And bids me set this painful matter right.

To you [to Jack] she sends court plaster for your head,  
To you [to Jill] for your torn frock needle and thread.

[Gives handsome envelope with plaster, &c.,  
and housewife containing needles and thread,  
scissors, and the usual fittings.]

(Herald next presents the Little Busy Bee, who makes her curtsey and says)—

I am the Little Busy Bee;  
I work the livelong day;  
I hoist the flag of industry.  
I've nothing more to say.

(Chorus.) She's nothing more to say,  
She's nothing more to say.

Ocean Queen. I love the Little Busy Bee—  
Bees keep the world alive;  
Where'er I go I look to see  
Good honey in the hive.

Herald. Her Gracious Majesty bids me present you  
This handsome bee-hive, and hopes it will content you.

[Gives a beehive,  
containing scissors,  
needles, and thread,  
&c. &c. The  
Little Busy Bee  
retires, walking  
backwards, bowing  
low, as do all the  
rest.]

(Little Jack Horner is next presented, and says)—

I'm little Jack Horner.  
I sat in a corner  
Eating a Christmas pie;  
I put in my thumb  
And took out a plum,  
And said, "What a good  
boy am I!"

Ocean Queen. Good  
Master Horner,

I must confess I fail to see  
The grounds of your com-  
placency.

When next you eat a pie or cake,  
Invite your playmates to partake.

(Chorus.) Invite your playmates to partake,  
Invite your playmates to partake.

[In this instance, it will be observed, the music and address of Herald are purposely omitted, with a view to variety.]

(The Herald next presents Mary, quite contrary, who says)—

I'm Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
And in my garden grow  
Silver bells and cockle shells,  
And fair maids in a row.

(Chorus.) And fair maids in a row,  
And fair maids in a row.

Ocean Queen. Miss Mary, if you're not contrary,  
Your garden is, I trow:  
It needs a wizard or a fairy  
To make such strange things grow.  
A cockle shell and a silver bell  
Are pretty things, I know,  
And this remark applies as well  
To fair maids in a row;

But what we in a garden seek  
Are fruits, and roots, and such like things,  
The savoury onion and the leek,  
The food that skilful culture brings.

(Music : "Rule Britannia," &c.)

(Herald now brings forward Little Bo-Peep, who says thereupon)—

I'm Little Bo-Peep.  
I went to sleep,  
And lost my sheep,  
And didn't know where to find them;  
But I left them alone,  
And they all came home,  
And brought their tails behind them.

(Chorus.) And brought their tails behind them,  
And brought their tails behind them.

Ocean Queen. My dear little lamb,  
When you've charge of sheep,  
Take my advice, don't go to sleep;

For if you do, I dare to say,  
The best of sheep will wander  
away.

(Music : "Rule Britannia," &c.)

Herald. The Queen bids me say,

On this holiday  
She can't be severe

On you, little dear!

So as an example,  
A model or sample,  
Of what shepherds should be,  
I give this picture to thee,

[Presents picture of shepherd tending sheep.]

(Little Boy Blue speaks)—

I'm Little Boy Blue.  
I took out my horn  
To warn off the cattle  
From trampling the corn.  
I promised to keep  
An eye on the sheep,  
But I lay on a haycock  
And fell fast asleep.

(Chorus.) He lay on a haycock,  
And fell fast asleep.

Ocean Queen. My Little Boy Blue,  
It was foolish of you  
To depart from the posture erect.  
When little folk please  
To lie down at their ease,  
To sleep they must surely expect.  
But I see you are sorry  
(You look melancholy),  
You won't be so thoughtless again;  
You don't look like one  
Who the hazard would run  
Of giving a good master pain.

(Music : "Rule Britannia," &c.)

Herald. The Queen bids me say  
To Little Boy Blue  
On this festive day,  
Here's a present for you.

[Gives a picture of a landscape, with cows and sheep.]



TOM. THE PIPER'S SON.

(Enter child, dressed as an old woman, with huge fantastic bonnet, a bowl in one hand, a rod in the other. She is seated in a perambulator, or a box shaped like a shoe and mounted on a wheel or wheels (a wheel-barrow, for instance). The *Master of the Ceremonies* draws her, or wheels her, forward, and the *Herald* presents her; and she says)—

I am the old woman who lives in a shoe,  
I've so many children I don't know what to do,  
So I give them their gruel without any bread,  
I whip them all round, and put them to bed.

(*Chorus.*) She whips them all round, and puts them to bed.  
She whips them all round, and puts them to bed.

*Ocean Queen.* Old woman, old woman, I cannot approve  
Of starving and whipping those you should love;  
Milder methods in future I hope you will choose,  
Reserving the rod for occasional use.

(*Music:* "Rule Britannia," &c.)

*Herald.* I am commanded,  
without more ado,  
To place you quietly in  
your old shoe,  
And as it clearly serves you  
right,  
To draw you quickly out  
of sight.

[*Acts accordingly.*

(*Herald* next presents to the  
*Ocean Queen Humpty-Dumpty*, who comes in hobbling on crutches. He says)—

I'm Humpty-Dumpty.  
I sat on a wall,  
And had a great fall,  
And all the king's horses  
And all the king's men  
Couldn't put Humpty-  
Dumpty

Together again.

(*Chorus.*) Couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty  
Together again.

*Ocean Queen.* Poor little fellow! I'm sorry for you:  
Your bruises are many, your wounds not a few.  
But I can't quite make out how you came on the wall  
From which you experienced so heavy a fall;  
For walls are suggestive of apples and birchings,  
And naughty proceedings of pilfering urchins.  
But be this as it may, you will live now to see  
The truth of the proverb about honesty  
Being all the world over the best policy.

(*Music:* "Rule Britannia," &c.)

*Herald.* Master Humpty, I fear you'll run up a bill  
For ointment and plaster, potion and pill;  
So the Queen of her bounty the surgeon will pay,  
And, wishing you well, sends you hobbling away.

[*Presents a purse containing money.*

(The next character the *Herald* introduces is *Tom, the Piper's Son*. He pipes a bar or two of the air behind the scenes, and when presented, he says)—

I'm Tom, Tom, the Piper's son;  
I learned to play when I was young,

But the only tune that I can play  
Is "Over the hills and far away."

(*Chorus.*) Over the hills and far away,  
Over the hills and far away,

*Ocean Queen.* Master Thomas,  
You need not be told  
Though you're not very old,  
It is natural and fair  
More at least than one air  
To expect from the son  
Or descendant of one  
Who music his trade  
Or profession has made.  
Then study you must,  
Or your talents will rust,  
And your power to play  
Fall into decay.

(*Music:* "Rule Britannia," &c.)

*Herald.* Our gracious Queen loves all the arts,  
And music in the number;  
'Tis steady work that skill im-  
parts;  
Don't let your talents slumber,  
To help you on she gives this  
book,  
Which has at least a pretty  
look.

[*Gives copy of Book of  
Nursery Rhymes.*]

(The last character is the *Queen of Hearts*. She says)—  
I'm Queen of Hearts. I made  
some tarts  
All on a summer's day;  
The Knave of Hearts he stole  
the tarts,  
And took them clean away.  
The King of Hearts called for  
the tarts,  
And beat the Knave full sore;

The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,  
And vowed he'd steal no more.

(*Chorus.*) And vowed he'd steal no more.  
And vowed he'd steal no more.

*Ocean Queen.* My royal cousin, patron of the arts,  
I'm very glad to hear you made those tarts.  
In our exalted rank 'tis hard to find  
Pleasure and usefulness so well combined.  
Your royal consort, too, deserves our thanks,  
For dealing promptly with such knavish pranks;  
Thus showing to the world that acts of cheating  
Richly deserve, and should receive, a beating.

(*Music:* "Rule Britannia," &c.)

*Herald.* Your gracious Majesty has won all hearts  
By your instructive lesson of the tarts.  
But more, still more, our warmest thanks are due,  
Dear Queen of Ocean, from ourselves to you.  
Your kind encouragement and counsel sound  
Have fall'n like fruitful seed on cultured ground.  
Reluctant now we quit this mimic scene,  
With joyful *Vivas* to our Ocean Queen.

*The End.*



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

## BY LAND AND SEA; OR, THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

## CHAPTER XVII.—ALFRED'S ADVENTURE.



In company with two old settlers Alfred, now a young man, set out on an expedition to see some land purchased by other persons, to find out whether certain matters connected with a new farm were all right.

The distance was considerable, and he travelled on horseback. After a time the country became mountainous and well

wooded, and when drawing near the spot, after a two days' journey, Alfred found that the beaten track failed, and then he tied up his horse in a sheltered place, and proceeded on foot. He and



his two companions walked on about four miles, when one of these men, a very clever and experienced hunter, warned him to turn back.

"Turn back? That would be a great loss of time. What reason can there be for doing so?"

"Because I see the track of wolves, which must be very many in number, near here. Mr. Alfred, you had better turn back."

"But we could be there all safe before the wolves show themselves, if we did not wait to look for old tracks. We have only to hurry on faster," replied Alfred.

"We cannot hurry on so fast as they, young gentleman."

"Oh, come along, and don't croak!"

"We don't like to leave you, young gentleman, but we shall not give the beasts their dinner if we can help it."

Alfred, however, was wilful, and not seeing the wolves, and thinking the tracks were old ones, he started off as fast as he could, the men still following, but slowly, and in conversation together.

"I never give up till I have finished my work," thought Alfred.

So on he went for some little distance, and on approaching the foot of a mountain he saw in full view, on a small eminence, a pack of more than twa dozen wolves, who were devouring the remains of a deer. In Canada it is no uncommon thing for a pack of wolves to attack an elk or moose-deer, and after a terrific combat for the latter to be vanquished and killed by its host of enemies.



"HE AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS WALKED ON."



A FIGHT IN THE FOREST.

"The old hunter was right, I declare!" exclaimed Alfred. "What an unpleasant discovery! My only chance is to climb a tree."

Looking round to see how closely his late companions were following, he saw that they were gone.

"How rash I was not to take their advice! They knew better than I did. But it is too late to repent now; my best friends are in my belt. By God's help I will make a good fight for my life."

So thinking, he began his retreat as fast as his legs could carry him.

"It is fortunate for me that I can run fast; I could always beat the Talbots, although James could keep it up longer. But hark! I hear the wolves already in pursuit! They have seen me. I dare not look round, but I hear them howling nearer and nearer. They must be gaining fast upon me. I could not keep up this pace very long. The first good tree now, that is my only chance. There is one; I could scramble up that, but it is not a strong one."

His arms were now round the small trunk of the tall young tree, and he made a desperate effort. The ferocious wolves, with glaring, fiery eyes, and hot breath steaming from their mouths, were flying onwards, helter skelter.

Nearer and nearer they came, and suddenly halted a few yards from the foot of the tree. There they were, drawn up in a line before him, and a frightful baying, barking, and howling commenced. Tired with their furious gallop, they sat down on their haunches, and sharpened their appetites by looking at their expected prey.

"For the present I am out of your reach, you monsters, and I do not intend to come down. I feel pretty secure, here, and when I have given you a few of your comrades for dinner you may not want me."

Seven shots were fired with good effect; four of

the wolves fell, and an instant rush was made upon them by their companions.

"All right, I have given them something else to think of," thought Alfred.

But all could not surround the four carcases at once, and the outsiders began howling with greater fury than ever.

"I must give you a taste of my second charge."

No shot was ever fired from this second; the pistol caught in a twig as he drew it from his belt, and was jerked out of his hand. Down it fell to the ground, and there was no possibility of his getting it again.

"Perhaps they will remain here till I'm starved out, or benumbed with cold, and drop from the tree," thought poor Alfred.

It was bitterly cold, and it really seemed as if the wolves were aware of his helplessness, and had become bold in consequence, for they now walked up to the foot of the tree. Presently they began leaping up towards him: first one, then another, then two or three at a time. The tree was but a slight one, just strong enough to bear the

young man's weight while quietly perched in the fork of the two upper branches.

Finding they could not reach him by leaping, some of the old hunters among them began gnawing at the main stem of the tree, and when these tired, others followed their example, with an instinct almost like human reason.

"Oh! is that your little game? Then out of this perch I must contrive to escape, or it is all over with me. I thought myself a braver fellow than I am."

Alfred was never a coward, and his cool determination of character grew with his years. But of all the dangers to which he had ever been exposed, riding, boating, or hunting, this was the worst predicament in which he had ever found himself—alone and unarmed, surrounded by a pack



"SEVEN SHOTS WERE FIRED WITH GOOD EFFECT."

of wolves, half benumbed with cold, and perched on a slight young sapling tree, now ready to break beneath his mere weight, and further threatened by the attacks of the wolves. Two or more at a time they gnawed away at the trunk, and his hopes were chilled down to zero.

"God help me!" muttered the poor fellow, whose face had now turned to a ghastly paleness in anticipation of the worst.

Suddenly a new idea struck him. His sapling was close to a large old forest tree, with strong wide-spreading branches, but with so thick a trunk that it was more than he could have done to have climbed it from below. Remembering his large clasp-knife, he drew it out and cut a long branch, hooked at one end, and stretched it out to lay hold of a crooked bough of the neighbouring tree. Carefully raising himself on his feet, he drew the young tree slowly and steadily over towards the other.

It was tall and pliant; but oh! the danger of breaking it off, now weakened below, by his own weight, and then, if when the moment came for him to spring, he should miss the strong bough he tried to gain!

It was a moment of supreme anxiety, terrible to contemplate. Over, still further over; the young tree bent at the risk of its breaking off short at the base. Alfred bent his knees for a desperate leap for life or death!

*Done!* And crash! he descends on the strong arm stretched out to save him, breaking a number of small dry branches, but gaining a good hold of his sturdy friend. Bruised, scratched, and breathless, but saved! A fierce howl of disappointment followed; his grizzly foes perceived their prey was gone, and slowly moved away.

At last Alfred ventured down, and recovered both the revolver he had dropped, and the snow-shoes, kicked off when he climbed the tree; and as fast as his feet could bear him, he retraced his steps to the place where his horse was tied in the old log-house. But, alas! the horse was gone.

"A new misfortune. Truly 'tis said, they never come singly. How shall I walk to the next shanty? I dare not sleep in this open place, and without a rug I should certainly get frostbitten."

Suddenly he remembered a little flask of spirits, wisely carried on account of the terrible severity of a Canadian winter's night. He drank a small quantity, and was just leaving the log-house when he heard a noise of trampling feet and the voices of men. Two young moose-deer rushed past him, and after them his quondam companions.

"Ah! so you left me to be eaten by the wolves, did you?"

"You would not take a friend's advice. We

warned you of your danger. I'm ready to fight when I must, but not to give my chances of life for nothing."

"Well, well, I suppose no one is to blame but myself." The next moment all three were in full pursuit of the moose-deer, whom they drove into a kind of *crevasse*, or chink in a great rock, like a small cave, where they caught them, and fastening a noose round their necks, led them to where they had taken Alfred's horse, which he was right glad to recover. They were but two or three miles from the shanty, for which they now made with all speed, and there some settlers lodged them for the night. Next day a couple of men, well armed, joined their party, and they reached the farm which Alfred had engaged to visit, and the gift of one of the moose repaid them for all they did.

How thankful they all were at home when Alfred recounted the story of his perils.

"You have quick wit to guide a strong pair of arms, my boy," said his friend Mr. Talbot, "and now, as you deserve a little repose, we will make a long evening together. My party are all at home, and I will give you the benefit of an experience of my own in early life, if you would like to hear it."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—MR. TALBOT'S ADVENTURE.



"WHEN I was a young fellow of about two-and-twenty, I set out with a friend on a tour in Norway, and as we did not restrict ourselves to the public roads, nor even the well-beaten tracks of other travellers, we secured the services of a pair of guides to carry our knapsacks, as well as to direct us in our mountain excursions. In the course of our wanderings we came to a sharply projecting

rock, towering up a couple of hundred feet above the village where we had left our luggage only two days before; and as our guides had often climbed round it on a shelf-like ledge of rock, to make a shorter descent than by one all round on the other side, they merely inquired whether we had good heads, and thought we could venture to round the crag, on the side to the precipice. We replied in the affirmative; and my own guide going first, I

followed, my friend next me, and his man bringing up the rear.

"The rock projected out, like a kind of tower, with three sides, or faces, to the precipice, and sharp rugged corners by which we had to hold, face inwards, our arms outspread to grapple on to the angles which we had each successively to turn. I confess it gave me a strange nervous sensation as I rounded each corner, following my guide, with so narrow and uneven a ledge to support me, and the precipice sheer down for some fifty feet, before the land abutted even a little degree from the rock, and some dwarf trees or shrubs protruded here and there, till the rock appeared again, like a great wall facing the village. I dared not look down ; climbers know better than that, but in my anxiety I grasped the sharp edges of the mountain with far greater force than was necessary. We each were lost to one another's view as we turned the corners ; only the fingers of one hand were to be seen of the foremost for a few moments, till he ventured to relinquish a hold in one place in favour of another.

"'I'm round !' at last exclaimed my man in front. The next moment I had turned the last corner, and caught sight of him on the sloping bank in safety ; a few seconds more, and I was at his side.

"A sudden crash, as of breaking stone, startled us both, as we were looking out for the appearance of my friend round the corner, the sharpest and worst.

"An exclamation of horror escaped from him. 'I had all but fallen !' he said. 'The ledge has given way, and not a vestige is left to put my foot upon. I was just able to draw back in time !'

"Well, you will have to go back with your man, and make the long route home : that is all that you can do now. We shall meet in the village, and I will order supper ; but I'm very sorry for this mishap. Thank God, you are safe, at all events !'

"But I can't go back ! My left foot can only touch on the space left to the other. I am almost standing on one leg, and cannot raise it to go back. What can be done ? I must stop here till I drop, unless the men can devise something."

"I was dumb with apprehension, and nothing suggested itself to me, so I waited for the guides to speak. A conversation was going on for some minutes between my friend and the man behind him, but I could not hear what the latter said, and but a chance word from my friend now and then, as his head was turned from me, and he spoke very low.

"I will go down to get ropes in the town, and we can let them down to him from the upper part of the crag. I think we could climb round. It's a bad

job at best, however ! You had better stay by him, master, he'll want your company, poor gentleman !' observed my own guide.

"My heart sank within me as I perceived the man's misgivings, and I only bade him make haste, promising him all the money I could bestow on him as the reward of his success. Alone with poor Hawthorne, I scarcely trusted my voice to speak, but bracing myself up to do so in a cheery tone, I began to speak of what we had seen on our two days' excursion, and had discoursed on a variety of matters, one after the other in rapid succession, for some time before I observed that my friend made no replies. On my ceasing to speak, my friend at last broke silence.

"How far have the men to go, Talbot ?"

"Only just down to the village--down hill, you know, all the way. They can run to the bottom without stopping, and they can easily drop you a rope from above ; so keep up, man, and you won't be a prisoner long."

"Hawthorne made no reply, and a long silence ensued. It became oppressive at last, and I once more forced myself to talk about indifferent matters. But it would not do ; I felt such a choking in my throat, and I got no answers from him.

"I cannot hold on much longer," said he, in a low voice, "my hands and arms are getting so cramped, and my right leg begins to tremble. Can you see them coming ?"

"I dared not look, as I felt sure I should not see them. 'Oh yes, they must be close by this time, but they had to go round by the back of the rock. Keep up, old fellow ; we shall have a laugh over this adventure to-night, when we get down to the little inn.'

"I shall not be there, Talbot ! There will be no fun for me !"

"Don't be so down-hearted, man," said I, all the while with a sad misgiving that he was but too true a prophet. "Keep up, dear old fellow, you've not long to wait now ; there's a better time coming, and—"

"Do not deceive yourself, my old friend," he interrupted me, in a low, solemn voice ; "but when you reach the inn to-night you will find my mother's address in my desk ; write to her, give her my love, and tell her all about it. Send her my things, and give my love to my sisters."

"He ceased, and I assured him that I would do all he wished, but tried to rally him with cheery words. A long silence followed ; the moments seemed counted by heavy throbs beating in my own ears. Suddenly there was a scraping sound. He could hold no longer ; down he fell ! I shrieked, called on him like a madman, and fell back on the

side of the mountain, shaking in every limb as if with palsy.

"I suppose I lost my senses for a considerable time, for when again I recovered my mind I was in the little village inn, lying on a rug on the floor, and Hawthorne on the bed beside me, looking deadly pale, but with his eyes fixed upon me. My head was swathed in a cloth wet with vinegar, and the doctor and landlady leaning over me.

"In answer to my inquiries, I was told that Hawthorne had been arrested in his fearful descent by the stiff bushes into which he providentially fell, a stout stick having also been forced through the leather belt round his waist, which helped to steady him there till the guides and others climbed round the grassy slope on which the bushes grew, and rescued him thus at the very last moment.

"My story, I think, beats yours, young man. What think you?" said Mr. Talbot, turning, as he spoke, to James.

"Indeed, uncle, it does; and I fancy you were both cured of risking your lives to no purpose like that again."

"Ay, my lad! I am much opposed to risking life for mere amusement's sake, after such a lesson as that."

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE END OF THE STORY.

AT nineteen years of age Henry had completed some terms at a finishing school in Toronto. Naturally studious, he preferred reading to farm-work, hunting, or lumbering, in which his brother and Alfred were chiefly engaged. Lumbering, I should observe, is the business of cutting down timber, forming the trunks of trees into great rafts, and floating them down lakes and rivers to depôts, whence they are conveyed to ships or places inland, where the lumber merchants can purchase them.

Dr. Neville was often lodging at Mr. Ashburton's, and used to act as tutor on these occasions ; but as

a training at school was necessary, Henry asked his uncle to send him to school at Toronto. Ethel, whose little champion he had always been as a boy, had studied with him under Dr. Neville and Mr. Ashburton, and after a year's extra work Henry entered Trinity College, for a Canadian university is not nearly so expensive as any in England.

In the lovely summer evenings, when the almost tropical sun had begun to near the glorious horizon, and all the eastern sky, reflecting his setting glow, gleamed with every colour from brightest purple to violet and pale grey, Henry took his cornopean or his concertina, and escorted some of the ladies to the boat on the lake, and rowed them into some lovely creek, whose banks were overhung with drooping boughs, and passing up through the clusters of water-lilies, floating here and there over the clear tranquil water, he would rest a while and play some pleasant airs. And ever and anon a bright kingfisher swept past them, and the squirrels watched them from the nearest boughs, and all was still and dream-like when the music ceased.

At twenty-three Henry left college, and was ordained, as he wished to be, a missionary, and then they did not see him so often as before. What distances he sometimes had to walk, in the rain, frost, wind, and snow, till he reached the little church, or school-house, or room in a small hotel, where the service was to be performed.

\* \* \* \* \*

And here we must take leave of our friends. They are children no longer, but have grown up to manhood and womanhood, to take their part in the serious affairs of life. Into the events of this stronger and higher life it is not our province to enter ; we can only leave them with the hope that they may continue to the end under the guidance of Him who maketh all things work together for our good.

THE END.



## OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

## ONLY ASLEEP.

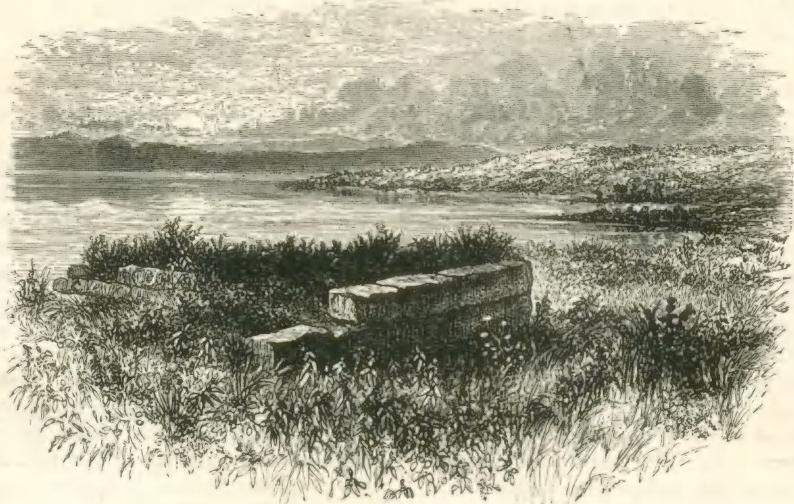
" What is our work when God a blessing would impart?  
To bring the empty vessel of a needy heart.

" Can ever the true prayer of faith unheard remain?  
Must not what came from God return to Him again?"

**O**N one of the larger houses of the busy city of Capernaum, built along the lake shore, there had fallen a sudden silence and fear.

None of the servants were doing that day their

and His gracious words spoken. All who lived there were very interested about the great Prophet, as they called Him ; they were always eager to follow Him as He went about teaching and healing, and



SITE OF CAPERNAUM.

accustomed work, for in a chamber of the house the only child, a girl of twelve years old, lay at the point of death. Her father and mother stood beside the bed, but neither they, nor any doctor whom they could call, could do anything to cure the disease that was taking away her life. Her father, Jairus, was most likely rich ; certainly he was a man well known and honoured ; but his money and his influence were of no use now, they could not save his child. As the slow hours went on, it was more and more certain that the little girl must die.

Most likely, as Jairus stood there, he was wishing that Jesus were at that time in Capernaum. Like all the dwellers in that city, he had heard of the wonderful miracles which Jesus had wrought. In Capernaum the Saviour dwelt for so long that it is called " His own city," and it was above all others the place where " His mighty works were done,"

they thronged the house when it was noised that He was there. But very few indeed tried to follow His commands, or to give up, for His sake, their love of doing what was wrong.

It was because of this that the city which once had such great favour shown to it, and might have been so blessed, is now only a heap of ruins, so wasted and broken and sand-covered that no one can be sure where the buildings of the old city really stood. But at the time when Jairus' daughter lay dying, the doom had not yet fallen on the city. Jesus still taught in her streets, still did wonderful cures there, was "at home" there, as the Bible tells us, for that is the meaning of the words "in the house." And Jairus must have well known the name and fame of the Teacher, for he was ruler of the synagogue, president of the council which had care both of the building and of the regular worship and teaching there.

Now in his synagogue—built, you will remember, by a good Roman centurion quartered in the place—Jesus very often taught, and there Jairus would be sure often to have seen and heard Him.

Therefore it seems very likely that now, in this great fear and trouble, the ruler began to long that it were possible to have help from Jesus, and that he grieved over His absence; for the Saviour had been seen to go over the lake in a boat with His disciples, and no one knew when He would return. There was no time for a message, even if it had been known whither to send the messenger; for, as the slow hours went by, the child grew visibly worse, her strength was failing, she looked as one already dead. But at last a rumour spread through the silent, waiting house that Jesus was once more in Capernaum; or was the good news first told by the feet of the crowds who followed Him as He passed along the streets?

There was tumult and excitement everywhere, for many of the people of the place had been watching for His return, and gladly received Him.

When the tidings reached Jairus, he heard also that Jesus was at this very time feasting in the house of Levi, the tax-gatherer, and thither the poor father hurried at once, though fearing at every step that it would prove too late.

Most likely the ruler had never before entered Levi's house; he would not have been willingly in the company of a publican; but now he thrust his way in through the gathering crowd about the door, and glanced all down the long table at which Jesus was seated, with His disciples, amongst the friends and companions of their host Levi.

The room was crowded; people of every class had pressed in around the tables, that they might listen to the words of Jesus or ask Him questions. There was many a Pharisee looking in, half in scorn at the Teacher who would eat with publicans and sinners, while close around the chief Guest were gathered a special company of the disciples of John the Baptist, who had come to ask Him questions of His teaching.

Almost breaking in on the very words of Jesus, as He replied to their questions, Jairus pushed his way eagerly through the crowd. He had made such haste and was in such agitation that now he could hardly speak, could only throw himself, with imploring, eager looks, at the feet of Jesus. His words, as they are written down for us, tell us how earnest he was. They are at once broken and vehement, beseeching yet confused. He does not know whether the child is dying or already gone; he thinks only that one wasted moment may make it vain to tell his tale, that the spirit may be fled before the restoring touch of Jesus is laid upon the

pale child whom he has left at home at the very point of death.

The feast was not over, all were yet at the tables; but when He heard the poor father's cry, Jesus did not linger. Down the street, followed by the dense crowd without, He and His disciples made their way, while Jairus kept close by the side of Him in whom alone was any hope.

We can almost see how the father would press on before, and ever and anon turn back towards the Great Healer who was following him to his home.

And they were so long on the way. It was not only the great crowd hanging about the Saviour which kept Him back, but on His way He stopped to speak to a poor woman who had come out to be healed by Him. Before that delay was over, while the woman was still blessing the deliverer who had taken away her sickness, Jairus saw several of his own servants making their way towards him.

Foremost, as if charged with a message, came one who seems by his tone to have been the steward, or principal servant, while following him were several others, who may have come, as people do in confusion or excitement, scarcely knowing why.

Jairus knew what the message must be; it was as he feared. While they lingered the child had died.

Evidently they were still some distance from his house, for the steward, who most likely spoke the words as a message from his mistress, suggests that now there is no reason to weary the Master any further. We cannot help imagining, as we read the history, that the mother of the dead child had less hope than her husband in the power of Jesus, for it must have been with her consent that already the outer hall of Jairus' house was filled with a throng of hired mourners, weeping and wailing, filling the air with long wild mournful cries, rending their clothes, or singing sad dirges to the sound of the minstrels' instruments.

For Jesus still went on towards the house, comforting the failing heart of the poor father with the promise that all should yet be well. Else how could he have borne these sights and sounds, which all told him more and more clearly that his child was dead? He was forced to realise the truth now, though he had not yet pressed on into the room where he knew well that the dear little form lay silent on the bed.

Yes, he knew that his only child was dead. And yet he did not wonder, or doubt, or disbelieve when he heard the Master saying to the mourners, "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

He seems to have stood there in silence while Jesus, who had entered with three of His disciples, cleared the crowded room of the hired mourners,

shutting all outside except the father and mother of the child.

There was deep silence now; and with none following but the three chosen disciples, Jesus led Jairus and his wife into the inner room where the dead child lay.

"She is asleep," the Lord had said; and yet it is true that she was dead. But this death was to vanish like sleep at the voice of Jesus; and so it was not death.

The Saviour roused her just as a loving friend might rouse a sleeping child. He put out His hand, He took the lifeless fingers within His own.

Then He spoke. Softly, not with a loud cry, as afterwards when He called Lazarus from his tomb, but as to one close at hand, ready to wake at the first sound; and the words that He used were in the familiar tongue of the people, in which they spoke each to the other.

"Maid, arise."

Then the sleep which was death was broken; the child awoke, and at once stood up, healed and strong, just as before the long sickness fell upon her.

We do not know what was the after life of this

young daughter of the ruler; to us she is always the girl of twelve years old, called back from death at the voice of Jesus. And so she stands as a sign and token of what the Saviour is ever doing amongst ourselves.

These wonderful works are to wake up our dull minds to see what God is doing even now, though we are so careless and so used to what goes on round us, that we hardly notice or understand.

God is always giving us life. All our days through He gives it to us, freshly every morning when we wake out of sleep, when we take our daily bread, when we breathe the sweet air. We have read now the beautiful lives of many children of the Bible; but it is not till Jesus Christ came to be Himself a child that this first fullest lesson comes out clearly before us. All the graces of which we have read—humility, self-denial, faith, purity—are like flowers upon a plant: they dress it and make it fair and delightful, but they are not the life of the plant; they could not be there unless it had life, drawn freshly every day out of the soil in which it is planted.

And this root, and life, and sap, and soil of a Christian childhood is never in any child himself, but in God. In Him we live.

### EFFIE'S SORROW.

 H, I have been so lonely  
All the bright summer through;  
If I live long without Willie,  
I wonder what I shall do.

The birds we've fed so often  
Sing merrily overhead;  
Have they no pity, I wonder,  
That they sing now Willie's dead?  
  
I wonder if he is waiting  
For me at the golden gate,

And if it must be very long  
That Willie will have to wait?

Perhaps if the Saviour sees him  
Standing always at the gate,  
And knows 'tis his little sister  
For whom he must watch and wait,  
  
He will come Himself and fetch me,  
Or send an angel instead,  
For He knows I'm very lonely  
Down here now Willie's dead.

### BIBLE EXERCISES.

#### XXXI.

"Neither cast he them from his presence as yet."—  
2 KINGS xiii. 23.

Give examples of God's sparing the wicked for a time in order that they might repent.—Gen. vi. ; Jonah iii. ; 1 Pet. iii.

Prove from Scripture that God wishes men to repent.—Is. lv. ; Ezek. xviii., xxiii. ; Joel ii. ; Matt. xxiii. ; 1 Pet. iii.

#### XXXII.

"Ahaz went to Damascus to meet Tiglath-pileser, king of Assyria."—2 KINGS xvi. 10.

Give examples of people who suffered from bad

companions.—Gen. xiii., xiv. ; 1 Kings xii., xiii. ; 2 Kings xxi.

Give texts against evil company.—Ps. i., xxvi. ; Prov. i., iv. ; 1 Cor. xv. ; 2 Thess. iii. ; 2 John.

#### XXXIII.

"They followed vanity, and became vain."—  
2 KINGS xvii. 15.

Is it vanity and folly to turn away from God?—Deut. xxxii. ; 1 Sam. xii. ; 1 Kings xvi. ; Jonah ii. ; Rom. i.

What is true wisdom?—Job xxviii. ; Ps. cxi., cxix. ; Matt. vii.

## MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "*In Mischief Again*," &c. &c.

THE Christmas holidays had come, and the nursery party at Rowthwaite Rectory were impatiently looking out for the arrival of the two elder ones, who were away at school, and were both to return that day, though at different hours. It was the first time

Ella had been away from home, and the longing of the little brothers to welcome her back amongst them was nothing to the eagerness with which she was looking forward to the meeting with all the dear ones, who seemed to have become doubly dear during this separation.

The wished-for moment came at last, and she found herself folded in her parent's arms, whilst the little ones rushed at her with such impetuosity they nearly knocked her down, after which they almost strangled her by the vehemence and warmth of their embraces.

There was another figure standing a little apart from the group, and waiting until the first tumult should have subsided before coming forward. It was a girl of about the same age as Ella, that is, eleven or twelve years old: a slight, delicate-looking child, with chestnut hair, but fair complexion and large dark eyes, which were very true and honest ones. They lit up with pleasure as Ella, perceiving her at that moment, turned and threw her arms around her, exclaiming, "You dear Minnie! how good of you to come up to welcome me too! Oh, how delightful it is to be at home again! and when Tom comes we shall be all together. What fun we shall have these holidays. Mamma, dear, I'm so happy I don't know what to do," and the child linked her arm in her mother's, whilst she turned her face up for another kiss.

It was a merry good-tempered face, with a bright colour and rosy lips, everything about her telling of health and strength. The two little friends, Ella Morris and Minnie Wallace, presented a contrast to one another, not only in looks, but in disposition, and perhaps were all the better

friends on that account: the one full of spirits, energy, and vigour; the other less robust, quieter, and more thoughtful, but equally loving, and inclined to be more self-denying.

"Mamma," said Minnie, a day or two after her young friend's arrival, "Ella is going to make such a number of presents to the villagers for Christmas. She was saying this morning how happy she was in being at home again, and what a nice time of year Christmas was; and Mrs. Morris answered that as God had made her so happy she should try and make others the same, and share her good things with those who had fewer of them. So they have been planning all the things she can get with her own money; oh, such a number, for she has so much pocket money! I should dearly like to be able to do the same, for it is so nice to make people happy, isn't it, mamma? But I have scarcely any pocket money, so I can't do anything to speak of."

"You are doing what you can, darling," was the mother's response. "You have saved up your weekly pence for a long time past to buy wool, with which you have knitted all those nice mufflers and comforters; you will have those to give for Christmas presents."

"But that is so little, mamma. I should like to be able to do so much more. For God has made me so happy too. He has given me my own dear mamma," and the child threw her arms round her mother's neck. "Can't I do anything more to make somebody happy as well?"

"Yes, there are plenty of things you can do, dear, if you have the wish in your heart. Money is not the only thing we can give. There are things more precious than any that money can buy. Ella's father is rich and we are poor, so your giving must be in a different way from hers, but God will value it quite as much if it comes straight from a loving heart. You must remember those words of one poor in this world's goods: 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.' You too, darling, must give of such things as you have. Loving sympathy and a readiness to help, a kind word or a hand stretched out to lighten another's burden, are oftentimes more precious gifts than gold. You can give these, and without any limitation, if you are always watchful for the little opportunities as they arise."

"Then I may have some offering to bring after all!" exclaimed Minnie, with brightening looks.

Mrs. Wallace was a widow, having lost her



A CHRISTMAS OFFERING. (*See p. 363.*)

husband some years before ; so she and her little girl were all in all to each other. Minnie being an only child, it was a great advantage to have a companion like Ella, who, having no sister, but a tribe of brothers, was equally glad to have a friend of her own age, and she was almost as fond of her as if she had really been her sister. Minnie had missed her much whilst she had been away at school, and now was full of joy at having her back. Some part of every day was spent by her at the Rectory, where she was a great favourite with every one.

When Minnie went in to see her friend the next afternoon she found Mrs. Morris proposing to Ella and Tom that they should carry a basket—in which she had packed some things as a Christmas present—to old Mrs. Goode. But they did not seem to approve of the proposition. It was a long steep climb up the mountain at the back of the village before the old woman's lonely cottage could be reached ; and it was by no means a day to tempt any one to undertake such a walk, as a cold wind was blowing, whilst the snow, which had been lying on the ground for some time, made the walking rather slippery. Still it was a bright, healthy day. But Tom had been out all the morning snow-balling until he was tired of that amusement, and now he was engrossed in an interesting story-book, which he was loth to leave, as well as his comfortable seat by the fireside. Ella felt no more disposed to face the cold and breast the mountain-side than did her brother, and she, too, was interested in her present occupation.

"I dare say Minnie will go with you," Mrs. Morris exclaimed, as the little girl entered the room ; "then you will be a nice little party. I particularly want to hear something of poor old Mrs. Goode, as her son has not been down into the village for two days, so I begin to fear something may be amiss."

"Let me go," said Minnie, promptly. "I haven't had a walk to-day yet, and I should soon go there and be back again. Please let me ; I should like it so much," she added, eagerly.

"But Ella and Tom ought to go with you."

"Oh, I can go alone quite well, and they want to go on with what they are doing."

"You must come back here for the rest of the afternoon afterwards," said Ella, "for I want you."

"Yes ; and I dare say I shan't be gone so very long."

"I'm sure I call it a dreadful grind all up that steep hill," remarked Tom, stretching himself in a lazy manner. "I know I don't want to go. But if you like it that's a different thing. Let everybody do as they like, I say."

"My dear Tom," interposed Mrs. Morris, "we are not to follow only our own inclinations. I want to see you and Ella ready cheerfully to lay aside your own pleasure for the sake of others."

"But, mother, it surely does not need three people to carry that little basket up to Mrs. Goode, and if Minnie wants to go why shouldn't she ?"

Mrs. Morris was called out of the room at this moment, and Minnie, thinking she had her permission for going, started off on her expedition, though Mrs. Morris had not in the least intended to let her go alone.

She went on her way with a very happy look on her little face. Was not this one of those opportunities of which her mother had spoken, for giving of such things as she had ? Carrying a Christmas dinner to Mrs. Goode was helping to make her Christmas brighter ; and perhaps she might find something more she could do for the old woman, who was a great favourite of Minnie's ; whilst Mrs. Goode on her part dearly loved the gentle child, whose face seemed to her like a sunbeam in the cottage. It appeared more than ever so to-day—in fact, the little girl was to her like a God-sent messenger.

For poor Mrs. Goode was in great trouble, and feeling very keenly her utter helplessness. She and her one remaining son lived together in this little isolated cottage, which was perched high up on the moor, far removed from any other human habitation. It was a lovely spot, commanding glorious views of the mountains standing round about, and of the lake lying below, but certainly inconveniently far from the village or from any neighbours. The old woman was accustomed to the loneliness, and indeed enjoyed the quiet. But she was dependent on her son for everything, as she herself was so crippled by rheumatism that she could scarcely hobble across the room, whilst it was years since she had been able to pass the threshold of the door. George, however, was a good, dutiful son, and her right hand in everything. But he had been suddenly taken ill two days ago, and was unable to rise from his bed. No wonder that the mother was feeling her helplessness so keenly. For not only was a doctor wanted for her son, but the household supplies were getting very low, and yet she was utterly powerless to go for help, or in any way make known her distress and need—except, indeed, to her Father in heaven. Her faith had been tried these last two days and nights, but her strong trust had borne her up.

Tears of thankfulness sprang into the old woman's eyes as she heard a light step outside, and the next moment saw the slight form standing in the doorway.

Minnie was panting for breath after her stiff climb, which had been doubly difficult this afternoon, owing to the slippery state of the roads. Indeed, had she been less resolute, and less determined to execute her errand, she would soon have been daunted by the difficulties of the way, and might easily have felt herself justified in turning back. But she had pressed on in spite of obstacles, though not without one or two tumbles. Now, with a face glowing from the exercise, and with a little feeling of triumph at having so far accomplished her task, she stood before Mrs. Goode, saying—

"I've brought you a Christmas dinner from the Rectory. I know there's a beautiful pudding in the basket, and there must be plenty of other things, for it's quite heavy. But—I'm afraid something is the matter!" exclaimed the child suddenly, as she noticed the sad worn look on the usually bright, cheerful face, cheerful in spite of rheumatism and the other infirmities of old age.

As soon as Minnie understood the state of the case, she exclaimed promptly, "I will go for the doctor, Mrs. Goode. I'll go round and tell him on my way back. And is there anything else I can do for you?"

"God bless you, Miss Minnie! You have indeed cheered me by coming in. I feel as if the worst of my troubles were over. I dare say the doctor will soon do George good; and if you wouldn't mind, missie, as you pass by the door on your way down, calling at Mrs. Holt's; she, or one of her girls, I'm sure, would come and lend me a helping hand."

"I'll go off directly. I am so glad I happened to come, for it must have been dreadful for you to feel so helpless."

A very bright light shone in the child's eyes as, anxious not to lose time, she turned at once to go on her way. To go round by the doctor's would involve a further walk of nearly a mile; but that was as nothing to her willing spirit. She sped on her way down the mountain-side with a light heart, and footsteps as swift as the state of the ground would permit.

In due time Mrs. Holt's cottage was reached, and Minnie was relieved to find that she herself would be able to set off at once to Mrs. Goode's assistance.

As Minnie turned once more to go on her way she found that the worst of her walk was yet before her. The road soon led through a wood, which was a delightful place in summer time, and in which Minnie was accustomed to roam fearlessly in search of wild flowers. But in the gloom of the short winter's afternoon it wore a different aspect, and

appeared almost dark as the child entered it. Minnie, however, was a brave girl, and went boldly on, her mind full of Mrs. Goode and her troubles, whilst there was a glad feeling of joy in her heart at having been able to be of real use to some one at this Christmas time.

She came now to a very rough bit of the road, steep, and rugged, and slippery. At the best of times it was difficult walking just there, how much more so now! She went on as carefully as she could, but all her care did not avail to save her from an unlucky tumble. Accustomed to think nothing of a fall, she scrambled to her feet again in a moment, and then suddenly sank down, overcome by pain. She had sprained her ankle in her fall, though she did not know what had happened to her, only that when she put her foot to the ground the pain was such as almost to make her cry out.

For the moment a feeling of despondency crept over her. How should she ever be able to get home? and, moreover, she had to take that long round by the doctor's. Still it was no use staying there. No help was likely to come to her there; nor would any one hear her, however loudly she might shout. So, whatever, the pain, she must hobble on as best she could, for Mrs. Goode was longing to have advice for her son, and if she were to delay too long, and not get home in good time, she knew her mother would grow anxious on her account.

When at length, after a painful, tedious walk, Minnie reached Dr. Black's, and was shown into his study (for happily he was at home), his first exclamation was, as he glanced up and perceived the pale little face looking worn with pain, "Why, Minnie, my child, what is the matter? Are you ill, or is it mamma?"

"No, it's neither, thank you. But Mrs. Goode's son is very ill, and I've come to ask you to go right off to him, please. Do you think you could go directly?" asked the little girl, eagerly, "because he has been in bed these two days, but nobody knew of it, and poor Mrs. Goode couldn't fetch any one herself."

"And how did you know of it?"

"I've been up there this afternoon."

"By yourself?"

"Yes; and I am so glad I went, because I could come and fetch you. You will go soon, won't you?" said Minnie pleadingly.

"I will," returned kind-hearted Dr. Black with a smile. "But sit down, my child, and warm yourself. What is it makes you look so white?"

"It's my foot, I suppose. I had a tumble coming down the hill and hurt it. But I must go now, please, for if I am late mamma will be in a fidget,

and it will soon be getting dark. Good-bye, and thank you so much for promising to go to Mrs. Goode. She will be so glad to see you come in."

"Don't be in such a hurry, my little girl. I can't allow you to go till I have looked at your foot, so sit down and let me examine it."

The poor ankle was so swollen with walking that Dr. Black's touch, gentle as it was, almost made Minnie cry out, and she had to shut her lips very tightly together to prevent any sound escaping them.

"It's a bad sprain," was the verdict, "and this little foot mustn't be put to the ground for some time."

"But I must make haste back to mamma," exclaimed Minnie, "and I would rather go at once, please, because I've been away a good while already. It took me such a long time to get here from the place where I tumbled."

"You don't imagine I am going to let you walk home with such a foot as that? I will drive you round as I go to Mrs. Goode's; and we will start as soon as I have bandaged the damaged ankle, and made it a little more comfortable."

"Don't be frightened, mamma, dear," said Minnie, as she hobbled into the room, having refused Dr. Black's offer to carry her in, as she said it would alarm her mother, and make her think something dreadful had happened. "I've only hurt my foot a little, and it will soon be all right again."

It was a long time, however, before Minnie could take any more long walks, and she was confined to the house for some little while.

Early the next morning Ella came in, full of self-reproach at having let Minnie go to Mrs. Goode's alone. "It was very selfish of me!" she exclaimed. "Mamma said so when she came back to the room and found you were gone by yourself; and I see it now. Both Tom and I are ashamed of it. I do so wish I had come with you, for then I could have gone for help when you hurt yourself so; at all events, you wouldn't have had that long walk round by Dr. Black's afterwards, because I could have gone instead; and it was that made the ankle so much worse, Dr. Black says. He says too," she continued, turning to Mrs. Wallace, "that he never knew such a brave, unselfish girl as Minnie. Yes, it is quite true what mamma says; she was only thinking of other people yesterday afternoon, and Tom and I were only thinking of ourselves. But we are going to put off the Christmas-tree till Minnie is well enough to come to it, and Tom is collecting all his new story-books to bring over for her to read. Papa says we shall all love her even better than we did before, if that is possible," and Ella wound up by giving her friend a warm embrace, whilst a happy light shone in Mrs. Wallace's eyes at these praises of her little daughter.

Minnie herself was made still happier by Dr. Black's telling her, when he came to see his little patient in the afternoon, that he hoped Mrs. Goode's son would soon begin to improve. Had more time been lost it would have been more serious, but Minnie might feel that she had perhaps saved his life by fetching him help before another night had gone by.

### SOME ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

*By the Author of "How to Make an Electric Machine," &c. &c.*

**T**RUST that during the time which has elapsed since the publication of my directions how to make an electric machine, many of my readers have succeeded in making one. Some no doubt have failed, and some perhaps have found that they have not been able to devote their attention to the construction of a thing which certainly requires time and trouble. But I hope that both the successful workers and the unsuccessful will study this paper, for it concerns them both. For I now intend to detail some experiments which can be performed with the machine, and some others which can be done without any apparatus at all beyond that which is within the reach of all.

First I must say a few words about what is called the theory of electricity. A theory may be defined

as the best means for accounting for certain facts and appearances which seem very difficult of explanation. Sometimes a theory may be accepted, and may remain unquestioned for many years, when some discovery is made which upsets it altogether, and causes another theory to reign in its stead. I will give you an example of such an occurrence which took place only a few months ago. Two or three observers in different places in this country noticed that a fine yellow powder had fallen upon their plants and outhouses apparently from the sky. They wrote letters to the newspapers about the strange phenomenon, and one of them gravely started the theory that this powder was sulphur which had been discharged from some volcano hundreds of miles away, and had been carried by the wind to the places where it was now

deposited. So much for theory number one. Some of this powder was then sent to a gentleman for his opinion about it, which he was very careful not to give before he had consulted his microscope. He then pronounced this wonderful powder to be nothing more than the dusty pollen of a plant. So in this case theory No. 1 had to give place to theory No. 2.

You will now understand that in giving you the generally accepted theory of electricity I am merely stating what seems to be the best way of accounting for the various curious effects that it exhibits. Should this theory some day give place to a better one, all the better, but until it does so the best thing that we can do is to acknowledge it, and believe in it.

I have already told you how the early experimentalists found that electricity could be evoked by rubbing amber and other substances, and that the electricity showed itself by attracting little chips of straw, dust, &c. So a theory was established by which substances were divided into what were called *electrics* and *non-electrics*. We now know this definition to be wrong, for all substances are capable of exhibiting electricity by friction, provided that certain conditions are observed. We know that a stick of sealing-wax when rubbed will attract small pieces of straw or paper, and that if we try the same experiment with a rod of metal it will fail. But if the metal be fastened to a glass

handle, so that the electricity cannot run away through our bodies to the earth, we shall find that it will readily show symptoms of electric action. Now, therefore, substances are divided into conductors and non-conductors of electricity, while some few, on account of their intermediate action, are called semiconductors.

Fig. 1 represents  
a little instrument

called an electroscope, which can be easily made, and will assist us greatly in understanding electric action. It may consist of a piece of board six inches square, into which is fastened by cement a bit of glass tubing fifteen inches long. This tube is bent over at the top (which can readily be done with a spirit-lamp), and from its upper end is suspended by very fine silk a pith ball. If now we excite a glass rod by rubbing it with silk, and bring it close to the pith ball, the latter will be attracted towards the rod,

but if actual contact be made between the rod and ball, the latter will then be repelled. A stick of sealing-wax rubbed with flannel will have precisely the same effect upon the pith ball. But by using the glass and sealing-wax alternately we shall find that when the ball is repelled by the glass the sealing-wax will attract it, and *vice versa*. So the theory came to be adopted that there were two kinds of electricity, the one called *vitreous* belonging to the glass, and the other *resinous* possessed by the wax. The great Franklin modified this theory. He assumed that electricity pervaded everything in nature. That this electricity consisted of two fluids, the *positive*, answering to vitreous, and *negative*, answering to resinous electricity. These two fluids do not become apparent in a substance until it is subjected to friction, or some other treatment, when they separate. In the case of the pith-ball, the glass or sealing-wax *induces* an opposite kind of electricity in it—it is attracted—but directly contact occurs it is endowed with the same kind of electricity as the rod presented to it, and is repelled. So we see that things charged with the same kind of electricity repel each other, but charged with opposite kinds they attract. This will remind you of the behaviour of two magnets (alluded to in a former article), where opposite poles attract each other, but similar poles have the reverse effect.

A more delicate electroscope than the pith ball arrangement can be easily constructed, and a number of experiments can be made with it. It is shown at Fig. 2. It consists of a clean and perfectly dry bottle having a wide mouth. Into this must be fitted a good cork. A brass wire passes through this cork into the bottle, its lower end having been previously beaten out as flat as possible. On each side of this flattened end is placed a little slip of gold leaf about an inch long. The best way to attach these to the wire is to wet the latter with a little gum—and bring it down on the leaves, which must be previously cut to the proper size. They must be so placed that they will hang together face to face. The other end of the wire outside the bottle is crowned with a little disc of thick card, covered on both sides with tinfoil.

On presenting a stick of rubbed sealing-wax to the disc the gold leaves will fly apart, but by touching it with the flannel that we have just used as a rubber, they will immediately fall to their former position. This experiment will show us that an excited rod and its rubber possess different

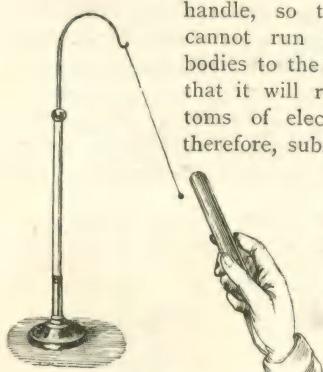


FIG. 1.

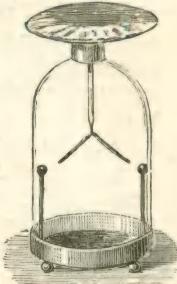


FIG. 2.

kinds of electricity, and that the two fluids neutralise one another. Rubbed glass followed by rubbed wax will give the same results. If a stick of wax be broken, and the fractured end be immediately applied to the electroscope the leaves will diverge. Take some ground coffee, fresh from the mill, and drop it upon the disc, and electric action will become apparent; the same effect can be produced by sawing a lump of sugar, and allowing the particles to drop upon the electroscope. Many other substances will give similar effects, showing plainly how universal is the presence of electricity, and how it can be made manifest by friction applied to all kinds of different substances. I may name one more experiment in this connection which is both interesting and amusing. Let an assistant stand on the insulated stool, described on page 141, and let him place one hand upon the plate of the electroscope. No action will take place until he is well beaten with a piece of dry silk or leather, when the gold leaves will instantly diverge; but if he merely stands on the floor without the glass supports, the electricity will pass through his body to the earth, and no effect will be produced.

And now for an experiment without special apparatus, and which can be accomplished by all of you. Take a common iron tea-tray, and support it on four glass tumblers. Now get a sheet of thick paper just large enough to cover the tray, and warm it at the fire. Remove the paper quickly to a table, and rub it vigorously with a piece of india-rubber. Now take it to the insulated tray, and holding it by two corners drop it upon the iron. You will feel, as you do this, that the metal is strongly attracting it. Upon touching the edge of the tray you can obtain a good spark. Remove the paper, and you can obtain another spark; replace it and the same thing occurs, the sparks getting weaker and weaker until the action ceases. You can vary this experiment, by allowing an assistant to hold the tray, while he stands on the glass stool, when sparks can be drawn from his finger tips as readily as from the glass. Although experiments such as this are readily performed by the means described, they can be much more conveniently done by the use of the electric machine; and of course many things can be done with the latter which are impossible without it. Some of these I will now describe.

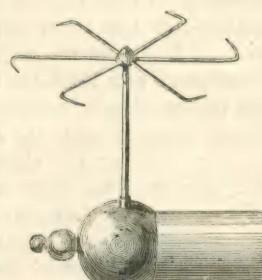


FIG. 3.

It will be necessary to have the means of attaching to the prime conductor of the machine several little pieces of apparatus. For this reason it should have a hole at each end, one at the top and another at the back, in which thick wires can be readily placed when desired. In boring these holes, care must be taken that the tinfoil which covers the wood is continued within them, so that the wires afterwards inserted may have a true metallic contact; should this not be the case, the experiments cannot possibly be successful.

Into one of these holes insert a piece of wire about three inches long, which has been filed so that its free end presents a sharp point. Now turn the machine, and place the back of the hand near the point, when a sensation as of a little stream of air will be felt issuing from it. The electric force is quickly discharged from points, hence the use of brass knobs or balls in electrical apparatus, and the avoidance of all sharp corners or projections which might induce leakage. The issue of this force from points may be visibly shown by other methods. Beat a large leaden shot flat, and attach to it copper wires, bent in the form shown in Fig. 3. Let the under side of the leaden centre be so hollowed that it will turn easily upon a pointed wire inserted upright in the prime conductor. Now turn the handle of the electric machine, when the little vanes will revolve by the action of the force moving from their points. This action may be further exemplified by attaching a small button of sealing-wax to a pointed wire inserted in the end of the conductor, and melting it by a lighted taper as the machine is turned. The melted wax will then fly off in a thin stream

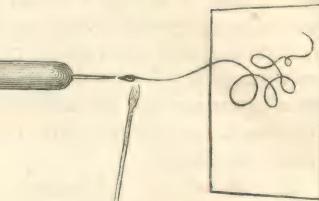


FIG. 4.

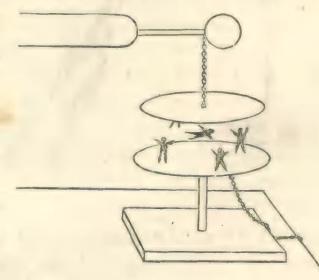


FIG. 5.

as fine as a hair, and will describe curious patterns upon a card held near it. The experiment is illustrated in Fig. 4.

A wire furnished with a ball at the end is an almost indispensable attachment to the electric machine, as it is of service in a great number of

experiments. A bullet answers the purpose admirably, and if you possess a bullet mould the wire can be readily attached before the metal becomes solid. Otherwise a hole can be readily bored in a cold bullet by means of a gimlet, and the wire can be pointed before it is inserted so as to obtain a firm hold upon the lead. This hint can be taken advantage of in the construction of the Leyden jar, where a ball termination is also required. With this bullet-headed wire inserted in the end of the prime conductor we can now perform many experiments of a very interesting and instructive nature.

Present the inside of a warmed, dry glass tumbler to such a wire fixed on the conductor, and turn the machine for a few seconds. Now remove the tumbler, and invert it on the table over some pith-balls. These balls will now be attracted to the glass, and dance about in a very lively manner, being alternately attracted and repelled as they are charged and discharged by contact with glass and table respectively. The pith balls can be replaced by little pith figures, which can be bought at many of the electrical warehouses, but their dancing can be made much more effective by attaching a metal plate to the conductor of the machine, as shown in Fig. 5, another plate being below which will constitute the dancing platform for the tiny performers. These plates may be made of cardboard, or thin board covered with tinfoil, but care must be taken that the lower one is in connection with the ground either by covering its support with the same metallic coating, or by fastening a brass chain to its under surface, the end of which may trail upon the floor. A few feet of such chain will be found useful in many other experiments.

The repulsion of bodies charged with the same kind of electricity may be amusingly shown by sticking a doll's head with long hair upon a wire inserted above the prime conductor, when the hairs will stand out on end as if the doll were horror stricken at such unceremonious treatment. Of course a good doll must not be decapitated for this purpose, for the commonest wooden-headed subject will do as well as anything.

To show this action—the repulsion of bodies—on a more extended scale a number of light strips of tissue-paper may be attached to the end of a fishing-rod, the last joint of which must be inter-

rupted by a piece of glass rod (see Fig. 6, where A shows how the glass can be bound to the rod). A chain or wire is now fastened from the insulated joint to the prime conductor (B). When the machine is put in action the paper strips will fly away from one another, and stand on end, as did the hair on the doll's head in the former experiment. The same experiment may be made very amusing by using a wig of dry, well-combed hair. An assistant standing on the glass stool, and furnished with head-gear of the kind mentioned, touching the conductor while the machine is in action, will present the most ridiculous appearance owing to the peculiar behaviour of his false crop of hair. Of course sparks can be obtained from the body of any one thus insulated, and connected with the electric machine, and plenty of fun may be obtained by inviting some one not in the secret to shake hands with him. By touching the surface of water he can draw a spark from it, and by applying his finger to a brass ball which has been covered with a piece of tow moistened with ether, the tow will ignite by the spark thus obtained.

By using what is called a battery of Leyden jars (which comprehends a number of jars so connected together that their combined charge can be directed against any object) a number of startling experiments can be made. Model houses can be blown down by artificial lightning, and fine wires can be destroyed by the action of the electricity thus accumulated. All these experiments are accompanied by noise and light—indeed, this circumstance first induced people to believe that thunder and lightning were caused by the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud, and between the clouds and the earth. To test the correctness of these ideas wires were fixed to long poles pointing to the sky, and in stormy weather sparks were by this means drawn from the sky. Dr. Franklin obtained the same result from a kite, an experiment which led to the invention of the lightning conductor, which affords protection to high buildings. This conductor is formed of thick copper wire, one end of which projects above the building it is sought to protect, while the other end is buried some distance in the ground. The lightning passes along the metal conductor in preference to smashing the stone work, which forms a non-conductor.

T. C. H.

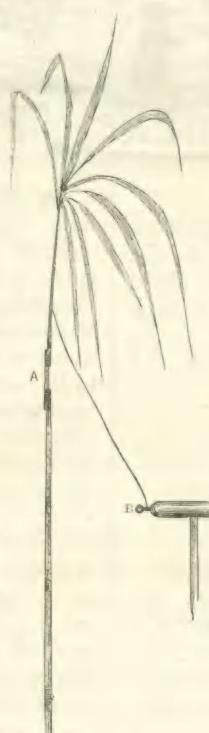
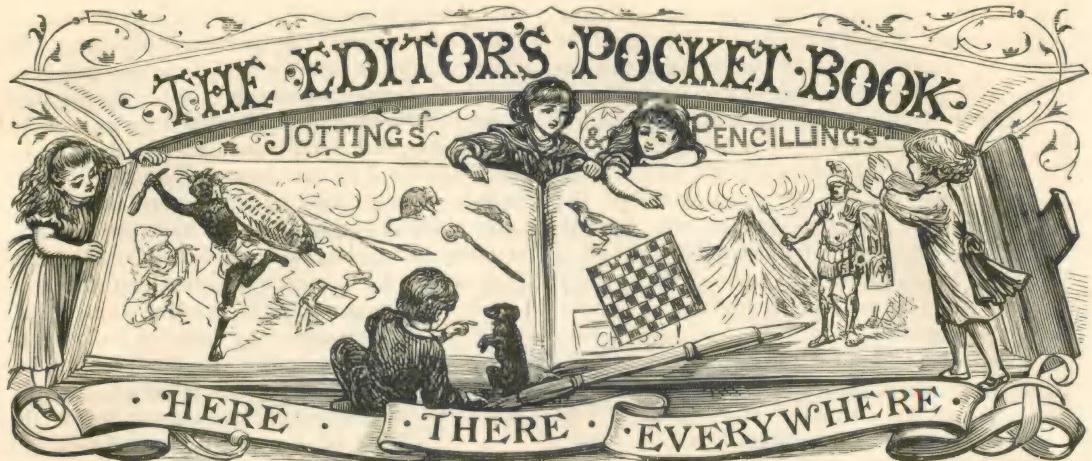


FIG. 6.



#### The Turkey.

The native country of the turkey is the United States, from the north-western territories to the Isthmus of Panama. The turkey was brought to Spain early in the sixteenth century; from Spain it was introduced into England in 1570. It was taken to France in the reign of Francis I., and from thence spread to Germany and Italy. The first turkey eaten in France was at the wedding banquet of Charles IX., in the year 1570. Turkeys increased rapidly in England, and in 1585 appear, from the old chronicles, to have been tolerably plentiful.

#### The New Eddystone Lighthouse.

In a former number of *LITTLE FOLKS* we gave a brief description of the lighthouses which have been erected on the dangerous reef known as the Eddystone, and we related how, first, the structure erected by Winstanley in 1696 was swept away by a hurricane in 1703; next, how Rudyerd's, built in 1706, was burnt, together with its designer, in 1755; and, finally, how the noble edifice constructed by John Smeaton was completed in 1759, and still stands, a monument of enterprise and genius. After a lapse of 120 years, it has now been discovered that there are undoubted signs of the foundation of the last-named being gradually undermined; and as it has been found impossible to render it by any means secure, it has been determined to erect upon another and a firmer part of the Eddystone reef a fourth lighthouse, to take the place of the present one. It was thought by some that it might be possible to obviate the necessity of having a lighthouse at all on this treacherous spot by destroying the rocks themselves by blowing them up; but there seemed to be many difficulties connected with such a gigantic undertaking, so the idea was abandoned; and in August, 1879, the foundation of the new build-

ing, which is situated about 120 feet from the old tower, was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh in the presence of the Prince of Wales. John Smeaton, as many of our readers probably know, obtained the idea of his lighthouse from the form of the oak-tree. He noticed, as we stated in our former account, "how strong a grip upon the earth this tree obtains by the aid of its spreading roots; how the trunk itself gets smaller in size as it rises; how, when it is needed for the support of its boughs, it again becomes large; and he considered that as it was partly by its shape that the oak is enabled to resist the storm, so ought the lighthouse to be made upon the same model." This same form will be adopted in the new lighthouse, and the chief notable difference in its construction (with the exception of its dimensions and certain details of the building) consists in an excellent improvement which has been made for making the structure easier of access for boats sent from the shore with provisions and stores for the lighthouse keepers. As to the difference in the size of the new tower, compared with the old one, some idea of this may be gained when we state that while Smeaton's has only four rooms, besides the place where the lantern is fixed, its successor will contain nine rooms in addition to the lantern; these will also be larger in diameter. The present light is 72 feet above high water with an illuminated range of 14 nautical miles; the new light will be 130 feet above high water, with an illuminated range of 17½ nautical miles. The foundation of the new lighthouse, like Smeaton's, will be composed of solid blocks of granite which will be dovetailed into each other to secure firmness. It may be added, as showing the strength and solidity of the various fittings of the lighthouse that the external doors and window-frames will be made of gun metal, and that the entrance door alone will be over a ton in weight.

**Sæmund and his Edda.**

Edda is the name given to the Scandinavian poems which contain the accounts of the mythology and legends of the northern nations. One of the most celebrated of these was written by an Icelander named Sæmund Sigfusson. This Sæmund was born in the year 1056, so we see that very long ago there were learned men in Iceland, which will perhaps surprise many who are accustomed to think of that country as a very far-off place, where much progress has not been made. Sæmund was from a boy fond of acquiring knowledge, and not content with what he could learn at home he resolved to travel into other countries, and so become acquainted with their history and literature. It would seem that he was much engrossed in all the new things he saw and heard of, for he stayed away from Iceland so long that his countrymen almost forgot him, and perhaps he would never have returned had not another Icelander found him at Rome, and brought him home in the year 1078. On Sæmund's arrival in his native country he went to a farm that belonged

to him in the southern part of the island. Soon afterwards he became a priest, and was so pious and learned that he was looked upon as a pillar of the Icelandic church. Sæmund was not only a clergyman and poet, but he became one of the governors of the island, conducting affairs wisely, and making many laws. His knowledge of history, and of matters connected with antiquity was so great that the historians of his country requested him to revise their works, which he did. And not satisfied with this, he, at the age of seventy, wrote a history of Norway extending over a space of many years. The Edda of Sæmund contains many interesting Scandinavian legends. Among them is the story of how Thor recovered his hammer, which had been stolen by the giant Thrym. Also the story of Agnarr and Geirrod, the Song of the Ravens, and other poems. Sæmund

died in the year 1133 or 1135, and his Edda remained undiscovered until so late as the year 1639. It was printed at Copenhagen in the year 1787.

**The Statue of Memnon.**

At a place called Koum-el-Sultan, situated on the plains of Thebes, on the western banks of the river Nile, there stand two gigantic statues, or colossi, representing the Egyptian monarch Amenophis III., of the eighteenth dynasty, seated on his throne, his name and titles being inscribed upon them. The northernmost of these statues—each of which is said to have been originally sixty feet high—instead of being associated with the sovereign whose name it

bore, came to be called by the ancient Greeks the statue of Memnon—said to have been a celebrated hero who fought bravely at Troy, and who was slain by either Ajax or Achilles—and as such it is still known. A remarkable peculiarity of this statue in former days was that at certain times, when it was first struck by the rays of the rising sun, sounds were emitted from it, which appeared to resemble the breaking of a harp-string or a metallic



THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

ring. There have been various suppositions formed to account for these curious noises, but no satisfactory explanation can be found in regard to them. The celebrated traveller Humboldt has stated that in certain granite rocks on the banks of the river Oronoko, in South America, musical notes were produced at sunrise, owing to the escape of confined air from their numerous crevices, and the sounds from the statue, which is also composed of granite, may have originated from the same cause; another authority suggests that the sounds may have been produced by a mechanical arrangement which was acted upon by the rays of the sun; but beyond the fact, that the notes were really heard, nothing is known. It is many hundreds of years, however, since the time to which we refer; and the strange sounds are now only a phenomenon of the far distant past.

# Little Tom Taylor.

*Words from "The LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book."*

*Music by CHARLES BASSETT.*



VOICE.

*Humorously. Met. ♩=90.*

PIANO.

Lit - tle Tom Tay-lor Sat on a rail, or A

post that ran out from the shore; Past flew a big bird, A

loud splash was heard, And Tom - my was seen there no more, seen there no more, And

Tom - my was seen there no more.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a C major chord. The second staff is for the Piano, providing harmonic support. The third and fourth staves are also for the Piano, showing different harmonic progressions. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line is rhythmic, with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano parts feature eighth-note chords and sustained notes.

## The "‘Little Folks’ Black and White Painting Book" Competition.



**I**N consequence of the great interest taken by the readers of LITTLE FOLKS in the Painting Book Competition, instituted in March, 1879, another book has been prepared for a Special Competition for the Christmas Holidays. This book is entitled the "‘LITTLE FOLKS’ BLACK AND WHITE PAINTING BOOK," and contains a series of Illustrations in Black and White, with amusing rhymes and verses. It also comprises a large Frontispiece and *five blank pages*, opposite pages of verse, to be illustrated by the Competitors in one of two ways, as follows :—

- I. With original drawings in pencil, pen and ink, sepia, or Indian ink (*not* in colours), illustrating the opposite verses.
- II. With illustrations cut out from the Frontispiece, and gummed on the blank pages. These illustrations will give figures only, the correct positions of which in their respective pages must be discovered by the Competitors. If desired, ground-line and background may be added by the Competitors.

The following Prizes and Medals are offered to readers of LITTLE FOLKS who shall send in the best illustrated copies of this book :—

**FIRST COMPETITION.**—A Prize of £4 and a SILVER MEDAL of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour for the "‘LITTLE FOLKS’ BLACK AND WHITE PAINTING BOOK" with the best original illustrations; and a Prize of £2 and a BRONZE MEDAL for the second-best illustrated book. This second Prize will be awarded to a Competitor under *fourteen* years of age.

**SECOND COMPETITION.**—Prizes of £3 and £1, and BRONZE MEDALS of the Legion of Honour for the best and second-best copies of the book, illustrated with drawings cut from the Frontispiece, as already described. The second of these Prizes will be awarded to a Competitor under *ten* years of age.

Prizes in BOOKS and BRONZE MEDALS to all Competitors deserving of Honourable Mention.

In the award of Prizes the ages of Competitors will be carefully considered, so that *all* may have a reasonable chance of success. The detailed regulations are as follow :—

- I. Every Competitor must be under the age of *eighteen* years in the First Competition, and under the age of *fourteen* in the case of the second Prize offered. In the Second Competition, Competitors must be under the age of *fourteen* years, and under the age of *ten* in the case of the Second Prize offered.
- II. Each book must be certified by a magistrate, minister of religion, teacher, or other person in a responsible position, as having been illustrated by the Competitor's own hand, *unaided in all respects*. The age of each Competitor must be similarly attested.
- III. Competitors in the Second Competition may also take part in the First Competition, in which case two complete volumes must be forwarded.
- IV. With respect to original illustrations, Competitors are not debarred from copying, in pen and ink, &c., the designs given in the Frontispiece, and intended for Competition II.; but more credit will of course be given to those whose designs are altogether original.
- V. The Competitions will close on Wednesday, the 30th June, 1880, after which date no books will be received.
- VI. All books must be plainly marked with the Competitors' name, age, and address, and should be sent, carriage paid, addressed to the Editor of LITTLE FOLKS, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.
- VII. All books received for competition will be distributed among the various CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS, after the Prizes and Medals have been awarded.

**N.B.—**The "‘LITTLE FOLKS’ BLACK AND WHITE PAINTING BOOK," price One Shilling, is now ready, and may be obtained through any Bookseller; or on receipt of 14 stamps it will be forwarded direct by the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

## JOEY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

A TRUE STORY FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

I.



JOEY STUBBS was a fat little boy of seven years. He seldom did anything really well—unless it were eating and crying. He would have been a nice-looking little boy had not a frown, like a cobweb, always hung about his face,

and made anything but pleasant which nature had bestowed on him. But no, he never could see how it was that Ann, his nurse, should want to wash him just at the time his wooden horse had been brought out for him to play with, or he had decided on firing his popgun at the back of his little sister's head. So he was always cross and ill-behaved—in fact, no one could improve him, either by scolding or kind persuasion. He was dreadfully backward, too, in his reading, writing, and arithmetic; and his rude behaviour to his nurse always made her shrink from attempting to improve his education. No; why should she be set to teach him, he always said, when Dicky Bird, over the way, could go to school and carry a satchel over his shoulder? At last his father was consulted in the matter, and Joey was ordered to attend the school at the beginning of the next term. How he made his mark at that school you will see as you read on.

I may now tell you that Joey had no mother. She had died when he was a baby, and so he had none of those advantages arising from a mother's love and care which most boys of his age have.

The morning of his first appearance at school came round in due course. With a new satchel, and a look of triumph at poor Ann, he marched out of the house, through the garden, and down the lane with the air of a monarch.

Ann eyed his unkind look of bravado, and determined to teach him that he should always treat his elders with respect; so she allowed him to go down the full extent of the lane until he reached the river, and just as he was crossing the bridge her

voice from the garden could be heard calling loudly, "Joey, Joey, please come back at once! I want you." Joey looked round and saw Ann, but did not attempt to retrace his steps until, in reply to his question, "What is it you want, Ann?" she looked mysteriously at him, and beckoned him, with a motion of her hand, to come back speedily. So what could the unhappy boy do but discontentedly go back to her, up the long lane, through the open gate of the garden, and blame her for giving him so much trouble by not saying what she had to say before he left home? But she gravely bade him to come to her, and, stooping, whispered quietly in his ear that "it is always desirable for little boys, when there is a door or a garden gate, to close it after them as they pass through!"

Oh, poor little Joey! Didn't he cry, and look unspeakable things at Ann! But, closing the gate, although with a dreadful bang, he retraced his steps to the school, thinking that in the future it might be wiser, and less trouble to him in the end, to be a little more attentive to trifles.

II.

The old schoolmaster, kind man that he was, stroked Joey's head, smiled quietly upon him, and handed him to the monitor of the lowest form. The first thing Joey did was to look out for his neighbour, Dicky Bird; but the monitor reproved him for staring about during the reading-lesson, and said that Bird was two forms higher up in the school. Ah, me! Joey began thus soon to learn a life's lesson—that Joey Stubbs was, after all, thought but little of, and was really no one in particular. Else why should not the monitor allow him to please himself, and look out for Dicky?

Thus, discontented and vexed, he did not hear the next boy reading "How doth the little busy bee." Had he been listening he would have heard the verses set to a melody which every generation of little scholars adopts until his master worries him out of it, or, with increasing intelligence, he gets weary of the tune.

The boy, however, had got the tune to perfection, and was singing it to the teacher in correct juvenile style. Presently he finished the verse with "From every opening flower;" then came a long and painful pause. The master, the juvenile songster, and all the other boys were gazing in amazement at Joey; and so piercing a look did they give that it would have cowed the spirit out of the boldest lion—at least, the boys thought so—but effect upon Joey it had none; in fact, he didn't see it.

One second, two seconds, three seconds the teacher waited, Joey still thinking of other things ; four seconds (the boys up on their feet, gazing down upon Joey with open mouths,—still silence. Five seconds—six. "Stubbs! Stubbs! STUBBS!" the master called. Joey, with vacant eyes, turned round and saw his master's face. The boys looked too, and all were surprised at the master for not calling the new boy to order; but it must have been the fact that he *was* a new boy that impelled the master to point out the place for him in his book, and ask him to read the next verse. And in order to start him, the teacher read out, "How skilfully he—." But what was that? Joey crying with all his might—stretching his face, to make it look more than ever like a cobweb. His book he threw down, his legs he kicked out, and he declared he'd go home and tell his "pa." The master couldn't do anything at all with him, so he was at last sent out of school, and told to go home until he could learn better manners. So he left the school, and went towards his home.

## III.

But he didn't go home just yet, for he thought Ann would be angry at his having been dismissed from the school, and also tease him about the garden gate ; so he played with the ducks by the pond, where the schoolboys, on their way home, found him, and determined to rate him for his childish behaviour at school.

"Well, Master Joey Stubbs," said the ringleader, "are you a little less fierce now, or must we get out of the reach of your big legs, and away from your ugly looks? Have the geese in the field taught you better things, or must we do so?" Upon that the boy went up to him with the intention of receiving



"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE BOY?"

a reply ; but foolish, stupid Joey lost his temper again, and flung a piece of biscuit in the boy's eye, which so exasperated him that, on recovering his vision, he deliberately took Joey by the body, and put him, writhing like a frog, right under the water. When he was put on his feet again, he looked round, and beheld that unkind Dicky Bird laughing at him. "Did he want to go to school with a satchel over his shoulder? and *is* he a naughty boy at home? Poor little Joey! You find that Ann is more than a sufficient teacher for you now ; and perhaps you will learn a little more consideration and politeness both to her and every one else. When Ann told mother and me of your ambition, why, she was quite anxious to get you out of her sight, so she said ; but come along home, and mind what you're about for the future, or you will get badly treated, I tell you."

## IV.

"Dear me ! why, what's the matter with the boy ? whatever *will* your papa say ! All over your nice new suit of clothes that he bought for you to go to school in !" Things were explained by Dicky Bird to Ann ; Ann, in turn, explained to Mr. Stubbs ; Mr. Stubbs sent Joey to the nursery, and kept

him there all the afternoon and evening, and for weeks after compelled him to read, write, and do sums with Ann, until the boy became quite to appreciate her. He soon got on, and, with apologies and fair promises, he was admitted to the school again ; and so rapid was his progress there that he was soon able to sit with Dicky Bird.

In fact, they became close friends, and that ducking in the pond afforded him, on many occasions, a good wholesome lesson.

## LITTLE DOLLY DUMPLING.

 LITTLE Dolly Dumpling had a pleasant dream, Of gooseberries, and raspberries, and strawberries and cream ;

When she awoke she straight began to weep, For where were all the good things she was eating in her sleep ?

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE HISTORY  
WANTING WORDS (*page 192*).

## FIRST PRIZE ANSWER.



ENEATH a mighty dome in Egypt's land  
Its mighty monarch sits ; around him stand  
A numerous company ; their eyes are all  
Fixed on the central space in that great hall.  
What is it that leads downwards every glance  
Of this proud concourse, that doth e'en entrance  
Great Pharaoh's gaze ? Two men stand face to face,  
Clothed in the garb of a despisèd race ;  
They come for their own countrymen to plead,  
That those who lived as slaves may now be freed.  
They dare great Pharaoh's angry frown to brave,  
The Israelites from farther wrong to save.  
They plead their cause ; in silence Pharaoh hears  
The hardships borne for now a hundred years,  
Their strange request, that they may have access  
For three days' journey to the wilderness,  
There, in the desert where no man has trod,  
To sacrifice to Israel's mighty God.  
They paused. The monarch's accents clear and slow  
Begin, "Who is this God ? Why would ye go  
Thus far into the wilderness to pay  
There your devotions to your God this day ?  
Ye speak as God-sent ; show me then some sign,  
That I may know your message is divine ;  
Show me some miracle that I may tell  
Your words are true, for ye have spoken well."  
He ceased, and then there fell on all around  
Silence, unbroken by the faintest sound,  
All waiting in expectancy to see  
If these men could obey the king's decree.  
Then Aaron, he the elder of the two,  
Raised up the rod he held high into view,  
And, casting it upon the marble floor,  
A sight appeared but seldom seen before—  
The wooden staff a living snake became,  
With flaming eyes, and writhing, flexuous frame.  
All present on the serpent wondering gazed,  
But Pharaoh wrathfully, and yet amazed,  
Cried to his magi, "Can ye do this thing ?"  
They answered, "Yea, we can, my lord O king ;  
These men are but impostors." Then they too  
Their staffs upon the marble pavement threw ;  
These turned to serpents. Aaron's did excel  
All these in size, and quick upon them fell,  
Devouring all ; then Aaron seized the snake,  
Which in his hand its former shape did take.  
But Pharaoh, angry at his seers' disgrace,  
*With wrath drove forth the brethren from his face,*  
Denying their request, and vowing still  
To use the Israelites as slaves at will.

Silvermead, Taunton.

AGNES ROSSITER (15).

## SECOND PRIZE ANSWER.

**P**ON a gorgeous throne great Pharaoh sat, And trembling nations saw in him their fate ; E'en then, perhaps, the cruel king devised Some torture for the Hebrew race despised. But what majestic forms the palace tread ? Aaron, who afterwards was priesthood's head, And Moses, whom his countrymen did love, Inspired to head them by the Power above. E'en Pharaoh trembles ; thus the oppressor cowers, When o'er his head resistance tempest lowers. The Hebrews stood, by Israel's God inspired, Their bosoms with a patriot's ardour fired, Demanding justice for the Hebrew race, That amidst nations it might hold a place. Insulting laughed the fierce oppressor loud, By God enveloped in a misty cloud, Driven to ruin that he did not see, Unable to discern futurity.  
"Shew us a miracle !" the monarch cried, Thinking that this great Moses' power defied. Then to his brother said the Hebrew low, "Cast down thy rod, Jehovah's power to show ; A serpent see ; and in this fearful sign, Pharaoh shall fail to see the hand divine." Aaron his rod then cast upon the ground ; A hissing snake he saw, coiled round and round. Pharaoh recoiled, nor owned Jehovah's arm, Yet at the miracle he felt alarm.  
The sorcerers of Pharaoh now appeared, At Pharaoh's beck ; to disobey they feared. The men of wisdom, too, approached with awe, And bending low they stood the throne before. Then Pharaoh, scoffing thus—"Cast down your rods, And if propitious are the Egyptian gods, Serpents they all become. See Aaron's rod Is now transformed, he says, by Israel's God." The sorcerers their rods cast on the ground, A host of snakes appeared together wound ; A dreadful hiss arose, and, trembling, feared The Egyptians, as the writhing mass appeared. But, lo ! the Egyptian serpents wound their way To where great Aaron's hissing serpent lay. His mouth, a yawning cavern, them received ; This Pharaoh saw, nor Israel's God believed. The Egyptians viewed the miracle with fear Greater than when the serpents did appear But Pharaoh hearkened not to Aaron's word, Nor yet believed in Israel's mighty Lord.

GEORGE ROBERT MILNER,  
65, Dalyell Road, Stockwell, S.W. (Aged 10*3*/4.)

## LIST OF HONOUR.

*First Prize with Officer's Medal of the "Little Folks"*  
Legion of Honour :—AGNES ROSSITER (15), Silvermead, Taunton. Second Prize, with Officer's Medal :—GEORGE ROBERT MILNER (10*3*/4), 65, Dalyell Road, Stockwell, S.W. Honourable Mention, with Member's Medal :—ETHEL M. MAISH (15), Wilton, Salisbury—(poem too long, exceeding the limit of 50 lines, or it might have gained a prize.—ED.).

JESSIE CHARLES (14), Brackenfield, Edgbaston, Birmingham; JANET PEAT (15), Newark Cottage, Hillside, Montrose; EMILY LEADER (15), High Street, Marlboro'; GEORGINA G. WALROND (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Springfield, Taplow, Bucks; ARTHUR W. HINDRINGHAM (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Walsingham, Norfolk; GRACE WHITING (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Whitfield House, High Street, Ashford, Kent; BEATRICE TOLKIEN (12), 1, Gloucester Villas, Ivanhoe Road, Denmark Park, S.E.

## THE TIMELY DREAM.



**T**WAS on a sultry day in June  
That more than usual in their school  
Had idle been the boys and girls,  
A strict forbidden rule.  
At last the poor old tired dame,  
Weary of shaking cane in vain,  
Rose, and resolving chastisement,  
Ne'er to allow such ways again,

She left the room, she slammed the door,  
She turned the key on one and all.  
Quoth she, "You naughty boys and girls  
Shall taste at length a dose of gall :  
Until the time for closing comes  
You here remain. You cannot play ;  
All you can eat your bags contain ;  
So in remain on this fine day."

The scholars oped their drooping lids,  
Amazed they seemed, for gentle dame  
Had ne'er before so sternly spoke.  
They knew full well that 'twas no game ;  
They said the sun had shed his beams  
Into the room and scorched their brains ;  
They said they could not learn their tasks—  
If she'd unlock they would take pains.

But no, the dame had gone away,  
And in an armchair fast asleep  
Was in another shaded room  
Dreaming of days when she did weep,

Weep like the children she had left,  
For naughtiness in school she knew  
Was irksome. But she hoped the weed  
Might be uprooted e'er it grew.  
The scholars, too, were fast asleep,  
And dreaming dreams which had been sent  
To cure them of their evil ways ;  
So say not dreams have no intent.  
They saw a field wherein were flowers,  
And all the sweets that children reap ;  
But lo ! the children of the field  
Were all and every one asleep.

The children of this lovely field  
Slept on until the steps of age  
Changed them from children into men.  
Those children woke, they'd turned a page :  
All that was sweet of childish life  
They'd slept away, and now instead  
Was vouch'd to them naught but the pain  
Of knowing that their joys had fled.

The scholars woke, they rubbed their eyes,  
They feared they'd slept all sweets away ;  
But no, for now the dame appeared,  
And turned the lock with the sun's last ray.  
They ne'er forgot their lesson-dream.  
They always strove to ope their eyes,  
To catch the sunbeams as they fell,  
Not sleep away sweet summer skies.

ETHEL H. COCKERELL.  
(Aged 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ).  
27, Hogarth Road, Cromwell Road, S.W.

## KINDNESS OF A COCK TO A GOSLING.

**A**LADY one day gave a farmer's sister a goose's egg,  
asking her to see if a hen would hatch it. The egg  
was given to a hen, but as soon as it was hatched she  
took no more notice of it; however, a lame cock took care  
of the little bird, and kept it warm.

The gosling thrived. Its feathers were at first a light dull yellow, but as it grew they got whiter and whiter, and it became a beautiful full-grown goose, the tallest bird, except the turkeys, in the farmyard.

LUCY E. COLLINS.  
(Aged 13.)  
*New Bilton Vicarage, Rugby.*

## PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## PRIZE ESSAY.

**I**N the place of a "Picture Page Wanting Words," the usual Monthly Prizes are offered for the best essays on the subject of "Winter Out-door Sports," namely—a Guinea Book and an Officer's Medal of the LITTLE FOLKS Legion of Honour for the best short and original essay; and a smaller book and Officer's Medal for the best essay relatively to the age of the Competitor, so that no reader is too young to try for this second prize. The essays must not exceed 750 words in length, and all Competitors must be under the age of 16 years. Essays must be certified as strictly original by Ministers, Teachers, or other persons of responsible position, and must reach the Editor on or before the 15th of December, 1879.

## SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The award of Prizes in the Special Prize Competitions for 1879 will be announced in the January Part of LITTLE FOLKS, ready about a week before Christmas. This part will also contain a complete list of the New Prize Competitions for 1880.



THE COCK AND THE GOSLING. (See p. 375.)



C. V. M. L.—[Medals are usually awarded for puzzles which are inserted in the Magazine—ED.]

PAURRIDGE POT.—[1. A paper on rabbits was published in the November part of LITTLE FOLKS, and contains all the information I can give you. 2. A paper on pigeons, and how to treat them, will shortly appear in the Magazine.—ED.]

HERBERT would like to know if T. E. SWAN would mind telling him how to make the thick glass he spoke of in the October number of LITTLE FOLKS.

PHILLIS BARNET.—[I have no space for a story of the length you describe. I shall be glad to see any short ones you may care to send me.—ED.]

NELLIE asks if any one would tell her how to make an easy lace collar.

WILD ROSE asks:—"Can any little folks tell me where I can find the line 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast?'"

H. J. N. asks:—"Can some one tell me from what poem the following quotation is taken, and by whom it was written: 'To where, beyond these voices, there is peace?'"

H. R. R.—[The articles on the microphone, telephone, and camera obscura appeared in the July, September, and November parts respectively of LITTLE FOLKS for 1878.—ED.]

J. F. MEYLER.—The telephone in the diagram on p. 174 of LITTLE FOLKS, September part for 1878, is the same as that described in the part for July, 1878.—ED.]

D. R. M. writes:—"In answer to T. E. SWAN's question as to how to make a magnifying-glass, if he would take two watch glasses (2d. or 3d. each), and place them together so that the one may form a lid to the other, and fill the space between with water, then seal carefully round with any glass cement, a very good lens will be obtained. It is best to fit the glasses together in a basin of water, so that both may be quite full."

MAY LEATHER writes:—"If MOGUL will use black paint mixed with turps instead of oil, it will do for the black-board better than anything else. The mixture can be obtained at any colour shop."

FRANCES RAMSAY writes, in answer to LINDA's question, that a very pretty napkin-ring can be made with a strip of canvas about nine inches long and two inches wide. It is worked in two colours, and the pattern is very simple—a square of six stitches is worked with each colour alternately. When worked, it is to be lined with two thicknesses of flannel, and then with silk to match one of the colours selected. It must be joined very neatly, so as to hide all the canvas. F. R. has lately made one of bright blue and chocolate brown, lined with blue silk; it is very pretty.

A. HOLLIBLE.—[The correct age of any reader sending stories must be given, and the age must be certified by a teacher or other responsible person.—ED.]

WILD ROSE.—[A dictionary may be used.—ED.]

LIEBE MACLEOD writes, in answer to A. C. P.'s query about the poem, "Be good, sweet maid," that it is as follows:—

"My fairest child, I have no song to give you;  
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and grey;  
Yet, if you will, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

"I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol  
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down;  
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel  
Than Shakespeare's crown.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;  
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever  
One grand, sweet song."

It was written by Charles Kingsley in the album of a niece. The first and third verses are included among his "Poems," but the poem may be found printed entire towards the end of the first volume of his "Letters and Memories of his Life." ANNIE BALLANTYNE; CUTHBERT McEVOY; GULIELMINA SMITH; M. F. M. MONA; M. L. KLESSEL; CARRIE BURTON; H. J. N.; W. F.; and EDITH B. A. WILKINS also send answers.

W. E. IRELAND writes:—"Could any of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS tell me of a book on astronomy, naming the various constellations, with their positions?"

T. MOORE writes, in answer to SCATTERBRAINS, that the last line of the verse should be—

"Se vaticinem, pes an dux."

T. W. BAILEY.—[Most probably the jar is cracked, or has some kind of flaw which has escaped your notice; or, perhaps, the chain inside does not properly touch the interior coating of tinfoil.—ED.]

WILD ROSE says, in answer to M. DOUGLAS's question:—"The best way to preserve the colour of plants—concluding you have no grey drying paper, is this: Put the plants, with a little cotton wool on each side of the blossoms, in an old book, under a slight pressure, which may be increased after the first four days. Let them have as much fresh air as possible. It is well to put them near an open window, taking care to remove them before it rains, or if the air seems damp, as in that case they would moulder. If any of the flowers are campanulas, or bell-shaped flowers, take out the pistil and stamens with a pair of tweezers, and fill up the flower with cotton wool. That is the best way of preserving the colour of the beautiful Swiss gentians. Do not put the flowers in water before pressing them, unless they are too faded to press; in this case the wet stalks must be cut off before they are put in the book." ZINGARA also sends an answer.



## To MY READERS.



GOOD-BYE and good-morrow to you all, little friends. The panorama of this volume is over, the last scene has been shown, but another is nearly ready to open out before you, and I would announce it with a grand chorus of trumpets. For with that natural pride which we all take in any work which is to us a labour of love, I would claim that the next volume of LITTLE FOLKS will be, if possible, even better than its predecessors—and principally for this reason: that so long an acquaintance and friendship with you all enables me year by year to discern more fully what pleases you most.

The principal serial story in our new volume will be entitled "Maid Marjory," and has been written expressly for LITTLE FOLKS by the Author of "Brave Little Heart," "Little Hinges," "Little Empress Joan," "Aunt Tabitha's Waifs," and many other stories. I am disposed to think that when you have read it, you will consider it the best story the Author has yet written. In addition there will be numerous short stories of Adventure, and of Home and School Life, and the old familiar features—Our Sunday Afternoons, The Editor's Pocket-Book, Our Little Folks' Own Pages, Questions and Answers, &c.—will be continued.

The January Part—published about a week before Christmas—will comprise a special programme for Christmas and the New Year, together with full particulars of numerous New Prize Competitions for 1880. It will also contain a charming Coloured Frontispiece, entitled "A Quaint Little Couple."

The interest taken in the Special Prize Competitions for 1879 has been greater than in any previous year's competitions. Thousands of copies of "The LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book," coloured throughout, have been received, and in consequence of the large number of Competitors the Prizes have been greatly increased. The adjudication of the Prizes has been a very arduous and difficult task, but it is hoped that a Complete List of Prize Winners and Medallists in all the Competitions may be announced in the January Part of "LITTLE FOLKS." In the meantime the Competitors will, I am sure, be gratified to hear that so many charming picture books have, through their exertions, been placed at my disposal for distribution among the little sufferers in the Children's Hospitals.

On page 371 of this volume will be found full particulars of a new Painting Book Competition, which will, I hope, interest you greatly during the Christmas Holidays.

Your very sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.



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